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CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD1863-65

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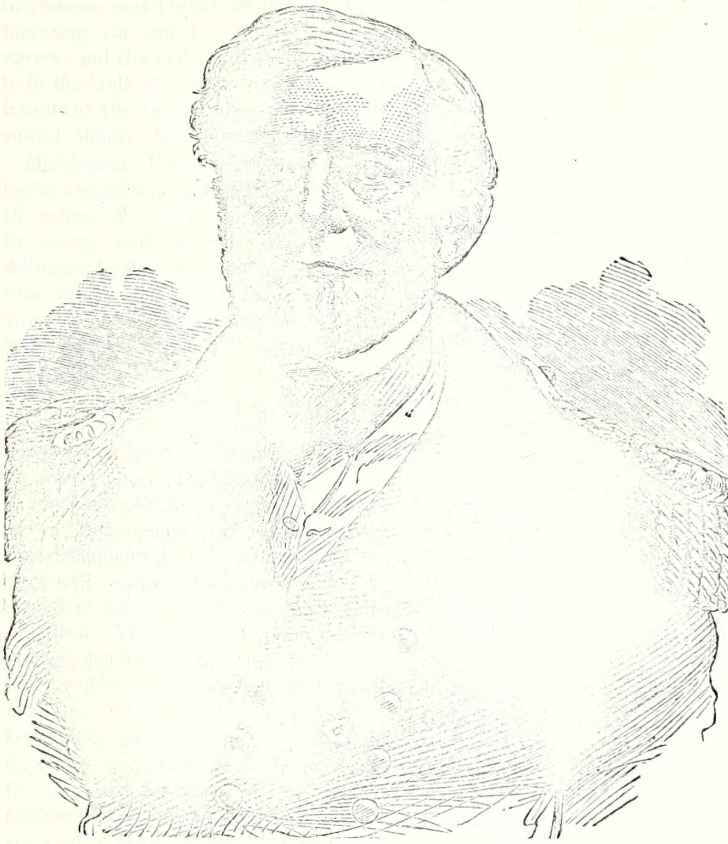
# THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

PECK, WHITE & PECK, }  
Publishers.

NEW HAVEN, AUGUST, 1863.

{ VOL. I. No. 1.  
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*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## Rear-Admiral Foote.

Sixty years ago the firm of Hull & Foote was among the few importing houses in New Haven. General Andrew Hull of Cheshire, and his young son-in-law, Samuel Augustus Foote, were the partners. They were in that West India business which has always been the chief commercial interest of New Haven, and which was never more prosperous than in those days when the wars of Europe consequent on the French revolution, threw an immense "carrying trade" into the hands of American merchants.

Samuel A. Foote, son of Rev. John Foote, who served the Congregational Church of Cheshire in the pastoral office forty-six years, was a graduate of Yale College in the class of 1797. He had

studied law at Litchfield; but the want of health compelled him to relinquish his chosen profession before completing his studies, and to engage in a more active employment. He resided in New Haven from 1803 till 1813, when the interruption of commerce by the war with Great Britain, and the increasing infirmities of his aged father, induced him to remove. From the death of his father in 1813 he resided in his father's homestead. He was greatly esteemed by his fellow-citizens of Cheshire, whom he often represented in the General Assembly of the State. He was one of the Representatives from Connecticut in the fifteenth Congress, and in the sixteenth. In the years 1825 and 1826, he was speaker of the House of Representatives in the General Assembly of Connecticut, and from 1827 to 1833, he was a Senator of the

United States. At the expiration of his term in the Senate he became again a Representative in Congress, but, having been elected Governor, he resigned his seat in May, 1834, before the first session of that Congress was completed. His public career ended with that year of service as chief magistrate of his native State. He died in 1846.

ANDREW HULL FOOTE, the second son of Samuel A. Foote, was born at New Haven, in what is now called "the Budington house," on the corner of Union and Cherry streets, Sept. 12, 1806. From his seventh year, his home was in the beautiful village of Cheshire. His mother, Eudocia, daughter of Gen. Andrew Hull, was a woman whom all that knew her praised, faithful in every duty, and eminently diligent to secure the moral and religious welfare of her children. Andrew, from his seventh year to the beginning of his seventeenth, was trained in the simplicity and accustomed to the out-door activities of rural life, under the inspiring and restraining influences of an old-fashioned Puritan household. He grew up a bright, strong-willed, amiable boy, with a full share of that adventurous and daring spirit which sends so many boys to sea at sixteen years of age. He was educated at the Episcopal Academy in Cheshire, where the present Secretary of the Navy, (Hon. Gideon Welles,) was one of his schoolmates; but his father, instead of urging him into college, wisely permitted him to choose the very different course to which his genius prompted him. He entered the Navy as a midshipman, forty-one years ago. His first voyage was under the command of a Lieutenant who had gained experience and honorable distinction in the war of 1812, and who, having had the privilege of training him for the service of his country, and having shared with him the perils of sea and of battle, survives in a vigorous old age to share in a nation's grief at the death of his illustrious pupil. The intimate and affectionate friendship of forty-one years, between Admiral Gregory and Admiral Foote, was honorable to both.

The first cruise of the young midship-





man was not a holiday affair. The war of 1812 was the last in a long series of wars among the maritime powers of Christendom; and with the opportunities which it had given to privateering, it had left the seas infested with pirates. Desperate men of all nations, accustomed to violence and inured to danger, were imitating the old buccaneers and searovers; and the evil had grown, especially in the Gulf of Mexico and among the islands of the West Indies, till it had assumed almost the proportions of a war.

Midshipman Foote's first voyage was in the expedition against the pirates. In the course of it he distinguished himself by courage and enterprise as well as by diligence in the duties of his place, and thus he gave promise of the eminence to which he afterwards attained. His second voyage was under Commodore Hull in the Pacific Ocean.

His hope was that his next cruise would be in the Mediterranean, for he trusted that his father's influence would be able to obtain for him that privilege so much coveted by young officers in the navy. But in some way his expectation was disappointed, and with a mind not very well satisfied, he found himself assigned to duty again in the West India squadron. While he was absent on that voyage, his mother received from him a letter which began with some such words as these: "Dear mother, you need not be anxious any more about your sailor boy. By the grace of God, he is safe for time and for eternity." From this announcement he proceeded to tell the story of a great change that had come over him. Without reciting the story here it may suffice to say that he had been led to the definite feeling and purpose, "Henceforth, in all circumstances, I will act for God." The high consciousness of his relation to God as a free and responsible creature, and as a sinner redeemed by Christ, had taken possession of his soul; and with him all things had become new.

From that high purpose he never receded. His surviving brothers testify how great the change was which they saw in him when he came home from sea the third time. His mother's "wayward boy," as he called himself in the magnanimity of an evangelical repentance, had become a Christian man. The natural qualities which made him attractive, and which of themselves were a promise of eminence in his profession, were begin-

ning to be exalted and ennobled by the sublime purpose to act for God. In that purpose, quickened by the consciousness of his relation to God, there was the germ of a new and higher life. Such a purpose breathed by God's spirit into a manly soul, makes that soul more manly. Thus it was that the young midshipman, who signalized himself by his activity and daring in the expedition against the pirates forty years ago, became the Christian patriot and hero whose burial was honored by a nation's grief, and whose memory the nation will keep among its brightest jewels.

There is no room here for the full story of his successive voyages in all parts of the world, and of his slow and well earned promotion. His commission as Lieutenant was dated eight years after he entered the service; and in the meantime he had been almost continually at sea. Twenty-five years more of arduous service made him a Commander. It was only since the commencement of the present rebellion that he rose to the rank of Captain. After those early voyages to which allusion has been made, he visited the Mediterranean. In 1838 he commenced a voyage round the globe as first lieutenant and executive officer of the ship John Adams. Two incidents of that voyage helped to make him more widely known among his countrymen. In an attack upon the pirates of Sumatra, who had murdered the crew of an American vessel, he showed how terribly he could execute the justice of the Great Republic against its enemies. In the kind offices which he rendered to the American missionaries on the Sandwich Islands, claiming and obtaining for them protection against the insolence and threats of the French naval commander in those seas, he led the way to the full recognition and establishment of the principle that missionaries who go to barbarous or semi-barbarous countries, on errands of Christian benevolence, have the same right to be protected by their government as if they went on errands of commercial adventure, or of scientific exploration.

After so long a time of almost uninterrupted service at sea, he was entitled to such relief and rest as he might find in another sort of employment, and he was therefore assigned to duty at the Naval Asylum in Philadelphia. Few, even of the best officers in any navy, would have won laurels at this post of duty, among pensioners. But he who in his earliest

manhood had caught the inspiration of the great purpose always to act for God, was not long in finding that even there God had a good work for him to do. Devoting himself with characteristic zeal and kindness to the welfare of the pensioners under his command, he succeeded in winning their affectionate confidence; he obtained a high and beneficial moral influence over them; he became a moral and religious teacher among them without impairing the dignity of his position as an officer; and by persuading many of them to give up their spirit ration and to pledge themselves for total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, he introduced into the navy a new principle which is destined to work out results not yet dreamed of—the principle of voluntary self-reformation and self-improvement among the common sailors.

That principle was further established in his next cruise. As First Lieutenant and executive officer of the Cumberland, on the Mediterranean station, he persuaded the entire crew to forego their immemorial "grog," and to abstain from intoxicating drinks. At the same time he became a volunteer chaplain to them, giving a lecture, every Sunday, on the berth-deck, to as many as chose to attend, and having a congregation of nearly two hundred willing hearers—the lecture being followed by a meeting for prayer in a more retired part of the ship. The Cumberland became as worthy of honorable memory from her association with that experiment of free moral and religious influence among the seamen of our navy, as she afterwards became, when, with her flag still flying, and her guns exploding at the water's edge, she went down so heroically in that conflict which changed, in an hour, the entire system of maritime warfare till wars shall be no more.

On his return from the two years' cruise in the Cumberland, he was disabled for a while by a painful disease of the eyes. After a six months' leave of absence, he was ordered to the Navy-yard at Charlestown, Mass., where, being still unfit for service afloat, he remained as executive officer through the whole period of the Mexican war. In 1849—as soon as his recovery was sufficiently advanced—he was put in command of the brig Perry, and was ordered to the West African station, that squadron being then commanded by Commodore Gregory. The services which he was there permitted to render, deserve a grateful remem-





brance. Our flag now glorious in the undimmed light of liberty and justice, had long been dishonored on that coast and along the hellish "middle passage" to Cuba and Brazil, by being made the protection of a slave trade, so infamously unjust and cruel that the national legislature, in earlier and better days, had denounced all partakers in the traffic as guilty of piracy—enemies of the human race. Whoever may be blamed for this national dishonor, it is believed that the officers of the navy never were responsible for it. They have always been naturally and reasonably sensitive for the honor of the flag which it was theirs to display in every sea, and to defend against every insult. But politicians had found it expedient for their ends to divert public attention from the main point of suppressing the slave-trade, and protecting and encouraging a legitimate commerce with the natives of Africa and with the Americo-African colony, to a side-issue about the sometimes insolent interference of British cruisers with American vessels. In the judicious arrangements which were made by Commodore Gregory, the duty came upon Lieut. Foote of conducting a voluminous correspondence with British officials on that coast, which contributed something to the removal of jealousies and difficulties, and to cordiality of co-operation between the British and American squadrons in conformity with existing treaties. At the same time by his strenuous activity against the piratical traders in human misery, he did much to break up the slave trade that had found safety under our flag, and to remove the national disgrace that had so long and so often made the cheeks of Americans to tingle with shame. But not the least in his estimation among the honors of that cruise, was the fact that through the many months of activity and exposure on that coast, so often fatal to life, the liquor ration was voluntarily and resolutely banished from the Perry, and among her officers and crew there was not a death, nor a man disabled.

For a few months after his return he had another period of relief from active service of rest in the bosom of his family. Yet his rest was not idleness. Those who were members of the same church with him, remember how ready he was for every good word and work at home. Others remember how often he appeared abroad, speaking and otherwise acting in various enterprises of associated

Christian benevolence, and especially in such as seek to promote the welfare of seamen. During that period of rest he prepared and published the well-known volume entitled "Africa and the American Flag"—a volume full of condensed information and valuable for its practical suggestions. The nation has always been proud of its navy, and its pride was increased by his command of the Perry, and the fruits of it.

One more long cruise in eastern climes and his career as a navigator on the ocean was ended. Seven years ago in the month of June, he sailed from the Chesapeake Bay, the Commander of a magnificent sloop-of-war, the Portsmouth. Two years afterward he returned, having in the meantime distinguished himself by the bombardment and storming of the barrier forts in the Canton river. The limits of this sketch give no room for more than a transient allusion to that conflict, and the honor which it won for the American flag. It may suffice to remember that the crews of British men-of-war manned the rigging and cheered the starry banner as the Portsmouth dropped down the river, while the music of our national airs floated from beneath "the meteor-flag of England."

His next post of duty was that of executive officer at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where he remained three years. The beginning of this great rebellion found him there; and immediately his large experience in naval affairs, his wonderful promptitude, and his executive ability were put in requisition. In the rapid march of events for these last two years, we have already half forgotten how much was to be done for the navy at that crisis, and how much was done in the Navy Yard at Brooklyn. But from those duties he was soon summoned to the more arduous duty of creating and commanding an inland navy on the waters of the Mississippi. What he did for his country there is too recent in our memory to need description. Yet it should be said that if his countrymen would appreciate the hero they have lost, they must think not only of the victories of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, but also, and still more, of the gigantic and exhausting brain-work by which, under all sorts of embarrassments and discouragements, those victories were prepared in the creation of the flotilla at St. Louis.

His fellow citizens in New Haven saw him when he came among them, after that great achievement, a little more than a

year ago—pale, feeble, but full of that indomitable spirit which had overcome the greatest obstacles, which would not succumb to the agony of a painful wound, nor to the depressing influence of bodily weakness and disease, nor to the heavy tidings of sorrow at home, and which had kept him on his flag-ship till the day had come and gone beyond which it had been predicted by his medical advisers that he would not be alive if he remained there. His fellow-worshippers in the First Church in New Haven, saw him in their assembly on the first Sunday in August, when, in circumstances of peculiar and tender interest to himself and his family, (joy mingling with repeated sorrows,) he kept the Sabbath with them for the first time since his return, and for the last time before his leaving home again to take the burthen of new responsibilities at Washington. Physically, he was even then unfit for those responsibilities. He knew it—he could not but feel it; but he was ready to sacrifice himself to the service of his country, which was to him the service of his God. He went, and his great executive abilities were well employed in organizing a new bureau in the Navy Department. As soon as it became evident that the work which he had been doing could be safely committed to other hands, he asked for more active and more perilous duty. He was assigned to the command of the South Atlantic Squadron, and in that command he expected to die. It was in vain that friends and physicians entreated him to spare himself, and to ask from the Government the relief which would have been granted to the slightest expression of his wishes. He was determined to do his utmost for his country, at whatever sacrifice. His life, he said, was not his own, and should be freely surrendered at his country's call.

His preparations for going to his new command were completed, and all things were in readiness for his departure from New York, where he had just arrived after parting with his family at New Haven, when the disease which his vigorous constitution had long resisted, and which had gathered strength from the hardships and fatigues incident to his preparations for his new command, overcame him, and he lay down to die. After he had lingered about ten days in great suffering, his decease took place at the Astor House, in New York, on Friday, the 26th of June, between the hours of 10 and 11 P. M.





Not thus had he expected to die; not in the midst of those who were bound to him by the tenderest ties; not encircled and tended by the gentlest assiduities of domestic love; not breathing out his soul upon the free air of these northern climes. He had expected rather to die in the malaria of the Carolina seaislands, tended by the rough but loving hands of fellow-warriors on the sea; or in the roar and fiery storm of battle. Where he should die, or how, was to him a question of little moment. Yet when he found his time had come, he could not but be thankful for the opportunity of dying among those whom he had loved most tenderly, and of breathing his last words of blessing into the ears of wife and children. Brothers and kindred were at his bedside day and night through the protracted agony. Others too were there in the privilege of friendship, strong-hearted men, the heroes of many a conflict, confessing by their silent tears how much they loved him. Voices that had rung out loud and clear, and were soon to ring again, in the tempest of battle, trembled and broke in the tenderness of grief beside his death-bed. Assured that he must die, he waited calmly for the end; for he knew in whom he had believed. His last intelligible words were, "I thank God for all His goodnesses to me—for all His loving-kindness to me; He has been good to me; I thank him for all his benefits."

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### The Knight U. S. General Hospital.

One of the most obvious duties of our Government in these times of war is adequately to provide for the relief and comfort of those who have received wounds or lost their health whilst being engaged in their country's defense.

Brave men who have sacrificed that which is dearest to man, and have, in order to save their country's honor, undergone privations, sustained injuries and heroically faced sufferings and death, have an indisputable right to demand of their country tender care, skillful medical treatment, and a temporary home, if in the providence of God and in consequence of service faithfully rendered, they have contracted disease or sustained bodily injury.

Our Government has not been unmindful of its duties to our brave sons—duties dictated by humanity and gratitude. Enormous sums have been applied for

the organization and supply of military hospitals. Whatever may be the merits of the hundreds of such institutions, there is one in our midst which compares favorably with them all.

The "Knight Hospital"—a name happily chosen in honor of one of the brightest ornaments of the medical profession in this State—first threw open its gates for the reception of wounded sons of almost every loyal State, on the 9th of June, 1862. It was then the Connecticut State Hospital, and the patients were under the care of the "Hospital Society." This special arrangement between the State Hospital Society and the War Department continued until April 7th of the present year, when the care of the sick and wounded soldiers was formally transferred to the Government and this became a United States General Hospital, under the charge of Dr. P. A. Jewett, Surgeon U. S. A.

The connection of the writer of this with this Hospital ever since its organization enabled him not only closely to observe the superior manner in which its affairs were managed, but to witness many exhibitions of noble heroism manifesting itself in the patient, uncomplaining endurance of untold suffering.

It is scarcely possible to say more in praise of the skill and faithful attention of the Medical and Surgical Corps, than to mention the fact, that out of the *seven hundred* patients only *thirty-six* have died, the majority of whom were brought here direct from the battle-field of Fair Oaks, in a hopeless condition.

Whilst we then give due credit to the officers, surgeons and nurses for the faithful discharge of their duties and successful endeavors to relieve the sufferers, let us not be unmindful of the virtues displayed by the objects of their care. Do we account the man a hero who, in the hour of battle, goaded on by the universal excitement, follows, in the face of danger and of death, the flag he loves? He deserves our admiration. But heedlessness to imminent peril and firmness of nerve in view of *possible* suffering are not the *only* standard of bravery. He who amid suffering *actual and present*—not possible and future—retains a proper balance of mind and nerve shows a valour commanding our highest admiration. Show us a soldier who, with amputated limb, bleeding wound, shattered constitution and ceaseless pain opens not his mouth to complain, and through long days and longer nights of suffering, re-

mains calm and serene, and we will show you a *true* hero. Instances of such exhibitions of bravery could be adduced almost without number.

There are those now in the Knight Hospital who received wounds in the memorable battle of Fair Oaks, fought over a year ago, wounds which have caused them unremitting pain to this day, and yet no word of complaint has ever been heard from their lips; on the contrary, kind visitors who, with pitying look and the irrepressible tear of sympathy in their eyes, approached the sufferer's couch, have been startled with wonder and surprise when they were welcomed with a cheerful smile which seemed to say, Ah, do not pity me, but rather see how I have loved my country!

Often we have seen a face pale from suffering grow radiant with a feeling of noble pride as the sufferer held up the bleeding remnant of a limb, repeating the story of his bravery and of his misfortune.

May Connecticut never cease to remember and to honor her sons who have added to the lustre of her fair fame by daring bravery on the field of battle and noble fortitude in the hour of bitter pain!

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### The Gallant "Eighth" C. V.

When on Antietam's bloody field the battle raged most furiously, a detachment of which the Eighth Connecticut formed a part, was out-flanked by the enemy, the order to retreat was given by the commander of the regiment named. On went the Eighth. Again the order was given and repeated, and the men who never hesitated to go forward, even had they *known* their march to be one to death, refused to obey the order to fall back. Why? The starry banner was still floating high, carried by a noble son of Connecticut, and beside it the banner that reminded the men of home and the vows made there never to disgrace the flag of their State. Those two banners waving in the front, side by side, spoke in tones not to be drowned by the roar of rebel artillery or the voice of the commander. They spoke, as they were dimly seen amid the smoke of battle, directly to the hearts of Connecticut's sons. Their language was, "*Forward!*" and forward went the phalanx, until the Major, to save his men from sure destruction, snatched the colors and bore them to the rear.





*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### The Promise of the month of June.

No month, since the war began, has been fuller of promise than the month of June. Our attention, fixed at the beginning of it, upon the army before Vicksburg, was soon called to Port Hudson, and then, suddenly, to the army of the Potomac, and the bold, though desperate invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania. And thus far, on every side, the courage and discipline of our soldiers, the skill and judgment of our Generals, and the public spirit of our citizens, have fully justified the confidence in the strength of our Government and the devotion of our people to the Union, with which we entered upon this fearful contest.

In the West, the most important incident is the siege of Vicksburg, the great stronghold of the enemy, and which has so long served them the double purpose of impeding the navigation of the Mississippi and keeping up a dangerous communication with Texas. Month after month of fruitless exertion had shown that it was impossible to reach it from the water, and in May, General Grant, changing his whole plan of operations, advanced against it from the interior. In a rapid march of a hundred and sixty miles he repeatedly met the enemy and vanquished them in every encounter, bringing his troops flushed with victory and hope to the foot of the hills on which his adversary, with time, labor and science at command, had constructed works which would once have been deemed impregnable. Every slope was swept by direct and enfilading fires, every approach was guarded by rifle pits; every battery mounted with the heaviest and most destructive cannon, manned by artilleryists well trained, and men accustomed from childhood to the use of musket and rifle. One terrible assault was given: Steele on the right, McPherson in the centre, McClellan on the left, and from the river, Porter with his mortar boats. It was the 25th of May, and between morning and evening, a thousand of our brave men fell on the slopes and in the ditches. Since then the lines have been constantly drawing closer and closer around the doomed city, and cannon and mortar carrying by night and by day death and destruction into her streets. Cheering tidings of our progress come with every telegram. Grant, sure of success and unwilling to hazard the lives of his men in a second assault, for a purpose which he can accomplish with equal certainty

by the slower process of siege; his troops full of confidence in their leader and in themselves, and reinforcements pouring in every day.

On the inside Pemberton is doing everything that skill and desperation can do to protract the struggle and give time for succor to come up. On the outside Johnson is doing his utmost to collect an army large enough to break through our lines and open for himself a passage to the beleaguered garrison. Grant is prepared for both of them. Meanwhile, a second expedition up the Yazoo has destroyed nine confederate steamers and maimed another limb of the defense.

While Grant is following up his success before Vicksburg, Banks has invested Port Hudson. Here, too, the siege began by a general assault, successful on the right and center, partially successful on the left; and on the 14th another assault, though not accomplishing all that had been hoped, brought our lines still closer to the enemy's works, and gave us a surer starting point for the next attempt. These two places once in our hands the Mississippi will be open from the head of navigation to the Gulf of Mexico.

Meanwhile, Rosecrans had been carefully preparing himself to open a new campaign with the army of the Cumberland; an army thoroughly trained and organized under his own eye, and at whose head he had already won one of the most brilliant and decisive victories of the war. On the 24th his movement began—a concentric advance upon the enemy's lines by converging columns. McCook on the right, Thomas in the center, Crittenden on the left. On the 27th, in spite of constant rains and bad roads, Reynolds took possession of Manchester; and at the latest advices the enemy, driven from all their positions, were in full retreat to the Tullahoma.

Burnside, too, is in motion and threatens Buckner in Knoxville; and on the coast of Georgia a succession of small expeditions has done the enemy great damage at a small cost to ourselves. "Accumulate small successes," says Frederick the Great, "and their sum will be a great success."

Meanwhile, the rebel papers were filled with menaces of a great movement, which, making up for the anticipated loss of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, was to bring the war to our own doors; a bold and brilliant, but desperate measure, which nothing but the belief that the

North was divided against herself, would even have suggested. As the rumors thickened and began to gain consistency, Hooker suddenly threw across the Potomac a strong body of cavalry, supported by infantry, which, coming upon the enemy's cavalry in the midst of their preparations for advance, dealt them a stunning blow and returned in triumph to the north bank of the river.

Then came the tidings that the rebel army was in motion; that strong columns were pushing up the valley of the Shenandoah; that large bodies of horse and foot had already crossed the Potomac, and were marching rapidly upon the capitol of Pennsylvania. Governor Curtin calls for militia and volunteers; calls upon the sister states for aid. The President issues a general call for militia. Fast as the wires could carry the tale, men rose as they had risen two years before at the news of our first disaster. Regiments from New York, regiments from New Jersey, volunteers who had never seen service before, and veterans just released from service by the expiration of their terms. Never did telegraph and railroad do better work.

But Hooker, too, was on the march. Never before had our army broken up from a long encampment without some loss of stores; now there was none. Never before had the army of the Potomac marched more than twelve miles on an average through successive days. Now, in spite of heat and dust, they marched from twenty to twenty-five, and one day Humphrey carried his division twenty-nine. Straggling, too, that demoralizer of armies, was prevented by a strong body in the rear. Never before had our cavalry come strongly in the contest. Now pushed on under Pleasanton, they fight two battles with Stuart, the prided boast of the rebel army, in two successive days, and win them both.

And now, as the month closes, we find both armies on the mouth of the Potomac—the enemy widely scattered through Pennsylvania, and apparently upon the point of attacking Harrisburgh in order to open for himself a road to Philadelphia; our own army, now under Meade, who has been suddenly substituted for Hooker, occupying a strong position, well concentrated, and prepared for immediate action.

Further south, Dix is apparently upon the point of moving upon Richmond.

July has partly redeemed the promise





of June. Hooker's rapid march and the quick gathering of volunteers to the defense of Pennsylvania, showed Lee that to carry out his invasion he must first fight and crush the army of the Potomac. Calling in his detachments he concentrated his forces at Gettysburgh, and for three successive days, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 1st, 2d and 3d of July, the days on which eighty-seven years ago the Declaration of Independence was discussed for the last time, threw them with fearful energy upon the Union army—first upon one wing—then upon another—massed in compact bodies and supported by almost a hundred cannons. But skillfully as he handled his men and desperately as they fought, every attack was met with equal skill and resolution; Meade, though new in his command, detecting every movement of his practiced adversary and regulating his own with celerity and decision. On the evening of the third day the enemy retreated, foiled at every point, and leaving us in undisputed possession of the bloody field.

Everything now seemed to promise a complete breaking up of the rebel army. The Potomac was swollen by heavy rains; the bridges of every kind were broken down; the fords seemed impassable. Lee retreated, maneuvering skillfully all the way; Meade advanced, and for several days the two armies stood almost face to face. Why, with every advantage of numbers and moral strength in our favor, did we not push forward and crush them? Why, instead of consulting his division officers and taking a vote, did not Meade act up to the responsibilities of a General in chief, and secure the fruits of his victory?

These are questions which we cannot yet answer. But, meanwhile, Lee, though defeated, with only three-fifths left of the men with whom he crossed the Potomac, is once more in Virginia, hastening back as fast as his men can move, to the defense of Richmond. The victory that might have proved a Waterloo, has almost shrunk to the proportions of an Antietam.

On Friday, the 3d of July, while the last battle of Gettysburg was still trembling in the balance, the forty-seven days of hard work and hard fighting before Vicksburg came to a close, and on the morning of the 4th Grant and his victorious troops took possession of their well won prize. The surrender of Port Hudson to General Banks followed on the 9th, thus opening the navigation of

the Mississippi, and with it a fair prospect for an early reconquest of Texas and suppression of the rebellion in the territories west of the great river. Johnson, on whom full reliance had been placed for raising the siege of Vicksburg, has also been defeated by Sherman, and his army almost dispersed.

Equally successful was the advance of Rosecrans, driving Bragg from his strong position at Chattanooga, with a loss of five thousand prisoners, and freeing Tennessee from the last vestiges of the rebel army. Successful, too, thus far has been the attack upon Charleston, under Dahlgreen and Gilmore, the successors of Dupont and Hunter; giving us possession of the greater part of Morris Island, with a favorable position for bombarding Fort Sumter. And thus with July well advanced, we look forward with confidence to events which shall put its last days and the beginning of August upon a level with its own glorious opening. Between killed, wounded and missing, the enemy have lost eighty-five thousand men in the course of the last three weeks, to scarce twenty thousand of ours; and while the resources of their population, long since overstrained, must necessarily fail in an attempt to refill their ranks, the draft will soon swell ours even beyond their original proportions; enabling us, if we act firmly and wisely, to secure peace upon the only terms that can make it lasting—full and unconditional submission.

#### *For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### The Fruition of July.

Since the beginning of the war no month has witnessed so many military events of the first importance as the month of July. The victories at Gettysburg and Helena, the surrender of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, the retreat of Bragg's army before the advancing and victorious forces of General Rosecrans in Tennessee, the occupation of Morris Island, threatening the immediate reduction of Fort Sumter, to be followed by the fall of Charleston,—all these magnificent successes within this short period have so seriously impaired the organized military strength of the South, that the Rebellion, plainly to all eyes, totters to its fall. On the other hand, and as almost its sole refuge from quick annihilation, we have to record the escape of the remnant of Lee's army into Virginia, an escape permitted by the fatal indecision

of General Meade at a moment when the destruction or surrender of the rebel forces would have been the inevitable result of a battle. We sketch briefly the course of each of these campaigns, going back into June to follow the movement of Lee from its beginning.

What is called the invasion of Pennsylvania, but which may more accurately be regarded as a general offensive campaign by the rebel army of Northern Virginia, dates back to about the 10th of June, near which time General Lee put his columns in motion from Fredericksburg. His objects were, first, to seize the Shenandoah Valley, of which the northern outlet was guarded by the national forces under General Milroy at Winchester; secondly, from that base to extend his advance through the Cumberland Valley into Pennsylvania, and through the passes of the Blue Ridge which forms the eastern barrier of the valley, to debauch his columns en route for Baltimore or Washington, or even to cross, as at one moment he did actually threaten to cross, the Susquehanna, and march upon Philadelphia.

The first step in this campaign was a flank movement, gigantic in extent, and of the utmost peril if it had been attempted against a skillful or even an enterprising commander. But General Hooker showed himself at that moment neither. Excepting by a single Cavalry dash beyond the Rappahannock he made no effort either to penetrate the plans of his wily antagonist, or to arrest their execution, and General Lee succeeded in secretly transferring nearly the whole of his army from the line of the Rappahannock to the line of the Shenandoah Valley, and then in seizing successively upon the passes in the Blue Ridge, protecting his march and sweeping down upon Winchester, before Hooker awoke from his lethargy. Nay, even the advance of the rebel army was upon Pennsylvania soil, while the main body of the army of the Potomac still slumbered on the Rappahannock. Ewell, who led the first column of Lee's forces, attacked Winchester on the 13th of June, compelled Milroy to evacuate on the 14th, with the loss of all his stores and cannon, and on the 15th sent his Cavalry across the upper Potomac at Williamsport, over Maryland, and into Pennsylvania, reaching Chambersburg the same night, and spreading the alarm of invasion throughout the North. The President on the same day





issued his call for a hundred thousand militia.

General Hooker, having omitted to fall upon Lee in flank, as he easily might through either of the lower passes of the Blue Ridge, with the certainty of dividing and destroying in detail the rebel forces, could now in a measure have repaired his error by marching rapidly North and attacking, while Lee's army was still scattered upon different lines; but this opportunity also was suffered to pass and the rebel commander pursued his audacious plans with little or no interruption. One column under General Ewell advanced northward, passing through Chambersburg on the 24th and occupying Carlisle on the 27th. Another, a division only, under General Early, turning eastwardly from Chambersburg, marched through Gettysburg on the 26th, and on the 28th was at York, imminently threatening to cross the Susquehanna. The main body of the army, meanwhile, comprising the corp of Longstreet and A. P. Hill, came slowly up the Cumberland Valley and moved in the direction of Gettysburg.

At this moment General Hooker was relieved, and General Meade appointed to the command of the Army of the Potomac. General Lee had based his campaign upon his estimate of General Hooker's abilities, and the appointment of General Meade found him with an army so widely scattered that if the National forces had been but one day's march nearer to Gettysburg, they would have reached it when only two-thirds of Lee's army had been concentrated. As it was, General Meade moved so promptly that Lee found the utmost difficulty in reuniting his columns. Early was forced to escape from York by way of Carlisle, and Ewell, whose Cavalry had been pushed forward within four miles of Harrisburg, after being joined by Early, retreated at once down the Valley, and came late into the battle at Gettysburg.

On the 1st of July, the advance of General Meade's army, under General Reynolds, came upon the rebel forces a little beyond the town of Gettysburg. General Reynolds's corps, the first, sustained for a while, unaided, a conflict with a largely superior force, General Reynolds himself being killed early in the action. The loss of that able and brave officer was one of the heaviest that the Nation has had to deplore. General Howard with the Eleventh Corps arrived on the field, not long after, assumed com-

mand, withdrew the two corps in good order, and posted them upon the Cemetery Hill, which became the key of the position held by General Meade during the two days' battles that succeeded. The result of this first day's fight was a decided repulse to the National forces engaged.

The next day, Thursday, the enemy attacked about four in the afternoon with great fury, massing their forces against the left. When darkness put an end to the conflict, the issue was far from being decisive. The rebel attack had been repulsed, but only repulsed, and upon the right, an unexpected dash had placed a portion of Ewell's forces in possession of an important position, previously held by General Slocum. There was nothing like a victory on either side, but the advantage lay with us.

Friday dawned amid volleys of musketry all along the lines. The morning saw much skirmishing and occasional contests in different parts of the lines between detached forces. At one, the rebels opened simultaneously with nearly two hundred cannon, concentrating their fire upon selected points, and continuing it with unrelenting fierceness until nearly four. Then, upon the lines which for three hours had endured this iron hail, they launched their columns in a final, general, desperate assault. It failed, and this time failed so signally, and with such tremendous losses to the rebels, that there was no longer any question on which side was the victory. The three days' conflicts which make the name of Gettysburg memorable forever, were crowned by a triumph for the National arms. The strength and hope of the rebel army were wasted, and they fled hurriedly from Northern soil, beginning their retreat that night. Their losses, in the three days' battles, were not less than thirty thousand men.

As soon as General Meade discovered that his enemy was retreating, he put his Cavalry in motion upon their rear, and with the main body of his army moved rapidly down to Fredericksburg, on a line nearly parallel with the roads followed by the rebels. General Lee was in such a position with reference to the Potomac, that he was able to reach Williamsport, his place of crossing, sooner than General Meade; but the river was swollen, the fords impassable, and the pontoon bridge at Falling Waters destroyed. In this condition of affairs, there was every reason to expect that

General Meade would have attacked the enemy before he could escape beyond the Potomac. Undoubtedly he would have done it if his army had been reinforced. His troops were greatly exhausted by the long forced marches by which they had reached Gettysburg, and greatly shattered by the tremendous battles they had fought. Reinforcements ought to have been at hand. General Dix, with thirty-five thousand troops, had been promenading to no purpose on the Peninsula, while these decisive conflicts on Pennsylvania soil were approaching and proceeding, and was only brought up to Washington at a moment too late to be of service. If he had been at Frederick, General Meade would not have hesitated one moment to attack the exhausted remnant of Lee's army, and would beyond question have annihilated it. For keeping Dix on the Peninsula, General Halleck is responsible; so gigantic a blunder could have been committed by no one else, and to him therefore we owe it that one other chance of crushing the rebellion was lost, and that the end of the war is still postponed. Nevertheless, General Meade was able to have delivered his assault with what forces he had. Seriously as his army was shattered, that of General Lee's was more so, and the latter was, moreover, compelled to execute a retreat from in front of a victorious foe which, if only *suffered* to attack him,—for it was eager to fight,—would have taken him at a moment when his artillery was withdrawn, and might have caught him with his forces divided. General Meade admits his fatal mistake, and is doing his best to repair it by an active campaign on the other side of the river. But since Lee escaped, which was on the night of the 13th, the campaign has taken no shape which can be intelligibly described in detail. General Lee is in the Shenandoah Valley, slowly retreating southward. General Meade moves down a shorter line, if we look towards Richmond as the point of approach, and may yet intercept his enemy, and compel him to fight.

General Grant's final campaign against Vicksburg, began with his landing at Bowlinburg on the 30th of April, and the battle of Port Gibson on the day following. Dating from that victory the campaign was a series of brilliant exploits, succeeding each other with unexampled rapidity. The battle at Raymond was fought May 12th, at Mississippi





Springs on the 13th, followed by the occupation of Jackson on the 14th, at Baker's Creek on the 16th, at Big Black River on the 17th, and on the 18th Vicksburg was invested, and Haine's Bluff captured. On the 19th the rebel outworks on the right were carried, and both wings of General Grant's army rested on the Mississippi river. These results were obtained by continuous marching, hard fighting, and, above all, by good generalship; General Grant having shown from the time he landed at Port Gibson some of the very highest qualities of a great commander. Not the least among his conceptions, was his bold abandonment of all communications, and all means of supply, and his uniting to the success of his combinations to secure his final access to the river. He divided the forces of his enemy by the singleness of his movements, and threw himself between Vicksburg and the approaching reinforcements under Joe Johnston before the latter could communicate with Pemberton, the commander of the Vicksburg forces. From beginning to end, the rebels were outgeneraled, and only one ill-success occurred in the campaign, the failure of the assault on the 22d of May. Thereafter the siege was steadily pursued till the place surrendered, on the morning of the 4th of July, with thirty-one thousand prisoners, two hundred and twenty pieces of artillery, and seventy thousand stands of small arms, including nearly fifty thousand Enfield rifles in the original English packages.

Since the surrender, expeditions have been sent in various directions, and the campaign which was spent through Alabama and Georgia, will be vigorously pursued. A column under General Sherman attacked the rebels at Jackson—the forces under Joe Johnston, estimated at thirty thousand—and forced them to evacuate the place. Its possession involves the control of the railways which centre there, and effectually cuts off a large portion of the seceded territory from further communication with the Eastern states that are still in rebellion. General Grant will probably direct his attack upon Mobile, or detaching a sufficient column to insure the capture of that city, will advance his main body north-eastwardly in the direction of Chattanooga or Atlanta, meaning to coöperate with the army under General Rosecrans. Their united forces will be strong enough to sweep before them whatever vestige

of military strength may be left in the Southern states.

Of the capture of Port Hudson, which was surrendered on the afternoon of July 8th, it is only necessary to say that it removed the last barrier to the navigation of the Mississippi, and leaves General Banks at leisure to pursue his operations against the remaining rebel force in the state of Louisiana. It is reported that a steamer reached New Orleans from St. Louis, on the 16th instant, the first which has traversed the Mississippi between those points for more than two years.

General Rosecrans' campaign is important rather for what it makes possible than for what it has already accomplished. His movements are slow, in consequence of the length of the line of communications which he is obliged to cover as he advances. At present his headquarters are at Tullahoma, the report of an advance upon Chattanooga proving incorrect. From the time of his movement from Murfreesboro, the rebel forces under General Bragg have retreated before him, and are said to be so much demoralized that their commander is unwilling to hazard a battle. If he means to fight at all, he must fight at Chattanooga, for that point is of incalculable importance to the rebellion, being the centre of an immense railway system. Its surrender or abandonment, followed by that of Atlanta, would make any further attempt to hold the southwestern state in a rebel alliance, utterly impossible.

Until the very last moment the news from Charleston has been favorable and hopeful, but the prospect of the immediate reduction of Sumter is suddenly overcast. After the successful attack upon Morris Island, General Gillmore attempted to carry Fort Wagner by assault, but was repulsed. He has since been besieging it, and on the 19th renewed the assault, but was again driven back with very severe losses. The accounts by the last steamer are to the effect that he will be unable to do more than maintain his position till the arrival of reinforcements. The attack failed from the bad management of General Truman Lyman, Chief of Staff to General Gillmore, who delayed sending forward the supporting column, for nearly two hours after the first assault had been made. The capture of Charleston, there-

fore, is once more postponed, but it is none the less sure to fall, as will the rebellion whereof it was the birth-place.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### The Constitution.

Read the Constitution of the United States. Read it! Read it! It is very short and very simple. You can read it through in ten minutes. There is no mystery about it. It was made by the people; it was made *for* the people. Any man of ordinary sense can understand it, for all practical purposes, as well as the most learned lawyer in the land. Most of the disputes about it have been got up by demagogues. You and your neighbor, perhaps, have been engaged in such disputes for ten or twenty years, without having, either of you, read the Constitution; while if you had both spent ten minutes in reading it together, you would both agree that your dispute was absurd, and that you had been drawn into it by politicians who have presumed upon your ignorance.

We verily believe that one important cause of the troubles of our country is to be found in the fact that very few of our people have ever taken the trouble to read the Constitution. They spend hours and days and months in disputing, and in listening to the harangues of stump orators, and reading newspaper talk about the Constitution, and about what is constitutional or unconstitutional, and, after all, they have very vague, foggy, and unsound, and perhaps dangerous notions about the whole subject. This is all wrong. We propose a remedy for it. *Read the Constitution for yourself.* Do not trust any demagogue or politician or newspaper to tell you what it is or what it means. It is perfectly simple; perfectly clear; perfectly intelligible to every man of ordinary understanding. You will find it very interesting; and you will wonder at the absurd stuff—the immeasurable nonsense, which the talkers have talked, and the hearers, who will not read, have believed, about that simple, noble, immortal instrument, the Constitution of the United States.

We intend hereafter to discuss one or two questions relating to the Constitution; but we do not wish anybody to accept our opinion upon our authority. Therefore, we beg every one of our readers to read the Constitution for himself. It can be found in various forms; if you have no copy, borrow one of your neighbor, and read it carefully.





# THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD

NEW HAVEN, AUGUST, 1863.

\*All communications should be addressed to "THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD."

We present to-day the first number of the WAR RECORD. While we have not been able to realize our own idea in this number, yet we trust that it will meet with favor from the community. All of the original articles written for the Record are from authors of well-known ability, and we believe that the facts stated in this Journal are entirely reliable.

Though in the desperate struggle of the Revolution our little State was only second in the number of troops sent to the army, and though Washington always in his times of darkness and need, sent to "Brother Jonathan" for aid, with full confidence that his appeal would not be in vain, yet, in the progress of our astounding national prosperity, when a single city now contains more inhabitants than our whole State, and many States have arisen from whose teeming populations ten brigades could be raised more easily than one from ours, we have feared lest the meed of honor due to our regiments might be obscured or forgotten in the attention drawn to the achievements of the armies which the great States have sent to the field.

Those who have watched the progress of this rebellion, will readily acknowledge that the sons of Connecticut have reason to be proud of their good old State, when they remember with what alacrity our men flew to arms, the comparative number of those who went to the field, their undaunted bravery, the victories won sometimes mainly through their valor, and the steadiness and discipline they have shown in defeat. It will not be forgotten that in the panic at Bull Run, our regiments were the only ones which came off the field in good order, thereby showing those great qualities which enable men to meet disaster without losing courage and self-possession. We have felt that it was due to our heroic fathers, to our children and to ourselves that the brave deeds of our patriotic soldiers should be inscribed on an imperishable Record, so that future generations may know that Connecticut, though small in area, has ever been great in men. We hope by correspondence from each regiment, to give every month a correct statement of all matters of general interest connected with all our soldiers; to make this Journal a medium of communication from the soldiers to our citizens, and from their homes to the soldiers; to give biographical sketches of all who distinguish themselves in whatever capacity they may be serving, and brief obituary notices of those who fall; devoting our attention especially to Connecticut soldiers, but not forgetting those brave men who have gone from other States to help the national cause. We intend to give a history of each of our twenty-eight regiments from the beginning to the end of their respective terms of service; also the Legislative and Executive support given to them, and the cause; and able articles in defense of good government, of the Union and the laws, which will be furnished by our best writers.

We trust that all will readily encourage an enterprise designed to vindicate the claims of our State to a lofty position, now as formerly, for patriotism, bravery and honor.

*From the New York Tribune.*

## The Month's Events.

The President of the United States has set apart to-day as a day for National thanksgiving, praise and prayer, because God has hearkened to the supplications and prayers of an afflicted people, and has granted us signal and fruitful victories. We gratefully recognize the fitness of the moment. Not since the outbreak of the Rebellion has this struggling nation passed through a month illustrated and consecrated by such triumphs as came to us in July. Our thanksgiving will not be less devout or reverent if we recall to mind the separate occasions for gratitude which its history presents.

July 3. The victory at Gettysburg. Rebel loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, 33,000.

July 4. Capture of Vicksburg, with 31,000 prisoners, 220 guns, and 70,000 small arms.

July 4. Victory at Helena, Arkansas, the rebels losing 2,700 killed, wounded, and prisoners.

July 4. Rebel evacuation of Tullahoma, as the result of a series of contests in which the rebel loss was over 4,000.

July 6. Defeat of Stuart by Buford at Hanover, with loss of 1,000 prisoners, and two guns.

July 8. Capture of Port Hudson, 7,000 prisoners and numerous cannon and small arms.

July 8. Successful cavalry engagement near Funkstown, General Pleasanton capturing 600 prisoners.

July 9. Another victory by our cavalry, under Buford and Kilpatrick, at Boonsboro.

July 10. The Rebel batteries on Morris Island in Charleston harbor attacked and carried, and a secure foothold gained on the island for future operations against Fort Sumter.

July 13. Yazoo City, six guns, a gunboat, large quantities of stores, and 500 prisoners captured by our forces.

July 14. A brigade of rebels and two guns captured at Falling Waters, and the Rebel General Pettigrew killed.

July 14. Admiral Lee captures Fort Powhatan on the James River.

July 16. Joe Johnson is driven out of Jackson, Mississippi, by our forces under General Sherman, with the loss of stores destroyed and captured and large amounts of rolling stock on the railroads.

July 16. Victory of General Blunt at Elk Creek over 5,000 rebels under Cooper, with capture of two guns and 100 prisoners.

July 17. Two expeditions, one up the Red River and one to Natchez, make large captures, of steamer, 15,000 Enfield rifles, 5,000 head of cattle, some hundreds of thousand rounds of ammunition, and a number of cannon.

July 18. Morgan loses 1,000 of his guerrilla gang near Burlington, Ohio.

July 19. About 500 more of the same expedition captured.

July 19. Two companies of rebels and an ammunition train captured at Jackson, Tennessee.

July 20. Morgan's lieutenant, Basil Duke, and 1,500 of his men taken prisoners at George's Creek.

July 22. Railway bridge, 350 feet long, over the Tar River, at Rocky Mount, destroyed by cavalry expedition from Newbern, together with a great amount of public property, two steamers and one iron clad nearly finished.

July 22. Capture of Brashear City, Louisiana.

July 24. Capture of Wytheville, and 125 prisoners.

July 26. John Morgan and all the remainder of his forces surrender to General Shackleford.

July 28. Rebels defeated at Lexington, Tennessee, with loss of a colonel, and other officers, and two cannon.

July 29. The Rebel General Pegram defeated at Paris, Kentucky, with severe losses.

July 30. Rebels, 2,000 strong, defeated at Winchester, Kentucky, by Colonel Sanders.

July 31. Successful attack on the enemy at Lancaster, Kentucky.

Twenty-eight successful contests, with a loss to the enemy of more than 300 guns and 80,000 prisoners. Lee driven back into Virginia, the Mississippi open from its source to the Gulf, the rebels expelled from nearly all Tennessee and Mississippi, the territory subject to their military control reduced to the States of Alabama, Georgia, South and North Carolina and a part of Virginia. We may indeed with full hearts thank God for his mercies, and from his manifestation of loving kindness to the cause of humanity and justice, conceive new hopes of the destiny of this Republic.

## Location of Connecticut Regiments.

We give below the Location of all the Connecticut regiments and batteries, as nearly as could be ascertained at the Adjutant General's office the last of July. Where the exact locality of regiments cannot be made known an address is given which will be most likely to insure the direct forwarding of letters.

1st Regiment Connecticut Cavalry, Baltimore, Maryland.

2nd Light Battery, Beaufort, South Carolina.

1st Artillery near Fort Richardson, via Washington.

5th Regiment, army of the Potomac.

6th, near Beaufort, South Carolina.

7th, St. Augustine, Florida, and Morris Island, near Charleston.

8th, via Fortress Monroe.

9th, Department of the Gulf, New Orleans.

10th, Seabrook Island, South Carolina.

11th, via Fortress Monroe.

12th, Department of the Gulf, via New Orleans.

13th, Department of the Gulf, via New Orleans.

14th, Army of the Potomac.

15th, via Fortress Monroe.

16th, via Fortress Monroe.

17th, Army of the Potomac.

18th, Army of the Potomac.

19th, near Fort Lyon, via Washington.

20th, Second Brigade, First Division, Twelfth Army Corps, Army of the Potomac.

21st, via Fortress Monroe.

22nd, Returned.

23d, Department Gulf, via New Orleans.

24th, Department Gulf, via New Orleans.

25th, Department Gulf, via New Orleans.

26th, Returned.

27th, Returned.

28th, Pensacola, Florida.





## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

*For the Connecticut War Record.***The First Connecticut Cavalry.**1st Conn. Cavalry, 8th Army Corps, }  
BALTIMORE, June 25th, 1863. }

On the 23d of October, 1861, the 1st Battalion Connecticut Cavalry, numbering about three hundred men, went into camp near the village of Meriden. In a few days each man was mounted on his steed, dressed in gay uniform, and hundreds of spectators were daily attracted to witness the rare sight of a Cavalry drill.

Days and weeks passed on, and we looked in vain for marching orders. The First Connecticut Battery which had been encamped on the same field, was ordered to the seat of war and the soldiers of the Cavalry began to complain because they were detained so long from the field of active service—reminding us of a very truthful sentiment—

"To act, to suffer may be nobly great,  
But Nature's mightiest effort is to wait."

The 20th of February, 1862, found us on the way to Wheeling, Va. Two steamers bore us from New Haven, and as the city of Elms receded from our view, we could not repress the thought that some of us would never gaze upon its spires again.

The Battalion reported to General Rosecrans and was received into his department. Here we were far removed from all the other Connecticut troops, as has generally been the case with us while in the field.

Having remained in Wheeling one month, the Battalion received marching orders again, and we pitched our tents in Moorefield, Hardy County, Va., on the south branch of the Potomac. Then commenced the active service for which the enthusiastic cavaliers had been sighing so long. Supported for a time by a single regiment of Infantry and a portion of a battery, our advent into Moorefield was a sudden introduction into a laborious and dangerous campaign; and let the old State of Connecticut know how well the little Cavalry Battalion did its duty then. The history of the dashing, scouting, bushwhacker-hunting Connecticut Cavalry has never been written. No one has a correct and vivid understanding of the part they performed in the campaign of the Mountain Department, except the boys themselves, or those who have heard them relate the story of their bold exploits. One would hear the most glowing descriptions of individual bravery,

were he to spend an evening with a few of the Cavalry who had been associated in several adventures, and hear them wax eloquent over the inspiring memories of those days. Risks were run, hardships endured and achievements performed which have never been widely heralded, because they did not occur in connection with any great popular movement, or under the eye of any professional reporter. The time for *work* was then—the time for writing may yet come; and then, I doubt not, there are those among us who, like Herodotus or Xenophon, will write the history they helped to make.

Our experience in those days was unlike the more recent campaigns in other portions of the Old Dominion. It was a glory to an adventurous spirit to be a soldier under General Milroy or General Schenck in Western Virginia. Fremont's campaign in the Mountain Department would be a capital theme for the pen of an Irving or Abbott. The indescribable grandeur of the scenery, the roughness of the mountain roads, and the terrific depth of the swoolen streams through which we often plunged, lent the charm of romantic adventure to all our scouting expeditions, forced marches and bloody battles in Western Virginia. The bushwhackers' bullets sang through the pines in wild harmony with the mountain breeze, and the big guns roared like the voice of a mountain tempest as they echoed from hill-top to hill-top at the battle of McDowell.

It is not designed in the present sketch to give a minute detail of past events. A hasty glance must suffice.

While the Battalion was at Moorefield, Company A, commanded by Captain Blakeslee, was chosen as the body-guard of General Schenck. The General has often complimented the faithfulness of the Company and their readiness to follow him into any place of danger.

About this time, Captain Farnsworth of Company B, while on an expedition to Romney, with a detachment of his Company, was met by a skulking band of guerrillas and pierced through the arm and side with a rifle ball. At the same moment one of his men fell wounded by his side. From that time "justice and vengeance" became the watchword in our camp, and every bushwhacker in that region began to live an uneasy life, for the "Yankee Cavalry."

"Followed his path  
Like a hound on a tiger's track."

Our brave boys dragged the cowards from their dens and caves, and effectually defeated and dispersed the ruffian hordes. Captain Fish, of Company C, who led several bold and successful attacks upon the guerrillas, became known and feared throughout all that country, and we were told that a large sum was offered by the rebels for his head.

The Connecticut Cavalry was the first to enter the village of McDowell, on the morning of the 8th of May, when General Schenck made his forced march to that place for the relief of General Milroy; and when the Union forces fell back to Franklin the Connecticut Cavalry covered the retreat and assisted in holding Jackson's army in check until General Fremont arrived with reinforcements.

The pursuit after Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley, during the early part of the following month, furnished occasion for the greatest display of energy and courage on the part of our officers and men. They were unceasingly active, sometimes charging through the towns in advance of the whole army, sometimes employed in reconnoitering the enemy's position and carrying dispatches, and sometimes meeting the enemy in direct conflict, as at the battles of Strasburgh, Mt. Jackson, Cross Keys and Port Republic.

During a part of this campaign the Battalion was under the command of Captain L. N. Middlebrook, of Company D, who has since resigned on account of ill health. Some of the most brilliant dashes were led by Captain William S. Fish, who is now Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the Regiment and Provost Marshal of the city of Baltimore.

Our little body of men felt the loss of those who were wounded or taken prisoners, and the many whose health gave way beneath the weight of hardship and toil. Major J. M. Lyon and other officers were so thoroughly broken down in health as to be compelled at last to resign.

While we were in the army of Virginia, under General Pope, the Battalion, reduced in numbers as it was, performed an immense amount of service, as aids, provost marshals, body-guard, scouts, orderlies, clerks, besides the greater part of the regular Cavalry duty of Sigel's Army Corps. Some of the most efficient scouts in that part of the army were men from this Battalion—John A. Peters in the disguise of an old woman, and Charles Marsh as one of Jackson's men, passed





through the thrilling adventures of Union spies. For months Marsh was unheard of among us, and at length reported hung at Aldie as a spy. Yet other months passed away and he surprised us by appearing in Baltimore as a paroled prisoner from Richmond. He saved his life by the most consummate stratagem. He was lying in a Confederate Hospital, expecting daily to receive his sentence. Beside him lay a fellow prisoner who was about to die. The Surgeon who attended upon both these men was himself a Union prisoner, and by his assistance the two sick prisoners exchanged beds and names so secretly as to make it appear that Marsh died and was buried, and the other soldier lived and was paroled.

Leaving Sperryville on the 8th of August, we reached Culpepper just as the battle of Cedar Mountain was raging fiercely, and the ambulances were conveying the wounded by scores and hundreds to the public buildings of the town. General Stahl's Brigade, to which we then belonged, was permitted to follow the retiring rebels as far as the crooked run church near the Rapidan, and our pickets went still further on.

On the 18th day of August the Connecticut Cavalry was transferred to General Steinway's Cavalry Brigade, and was chiefly engaged doing provost duty while our army was falling back towards Washington.

Some of our men were standing by the side of General Schenck when he was wounded at the battle of Bull Run, bore the hero from the field, and conducted him to Washington.

But few of our men or horses could be reported fit for duty after those long days and nights of successive marching and fighting. While Company C, under Captain Niles, was continued on duty at the head-quarters of General Sigel in Fairfax, and the other three Companies were in camp near Georgetown, we welcomed a number of recruits from Connecticut, and learned that arrangements had been consummated for increasing the Battalion if possible to the full number of a Regiment. Major Lyon had resigned, and Captain William S. Fish was promoted to the command of the Battalion. His force and energy infused new spirit throughout the entire command, and when they were required to march as a portion of Sigel's Reserve Corps to the vicinity of Fredericksburg, they were in better condition for effective service than

ever before. A few weeks were spent in the neighborhood of Stafford Court House in the varied and exciting manner peculiar to the Cavalry service, and one man killed was the only loss sustained.

On the 20th of January, 1863, having been transferred to the Department of General Schenck, we took up the line of march for Baltimore. Here we remain as Provost Guard of the city, and during this time of special excitement our men are employed as scouts and pickets in different directions throughout the country.

Lieutenant Upson has just returned from an important and successful expedition in the direction of Frederick and Harper's Ferry. Three of his men, however, were taken prisoners, namely, Sergeant Morehouse, Company D, Sergeant Tomlinson, Company E, and Private Egan, Company B. Another detachment of his men fell into better hands, being taken for rebel spies by some of General Couch's troops. The suspicion is probably removed before this time, and they are doubtless on their way to the camp of the First Connecticut Cavalry.

ED. RIXER.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### **The Eighth Connecticut Volunteers.**

The Adjutant-General, in his report, brings up the record of our regiment to March, 1863—we were then at Newport News, Va. We there remained in pleasant barracks, drilling daily, and otherwise preparing for service in the coming campaign, until March 13th.

We were thence ordered to Suffolk, to reinforce the troops there against the rumored attack of the rebels.

We went into camp on the West side of the town, near the South Quay road. We were kept constantly busy at picket duty and fatigue work on the incomplete fortifications, with occasional reconnoissances.

The actual advance of the rebels from the Blackwater, took place on the 11th of April. It was our fortune to be on picket that day along the South Quay road, by which the rebels advanced. About 4 P. M. the cavalry videttes and reserve came dashing by in wild confusion, some bestride their galloping steeds without saddle or bridle, shouting, "the rebs are coming, the rebs are coming at the double quick, in heavy columns," &c. "You had better fall back," said an officer, reining up his horse to Capt. (now Lieut. Col.) Smith, of the 8th. "I shall fall back," was the brief reply, "when I get orders." We remained at our posts; the rebels came up, halted, reconnoitered, did not seem

to like the appearance of the picket force, and after skirmishing a little, retired. We lay there nearly all night, on infantry out-post, an arrangement at least, very unusual. We were, however, but little disturbed.

The incident very well illustrates the character of the regiment. Its creed is very simple,—obey orders. We had been stationed to picket the road; we calculated to remain until ordered or forced back.

We lost but one man, Sergt. Tucker, of Co. II; he was wounded in the neck, but is now again on duty among us. The reason that we lost no more, reveals another characteristic of the regiment. We sheltered ourselves in every convenient way. We intended to hold the position, and hold it as cheaply as possible; we can see no merit in useless exposure. To accomplish an object with a slight loss is as much an object of congratulation with us as the achievement itself. That we should be daunted by no loss, is proved by the fight at Antietam, where we faced the foe until half the regiment were shot down, and retired only when we were ordered.

A feeling of deep, honest pride, and self-confidence pervades the regiment. Though never eager for the fray, the men feel that whatever deed of valor is assigned to the Eighth, can and must be done.

The men are sometimes boastful, but ever ready to make good their words. Our reputation which we expect to maintain, is that of a hardy, uncomplaining, faithful, unflinching body of men.

From the 11th of April until the 3d of May, we endured, in common with the troops at this post, the alarms, watchings, and the exhausting fatigue work of an annoying siege in unfinished works of defense.

A single brilliant episode relieved the dullness of the siege. It occurred at 6 P. M. of April 19th, an anniversary of which the recollection might stimulate any American to sturdy valor, but I doubt if any of the 8th recalled the inspiring events which have made the day historic.

I enclose a description of the affair, written for the New Haven Palladium:—

The rebels had cautiously advanced to a slight elevation near the bank of the Nansemond river, and reoccupied Fort Huger, an old, but unnoticed work of theirs, refitting it, and planting five splendid brass guns—four 12-pounder howitzers, and one 24-pounder.

The fortification was so located at a bend, as to sweep the stream for quite a distance, annoying our gunboats exceedingly, and rendering all operations near that point, quite perilous. It was thought best to dislodge the rebels. Late in the afternoon, six companies of the 8th C. V., with six companies of the 89th New York, two hundred men commanded by Col. John E. Ward, of the





8th C. V., were embarked on board the gunboat Stepping Stones. Their orders from Gen. Getty, were, "when the boat touches land, get off at once. Do not stop to call the roll or form a line, but let each officer rally all the men he can; push right forward and take the battery." After these orders, the gunboat steamed up the river as if to run past the battery, and the rebels made ready to fire. They waited for her to come past a small bluff which sheltered the bank for a short distance from the view and the fire of the enemy. Instead of passing, she quickly turned, and made for shore. As she struck, the gang planks were shoved off; the boat swung round with the current, making the gang planks useless, but the men leaped into the water up to their arm-pits, rushed along the side of the friendly bluff, and into a small ravine which led around past the rear of the entrenchments. Companies and regiments were now hopelessly interspersed and commingled. Pausing a moment, they rallied around the officers indiscriminately, then started at full run along the ravine, up the banks, over the rifle-pits, and into the enemy's works without firing a shot. "We cave!" screamed the astonished rebels, "We cave, don't fire; don't fire!" and the boys did not, for the victory was won.

But our task was not ended. "Work quickly boys," was the word. The prisoners—112 in number—were marched on board the gunboat, and the howitzers were rolled out of the works across a ploughed field, and drawn to the beach, within fifteen minutes after the first man, Capt. McCall of the 8th, leaped on shore.

Hardly were the prisoners secured, when the rebels were seen swarming from the adjacent woods to retake the battery. The guns just captured, were ranged as by magic, around the bluff, and turned upon them with deadly effect. Meantime the marines had, with amazing labor and celerity, transferred several howitzers from the gunboat to the bank, and then dragged them to the bluff. They too opened on the rebels at the edge of the woods and in the woods with wonderful rapidity and accuracy.

The rebels fell back. By this time reinforcements began to be ferried over—pickets were thrown out one-fourth of a mile, and the whole remaining force were set at work vigorously digging rifle-pits in the rear of the entrenchments. The picks were once driven in, but soon rallied and again took their position.

The gunboats were of priceless value in preventing, by constant firing, the advance of the rebels in force.

To capture a strong battery with two hundred men, while thousands of rebel troops were within a mile, is no common achievement, and the men who accomplished the feat, are justly proud and jubilant.

The coolness, fearlessness, and intrepidity of Col. Ward, have won him anew, what he well knows how to prize—the enthusiastic admiration and abiding confidence of the gallant veterans whom he so grandly led.

Much as I love to praise Connecticut boys, I can say that they were only side by side with the brave hardy boys of the 89th New York. Moved by one purpose along one path, they dashed into the works together, and the two old standards, torn and pierced by bullets in many battles, were planted on the breastworks at one moment, in triumph.

While we think sadly and proudly of our lost and injured comrades, we can but rejoice that the casualties are so few. The 8th lost one killed and six wounded.

Our exultation was almost unbounded when we discovered that we had retaken four 12-pounders previously captured by them.

We also obtained 3,000 rounds of prime ammunition of English manufacture.

On the night of May 3d, the enemy abandoned the siege, and evacuated their works. For about two weeks we were kept busy at making gabions, and building a corduroy road. Our works, unlike those attributed to good men, will not probably live after us. As we failed to feel the importance of building the road, and did not think that a reputation for great mechanical skill would be for our advantage while in the field, we took care not to earn such a reputation. The boys styled themselves, after the manner of "yellow covered" authors, "Peck's Avengers, or the Basket Makers of the Nauseumond." One morning a flag staff appeared in camp with a well made gabion suspended from the peak.

But these unsoldierly and unwelcome labors past, we lay in camp for some weeks at leisure, except from rather frequent picket duty. Our camp, which had been almost anywhere, was now pitched in a quiet grove of young pines, about three-quarters of a mile east of the village, near the Portsmouth Railroad. The location was excellent; water good; rations plentiful; dust and mosquitoes unknown. Our situation was more pleasant than at any time since encamped at Newbern last June on the shady bank of the languid but beautiful Neuse.

On Saturday, June 20th, we bade goodbye to Suffolk without reluctance, save at leaving our pretty camp. We arrived about sunset at Portsmouth. On Monday morning at one o'clock we left our bivouac, and sailed for Yorktown, where we now are. We are in shelter tents with no baggage; ready for long marches or for sterner work. We do not expect to remain here long, nor after the marks of historic interest are noted, is there anything inviting us to stay.

The regiment is in good health. Our hospital is and has for a long time been almost empty. We have, however, quite a number unfit for severe duty. The regiment numbers now about 350 effective men. After the battle of Fredericksburg, we were reduced below 200.

Sure that I shall have no occasion to record discreditable conduct, I hope soon to add to our history, deeds honorable alike to ourselves, and to the good old commonwealth.

J. M. M.

YORKTOWN, VA., June 23d, 1863.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### The Fifth Connecticut Volunteers.

In commencing a history of this Regiment, it is necessary that we take a retrospective view of its experience from Cedar Mountain, August 9th, 1862, down to the present date.

After the above named battle, the Fifth Connecticut, with diminished numbers but unfaltering courage, participated in that terrible series of disasters collectively known as Pope's retreat, still commanded by General Banks, who, to-day, occupies a place in the memories of his old command that can never be filled by another; they were often faint with hunger; kept continually upon the move—now upon one flank—now upon the other—ragged, worn and sick, still marching—patiently enduring all hardships from hunger and the weather, lying down at night in dew and rain alike, picking up particles of hard bread from the road—which, with now and then an ear of green corn which had escaped those who preceded them, constituted for days their sole food, this Regiment marched and countermarched to Alexandria, where it arrived in September, 1862.

Halting briefly here the march was resumed in the direction of Maryland, and continued until Frederick City was reached, where the Fifth was detached for duty as Provost Guard of the city, under Colonel Allen, then Provost Marshal.

Here the Regiment remained, maintaining an unrivaled reputation for orderly conduct and discipline, until the 10th of December, when it was ordered to rejoin the First Division of the Twelfth Corps, Major General Slocum commanding, and at once complied with the order, being then under the command of Major (now Colonel) Warren W. Packer.

Major Packer reported his command at Harper's Ferry, and the day following, in common with the rest of the corps, took up the line of march in the direction of Fairfax Station and Fredericksburg, the former having been but just evacuated by General Sigel, who had moved on to the support of Burnside in his first attempt upon the latter place.

At Fairfax Station the Regiment, after marching nearly to Dumfries, and countermarching as usual, was finally halted and went into camp, remaining until the 19th of January, when the Twelfth Corps, in mud and rain, moved on in the direction of Fredericksburg, stopping at Stafford Court House, and remaining twelve weeks without incident, except now and then getting up rather early in the morning and stacking arms in





the expectation that Stuart or some other Confederate dragoon would pay them a visit. This brings us down to the 27th of April, 1863, upon which day the Chancellorville campaign commenced.

On the morning above alluded to, the Fifth occupying its proper position in the line, moved in the direction of Kelly's Ford upon the Rappahannock, reaching that point upon the 29th, and crossing upon pontoons the 30th. Upon the evening of the latter day the Rapidan was reached.

It was here found that, owing to the destruction of the bridge and the swiftness of the current, it would be impossible to carry the ammunition across upon the mules; in view of which Companies A and H were detailed and promptly commenced and accomplished the task of transporting the same across by means of a narrow foot bridge. This was no inconsiderable undertaking, as any one who has ever tested the weight of a thousand rounds will readily concede. Encamping upon the bank of the river the march was resumed upon the following morning, and night found the Fifth in its position in the line of battle formed by the First Brigade, First Division, Twelfth Corps, near Chancellorville, Va., and ready for events.

At 12 o'clock, the Regiment being upon the right of the Brigade, the command was advanced two miles and engaged the skirmishers. Here the Regiment halted and lay under a shell-fire for about three hours, when orders were received to fall back to the first position, which was done, and the erection of breast works immediately commenced and continued all night and the following day.

At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, May 2d, the Regiment having the advance of the Brigade again advanced some two miles, and the skirmishers, under Captain Daboll, were promptly engaged; desultory firing continued about half an hour, when the order was given to the Fifth to commence firing, which was done, front and rear rank alternating with good effect, and continued for some twenty minutes, when orders were given to fall back in the direction of the breast-work, firing as they moved.

Upon arriving within some twenty yards of the works, a volley was received from the enemy who had succeeded in occupying them in the absence of the Regiment. It was unavoidable under these circumstances that the Regiment should be thrown into some confusion, and it was while endeavoring to remedy the evil that Colonel Packer and five other officers, were made prisoners.

Upon getting through the enemy's line,

the line was reformed some two hundred yards in rear of the old position in the works, and advanced for the purpose of re-occupying them, but found them vacated by the enemy.

The enemy then succeeded in again flanking us, when the Regiment commenced moving off by the left flank, in so doing receiving a volley from the enemy in the rear. At this time, being outnumbered and completely overpowered, the order was given to make its way out in the best manner possible; it was here that several enlisted men were made prisoners by the enemy.

The members of the Regiment reunited and reformed upon a hill in the rear, and then were ordered forward to a ravine, where the night was passed, it being about one o'clock.

Remained in this position until about the middle of the forenoon, when the Fifth moved off to the left and formed a portion of the third line lying in a very exposed position and where many were wounded—one Captain, George S. Benton, of Company F, being killed, a loss deeply felt by the entire Regiment, to whom his kindly disposition and long association with the Regiment had much endeared him.

Later in the day orders were received to fall back to the river where the Fifth was employed under General Patrick, Provost Marshal of the army, in guarding the pontoon bridge until the 6th of May, when the old position at Stafford Court House was re-occupied. A further history will be given in our next communication. Co. A.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### **The Seventh Connecticut.**

*St. Augustine, Fla., June 25, 1863.*

Returning to Hilton Head on the 23d Oct., 1862, the day after the battle at Pocotaligo, the Seventh Connecticut remained at Camp Hitchcock, (just outside the entrenchments,) until the evening of Oct. 30th. The yellow fever had appeared, and threatened to extend its ravages, and the regiment was ordered to Beaufort, that it might be removed from the contagion. We reached there just in time to witness the funeral of Gen. Mitchell. The new camp established at Beaufort, was named Camp Palmer, after the lamented captain of Co. E. While stationed at Beaufort, the regiment gained in health very perceptibly. On the 8th Jan. it was again ordered to Hilton Head, and resumed its former encampment; but for a short term only. On the 12th, orders were received to start for Fernandina, Fla., to relieve the 9th Maine.

While we were at this Post, Co's I and K garrisoned Fort Clinch, and Co. C acted as provost guard. There was but little of startling incident to diversify our residence there. We were not at all in contact or in sight of the enemy, save when we communicated with them by flag of truce. As the result of one flag of truce, the major of the regiment, aided and abetted by the chaplain, surrendered at discretion, and without any expectation of release or exchange. He has not, however, been known to complain of his captivity.

The health of the regiment was good, while at Fernandina, only one death occurring in four months.

Toward the close of March, Col. Hawley was ordered to take five companies and proceed to Hilton Head. It was expected that this force would participate in the siege of Charleston, and many anticipated with emotions of mingled hopefulness and solicitude, renewing the attack on the city whose fortifications baffled us in the preceding summer. But the five companies only acted as a part of the garrison of Hilton Head, at which Post Col. Hawley was placed in command, during the absence of Gen. Terry on the Charleston expedition. That expedition having fallen through, the troops returned to Fernandina.

A few days after their return, orders came that Major Rodman, with the two flank companies, A and B, should proceed at once to Hilton Head. They have ever since remained there, and in addition to picket duty, they participated in the raid upon the main land, in which Bluffton was burned.

On the 5th of May, the regiment was ordered to relieve the 7th N. H. at St. Augustine. And in this quaint, strange old town we still remain, with F and D garrisoning Fort Macon, and the other companies occupying the barracks.

To-day, companies D and K are to set out for Hilton Head, to form part of Major Rodman's detachment.

The regiment has now been in sole occupancy of a Post here or at Fernandina, for the past six months, and it is not too much to say that their conduct under these circumstances has been most creditable. Heretofore, the regiment has displayed a capacity for continued patient toil, and for valor in battle. It has more recently exhibited the quality of self-control. There have been very few complaints of injury to property, or of robbery. Without designing any compari-





son injurious to other regiments, it may be said that the loyal inhabitants of the two Posts which we have garrisoned, have expressed the utmost gratification in the security which they felt under the protection of this regiment.

I have often been reminded of the remark made by a negro, near Port Royal Ferry, when the regiment was out on picket at that point: "I can let my chickens run out now, and leave them out all night; I never could before." The Colonel very truly said that the regiment had never received a higher compliment than this.

It would be unjust not to add that Col. Hawley has shown a remarkable capacity and adaptation for discharging the difficult and responsible duties of Post Commandant. Fitted alike by his previous legal attainments, and by super-added military promptness, he has, with singular success, administered justice, repressed violence, protected property, and secured the rights of all. DIXWELL.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

**Second Connecticut Light Battery.**

SECOND CONNECTICUT LIGHT BATTERY,  
CAMP BARRY, WASHINGTON, D. C.,  
July 23d, 1863.

The battery left Wolf Run Shoals on the Ocoquan River, on the 25th of June last, under orders to report to General Tyler, commanding the artillery reserve of the army of the Potomac, and joined the reserve at Edward's Ferry. At that date the Army of the Potomac was in pursuit of Lee in his invasion into Maryland and Pennsylvania. From Edward's Ferry we marched *via* Frederick and Taneytown to Gettysburg and participated in that memorable battle. Our battery was in position for fifty-six hours without being relieved, and a portion of the time under the hottest fire of the enemy's artillery. It was our first engagement in a pitched battle, but the conduct of our men and the courage and coolness of our officers was such as to elicit complimentary commendations from experienced field officers and old veterans in the ranks. It was an excellent opportunity to test the accuracy and destructiveness of our guns, (the James' rifle,) and the result was eminently satisfactory. Our post was on the left of the centre, where, on the afternoon of Friday, the enemy made an ineffectual attempt to break through our line. Amid such fearful carnage we providentially escaped without the loss of a man; three only were wounded, two so

slightly as not to be disabled from service at the guns, and one, E. B. Platt, was laid up for only a few days. We lost three horses killed and one caisson exploded by a shell from the enemy. Several of our men lost their knapsacks and clothing. A number of our horses were used up on the long and tedious marches, and our men were generally jaded and weary after the fight. The battery left Gettysburg with the Reserve on the 5th inst., and arrived at Frederick on the 7th, where it was ordered to report to Colonel Lefferts of the 7th New York State Militia, in command of the post at that place. On the 18th inst. orders were received to report at Camp Barry, Washington, where we arrived on the 20th inst. This post is an artillery camp of instruction and is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Monroe, an officer who fully understands the "army regulations" and strictly enjoins their obedience. UNION.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

**The Ninth Regiment.**

PASS MANCHAC, La., }  
June 18, 1863. }

MR. EDITOR:—Yours of the 30th inst. has just been received, and I will endeavor to comply with your request and keep you posted monthly. The time, however, *now*, is so short, that I will have to defer until next month any matters of interest I might have to communicate concerning the 9th, or the war.

Since the last report by the Adjutant General, the headquarters of the Ninth have been at New Orleans; but the regiment itself has been completely dismembered—two companies guarding the Mexican Gulf Railroad and mouth of the Mississippi; one company at Algiers, opposite New Orleans; four companies doing provost guard duty at New Orleans; and three companies stationed at Pass Manchac, about thirty-eight miles above New Orleans, at the water communication between Lakes Pontchartrain and Mansepas, the outer limit of "the Defenses of New Orleans."

Colonel Cahill is Acting Brigadier General of Second Brigade, Second Division, Nineteenth Army Corps, Brigadier General Emory commanding the Division.

This Brigade is composed of the Ninth Connecticut and Twenty-sixth Massachusetts, as old veterans, and the Forty-second and Forty-seventh Massachusetts, as new regiments, with cavalry and artillery.

Lieutenant Colonel Fitz Gibbons commands the Ninth Regiment, and is stationed at New Orleans.

Major Frye commands Pass Manchac and Fort Stephens, at that place, with the three companies of the Ninth and a portion of the Twenty-first Indiana (artillery) regiment.

I have been thus explicit in this that you might understand the position of the regiment. In my next I will give you a description of this place, with some sketches and incidents. Fort Stephens has been built here to command the lakes and the New Orleans, Jackson, and Great Northern Railroad, which runs by here, and which has been so successfully employed heretofore by the enemy against us, but which now of its entire length of one hundred and seventy-five miles has but about twenty-three miles in running order, from Jackson to Canton, Johnson's headquarters—thanks to Grant, Grierson and some lesser stars, but as good patriots, at this end.

This post being the dividing line between *America* and *Rebeldom*, of course is somewhat exposed to visits of the enemy now and then, but they have learned caution, and except when coming in as "refugees" or "contrabands" preserve a respectful distance and *modest deportment*; sometimes even imitating the manner of the Turks in their *low obeisance* upon the track when coming down to make a reconnoissance.

Refugees come in daily—sometimes as many as a dozen at a time—men, women and children; ragged, half starved, and worn down with fatigue. What some of these females with babes in their arms suffer, is beyond imagination. Think of a mother and child (alone) two days and nights in a swamp knee deep, with nothing to eat; where snakes, among them the deadly water moccasin, abound; where in the day time the heat is insufferable, and at night chilly—losing her way, struggling through, and amid all more afraid of falling again into the enemy's hands than of the surrounding dangers. Think of this and you have but an every day occurrence; and oh! with what heartfelt joy she smiles and nestles up her child when she falls in with a Yankee picket. Not so, however, with many a female in New Orleans and other places, who know and see but little of the sorrow and suffering of their own sex; and many of whom having neither kith nor kin of their own in the war, and led on only by their own evil passions or





love of excitement, goad on many a one against his better judgment, and openly, in public, spurn a soldier of the United States. Such kind of women should be taken to the outposts and started on foot to the enemy's lines, that they may see the result of their folly and wickedness. One man we picked up the other day, had subsisted in the swamp for two days, *eating raw bull-frogs*, and he was so weak he would have died in twenty-four hours longer there.

Contrabands come in in numbers, and what to do with them except to make soldiers of them, it is hard to say. Such a miserable, dirty, squalid set, you never saw. They hav'n't any of them had a suit of clothes since the war broke out, and what, with living in the woods, traveling nights, escaping rebel pickets, they have but little of the manufactured article about them when they reach our lines. Four have just come, fair specimens in their get up of a Carnival of Venice. They are the survivors of fifteen who started a week ago and have been in woods and swamps, hunted by dogs and rebels; and as they say, "*De balance done gone squandered*," that is, lost or captured. They say the rebels have given up all hopes of this state and are running off every thing, slaves and all, to Alabama. MANCHAC.

#### COOL.

During the attack upon the rebel fortifications on Roanoke by our forces, among whom the 10th Connecticut distinguished itself by their bravery, a battery of three howitzers was planted within 250 yards of the rebel works, keeping up a spirited duel with the enemy's guns. This battery was under the command of Lieut. Hammond of the Marine Corps. Ammunition, as it had to be carried from the boats by hand, was not very plentiful. That of the battery in question was nearly exhausted, only two rounds being left. This the Lieutenant concluded to save for an emergency, momentarily expecting a *charge* from the rebel infantry, when he would deal out death and destruction to the advancing foe.

The rebel artillery showered shot and shell in uncomfortable proximity to our three pieces, but their infantry hesitated. The Lieutenant, seeing that they did not improve their opportunity and the "moments as they fly," thought *he* would. Advancing some twenty paces under the heavy fire of the enemy to a spot where lay a slain soldier, he turned the body

over and appropriated the contents of the man's haversack, consisting of "hard tack," to his own use. Walking back leisurely he seated himself on top of one of his howitzers and enjoyed his frugal repast.

Having broken his fast he allighted. He had scarcely done so when a shell from one of the enemy's guns struck the very spot where he had been sitting. Our hero, concluding it was about time to return compliments when they became so personal, and despairing of the anticipated charge, gave the order to fire.

A few moments later our forces charged upon the rebel works and carried them.

From the New Haven Journal and Courier.

#### The Volunteers from Derby.

DERBY, June 17th, 1863.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Since the commencement of the war, this town has furnished for the army and navy five hundred and two volunteers, one drafted man, and one substitute. Only four of the volunteers have been returned by the Adjutant General as deserters. They have been variously scattered throughout the Union army, and have participated in many a hard fought battle. At Roanoke and Newbern, Yorktown and Malvern Hill, Antietam and Suffolk, at Chancellorville, along the banks of the Rappahannock, and down the Mississippi, they have made a glorious record. The following epistolary tribute, signed by 264 of our citizens, shows the right feeling towards them at home, and cannot fail to have an inspiring effect upon the soldiers.

Fellow Citizens of Derby in the Armies of the Union,—We, whose names are undersigned, by a few words of grateful remembrance, desire to express to you, the defenders of our homes and country, the appreciation we have of your patriotic and soldierly conduct, and the gratitude we feel for the services you have rendered.

It is a matter of congratulation to us, that you, though accustomed to the peaceful pursuits of civil life, have shown yourselves valiant in war, and that your patriotism has remained unshaken while sorely tried by the privations of the camp, and the stern ordeal of the battle field. Nor can we fail gratefully to record the fact, that while some at home, deluded by false visions of peace, seemed willing to give over the struggle, you, standing in the fore-front of danger in common with your comrades in arms, were true to the flag, and ready to do battle against all traitors, whether in the South or in the North. This steady, unyielding devotion to the right, appeals to and secures our admiration, and we feel that in such hands the honor of our commonwealth and the holy cause of humanity will be nobly sustained.

We learn with sorrow that some who went from our midst have fallen before the foe. But while we mourn their loss, we hold sacred to memory their bright example, and though they walk no more among us, the heroic and self-sacrificing spirit they have shown in being willing to dare and to die for the sake of our beloved land, will never be forgotten. Some of you also have suffered as captives of war, dying daily in filthy pris-

ons—fit concomitants of a rotten rebellion. Gladly would we have visited you with the bountiful comforts of home, and we have rejoiced when the "bonds of iniquity" in which you were bound were broken.

And now we would renew to you the assurance of our sympathy, and pledge you again our cordial support. We would have you feel that the fire of patriotism still burns in our souls; and that we are not only ready to lift up your hands and encourage your hearts, but, if need be, to come and stand by your side, and with you carry on this great contest till the glorious Union of our fathers is restored, and traitors are no more.

A. Bradley,	John J. Howe,
Egbert Bartlett,	D. W. Plumb,
Gerald H. Corlies,	Thomas Wallace, Jr.,
John Whitlock,	Abram Hubbell,
and 256 others.	

#### The Twenty-fifth Connecticut Volunteers.

The *Hartford Press* has a correspondent, W. E. S. in the 25th Connecticut, who, writing from Uman House, Baton Rouge, La., under date of June 30th, narrates the following of interest concerning that regiment.

The rebels now have possession of the New Orleans, Opelousas and Great Western Railroad, Thibodeaux to Brashear City. All our baggage and tent equipage is stored at Bayou Reauf, a point midway between the two, and I suppose before this, the rebels are shining resplendent in our dress coats and clothing that we left there in abundance.

The object of these attacks is to draw away our forces from Port Hudson, but they will not succeed. Gen. Banks will attend to Port Hudson and them too. One day, week before last, the rebel cavalry made a dash upon our rear at Port Hudson, and captured a cavalry picket and the general hospital, of which I was then an inmate. They demanded the arms, but before they could be gathered, our cavalry made their appearance, and the rebels departed. A day or two afterward, the enemy made a dash on a wagon train, and captured sixty-four wagons. Afterward they shot some of the negro drivers, but their triumph was of short duration, for our cavalry, Col. Grierson's, recaptured the wagons, and took forty prisoners in less than an hour.

Our Colonel is slowly improving in health, having been very sick. The 25th Connecticut has suffered seriously from disease as well as battle, and many who marched away from Hartford will not return with us, but will rest beneath the soil of Louisiana, so many more names to be enrolled on the page of Connecticut's glory. Extreme warm weather has some advantages; they come to us in the shape of water melons, musk melons, figs and blackberries, but there are few who would not gladly exchange them for one breath of pure Northern air, and one draught of pure water.

The New York Times correspondent writes from Port Hudson, in reference to the proposed storming party, as follows:

"Among all the regiments you will notice that none have come forward so bravely as the gallant Thirteenth Connecticut. Officers and men alike seem willing to share its perils, and I believe, if requisite, the whole regiment would join their Colonel, Henry M. Birge, who is to command the expedition."





*For the Connecticut War Record.*

**A Ramble through the Camps, east of the Alleghanies, by a Connecticut Pastor.**

Every patriot seeks some better knowledge of the war than is obtained by contradictory telegrams, every friend of a soldier would be glad to greet and cheer the brave man at his work, and every thoughtful mind is earnest in studying the problems which God is summoning this nation to solve. These motives moved the writer to accept commissions from the Governor of Connecticut, to look after the welfare of our troops, and from the Christian commission to aid their benevolent labor for the good of the soldiers, among whom, he had a very large personal acquaintance. The hope of adding somewhat to the intelligent interest in our defenders, to assist the mother and wife in picturing the life of their son or husband in the army, and the wish to further the sacred cause of liberty and law, has induced the telling the story of the jaunt, with its pleasant welcomes, happy intercourse, and novel impressions. It would be ungrateful to omit a public acknowledgment of the kindness and generous attentions received during the somewhat extensive journey; and if anything has been learned about the army, or the management of various Departments, it was because everything was disclosed in a confidence never to be abused. Associating familiarly with officers of every rank, in regiments from St. Augustine to Baltimore, I have yet to hear a word unbecoming a gentleman, and a pleasant greeting to a soldier was always answered by a pleasant word. Strolling among them in citizens' dress, without so much as a gilt cord or military button, and having nothing to sell, I was a love token from home; and a Colonel urged me to stay, because the boys said it did their eyes good. I seemed like a child who had strayed into a Shaker village, and whom the stiff-capped and broadbrimmed people almost quarrel to fondle, in the promptings of an instinct stronger and better than their creed. Soldiers were drawn toward me by their memories of quiet firesides, and holy sanctuaries, and I saw how sometimes good Chaplains lost by wearing shoulder straps, and striving to be military.

April 19th, a day borrowed from July, was inserted in a cold wet Spring, to give the promise of Summer; and we stood on the deck of the noble transport *Arago*, as she glided from the dock, wonder-

dering whether the South was not already invading with hot breath our Northern home. The Government had not relaxed the restrictions imposed before the attack on Charleston, but the crowd of passengers proved, that passes were attainable, for with Colonels, Chaplains, Surgeons, and other military officers, mingled the delegates of benevolent societies, the noted politician, and even ladies with nurses and babes. The steamship stopped at Fort Hamilton to receive a hundred soldiers for the several regiments, and at one o'clock cast off the Pilot, when we were fairly out of harbor on our way to Hilton Head. The bustle of departure prevented a religious service, although it was the Sabbath, and before night-fall, those of us who were not seaworthy, sought our berths. An agreeable company and a quiet ocean, a magnificent ship, and a gentlemanly and able Commander, Captain Gadsden, made the voyage of three days a pleasure trip; until Wednesday morning, we sailed up the harbor of Port Royal. Eighteen months ago, this grand roadstead was only dotted by the sails of an adventurous schooner, or by the fishing boats of the lordly planters, who claimed this region for their exclusive aristocracy; but now, save for the low flat shore and the tents, we might believe ourselves at the entrance of New York bay; amid a crowd of vessels, from the ocean steamer to the tiny boat that one would scarcely trust through Hurlgate, but which had safely rounded Hatteras. Many of the passengers left in the tug that came snorting to our side, when the ship anchored; but having leisure, I preferred to watch the busy scene, and wait an hour for our safe arrival at the wharf. There was a curious sensation of strangeness and familiarity, in reading the names of the steamers, which have always been associated with the North River and Long Island Sound in this distant harbor. A Jersey Ferry boat was starting for Beaufort when we reached the wharf, but instead of drays and hacks and a throng of New Yorkers, a swarm of black women in bright turbans, with their dusky children, occupied the deck, and reminded one of a Turk in a rocking chair.

We had just touched the dock, when the noble form of Brigadier-General Terry was seen amid the group in waiting. To his generous hospitality I was indebted for a home, and to his kind aid for every facility in the object of my visit. He went with the first expedition in No-

vember, 1861, as Colonel of the Seventh Connecticut Regiment, having commanded the Second C.V. in the three months' campaign; and has earned promotion by the claims of military skill and courage, not by any political patronage. Few officers educated at West Point equal General Terry in military science, and in familiarity with the art of war, since he has attended to this study both at home and abroad, and by the experience of the camp has added to his previous attainments practical skill, and proved his genius. His high-toned virtue, his rare culture, his manly sentiment, his thorough loyalty, his strict discipline, and his large wisdom have gained the esteem and affection of all ranks in the army. The unsought testimony of officers in the regular service affirm him competent to command a division, and the State may well be proud of a son who maintains the lustre of that fame which is shed from Lyon, and Mansfield, and Foote.

Landing, and housed by a pleasant wood fire in the headquarters of the Commandant of the Post, we chatted about home and the State election, and the assault on Charleston, where the land forces had no opportunity to try their strength with the enemy, until at midnight we were lulled to sleep by the dashing of the waves on the broad beach.

An early stroll the next morning, through the white sand, which is the soil that brings to perfection Sea Island cotton, awakened a conviction of the majestic resources in the Republic, which no census could produce. A pier, thirteen hundred feet long, has been built to deep water, and a railroad track constructed, which leads to the warehouses where are stored the supplies of food and clothing, of camp equipage and artillery for a vast army. Soldiers were busy unloading the *Arago*, while other vessels waited their turn. An immense fleet lay further up the bay, and in front was anchored Admiral Dupont's Flag ship, the *War-bash*, attended by the Vermont, while across the harbor lay the Monitors, who had returned from before Fort Sumter only a few days. At the head of the long wharf, a few rods from the shore, is the old Plantation House, a small square dwelling, on which a tower has been built, whence by signal flags and lanterns, communication is kept up with Beaufort, and Fort Pulaski, and St. Helena. The waving of these banners from the station, resembles the flutterings of





wings, and though not so rapid, is far more picturesque than the wire suspended on bare poles. From this house, the only one at the Post when our troops landed, radiate the immense enclosed sheds of the Quarter-Master's and Commissary Departments, crowded with stores of every description, from a hospital tent to a handkerchief, and from ten thousand barrels of salt beef to a few chests of tea. In front of the stables stood the army wagons with their teams harnessed, waiting for orders. The stalls were filled with sleek, well-fed horses, but the fine sand fills the lungs and injures the animals, while the rapid pace in which the orderlies ride, must wear upon their noble beasts, who gallop through the heavy roads, where they sink above the fetlock at every step. The officers' quarters at this post are in small unpainted cottages, which are placed just above high water on the beach, and the singular fertility of the sand is shown in the rich crop of oats growing upon the terraces, which have been made of this material. The headquarters of the Department has little claim to elegance, although distinguished by a coat of white paint. Just beyond, is the Fort which was built by the rebels, and from which they were driven by the guns of our fleet so summarily. Near the Fort, in front, were encamped the body-guard of Gen. Hunter, being composed of men from a Pennsylvania Regiment in Zouave uniform, and behind the Forts were the tents of the two flank companies in the Sixth and Seventh Connecticut Regiments, under the command of Major Rodman, who were drilling as sharpshooters. A reserve of Artillery was lying in the sheds of the Ordnance Department, enough, an ignorant citizen would imagine, to furnish the armies of the Republic during the war. Huge mortars and rifled cannon which had played their part in the reduction of Fort Pulaski, and Parrott guns of immense calibre, with innumerable field batteries, were arranged ready for the next attack on Fort Sumter. Beyond the Fort, eastward, was the Prison, under the charge of the Provost Marshal General, which responsible office is ably filled by Lieut. Col. Hall, of the New York Engineers, having under his charge both rebels and refractory soldiers, and to whose courtesy we were indebted for many kind attentions. His regiment was organized to perform the work of engineers, and are detailed for various duties through the Department;

two companies at Folly Island, making roads and mounting batteries, one at Fort Pulaski, where the regiment were efficient at the siege, another overseeing the building of Fort Clinch at Fernandina, and squads posted in manifold services, from the drawing of a map to the driving of a locomotive.

Still further, on the highest and healthiest point looking toward the open ocean is the General Hospital, a very extensive row of one story buildings, around an open square. On the northeastern front are the offices for the surgeons and nurses, and the dining room is across the area behind. Iron bedsteads, with mosquito netting, and good mattresses are arranged through the clean wards, and under the management of Dr. Simple, the hospital affords the best home for an invalid or wounded soldier. No expense is spared, and the universal testimony of the patients proved the ample provision and kind attention which they received. Reading matter is furnished by the delegates of the Christian Commission, who are warmly welcomed. We sat down on the bed with a group of Connecticut boys around, and had a delightful chat about home and the war, and have never been more gratified than by the hearty greeting and bright faces of these sufferers for their country. God bless them in their patient courage, refusing, as some of them have done, a discharge when offered, in the desire to accomplish the work which they have undertaken!

Nor is the Government unmindful of its sons; but provides generously for their comfort when sick or wounded. The Cosmopolitan, one of the finest and swiftest steamers in the Department, was specially fitted up for a hospital in the expedition against Charleston, and since then, has been employed in conveying the disabled and discharged to the North. As the war progresses, the arrangements of the army in every Department become systematized, and officers are trained, while the incompetent and unworthy are discharged. Still, enough remains to be done by the benevolent and patriotic in supplying delicacies, reading matter, and religious consolation to these sufferers for their country.

Officers from the iron-clads, calling on the ladies at our quarters, seemed to enjoy the temporary relief from the dampness of their prison-fortress, and the intercourse with the refined women, who constituted the delightful circle at Hilton Head, during the Winter. Their conver-

sation showed the necessity of rifled guns to render an attack on forts efficient at a distance, although the recent assault had proved the wonderful invulnerability of the Monitors, and they were already in trim for another attack. The genius of Ericson might be profitably employed in seeking the health and comfort of those who man these invincible machines, and who are among the most talented and best seamen in the navy. We suspect from their conversation that the next assault on Charleston will be deliberate and decisive.

On Thursday afternoon, the Boston was to sail for Fernandina and St. Augustine, and a pass on board that steamer was kindly presented: so bidding farewell for a few days to Hilton Head, we were on board and away at five o'clock, but must leave to another communication the account of what we saw and experienced on this jaunt.

W. T. E.

*From the New Haven Courier.*

#### Richmond and the Libby Prison.

ANNAPOLIS, MD., June, 1863.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In my last, a sudden call to dinner resulted in leaving us prisoners in the streets of Richmond, surrounded by representatives from all classes of the Confederacy. From what I have read of the windings up of the Tower of Babel, I have always supposed that the event was signaled by a variety of conversation and unintelligible harangue, but I think that noise must have been Eolian harmony compared to the medley of sounds which greeted our ears in Broad street, Richmond. Perhaps I could not describe the gathering better than by saying it was composed principally of males and females, but in size and color they ranged all the way from the small E flat contraband up to the stalwart Hibernian. We were surprised at the number of Irishmen in the rebel service. Whether they are volunteers or conscripts I know not, but certain it is that the rebel ranks are largely represented by the descendants of that illustrious and eminently successful toad hunter—Saint Patrick. "Well, you've got here, have you?" "How do you like Richmond?" "When is the rest of Hooker's army coming?" "You're a sweet looking crowd of thieves, aren't you?" and sundry other innocent expressions greeted us, all equally characteristic of metropolitan refinement. It is unnecessary to state that we were remarkably quiet, and evinced little disposition to form acquaintances. Indeed, I don't think that a man in our party opened his mouth, and I know that I never took such a deep interest in cobble stones as on that march to prison. But it is said there is an end to all things, and the walls of old Libby soon reminded us that there was an end to our out-door exercise for the present.

It had been so long since most of us had occupied a States Prison as a permanent residence, that we naturally entered with some reluctance, and with some slight suspicion that the location would not suit. In the office, guns, pistols and sabres hung pendant from the ceiling, and a bundle of





great keys—such as Webster used to carry about the new jail—adorned one end of the desk. It was a dismal looking place enough, and I believed a Lieutenant when he remarked to the keeper that “he wanted to go home; he had some wood to saw, and other ‘chores’ of importance to attend to.” After our names had been recorded in the book of unfortunates, Capt. Turner and his assistants made an exploring expedition through our clothing, and confiscated everything of a contraband nature. Then we bid good-bye to light and civilization, filed up the long narrow stairway and through little doors, up more stairs and through more dark dismal rooms, until we reach the apartment assigned us, when sliding bolts grate harshly on our ears, and we realize for the first time in our lives that we are the companions of murderers, and the associates of all that is vile. For a moment it seemed as if Hope glided noiselessly out with the jailer, and Despair stepped in uninvited. We thought of all the martyrs, from the Prisoner of Chillon down to Colonel Corcoran, and speculated as to whether our names were destined to adorn first class literature, or the pages of the Herald. An atmosphere of indigo surrounded everything. How long this would have continued is uncertain, had not one of those ludicrous incidents occurred which sometime provoke laughter from a saint. As near as I can judge, we had been locked up about two minutes, when I saw in one corner four of our party busily engaged in the exciting pastime of draw poker. From that moment to the day we left, I think this quartette never left their seats only to draw rations. It is fair to presume that they occasionally indulged in sleep, but I never saw them neglect their business for any such luxury. My latest glimmerings of consciousness at night, were associated with draw poker, and my earliest waking saw them still dealing cards and drawing in Confederate scrip. But it is difficult to describe prison life, for the very good reason that there is nothing to describe. Everything comes under the head of monotony, and one day's programme answers for all. We appointed as Commissary, Capt. —, of the 14th C. V., and he superintended the distribution of all rations. He also inaugurated evening prayer meetings, and early twilight found a large portion of the officers assembled in one end of the room. In silence, they gathered around the Christian captain, whose prayers went up for his fellow prisoners and their absent friends. With gratitude they listened to the cheering words of hope and consolation, and with earnestness sang God's praises as if freedom were everywhere. I have often been impressed with the deep solemnity of the Romanish Cathedral, and have admired the beautiful service of the Episcopal Church, but I have never witnessed a more solemn scene than that assemblage of rough soldiers gathered in one end of that dimly lighted prison, bowing in silent reverence to the teachings of their captain.

In a few days about one half the officers in our room were sent North, and though this left us more room, it still left us on the wrong side of prison walls. And then the rebel officers took great delight in telling us that we were to have a chance in a lottery. We were to have all the advantages of an honest drawing, and they thought surely we ought to be satisfied. The prizes were that the two winners were to be treated to a public hanging, preceding which, they would be provided with the best rations the Commissary could

produce. Such were the inducements, but as it was not our intention when we enlisted to take any hemp-stretching contract for the Southern Confederacy, we naturally demurred and especially on the plea that our experience in the business was limited. And thus, with this great flea in our ear, we passed several days, when we were informed that the selection had been made, and that two Tennessee officers in the lower room were the victims. From what I know of the public feeling in Richmond, I fear these two innocent prisoners of war have already suffered death in retaliation for the two scoundrelly spies shot by order of Gen. Burnside. In a few days our party of prisoners were largely reinforced from the South. Captain Brown and the other officers of the Indianola joined us. The same day, Col. Straight and his officers came in. It will be remembered the latter were captured by Gen. Forrest, while making an extensive raid through the South. After his arrival, Col. Straight was appointed to the chief command in our room, and he at once organized a system that improved the sanitary condition of things wonderfully. An officer of the day was constantly on duty, and each morning details were made for sweeping, scrubbing and dusting. He enforced strict discipline, and we were all too glad to have order and cleanliness to demur at his demands. I fell under his displeasure once, and in five minutes I found myself on “extra duty,” collecting tobacco ends and cigar stumps, and mopping up suspicious stains upon the floor. I had become interested in a book, when I was detailed to “watch the beans” boiling on the stove. As often as once every hour during the forenoon, I left my book and took a look at the beans, which vegetables appeared to be all there and doing well, so I continued my reading. At noon they were found to be so badly burned, that they were thrown out of the window. My name was suggested as responsible for the disaster. The Colonel thought I had been negligent, and hence the extra duty. In vain I assured him that I had misunderstood the duty assigned me; that I supposed the order to “watch the beans” was to see that none of them made their escape, which business I had performed to a dot, as they were all safe in the kettle, where they had been put in the morning.

One night we had to sit at the windows about two hours, and laugh. The Tredegar Works, where they cast their great guns, were burning, and also a large wooden mill, where they manufactured blankets. Generally, one is anything but pleased to see large massive buildings on fire, the flames leaping from window to window, and from one story to another, and shooting high up in the air, through the tall chimneys. But we enjoyed it very much, and were even anxious that other buildings adjoining the establishment, might settle in a similar manner.

The old fat Quartermaster of the prison used to visit us occasionally, and though he was a rabid old rebel, we rather liked him. He wasn't what we could call a good provider, by any means, but he was immense on distributing consolation. When any improvement in rations was suggested, he would console us, reminding the prisoners that he did not send for them, and that they must always bear in mind that they were suffering for their country! The bacon he gave us looked as if cut from the side of a hog about two weeks old, and tasted as if the deceased had known no other diet but granulated pebble stones and black ink. With

a slight process of tanning, our rations of bacon would have made excellent half soles for boots. The officers were allowed to purchase some provisions, but this privilege was denied privates, and they suffered considerably for palatable food. I was glad when I saw them marching through the street, *en route* for City Point, for I knew they would soon be where hunger is the exception and not the rule. It would astonish a stranger to see the variety of dishes we manufactured from corn meal alone. Mixed with water to a consistency of paste, it made what we called *pancakes*, a dish that constituted a large item in our diet. With a little less meal and more water, we had *Indian pudding*, and to be eaten with a spoon. A more liberal donation of meal with the same quantity of water, made a thick substance, which, when baked in the oven, was styled *Johnny cake*. Then there are fish-balls, manufactured from the same compounds. This receipt requires about four meals to one water, and when moulded together, should be able to stand alone anywhere. Divide the aggregate into cakes one inch thick, and about the size of the palm of the hand. Lay these in rows on the top of the stove, and if there is any fire at all inside, you will have superior fish-balls in from one to three hours.

At one o'clock, Saturday morning, May 23d, the sergeant came into prison with a lantern, and announced that fifty of the one hundred and fifteen officers in our room, would leave in thirty minutes, and as it was uncertain which would go or which would stay, they had better all get ready. We thought so too, and I think sixty seconds found every man in marching order, and huddled about the door. Nothing was said, for there was an air of uncertainty hanging about us that was terribly oppressive. Soon the jingling of keys was heard, and the clerk entered with his long roll of names, and every one's heart was in his mouth. As each name was called, the happy owner darted through the door, and formed in line as directed in the next room. I am positive that the most rigid discipline can never form a company in two ranks quicker than those officers got in that night. I can never be made to believe that there was any unnecessary delay in getting through that door-way, when my name was called, and I am of the opinion that the other officers were equally prompt. In their hurry, several left articles of clothing that they really wanted, but rather than venture back for them, they would have marched to City Point in a coffee sack. We filed down the stairway, and for the first time since being in prison we saw our field officers. By squads we were taken into the office and administered the parole. Hanging in this room were several of our colors taken in battle. They bore marks of shot and shell, and doubtless many a noble color-bearer gave up his life before he gave these stars and stripes into rebel hands. Again we were loaded in freight cars, and were on our way to respectable soil. We were hungry, and could have eaten with a relish, had we anything to eat, and we wanted water—but what was food and drink to freedom? We were heading for the Union lines, and had the distance been twice as great, and the weather twice as hot, we should have been content to live on the remembrance of what we *would eat* when fairly out of their clutches. Rounding the curve at City Point, we saw the old banner flying from the flag-staff of the State of Maine, while forward floated the white emblem of peace. Soon we were on board, and soon after





transferred to the propeller John Rice; shortly after which we were steaming down James River, en route for Fortress Monroe. I have heard the cheers of ten thousand lungs which greeted the entry to New York of the Prince of Wales, and I have witnessed the enthusiastic applause which welcomed Kossuth to the City Hall, but I have never heard more noise at any one time than when the steamer John Rice left City Point on the afternoon of May 23, 1863. Nothing of interest transpired until about midnight on the 24th. While steaming up the Chesapeake, a full rigged brig undertook to make two ships out of our one, but signally failed. She struck us amidships on the larboard side, and stove in a hole as large as a small barn. The stateroom occupied by Col. Bostwick and others were knocked into *pi*, and these officers were thrown upon the floor. The shock was terrible, and there was a general distribution of live matter about the cabin. It was very dark, and blowing quite hard, and there was some confusion for a few moments, until it was ascertained that the damage was above the water line. We arrived at Annapolis on the morning of the 25th, and that night—for the first time since leaving home—we lay down to pleasant dreams in a genuine feather bed.

Yours, D. S. T.

#### For the Connecticut War Record.

##### The Copperhead.

A few days ago in—no matter where,  
A Copperhead sat in his office chair,  
A cigar in his mouth, with the *World* in his hand,  
And reading the news from the rebel land.  
"Vicksburg is fallen"—so in Richmond they say,  
And so my doubts may no longer delay.  
But that was besieged, or it never would yield;  
'Twas not like a battle in an open field.  
Such a distant small spot could hardly help fall;  
'Tis n't much of a victory, after all.

From a Richmond paper here's news of Lee,  
And now not mere rumor but truth I shall see:  
'Beaten is Meade, and his army dispersed;  
God's vengeance falls hard on the Yankees accursed:  
Rich trophies of war from the Federals' retreat—  
Forty thousand of prisoners, the triumph complete."  
Good! said the Copperhead, gulping it quick;  
Then, shaking his noddle, It's rather too thick.  
But, generous fellows, they never would lie,  
As honest as daylight, as pure as the sky;  
There is something in it, I do not doubt,  
And not Lee, but Meade has experienced a rout.  
I knew 'twould be so,—those chivalric braves  
Content for their rights, their homes, and their—  
slaves.

Constitutional men, with them is the tide,  
And Providence surely is on their side.

O this awful war that Old Abe has made!  
And these heavy taxes upon us laid;  
And all for what?—to free the nigger,  
And make the Abolition party bigger;  
The Constitution break down, the Press restrain,  
Arrest and imprison the purest of men.

I'm for peace—for the Union as it was,  
For the Constitution and all the laws,  
Save those that were passed by Republicans Black,  
And why should they ride in the Government hack?  
They've no business to rule for a single hour,  
And sit in the seats of office and power.  
See what they've done in a two years' reign—  
Made war on the South and multitudes slain,  
Confiscated goods of those high-minded braves,  
And made proclamations for freeing their slaves.  
O deeds most atrocious, despotic, satanic,

Constitutions invading, and systems organic;  
Each State is a Sovereign; coercing is sin;  
If she wants to go out, we can't keep her in.  
But I am for Peace, for Union and Peace,  
For the conflict to stop, and blood-shedding cease.  
No trouble we'd had, no war in our day,  
If we'd still let the South had its chosen way.  
How foolish men are to stand up and contend,  
When they know that a warfare is sure to impend.  
More than half of the mischief's made by the preachers,  
The raucous harangues of the Cheevers and Beechers;  
Political Parsons, disturbing the peace,  
Making division and strife to increase;  
With prayers for the President polluting their breath,  
For the war to succeed and for slavery's death;  
Defending the niggers as though they were whites,  
Appealing to God and to us for their rights.  
Has n't Taney declared, in language direct,  
That rights they have none, we are bound to respect?  
Wasn't Canaan cursed, and his race enslaved,  
A pious contrivance for the blacks to be saved?  
How much better to leave things "just as they was,"  
And not to be looking for higher laws!  
The preachers are fools—how peaceful their life,  
If they'd always avoid what tendeth to strife;  
Only preach the pure Gospel, and nothing else add,  
The sweet harmless message would make us all glad;  
Let politics be, and never touch sin,  
What golden opinions from many they'd win!  
How pleasant their course! how tranquil they'd live!  
No conscience disturb, no offenses e'er give!  
Such a preacher I've heard of—I wish he were here,  
I'd subscribe to give him two thousand a year;  
But now from the churches I carefully stay,  
And to pestilent priests not a red will I pay.

O yes, Mr. Copperhead, how nice it would be,  
If all of God's servants with you should agree!  
How grand the mistakes they have always made!  
What a heap of sins on their heads is laid!  
Meek Moses for Freedom kept stirring up strife,  
And brought ruin on Egypt with great loss of life;  
If Korah's rebellion he'd not tried to stop,  
Who knows if the ground would have swallowed them up?  
If Judah had only let Benjamin be,  
From a war, so destructive, both had been free;  
If Daniel and the worthies were prudent and wise,  
The den and the furnace had not greeted their eyes;  
If John, the forerunner, had let Herod alone,  
His forfeited head might have still been his own;  
If Jesus himself had displeased not the Jews,  
He ne'er would have suffered from them such abuse;  
If He never had preached against sin and evil,  
They would not have called Him wine bibber and devil;  
If with them He'd agreed in each notion and whim,  
They ne'er would have thought to crucify Him.  
If apostles had only been wise in their time,  
And had never rebuked any wrong and crime,  
How free they had been from the malice and wrath,  
Persecution and death that followed their path!  
How holy, how blameless—all free from complaints—  
The soul-soothing patterns for Copperhead saints!

A day or two later he sat in his chair,  
Coming over the news with an earnest stare.  
He saw that the rebels were everywhere bent,  
In the South, in the North—General Lee in retreat;  
The arms of the Union triumph o'er all,  
And the bogus Confederacy 'bout ready to fall.  
He was truly alarmed at the state of his friends,  
And his sympathies ran to his fingers' ends.  
He scratched his head, and he muttered away,  
What now can be done these triumphs to stay?  
If over the South they should chance to be known,  
Disheartened, the people their loss will bemoan;

If onward to Europe they rapidly go,  
Confederate stock must soon fall very low;  
Compromises and Peace will be here at an end,  
And there recognition no further extend.  
And worst of it all, 'tis the chief of my fear,  
That the strength of our party will disappear;  
The "institution peculiar," if that and its friends  
Are not saved to help us, our greatness all ends.

As he mused on the prospect, and then, in his way,  
Began for his brethren profanely to pray,  
A rap at his door, and a form coming through,  
A friend from New York was revealed to his view.  
Of business they talked, of politics spoke,  
And the silence that followed was cautiously broke.  
The war was then canvassed—Grant's victories weighed,  
And the doom of the great Pennsylvania raid.  
They had never believed that the high-minded South  
Could become in this war rather "down in the mouth."

It looked very much like it, it must be confessed;  
But how shall the Chivalry's wrongs be redressed?  
'Twill be done! said the Gothamite, whispering low;  
You may well be surprised, when the way you shall know.

A rebellion's at hand, and a fire in the rear;  
The mine is well laid—the explosion you'll hear.  
From great Federal triumphs the mind will be turned,  
And different lessons be speedily learned;  
We'll show the black Lincolnites what can be done,  
As soon as the despots the *draft* have begun.  
The scheme is matured, and the burden well shared;  
The Wood is all ready, and the World is prepared;  
The denouement the News will haste to review,  
And by the Express 'twill come rapidly through.  
We long ago promised our friends to sustain,  
And this aid in the North will their courage maintain;  
And this shall fly quickly across the wide sea,  
And the French and the English will laugh in their glee;

"We knew," they will say, "that the proud Yankee snob  
Was naught but a swelling and riotous mob;  
Their Republic's played out, let's now intervene,  
Stop the shedding of blood, and end the sad scene.  
(Sweet innocent creatures, they never shed blood;  
They never for National unity stood!)  
Oh dear, dear! the slaveholding gentry we cherish,  
If longer we're neutral will certainly perish;  
The outscouring upstarts of West and North,  
Will drive from the land all the Southerners forth,  
And then, as vast and warlike and strong they appear,  
We kingdoms of Europe their greatness may fear."

"Good day," said the Yorker; no longer he stayed;  
And the Copperhead thought on the words he had said.  
He was comforted over the rebel reverse,  
And looked with strange joy for the new coming curse;  
But when in his paper he read how it came,  
In murder, and plunder, and arson's red flame,  
In a savage brutality Indians would scorn,  
In a spirit and purpose entirely hell-born,  
He thought who his friends were, and made of what stuff,  
And he said to himself—it is more than enough!

In the assault on Port Hudson, made June 14th, the Connecticut Twenty-Eighth lost heavily. Captain Brown writes that fifty-nine were killed, wounded or missing. Captain Hoag, Lieutenant Durand and Lieutenant Taylor are reported killed; Lieutenant Mitchell wounded in four places. Captain Hoag was Clerk of the State Senate in 1860, and belonged in New Milford.





*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## Outline Sketch of the Twenty-fourth C. V.

*Field Officers.*

S. W. MANSFIELD, Colonel.

J. D. ALLISON, Lieutenant Colonel.

P. MAHER, Major.

A historical sketch of this Regiment can most clearly be presented by looking at the leading characteristic of the service in which it has been employed. The period of acclimation was spent at Baton Rouge; the period of marching was spent mostly west of the Mississippi River; the period of fighting embraces the siege of Port Hudson.

### *Period of Drill and Acclimation.*

The Regiment arrived at Baton Rouge on the morning of December 17th, and there remained till March 13th, occupied with the usual routine of camp-life—reveille, taps, drills, inspections, and reviews. The raising of the National Flag from the summit of the State House, in the bright streaming sunshine, while the troops were landing under cover of the smoking guns of the iron-clad Essex, at our first arrival, was a spectacle of rare beauty. As its proud folds rose upon the buoyant air and seemed to kiss the pure sky, the men on ship-board greeted it with cheers, which made the shores of the Mississippi send back answering shouts which seemed to say, "Success to the Expedition." The rebel garrison fled from the shells which screamed and thundered behind them;—resident traitors dodged from sight and looked slyly forth from their hiding places, while populous villages of tents sprung up on the grounds of the United States Arsenal, and in the open places of the city. The Twenty-fourth Connecticut, the Forty-first and Fifty-second Massachusetts, and the Thirteenth Connecticut, temporarily attached, constituted the Second Brigade of Grover's Division, which was commanded at first by Colonel Birge of the Thirteenth Connecticut; subsequently the Ninety-first New York took the place of the Thirteenth Connecticut, and Colonel Vanzant commanded the Brigade. The Twenty-fourth Regiment suffered less mortal loss in acclimation than many others.

Two Captains and eight Lieutenants have been discharged upon their resignation; Companies G and E have been consolidated with I and K, and the Regiment reduced to eight Companies. Of the Second Lieutenants who came out with the Regiment, three have been promoted to the first rank, and five new Lieutenants' commissions have been issued. These changes took place before the Regiment took the field of active service.

### *Period of Marching.*

From March 13th to May 21st, the characteristic duty of the Twenty-fourth was marching. This Regiment, in company with the Division to which it belonged, took part in the armed reconnaissance of Port Hudson, which proved to be one of the severest tests of the power of the men to endure hardships which they have experienced. As a trial trip to the troops it was damaging; as a feint to deceive the enemy and initiate active operations, it was a magnificent success. The Twenty-fourth left their camp-ground about 2 P. M., and joined in the mighty procession, and before dark reached a ploughed field about eight miles distant, where they stayed till morning, and some slept. Very early the march was renewed, and before sunset the weary troops reached the corn-field

in which they were posted, several miles east of Port Hudson. The whole army stood upon the verge of battle; but no battle was fought. The roar of the guns of the ascending fleet on the river was distinctly heard, but its meaning was unknown; the light of the burning Mississippi, casting a lurid radiance over half the visible heavens, was gazed at with inquisitive wonder, but brought no intelligence of coming events; the terrible explosion which out-sounded thunder and extinguished the gloomy radiance, awakened only fearful apprehensions in those who were watching by night the progress of events. Sunday afternoon a retrograde movement towards Baton Rouge began. The march was orderly but rapid, the men moving like ill-bred horses fastest toward home. The men were heavily laden with stuffed knapsacks, blankets, guns and accoutrements, with twenty rounds of extra cartridges; the weather was warm till a Louisianian rain storm set in, inaugurated with high wind and terrible thunder and lightning. The road became ankle-deep with mud where it was not entirely overflowed; night came on like the falling of a curtain; onward pressed the eager column. A marsh, strewn with brambles and rotting logs, where upturned stumps overlooked the puddles, welcomed the men and officers to moist beds. The glare of a wilderness of camp-fires, which served to make darkness visible, disclosed groups of uncomfortable men in all attitudes, standing, leaning, sitting, reclining, smoking, swearing, drinking, sleeping, and trying to sleep. It was a night to be remembered a life time; the discomforts which could not be avoided were laughed at; and when the next day's sun emerged from the dispersing clouds, the men seemed as little harmed by their exposure as this celestial luminary by the storm. About one mile from their stopping place the bank of the Mississippi is elevated; the ground is comparatively dry. A flat promontory protected in the rear by the waters of an encircling bayou, and in front by the river itself, presented an inviting camp-ground, to which Grover's Division was conducted. The period of inaction was short. On Tuesday, the line of march towards Port Hudson was resumed. Tedious was the heavy laden march; bloodless was the battle; valuable the fruits of the victory; fifteen hundred bales of cotton were taken prisoners! The Twenty-fourth Regiment returned to Baton Rouge, and for a few days encamped luxuriously in the new Sibley tents which had been received, and were now for the first time pitched.

March 28th, the Regiment embarked on board the "Morning Light" and moved down the Mississippi. We landed at Donaldsonville, the Key of Lafouch District, where there is a sturdy little fort in process of construction. Though tents were here pitched as if our stay were to be somewhat permanent, on the morning of March 31st, we started on the road which leads along the Bayou towards Thibodeaux, through a delightful country, by fruitful fields and pleasant seats till passing Thibodeaux, when thousands of loyal people greeted us with smiles and pleasant looks, we arrived at Terra Bonne Station in the afternoon of April 2d. The Regiment was now rested of leg-weariness by a ride upon the cars of twenty miles or thereabouts to Bayou Boeuf; thence marched, April 9th, to Brashear City, and the next day embarked on board the St. Mary's to ascend the Atchafalaya and the lakes through which it flows. On the morning of the battle of

Indian Bend, April 14th, the Twenty-fourth marched gallantly to the front in their turn, but the enemy were retreating. No shots were exchanged. To detail the series of long marches by which the fleeing enemy was pursued, would weary the reader. New Iberia was reached on the evening of April 16th, and Opelousas on the 20th, and Bane's landing on the 26th. At Bane's landing, on Bayou Costablean, eight miles from Opelousas, the Regiment remained till the long-looked for Paymaster arrived, May 4th, and the next day resumed its march towards Alexandria; passed Cheneyville on the morning of the 8th, and arrived at Wells' plantation on the 11th. From this point the line of march turned towards the Mississippi; passing through Moreauville, which had one flower garden beautiful enough to make it famous, the Regiment, weary and dusty, arrived at Simmesport on Sabbath afternoon of May 17th.

### *Period of Fighting.*

This is the climax of this Regiment's record. It was in the advance at the approach of Port Hudson, May 25th; it was in the assault on June 14th, and is the only Regiment which held its position or remained on the field, and is now engaged sapping the enemy's works.

### *List of the killed in the Twenty-fourth Regiment C. V., before Port Hudson.*

May 25th, William Bray, Company A, from Middletown.  
June 14th, Amos G. Miller, Company A, from Middletown.  
June 14th, Charles Rigby, Company D, from Cromwell.  
May 24th, Selleck Scot, Company D, from Middletown.  
June 16th, John Barry, Company F, from Middletown.  
June 14th, Charles Carroll, Company H, from Hartford.  
June 14th, Edwin Eaton, Company H, from Hartford.  
June 14th, John McCarthy, Company H, from Hartford.  
June 14th, Harvey Merriman, Company I, from Hamden.  
June 14th, Edgar Ives, Company I, from Hamden.  
June 14th, Robert Smith, Company I, from Middletown.  
May 24th, John F. Carroll, Company K, from Hartford.

### *Incidents and Position of the Twenty-fourth Regiment at the Second Assault of Port Hudson, on June 14th, and the following week.*

The duty assigned the Twenty-fourth Regiment, Colonel Mansfield, was that of forwarding the cotton bales, which were to fill up the moat and form a passage for the speedy advance of the column in our rear.

With their guns slung upon their backs, and to each man two bags of cotton, this inexperienced, small, and somewhat tired body of men, close to the heels of the two Regiments of skirmishers who had before faced and fought the enemy, pushed forward.

Our skirmishers having failed to accomplish their object, and falling like leaves in autumn, rendered our service in the duty assigned us impossible; but not to turn our backs we pushed ourselves and bags to the crest of a hill to within less than a hundred yards of the enemy's strongest works, and relieving ourselves of these incum-





branches we began pouring a shower of lead into the works and at every head visible.

This was the position and progress of affairs until night, when what was left of our Regiment in our front were withdrawn, leaving our *small* but *determined* band of less than two hundred and fifty men nearer than any point then or herebefore occupied by our forces.

We passed a sleepless night, during which our cotton breastwork took fire, when spades and picks were called into requisition to smother the fire, the smoke of which rendered us unable to sight the enemy. The morning light looked upon (that which we had never dreamed of) the outlines of a work which, at the time I write, commands the praise and attention of all who have an interest in the final capture of this stronghold.

The morning light of the first day of the week, after the busy work with spade and pick the night before, gave hope of holding our position against any probable force which might attempt to drive us out.

The second day, though gaining nothing to the cause, was improved much in skill acquired as marksmen, and coolness and bravery, which can only be obtained before and under the fire of an enemy.

Among a considerable body of men there are to be found some who will cause a smile and laughter which, in times like this, among dead and wounded, serves to turn the thought and mind from the horrors of war. Such are among us, and every opportunity is improved; being so near the enemy, communication is occasionally kept up with good advice and suggestions, such as Reb, fire a little higher or lower, as the case might be. The oft repeated rumor of their being short of caps, may be true or not, but we can testify to their worthlessness when we constantly hear their explosion without effect, and the invitation in good faith that they will come over to us and get good ones, is, without doubt, heard, if not appreciated.

But who ever heard of a fortification, especially Uncle Sam's, that was not surmounted by the stars and stripes? Acting upon this thought, on the third day up went the glorious old flag, followed by that of our native State, the gift of the ladies of Meriden, and which they and we will not be ashamed of if we are spared to return to our homes. As the stars and stripes surmounted the parapets, a salute of over one hundred guns and three hearty cheers from the men to whose care it was entrusted, filled the air, while from as many guns from the foe belched forth a torrent of hail, which every now and then tears its beautiful folds and stars, while a shot strikes the staff, but only to add one more witness to its noble defenders. Such a scene occurs but once in a lifetime, and the story of that hour will be as fresh a century hence as from the pen of the one who now relates it.

But how quickly this scene can be changed. We have only to look as far as the naked eye can reach, and behold the dead and wounded bodies of brave and valiant soldiers, with an eye to pity but no hand to save. While your humble writer keeps vigilant watch of the night, from but few paces outside our works can be heard the faint voice of one begging for water, this already being the third day in the burning sun with no water, and no one to save, as the morning dawns fainter grows the voice that at intervals arises for help; human heart can bear it no longer, and while every heart hears its own beating, goes forth two noble and

brave men to carry joy to the one suffering more than tongue can tell. A grateful heart his tongue expresses, while a stretcher is brought to take him to the rear.

I could tell of things that would make the heart ache; of the black and burnt bodies, and the corruption that an exposure of four days to this intense heat will produce. But why add to the tears that now flow in sorrow for those of whom I now write?

The result of this assault cannot be discovered where our Regiment lies, and while an order is given to a battery to shell the rebel works visible to those in the rear, a word flies quickly, the Twenty-fourth Connecticut holds and threw up those works. The order is countermanded, while every tongue and voice resounds with praise, and every one enquires, "Can that be a nine months' Regiment?"

Total loss by death from sickness in the Regiment since it left home, twenty-two, besides two drowned.

*Company A*—R. Spencer, George Strickland, J. Johnson, (drowned.)

*Company B*—E. D. Stevens, S. Pratt, N. Platts, M. J. Wilcox, E. Parker.

*Company C*—H. Evans, F. Mason, H. Brown, G. Wilcox, O. Gilbert.

*Company D*—Baker.

*Company E*—None.

*Company F*—S. Greenwood, (drowned.)

*Company G*—None.

*Company H*—Philip Galligan, Pat. Owens.

*Company I*—J. Curtis, [Lieutenant Goodyear.] W. Warner, A. Peck, L. I. Goodyear, H. Pierpont, M. Gaylord.

### The Twentieth Connecticut at Gettysburg.

A correspondent of the Hartford Press gives the following plain account of the creditable part performed by the Twentieth in the late battles:

IN THE INTRENCHMENTS,  
NEAR GETTYSBURG, July 4th, 1863. }

"Of our fatiguing march from Leesburg, it is unnecessary to speak in detail. We reached the vicinity of the late severe battles on Wednesday, the 1st inst., and took our position as a reserve, while the First and Eleventh Corps were engaged with the rebels in the vicinity of the town. Thursday morning we were moved out some distance on the right of our present position and formed our lines. After sending out skirmishers and finding no enemy in that vicinity, we were drawn back to the pike and moved out to our present position on the right of the army. Here we went immediately at work constructing breastworks, and soon had a good line with a stone wall about ten rods in the rear for the protection of the second line.

"In the meantime, the enemy had made an attack in force on the left, which was kept up with desperation till our forces there were getting short of ammunition. The Fifth and Twelfth Corps were ordered to their relief. We moved quickly over, but the Fifth had arrived before us and repulsed the enemy, and we were ordered back to the right. But the rebels had taken advantage of our movements and occupied our intrenchments in force. General Geary's Division (2d) reoccupied them after a severe struggle, but those of our Division (the extreme right) were held by masses of the rebels, who filled the woods, and waited in the

darkness for us to come into the trap they had set for us. But the true state of the case was discovered by our skirmishers, and we formed our lines in a corn-field and waited for the return of day with a determination that the enemy must be driven out.

"Friday morning, at about 3½ o'clock, twelve pieces of artillery, from good positions, commenced shelling the woods vigorously, and soon the infantry of the Second Division and a portion of the First advance to the attack from the left. Between 4 and 5 o'clock, the Twentieth was ordered forward to the edge of the woods, in the range of the fire of our artillery, to prevent any attempt to flank the forces engaged to the left. Our skirmishers were deployed into the woods, where they kept up a fire at the rebel sharpshooters and skirmishers as they showed themselves. They reported the result of their observations occasionally, and the information was sent back to the Commander of the Division. The fight lasted with energy till 11 o'clock, when the enemy was driven from the woods and our skirmishers held them. The Regiment quickly advanced through the woods, and were then relieved by the One Hundred and Twenty-third New York, who occupied the trenches. The Twentieth then marched back half a mile to replenish their ammunition and again returned to their position.

"The loss of the Regiment is given in the list of casualties below. Most of the men named were hit by sharpshooters who secreted themselves in trees and behind rocks and fired whenever a skirmisher showed his head.

"In the afternoon our position was shelled vigorously and another severe attack was made on our center, and the First and Second Brigades of our Division were ordered to its support, but we were not needed as the rebels were repulsed with great loss. We returned to our intrenchments which we have since held with no further molestation than occasional shots from sharpshooters in the woods in front. During the night the rebel force left, and we hear nothing of its whereabouts, but are well satisfied that it is thoroughly whipped.

"The Twentieth is satisfied with its conduct and refers to the reports yet to be made by commanders, with confidence that Connecticut has not been disgraced by us. If the rebels are again brought to a stand we mean to keep up the reputation already achieved.

"Yours in haste,

"LUFF."

#### LIST OF CASUALTIES IN THE TWENTIETH.

*Company A*—Wounded: Corporal Thomas Simmons, in arm; Corporal C. M. Hall, in leg; John Gibbon, in hand; Josiah Leutz, in back, by shell.

*Company B*—Killed: Thomas Redshaw, shot in heart. Wounded: George Warner, both arms blown off by shell; H. R. Bronson, left thigh.

*Company C*—Wounded: James Cassidy, in thigh.

*Company D*—Wounded: Corporal Charles H. Gibson, through left breast, probably mortal; John Downing, in left eye and cheek.

*Company E*—Wounded: Samuel Bailey, in calf of leg.

*Company F*—Killed: John D. Ferry, shell in left breast. Wounded: Charles H. Roberts, in side.

*Company G*—Wounded: Mordaunt L. Wilmot, in thigh; Fisher A. Ames, in leg, slightly.





*Company H—Wounded:* Jacob L. Still, in back by shell.

*Company I—Killed:* Corporal Joel Dickerman, shell in abdomen; Bernard Mulvey, musket-ball through head. *Wounded:* Color Corporal John Price, in foot; Thomas Brooks, in shoulder; Miles King, slightly in hip.

*Company K—Killed:* Charles F. Roberts, musket-ball through body. *Wounded:* Sergeant E. J. Murray, left arm; Sergeant George Dickinson, in shoulder.

#### *For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### **Croaking and Croakers.**

A desponding man is at all times and under all circumstances a nuisance and a curse. His blood curdles and congeals in his veins, and he gathers around him an atmosphere of perpetual gloom. No person can approach him without experiencing a sensation similar to that caused by sudden contact with a dead body. Why such men were born, is as inexplicable as the problem of human and inhuman depravity. We could not be tempted by any consideration to sit opposite such a man every day at the dinner table, where we should ever be compelled to mingle his croakings with our food. Had we the making of laws, we would, in the list of legal causes for divorce, place this at the head before all others. And in defining treason, the croakings of a confirmed croaker should take precedence of making war upon the State, or adhering to its enemies. A rebel in arms in the Confederate army, is an angel of light, and a friend of the republic, compared with a loyal misanthrope who persists in filling the future with disasters and chimeras dire, remembering in the past only our reverses, magnifying with his fears the power and prowess of the enemy, and the elements of weakness and the causes of dependency which exist in the republic. One noble hearted, resolute, fearless, plucky and hopeful patriot, whose courage rises higher and still higher the more he sees and feels the maddening fury of the storm, is worth more to the State than a whole regiment of such weak-backed, limber-kneed and faint hearted paltrons. Give us the man who, in the darkest and saddest hour of the nation's peril feels his courage and confidence rise with the emergency, and whose voice can be heard above the loudest howlings of the storm, cheering the faint hearted with the assurances of ultimate triumph. Such men gained for us the victory at Buena Vista, where, it is reported that they were whipped two or three times, but they did not know it, would not believe it, still continued to fight, and at last covered themselves and their starry banner with unfading laurels.

Nothing great was ever attempted in any department of labor or enterprise by a confirmed and inveterate croaker. His imagination hedges him about, and walls him in with such a formidable array of possible and impossible difficulties and dangers, that he stands aghast and paralyzed until the golden opportunities to acquire fame or fortune have passed him by, never to return. The mighty waves that so easily and pleasantly float us into the haven of success, will carry us as rapidly and surely away, in spite of all our efforts to breast them, unless when the favoring tide turns, we dare to launch out boldly into the stream and throw our fears to the wind. Timid councils recently upon the Potomac,—the supremacy of

base fears, and the absence of confidence and hope—caused the army of Gen. Meade to lose a victory that fortune had placed within its reach, which would have probably in its ultimate results brought peace to our country. Alexander had but an army of 30,000 foot and 5,000 horse when he started upon his expedition to conquer Asia. With such an insignificant number of men, and with only one or two months' supplies for his army, he commenced a war of invasion with the populous and wealthy kingdom of Persia. It is evident he neither could have been a croaker himself, nor have had prophets of evil for his counselors. As he was about to commence his Herculean labor, he distributed among his friends nearly all the revenues and estate of the crown. When asked what he had saved for himself, he replied, "none!" Many of his followers thereupon declined his presents, determined to share his hopes. Such are the men our country has needed in its gigantic struggle. Men ever hopeful and confident in the darkest hour of the darkest day; men that can see victory to-morrow through the confusion and disasters of to-days' defeat; men that at all times and under all circumstances never despair of the republic. The most damaging fire in the rear which our armies have had to sustain, has consisted of the loud-mouthed doubts, fears and croakings of the faint hearted, which have chimed in harmoniously with the blatant treason of the copperheads. Every loyal man should make it a matter of duty to inspire courage and hope. He should watch vigilantly in the darkness for the gray dawn of the morning. There is a sunny side to every seeming disaster upon which he should ever fix his gaze. And the reflection that nothing but the dethronement of God himself can give permanent triumph to a confederacy of perjured rebels, should so strengthen his faith in the ultimate triumph of the republic and its free institutions that no powers of earth or hell can shake it.

*From the Journal and Courier, July 23d.*

#### **The Reception of the "Twenty-Seventh."**

The men of the Twenty-seventh Regiment have done nobly, and the welcome extended to them yesterday, must have made them feel that the people of New Haven know it. All the flags of the city were flying from house-tops and windows. At an early hour of the forenoon the streets were astir with citizens, and it was only feared that there had been too little time to mature plans for a worthy escort. All places commanding a view of the probable route of the procession, were filled with eager expectants, and the walks were crowded with ladies and children. It had been supposed that the Regiment would be received at the Depot—but different companies of military moved down Fleet street, and the crowd began to flock that way. Before the arrival of the train almost every available spot in that region was occupied, and our citizen soldiers formed in the vicinity of Custom House Square. As the rough, weather-beaten fellows stepped from the cars, throbbing hands grasped theirs, and opened arms and tearful eyes spoke in warmly eloquent language of the gratitude and joy that could not be said in words. An occasional straggler with sun-browned face, ragged clothes, and body bent under the weight of his heavy knapsack, would pass wearily through the crowd, leaning on a cane, followed by all eyes—and eliciting remarks of pity and pride. Finally, a squad of Police cleared the way of vehicles, and

the waiting people had a chance to contrast the glitter and precision of holiday ranks with the rusty reality of those who "have been there, and know." Everybody was glad that the brave boys met with such a hearty welcome home. First in order, came the Horse Guards, making, as they always do, a dashing and brilliant show, followed by the City Guard, the Veteran Grays, Hospital soldiers, and New Haven Grays, completing the military escort. And next came carriages containing Mayor Tyler, Major General Russell, Dr. Bacon, and a number of city officials, and then the Fife Band of the Twenty-seventh. Browed, foot-sore, dusty, shabby, shuffling under their back-loads of old baggage, came the heroic men who, nine months ago, gave up their quiet avocations among us, and marched, eight hundred and fifty strong, to do what they could to make the war come out right. They had been in three terrible battles—had suffered all kinds of hardships, and now they were home once more, catching sight of familiar faces at every turn, and knowing that the city was glad to greet them.

Splendid trappings, guns glittering in the sunshine, prancing horses, silken banners, bugle notes and the clang of cymbals, impress one with a vague sense of grandeur; but when those four hundred and fifty battered warriors passed along, and the mind of each looker on was busy with thoughts of the thinned columns—there was something about their "ragged regimentals," earnest glances, and tired steps, that caused many eyes to moisten with emotion and admiration. Ever so many felt like crying; and how the handkerchiefs waved from door-ways, windows and balconies!

The north portico of the State House was densely packed with people and a vast throng covered the Green. The Regiment drew up in front, and Mayor Tyler spoke their welcome to the city—after which Dr. Bacon delivered a short speech and offered up a prayer of thanks. Mr. Elliot C. Hall read a poem, and a little son of the Poetess presented Colonel Bostwick and the Major of the Twenty-seventh with beautiful laurel wreaths.

Many tender and most affecting meetings of loved ones were witnessed by sympathizing groups.

The men, having had nothing to eat since 4 o'clock on Wednesday morning, (after an excellent night's rest—as one of them told us—on the grass at the Battery,) of course were quite ready for the generous repast prepared for them by Major B. F. Mansfield, (at the expense of the city,) around at Masie Hall. They could well appreciate that part of the programme. Near the Hall we saw a soldier meet his wife and little girl, and they could not speak but kissed each other and all cried.

The entire reception was marked by deep feeling, and we could not give a passing allusion to the many touching welcomes that we saw without consuming too much space. Ringing bells, the roar of cannon, the flag-draped buildings, and the eagerness manifested by every one to make the Regiment realize that their patriotic bravery was appreciated—expressed the public rejoicing. It was sad to think of the many noble fellows who shared the shock of battle, but were not here to share the glorious welcome home.

A copy of the following letter from Colonel Brooks, the Commander of the Brigade to which the Twenty seventh Regiment was attached, will be prized by the children of the soldiers so highly complimented.





HEADQUARTERS 4TH BRIG., 1ST DIV., 2D CORPS, 1  
Camp in Pleasant Valley, Va., July 17, '63. }

[General Order No. 9.]

The term of service of the Twenty-seventh Connecticut Volunteers having nearly expired, it has been relieved from further duty, and ordered to report to its place of enrollment.

The Colonel commanding the Brigade desires, in parting with the officers and men of the Twenty-seventh Connecticut, to convey to them his sincere feelings of regret at losing their services; while he at the same time thanks them for the obedience and faithfulness which has been a marked feature of the Regiment.

Knowing it intimately for so many months of active and arduous service—having been an eye-witness of its many deeds of gallantry, and of the noble devotion displayed by it on many a memorable day, during the time in which he has had the honor to command its services—he feels it a duty he owes,—not only to the living heroes, but to the memory of those who have fallen in the field, in battling in our righteous cause—to bear testimony to the valor and gallantry it has always displayed.

Side by side with the veterans of the Army of the Potomac, it has fought, and, by the gallantry of its conduct, won for itself an enviable name and reputation; and which may well, in after years, cause all who belong to it to feel a pardonable pride in having it to say that they served with the Twenty-seventh Connecticut.

By order COL. BROOKS.  
CHAS. P. HATCH, Lieut. A. A. A. G.

### Miscellaneous Items.

☞ We have printed nearly all of our original communications in a large sized type, as it is much easier to read, and better for preservation. We may use a smaller type in future numbers, but probably the general appearance of the work will not be changed. The fact that it comes from the press of T. J. STAFFORD, is sufficient guarantee that the Record will always be printed in the best style of the Printer's art.

☞ We regret to announce the death of Mr. William H. Stuart, late of Co. G, Twenty-seventh regiment. Mr. Stuart went through his nine months' term of service in perfect health, but since the return of his regiment was taken sick with typhoid fever, and died at New Haven, August 11th. He was much respected for his many virtues, and leaves a widow, but no children.

☞ Lieutenant Stillman Rice, late of the Twenty-seventh Connecticut, is officer of the Provost Marshal's guard, in the 9th Massachusetts District.

One of our volunteers, who was recently a prisoner in Vicksburg, states that he saw a Union man shot who had been pressed into the rebel service and deserted and been recaptured. His name was John A. Marsh, and said he was the son of Rev. Leonard Marsh, of Maine. He wished word sent to his parents that he was willing to die, and was happy in the Lord. When he was placed by his coffin and was ready to receive the fire of the executioners, he was told that he could speak a few words if he desired. He took off his hat, and looking upon them cried out, "three cheers for the old flag and the Union!" Then swinging his hat shouted at the top of his voice, "hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" and fell a noble martyr to the dear old flag.

CAPT. ISAAC R. BRONSON of the 14th, who died June 2d, 1863, was a son of Leonard Bronson, Esq., of Middlebury. He entered the service because he felt it to be his duty to do so, and under the most discouraging circumstances, recruited Co. I, of the 14th regiment. Since then he has endured the peculiar hardships to which the 14th has been exposed, and fought bravely at Antietam, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. In the last of these battles he was wounded in the arm. The bone between the shoulder and the elbow was removed by the surgeon and hopes were entertained of his recovery. But it was otherwise ordered by Providence, and Captain Bronson's name is added to the list of Christian Patriots from Connecticut, who have laid down their lives for their country. He leaves a wife and several children to mourn his untimely death. His remains were brought to Middlebury for interment.

The Danbury papers report severe losses among the volunteers from that town in the Twenty-third regiment, in General Banks' Department. Lieutenant Stone, A. Wheeler, O. E. Trowbridge, and Charles Hart, were all killed in a fight near Algiers, or have since died of wounds. Four companies of the Twenty-third were taken prisoners.

GEN. LYON.—The Legislature of Missouri, recently adjourned, passed a joint resolution providing for a large painting of the brave and lamented Gen. Lyon, to adorn their House of Representatives, at the Capital, Jefferson City. The portrait is to cost two thousand dollars—to be executed by an artist of that State, and paid for by the citizens. It is very appropriately suggested—as General Lyon was a native of Connecticut, and one whom she is proud to number among the noblest of her sons—that a copy of the contemplated picture should be secured to perpetuate the memory of Lyon in this State.

"The Port Hudson correspondent of the New York Times says, that Andrew Bartram, private in the 12th Connecticut Regiment, now serving as Lieutenant in a Colored Regiment, recently, while working in front of the rebel batteries, went cautiously up to one of their embrasures, and had a good look inside before he was discovered. He saw about twenty sharpshooters skulking to keep out of the way of our shells. When he was discovered the rebels seized their guns, but Bartram slipped away, and into cover before they could fire upon him. He was loudly cheered by our men. General Stone sent for him and pointed a Dalgren gun where Bartram saw the sharpshooters, which tore a large hole in the works, and it is said killed eight or ten rebels. General Banks has also sent for Bartram, and he will probably be well rewarded for his bravery." The Hartford Press says there is a David Bartram in the catalogue of the 12th, but no Andrew.

Samuel F. Barrows, a member of Company G, Twenty-fifth Regiment, only son of Marcus and Maria Barrows of Mansfield, died May 30th, in the Marine Hospital at New Orleans, of typhoid fever. He was a young man of excellent character and beloved by his associates.

Sergeant George Torrey of North Woodstock, of the Eighteenth Regiment, saved the State colors in the disastrous fight at Winchester, Va., by destroying the staff and wrapping the flag about his person. He succeeded in escaping.

We often hear it remarked by disloyal men, that if the Crittenden Compromise had been accepted by the North, the South would never have rebelled. But the truth is, it was the South itself that refused to accept that Compromise. Mr. Crittenden himself, in a recent public speech in Kentucky, alluded to this subject; and here is the very language he used: "Had my Compromise Resolution," said he, "been adopted by the South as it was agreed to by the North, the rebellion and war would have been obviated." We trust that those copperheads who are so fond of referring to the Crittenden Compromise will hereafter saddle the onus of its rejection where it belongs.—Post.

Dr. George W. Clary of Hartford, First Assistant Surgeon of the Thirteenth Regiment, has been promoted to be Surgeon, *vice* Fisher, resigned.

Captain Charles M. Wilcox, of Madison Company J, Twenty-seventh Regiment, has been appointed assistant to Major Perkins, acting Provost Marshal General for this State. George R. Kimball of the Sixteenth, and Joseph A. Canfield of the Fifth, are also assistants in Major Perkins' office in Hartford.

Colonel George S. Burnham of the Twenty-second, is raising a new Regiment of Volunteers in Hartford and vicinity.

The Twenty-third Connecticut, Colonel Holmes, supposed at first to have been captured by the rebels at Brashear City, safely effected their escape from the large rebel force.

Early in the war, Rev. Dr. Perry, formerly of Waterbury, a well known minister in the Methodist Church, entered the army and became a Colonel, leading his regiment south and there lost his life. We learn that his friends have raised \$4,600 and purchased a home for his family at Ridgefield, in this State.

Rev. J. P. Bates of Thompson, has resigned a Lieutenant in the Eleventh, and accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church in East Marion, Long Island.

Among the recent deaths at Port Royal, are Corporal Willis A. Hart, Company G, Sixth Connecticut Volunteers, and Fairfield Cook, Connecticut Light Battery. Second Sergeant H. B. Smith of the Light Battery, has been promoted to Lieutenant.

Captains Bailey and May, of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, were taken prisoners by the rebels at the battle of La Foudre, La., and Lieutenant Starr was severely wounded.

In Wheeling, Virginia, a soldier in pursuit of a deserter had occasion to fire at him. For this the Copperhead Mayor fined the soldier ten dollars. Hearing of this affair, Governor Boreman sent for the Mayor, and lectured him in this wise:

"Sir, you were aware that this soldier was acting in accordance with the authority he has received, and is justifiable in all that he did. Now, sir, hand over to him the ten dollars you took from him, and get five hundred dollars bail for your future good conduct. If you cut up any more such didoes, I'll put you where the dogs won't bite you."

Major Glafcke, late of the Twenty-second, has opened a recruiting office at Hartford for one of the new regiments of veterans.





**DEATH OF COLONEL CHATFIELD.**—It is with sincere regret that we learn of the death of Colonel John L. Chatfield, of the Connecticut Sixth Regiment, at his home in Waterbury, on Sunday, 9th inst. In the second assault on Fort Wagner, Charleston harbor, while bravely leading his regiment, he was wounded by a Minnie ball through his left leg, shattering the bone. His wound was precisely like that of Lieutenant Colonel Rodman, of the 7th Connecticut, (who is recovering), and his friends hoped for his speedy recovery. But his health was previously somewhat impaired, he suffered much on the passage home, and, death has ensued.

Colonel Chatfield went out as Major of the Third Connecticut (three months) regiment, did brave and gallant service at the first battle of Bull Run, and was greatly beloved by his command. Afterward he was appointed to the command of the Sixth Regiment, and has taken honorable part in several engagements, in one of which—the battle of Pocatigo—he was severely wounded. In the recent fights on Morris Island, and gallant though unsuccessful assaults on Fort Wagner, his regiment took an honorable part.

Colonel Chatfield was a modest, amiable and Christian gentleman; a brave, skillful and popular officer; loved and esteemed at home and in the army. His memory will be cherished and honored by the State he nobly represented.

His funeral was attended at Waterbury, Thursday, August 13.

#### CONNECTICUT OFFICERS AT CHARLESTON.

In the Charleston correspondence of the New York Tribune we find the following reference to two gallant officers of Connecticut regiments:

#### COLONEL CHATFIELD.

Colonel Chatfield, the brave commander of the Sixth Connecticut, a bright and intelligent officer of middle age, was lying upon a stretcher, looking with earnest eyes upon every stranger, as though he expected to meet a friend. Colonel Chatfield was wounded on the night of the 18th, at the time of the attack on Fort Wagner. He led 125 men into action, and entered the Fort with his regiment. There he was wounded in the right hand and left leg. He crawled away a short distance, but lay down under fire in the sand for two hours, within about twenty yards of the fort. After that, Sergeant George M. Chase, Company C, Seventh New Hampshire, who was slightly wounded, carried him away on his back. The Colonel speaks in terms of the deepest gratitude of the efforts made by this man who carried him to a place of safety under a constant explosion of cannon and musketry.

#### A FAITHFUL CHAPLAIN.

We had scarcely reached the deck of the transport when we discovered a chaplain going from one patient to another, administering a word of consolation to one, giving a cup of water to another, smoothing out the blankets of a third, &c. Now he halted to dress a wound, then he hastened to procure a cordial for some one faint from loss of blood. He was constantly at work and was everywhere welcome. Upon inquiry we ascertained that the faithful, humane and patriotic man was the Rev. C. T. Woodruff, chaplain of the Sixth Connecticut Regiment. Although he had not slept, save an occasional nap, since he left South Carolina, he was one of the most wide-

awake men on board the transport. A good dinner had been provided on board the Thomas P. Way, for officers and men, but he did not stop to dine until every man on board had been supplied with the food he required. This heroic soldier of the Cross was on hand at the time of the terrible charge which throws the charge of Balaklava into the shade, and in his proper place to assist in caring for the wounded.

Colonel Holcombe went out as Lieutenant Colonel of the Thirtieth Connecticut, and was promoted to Colonel of the First Louisiana Volunteers by General Butler. He was Acting Brigadier General before Port Hudson, and fell at the head of his Brigade while gallantly leading his men to the assault, and just as he had given the order "Charge—Forward—Double-quick!"

The following pithy platform has been adopted by the Fiftieth Ohio Regiment:

"Resolved, That our platform is: The Union first, last, and all the time; peace when it is established; war until it is."

The Louisville Journal says: The rebel Confederacy, by its obstinacy, is now torturing itself like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way.

Rev. N. S. Allen, Chaplain of the Twenty-sixth, and First Lieutenant James M. Bissell of the Twenty-third Regiment, have resigned.

#### PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.

*First Artillery.*—Sergeant Isaac A. Westervelt of the Seventh Regiment to be Second Lieutenant Company K, First Artillery.

*Sixth Regiment.*—Second Assistant Surgeon Myron W. Robinson, to be First Assistant Surgeon, *vice* Bulkley, promoted. Dr. Charles W. Tomlinson of New Haven, has been appointed Second Assistant Surgeon of the Sixth.

*Thirteenth Regiment.*—Second Assistant Surgeon Samuel McClellan to be First Assistant, *vice* Clary, promoted. Dr. Linus W. Clark of Winchester, has been appointed Second Assistant Surgeon of the Thirteenth.

*Twenty-first Regiment.*—Second Assistant Surgeon Charles Lennett, to be First Assistant, *vice* Lee, promoted. Dr. Francis D. Edgerton of East Hampton, has been appointed Second Assistant of the Twenty-first.

*Sixteenth Regiment.*—Sergeant Ariel G. Case, Company E, to be Second Lieutenant Company H. Sergeant Harvey Burns, Company K, to be Second Lieutenant, *vice* Robinson, promoted.

*Twenty-seventh Regiment.*—First Lieut. Jedediah Chapman, Jr., Company H, to Captain, *vice* Cowles, appointed Quartermaster. Second Lieutenant Orrin C. Burdett, Company H, to be First Lieutenant. First Sergeant Winthrop D. Sheldon, Company H, to be Second Lieutenant. First Lieutenant David S. Thomas, Company E, to be Captain, *vice* Hotchkiss, resigned.

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#### PROSPECTUS

OF

## The Connecticut War Record,

PECK, WHITE & PECK, Publishers,

344 and 346 Chapel Street, New Haven, Ct.

The object of this JOURNAL is to place on permanent record all the valuable facts and statistics, the interesting experience, the worthy achievements, the enduring courage and high heroic valor of the nearly THIRTY THOUSAND devoted, patriotic sons of Connecticut, who have gone forth from our own and other states, to sustain the Union, imperiled by traitors, to vindicate our national integrity, and to preserve, unimpaired, for our descendants, the liberty which was secured for us by our fathers.

Justice to all Connecticut soldiers, honor to the heroes who have fallen, sympathy with the bereaved, gratitude to those who fight in our defense, every sentiment of humanity and patriotism,—demands that their achievements should be placed on the historic page.

We enter an open field, and will endeavor, by devoting ourselves to one work, to accomplish thoroughly, faithfully and fairly, what no other journal is doing or can do. Undertaken neither for pecuniary gain, nor to serve any partisan purpose, the work, established on an ample basis, will be carried through to its completion in a catholic spirit, and by comprehensive agencies. It will be conducted with an eye single to the honor of the state, and on principles of unwavering loyalty.

The RECORD will be made up of original communications from Connecticut Regiments, incidents relating to Connecticut soldiers,—descriptions of battles in which Connecticut troops have been engaged, and original and selected articles on other matters pertaining to the war. It is designed to make it as systematic and complete as possible. Correspondents have, therefore, been secured for each Regiment, and the history of each will be brought up, at least in outline, from the beginning. Every number will contain a sketch of the progress of the war, and a review of military affairs for the preceding month.

In the department of Correspondence the best talent at the theatre of action has been engaged; the writers in every case are connected with the Regiments whose experience and exploits they relate, and whatever is communicated will possess peculiar interest and reliability, as the testimony of eye witnesses. Note-worthy incidents and commendable instances of personal valor on the part of our brave volunteers, will receive honorable mention in the RECORD. Maps, plans, illustrations and portraits, will form a prominent feature of the work. And if, happily, the war should soon terminate, then the history of the Connecticut Regiments, in which every inhabitant of our state, and all who have gone forth from it, must feel so vital an interest, will be undertaken by this journal.

The journal will be published in quarto form, and will contain from sixteen to twenty-four triple-column pages per month. The volume for the year will be a history of what Connecticut has done during that period in the war, in a form convenient for preservation—valuable not only for its present interests, but still more for future reference, and the whole work will constitute a repository of useful and interesting information respecting the events of this grand era and crisis in national destiny, which no intelligent Connecticut family can well afford to be without.

The price of the RECORD will be ONE DOLLAR per annum in advance. It is hoped this low figure will enable every Connecticut soldier, every soldier's family, and every friend of the soldier or the soldier's cause, to be provided with a copy. Patriotic citizens are called on to aid this enterprise by liberal subscriptions—not simply for their own benefit, but for additional copies, to be sent to our soldiers in the field.

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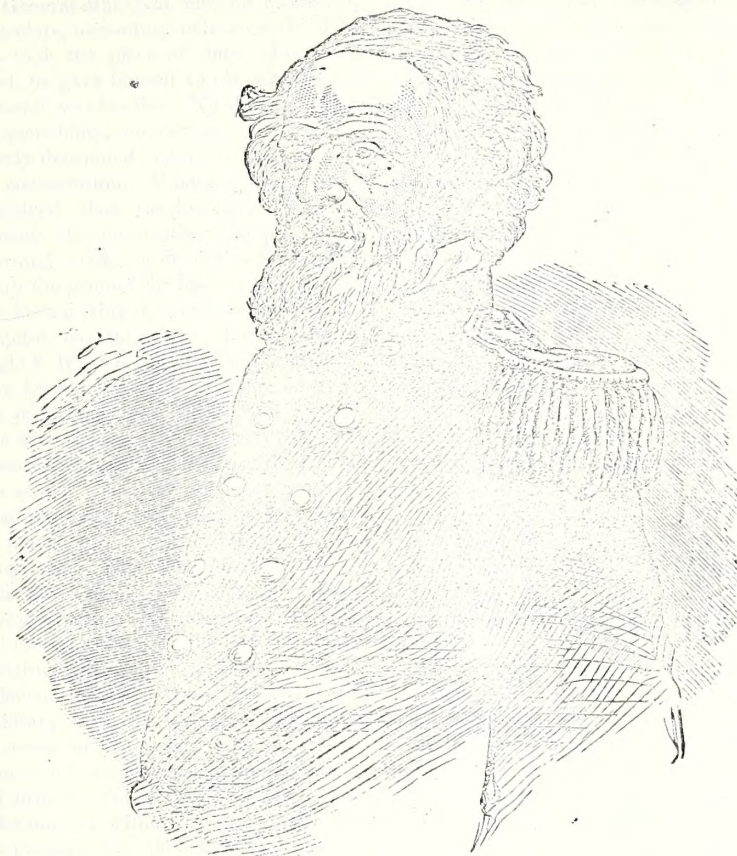
# THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

PECK, WHITE & PECK,  
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NEW HAVEN, SEPTEMBER, 1863.

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*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## Brigadier General Mansfield.

The ancestry of General Mansfield were of English extraction. They appear among the most distinguished names in the early settlement and History of the Colonies. The subject of this sketch, JOSEPH KING FENNO MANSFIELD, was the son of Mary and Henry Stephen Mansfield, born in New Haven, Ct., Dec. 22, 1803. In 1817 he entered the Military Academy at West Point, and graduated with high honors in 1822, being second in his class. Of his classmates, only two remain in the service at the present time, viz: George Wright, Colonel of the Ninth Regular Infantry and Brigadier General of Volunteers, and

David H. Vinton, Lieutenant-Colonel and Deputy Quartermaster-General.

In accordance with regulations governing the appointment of cadets to the corps of Engineers, Cadet Mansfield was, on the 1st of July, 1822, appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant of Engineers. Thus he continued for nearly ten years, his commission as First Lieutenant bearing date March, 1832.

In July, 1838, he was promoted to the rank of Captain, and on the outbreak of the Mexican War was intrusted with the responsible post of Chief Engineer of the army commanded by Major-General Taylor, during the years 1846 and 1847. In the defense of Fort Brown, which was attacked on the 3d of May, and heroically defended until the 9th, Captain

Mansfield was particularly distinguished, and received the brevet of Major for his services.

In the three days' conflict at Monterey, 21st, 22d and 23d of September, 1846, Major Mansfield again distinguished himself and was breveted Lieutenant Colonel for gallant and meritorious conduct. At the storming of Monterey he was severely wounded, but in five months after, Feb., 1847, he was again at his post, being breveted Colonel for gallant services in the battle of Buena Vista, Feb. 23, 1847.

In 1851, Colonel Mansfield was still Captain in the corps of Engineers, his name being third on the list. At that time the following distinguished officers were his associates in the Engineers: Generals H. W. Halleck, G. B. McClellan, Horatio E. Wright, G. W. Callum, W. S. Rosecrans, John Newton, G. Foster, H. W. Benham, I. G. Barnard, Charles E. Blunt, Quincy A. Gilmore, and Quartermaster-General Meigs. The Rebel Generals, Robert E. Lee, Peter G. T. Beauregard, and Charles S. Stewart, were also officers in this corps at the same time.

On the resignation of Inspector-General George A. McCall, now Brigadier-General of Volunteers, Colonel Mansfield was selected, May 28, 1853, to fill the important post of Inspector-General, with the full rank of Colonel, and thereupon resigned his rank as Captain of Engineers. He continued to perform the duties of Inspector-General of the United States Army until May 14, 1861, at which date he was renominated by the President for one of the new Brigadier-Generals in the regular army, then just created by Congress.

During the present rebellion General Mansfield was chiefly with the army of the Potomac, and though nearly sixty years of age he bore the exposure and fatigue incident to active service even better than many of half his years. He is said to have planned and constructed the defenses around Washington.

Called suddenly by the Government from less perilous to assume active command in the field, it was on that fatal





Wednesday, Sept. 17, 1862, while bravely leading his forces in the battle of Sharpsburg, that he received a mortal wound, which soon terminated his life. Upon being informed that there was no hope for him, he calmly replied, "If it be God's will, it is well."

General Mansfield had no chances to calculate, no contingencies to settle, when he took the place of duty. From the first, he gave himself to his country, and himself was his life. No shrinking from responsibility, no evasion of what was justly demanded of him, sullied that early consecration. Whatever his country required, that was his law. Whether among the miasmatic swamps, or the burning sands, or on our wild frontier, with the ground for his bed and the sky for his covering, or in the councils of the Capitol, one thing ruled him: What is right? What is duty? That settled, all was settled. His convictions were strong, his judgment clear, his decisions prompt. He was the slave of no party on great questions of public interest; the echo of no school. He had opinions, but they were his own; and, touching his soldierly life, to do the best for his country was their sum. This won the confidence of true men; they sought him and confided great trusts to his integrity. Through all the campaigns of the late war on our southwestern border, no brain was more efficient than his. To no judgment and military skill did the old Commanding General in that war, acknowledge so much indebtedness as to the services of Mansfield. Buena Vista, Monterey, and Matamoras, witness his valor and military mastery, and their sears he carried to his grave. Modest to fault, almost, he was never ambitious to be trumpeted. With abilities that acknowledge him first he had no complaints to make if he was reckoned only second. Right and equity he perfectly understood. But were they ever construed to his disadvantage, he was not the one to demur. He could afford to suffer, but not to do, wrong. It is sometimes to the country's detriment that the true soldier is lost sight of behind more showy veils; but the question to the soldier nevertheless is, How can I serve my country in the duty assigned me?

This was Mansfield. No man ever lost sight of everything else, in a more disinterested fidelity, than he, whom we name but to honor.

No man understood more perfectly the origin, the nature, the genius, the diabol-

ical character of this execrable onset of treason against our government, than General Mansfield. From the first he comprehended it. He knew the men at the bottom of it; he understood their plans, their methods and purposes. He knew the *animus* of that hatred with which they are inspired towards institutions he loved, and which bless humanity; and he was among the first in the regular army to sound the alarm, and to grasp the only efficient method of defeating the foul plot. And had his counsels, and the counsels of those like him, been more represented in the general shaping of our military policy, the days of our calamity might have been materially shortened, and many a life still gladdening the earth, that shall sing no more.

He loved the institutions that made the light of our land, its colleges, its schools, its churches, its homes, its monopolized industries, its rising fame in the presence of the nations of the earth. He was no politician, he never *messed* with political rivalries. He had his opinions; he believed in *Democratic* institutions, in the old uncorrupted sense of the word, as Washington, and Adams, and Madison, and Jefferson believed in them, in the sense we are fighting for them now; and it was a peculiar consistency that always stood to his credit, that he *illustrated* Democratic institutions in his character. He loved man, worth, true merit, that structure of human society which lifts men up instead of degrading them; and wherever he discovered genuine excellence, in the hovel or in the palace, he gave it his hand and his hearty God-speed. He thought infinitely more of a beautiful soul than of beautiful semblance; he abhorred all caste as a relic of barbarism; and it was for this tendency and power to eliminate real worth, and exalt it above all false and factitious distinctions, that he loved our popular American civilization, and laid down his life in its defense.

But higher than all is the honor we put upon him, because he was, like the lamented Foote, a CHRISTIAN. The soldier sleeps in glory lit by time; the man is not complete, till he is God-crowned, complete in Christ, wanting nothing. Mansfield lived for other worlds; he had a life hid, where disaster never comes. He feared his God, he honored his Maker; and his humble purpose was, not to forget him.

General Mansfield had a fine personal appearance. He was one of the most ac-

complished of our generals and scientific of our engineers. As a soldier he was brave, fearless, and though a strict disciplinarian, yet in private life he manifested a peculiar tenderness and gentleness of manner.

Descended from the grand old Puritan stock, he admired the stern virtues and principles of these remarkable men, and by emulating these, yet avoiding their errors, he deserved, as he received, the sincere respect and admiration of his countrymen, and died universally regretted.

### The Fifth Regiment.

The official report of the Connecticut Fifth regiment, dated August 16th, has been received. It details all the long and weary marches, the arduous picket duty, labors in building breastworks, battles and skirmishes, from the day the army of the Potomac moved to attack Lee in Pennsylvania, to their return to camp at Kelly's Ford, Va. In the battle of Gettysburg and subsequent skirmishes, though several times under artillery fire, their loss was but three men wounded.

In concluding his report Colonel Packer says:

Allow me to say that both officers and men conducted themselves in a manner which won the cordial approval of their superior officers in every instance—and although our list of casualties is comparatively small by the side of other regiments, yet, in respect to a disposition to do, and the record of arduous duties well performed, I claim for my command a place second to none. I cannot conclude this report without calling your especial attention to the conduct and good deeds of the esteemed chaplain of this regiment, Rev. M. C. Welch, who, totally regardless of self or personal safety, was invariably found in front whenever the regiment or any portion of it occupied a position of danger or responsibility—encouraging the men by his presence, doing all in his power to relieve the wounded—once taken prisoner, but making his escape, and reporting himself immediately for the duties of his position—all this has greatly attached the regiment to Mr. Welch, and we hope for a continuance of his connection with us during our term of service.

Very respectfully, your ob't servant,

WARREN W. PACKER,

Colonel Com'd 5th Conn. Vols.





## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

*For the Connecticut War Record.***The Thirteenth.**

AN OUTLINE OF ITS FIRST YEAR OF SERVICE.

The record of the Thirteenth compels one to begin at the beginning. It has not been one of the "Newspaper Regiments." Of "our correspondents" it has none. Nobody, here or at home, has spent time or ink in puffing it, its Colonel, or its officers. If a few letters from men or officers have crept to the light, they have generally been rather of private nature and not intended for publication, and of little use as a record of its course. Its wish has been to do its part toward making history, rather than toward writing it, and in that direction it has perhaps done something. In battle and in the field it has done at least as much as any other regiment in this army. It had a larger part than any or all others in supporting and executing that wonderful series of measures in which General Butler gave the world a new edition of "the Taming of the Shrew." It was his household regiment; it guarded his person, his headquarters and his state prisoners, furnished his provost guard, drilled and officered the regiments raised by him on conquered soil, and was perpetually searching for and seizing rebels, contraband property, and evaders of his stringent orders. In all this work the part allotted to the Thirteenth was so prominent, and in much of it so exclusive, as to excite the jealousy of almost every regiment in the force about New Orleans, and this ill will was not at all diminished by the constant proofs of high appreciation and confidence which the regiment received. "What has the Thirteenth done," envious ones would ask, "that it is always put forward in this way; that it is chosen as funeral escort at the obsequies of General Williams and at every similar ceremony of public interest; that it is ordered out under arms when a rebel flag of truce comes in and directed to pass, 'by the merest accident,' the quarters of the rebel officers; that it alone is honored with a review by the Major General Commanding, and presented with a silk banner by Union ladies of the city; that it is constantly called on to furnish parties for any work or expedition of importance; that it is kept here in the best of quarters all summer, and its Colonel chosen to command the forces in New Orleans, its Major to command the first

of General Butler's Louisiana regiments, and one of its Captains to command the City Provost Guard?" and much more of the same sort. To which there was a set reply: "O! it's the clean regiment, you see; it wears shoulder-scales and extra clothes, and polishes its muskets, and brasses, and buttons, and keeps a band. This is all the white-gloved gentry are good for; you will not catch them in a fight." How much of this we heard! These people did not see that a regiment that distanced everything in the Department in appearance and condition of arms and equipments, was likely to be equally superior in discipline and conduct under every test—that the same pride that made the men clean, made them well behaved on leave, obedient to rules, thorough in guard duty, and faithful in the discharge of every trust. The regiment was for months General Butler's right hand, and it is not too much to say that the astonishing success of his administration is due not alone to his own great energy and ability, but in some measure also to the manner in which his orders were executed.

The Thirteenth was the last of General Butler's regiments to arrive at Ship Island, and the first sent to join him after the capture of New Orleans. It disembarked at Ship Island, April 13, 1862, and the lighters being all occupied, at once fished an old yawl out of the water, caulked, rigged, and manned it, and with this unloaded its baggage, equipage, and stores from the transport, a mile from shore, thus getting there two weeks in advance of regiments that had landed a fortnight earlier. On re-embarkation, also, finding a lighter but no obtainable wharf, the regiment built one in half a day, from which men, stores and baggage were put on board that night. We landed at New Orleans, May 13, and had the pleasure of waving Connecticut's broad blue banner through the streets of that interesting "Union" city, and regaling the scowling multitudes on the sidewalks with "Yankee Doodle," without variations. Within a week we were settled in the Custom House and supplied the General's body-guard.

The regiment was at first commonly believed by New Orleans people to be of the regular army, and indeed its appearance was already very different from that of others. Old army soldiers came in considerable numbers to enlist with it, and within a month it had at the recruiting office over two thousand applications.

About two hundred men, selected with great care, were mustered in, and have since added greatly to the efficiency of the regiment. After cleansing the Custom House from worse than Augean filth, and making it a model for cleanliness, the Thirteenth entered upon a regular routine of drill and garrison work, and upon those duties of which mention has already been made. The incidents of that summer, if related at all in this Record, must be deferred to a time of greater leisure.

The transfer of its Major, Colonel RICHARD E. HOLCOMB, First Louisiana, killed in the battle before Port Hudson, on June 14th, was a severe blow to the regiment. Few even of the old troops can claim to excel the First Louisiana on drill and discipline, or in conduct under fire. The Thirteenth furnished to it, beside Col. Holcomb, Adjutant Grosvenor, (now acting Major,) Lieutenants Hall, Mayne, Smith, Gardner, Tracy and Jones, and several non-commissioned officers. But Colonel Holcomb was its life and soul—his splendid courage, manly bearing, great experience in dealing with men, superior qualities as a disciplinarian, and indefatigable zeal in the work he had undertaken, made him the idol of his men, and gave him hosts of friends, and a high position in the army of the Gulf. His friends at Granby, and throughout the State, have, in their bereavement, the sincere sympathy of thousands of the bravest men in this Department. During most of the summer, the Thirteenth was also in some measure deprived of the personal supervision of its Colonel, HENRY W. BIRGE, who was selected by General Butler to command the troops in New Orleans and Algiers, seven regiments, with five companies of artillery and cavalry. Beside the usual duties of brigade commander, the position required much arduous work which, upon more perfect organization, was performed at the Mayor's or Military Commandant's office, but by his thoroughness and high administrative ability, Colonel Birge increased the confidence and esteem in which he was already held by the Commanding General.

From the first Colonel Birge had asked for active service and had not ceased to seek it. The regiment, also, to a man, desired a chance to show that they were not mere carpet soldiers. General Butler refused; he would spare neither regiment nor Colonel. But when General Arnold arrived and relieved Colonel





Birge of his command, the long desired opportunity came. General Weitzel, in organizing a brigade of picked regiments for active service, asked for the Twelfth and Thirteenth Connecticut Volunteers, and First Louisiana, and obtained with them the Seventy-fifth New York and Eighth New Hampshire, two batteries and four companies of cavalry, and the famous "Reserve Brigade," the best ever seen in this section, rendezvoused near the city in the latter part of September. After a short time for drill and preparation, the Lafourche expedition, so eminently successful and so important in its results, began, October 24th, with the embarkation and departure for Donaldsonville. Having landed and occupied that point on the 25th, and ordered Colonel Holcomb, with the First Louisiana, to remain and fortify it, the General started down to Lafourche the next day in pursuit of the flying rebels. On the 27th the enemy, having gathered his reinforcements, and reached a most favorable position, made his first and only stand at Georgia Landing, and here the Thirteenth was first tried under fire.

The position is simple. Two roads, one on either bank, follow the bayou closely; from Georgia Landing on the right bank a third runs off at right angles. In this road the enemy were in line, lying in a deep ditch and firing over the lower rail of a plantation fence. Just here, also, the bayou makes a bend to the left, and a battery planted on the right levee sweeps both roads for a mile. Dense cypress swamps leave only a narrow strip of open ground on either bank, but in front of the rebel position the swamp cuts in so near the road as to render our approach extremely difficult, and at the widest we could get only two regiments in line to face them. Moreover, by a back road they have sent a strong cavalry force to fall upon our rear when engaged, and on the left bank their force, one regiment and a battery, is "refused." A capital mouse-trap!

Weitzel is advancing in force on the left bank, with one regiment, the Eighth New Hampshire, on the right. The rebels fire on our advance guard on the left; we push on and their battery opens; Weitzel orders up artillery and the Thirteenth to support it. We form line and advance over pretty rough ground and through a very dense cane-field, our artillery finding no practicable position. But now the General sees the whole position; the battery is withdrawn and we

ordered to the rear. As we march down the road by a flank with our backs to the enemy, his well-served battery tries our nerves, bursting his shell accurately over or just beyond us. First blood is drawn from the Thirteenth; a shell bursting over the colors, gives private Coffee, Co. I, an ugly gash in the head. But the men are perfectly steady. We cross the pontoon bridge, the rebel shot splashing water over it, form line, and lie down as reserve, for the Twelfth has crossed before us to support the Eighth New Hampshire, and while lying in line, private Vogt, Co. I, is terribly torn in the hips by a round shot. That battery is beautifully served! But we lie here only a few minutes, for the Eighth New Hampshire has broken, and we are to take its place in assault. The men advance under round shot, grape and canister, through wild, thorny undergrowth, and over dry, briar-hedged ditches, and in spite of difficulties that the next day seem almost impracticable, keeps excellent line, and press forward so fast as almost to overtake the Twelfth, which started some ten minutes earlier. Reaching the open field just in front of the rebel ditch, both regiments push upon them with lines as straight as on dress parade, and without halting give a few volleys that put them to flight and end the affair. The battery did its best to break the Thirteenth as it did the Eighth New Hampshire; the Twelfth, on our right, were out of its reach, somewhat, and lost almost wholly by musketry. Both regiments, here exposed to fire for the first time, had reason to be proud of their behavior. The loss of the Thirteenth was one killed and twelve wounded. The enemy lost Colonel McPheters, commanding the force, killed, Captain Roylston of the battery wounded and prisoner, perhaps one hundred killed and wounded, and about two hundred prisoners.

After a pursuit of several miles the Thirteenth returned to bivouac on the field. On the 28th we entered Thibodaux; on the 29th Colonel Birge, with his regiment, was detached to open communication with New Orleans. Opposition was expected, but not found; Raceland, eighteen miles distant, was reached that night, and the desired communication was opened, and the next day the regiment returned to Thibodaux, well inclined, after a week's busy work, for the rest which followed. Here it remained, without tents, until November

18th, and comfortably encamped from that time to the end of December.

This long period of rest was well spent by the Thirteenth in battalion drill, for which, as yet, it had found little opportunity, and in learning the duties of camp life. And so well spent, that when the Inspector General, giving no warning whatever, arrived one day from New Orleans, and inspected the Thirteenth minutely at thirty minutes' notice, he pronounced the camp the cleanest and best he had ever seen, its arms and equipments in condition that would do credit to Regular troops, and its drill remarkably good, especially in exceeding rapidity of handling. In this respect the regiment has no equal in the Department, both because Col. Birge has always insisted rather upon promptness and precision in reaching a desired result than upon method and exactitude in the intermediate process, and because the Thirteenth executes some movements, part introduced here and part invented by himself, which are not known in the Department outside of his command. But that camp! Drill ground enough for a brigade, and level as a floor; tents up, every one with mathematical exactness, and all well floored; broad street and passages as clean swept as a parlor; and behind all a long row of neat white-washed buildings erected by the regiment: Commissary's storehouse, Quartermaster's storehouse, bakery, Field and Staff mess-house, with well and pump adjoining spacious stables, and a model hospital!—a camp like that is rarely seen.

While here a terrible accident—the explosion of a car loaded with ammunition—deprived the regiment of two excellent officers: Lieutenant A. T. Johnston of Norwich, and Lieutenant J. C. Wheeler of New Haven; and of two privates, besides wounding several others.

On the 28th of December, a rumor came that a fight at Baton Rouge had resulted unfavorably, and the same evening arrived an order for the Thirteenth to proceed thither without delay. At sunrise the next morning the regiment began to march. Within twelve hours the camp of two months had been broken up, the great quantity of baggage, stores and equipage that had accumulated had been packed and loaded, transportation for the whole had been contrived, and we were off. Eighteen miles were made that day; the next morning the line was formed in a terrible rain storm which





lasted three hours and made the roads a mere river of mud, and yet, starting at eight o'clock, we entered Donaldsonville, over eighteen miles distant, at half past one, and were afloat on the Mississippi, men, baggage and stores, before five! A pretty fair day's work for "white-gloved gents," we thought. We landed and pitched camp at Baton Rouge the next day, for the rumor of a fight was "camp news." January 1st, 1863, Colonel Birge was assigned the command of a brigade, and from that time to the present the regiment has been under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Warner, and it has had but one field officer, the vacant majority not being filled. After two removals the regiment was finally encamped with the others of Colonel Birge's brigade, the third of Grover's Division, upon a fine high ground and in an honorable position—in advance of all other troops, and commanding the Port Hudson and Clinton roads. Here we remained until the middle of March, doing heavy out-post duty, participating in Brigade drills, building bridges, and now and then turning out at night when some outpost from a green regiment opened fire on a mule, a cow or a stump, and reported "a heavy force of cavalry."

In the abortive movement on Port Hudson in March, the Thirteenth saw no fighting of course, but gained great credit for its steadiness and discipline on the march, and especially in the "masterly retreat" which closed the performance. It was constantly selected for honorable duties; heavy outposts were taken from it to guard the approaches the first night; the whole regiment was sent to the front the second night to hold at all hazards the road by which we communicated with the fleet, and on the retreat the Thirteenth was chosen as rear guard. A pouring rain all day made the mud almost knee deep, but we swashed unweariedly onward, wading more than once through water to the waist, with ranks well closed up, and asked only to be permitted to reach Baton Rouge and dry land that night, for we sadly needed rest. Conceive, if you can, the vexation of the men when halted that evening about four miles from Baton Rouge and compelled to bivouac in a field where the mud was over knee deep! The stacks of arms sank into the mud that night over the locks by their own weight! It rained all night; to get wood was almost impossible, to lie down was to disappear in the soft embraces of mother earth, and

if any one was so lucky as to have coffee there was no water to be got but ditch-water. We were told that the demoralization of the army was such as to make this halt necessary; that some regiments had almost wholly melted away, and that nearly all were greatly diminished by straggling. There was certainly great discouragement and lack of discipline, especially among the new troops, though some of the old regiments were bad enough, but the Thirteenth had not a man absent without orders, and though decidedly vexed, was neither discouraged nor demoralized.

Very shortly after the return to Baton Rouge, the whole division, with Emory's, were moved to Brashear City to join Weitzel's already there, and the Teche campaign began. The plan of this expedition was excellent; whether it was as complete a success as it might have been, and if not by whose fault, are matters that critics will doubtless look into in due time. The enemy were entrenched upon the Teche above Pattersonville; Generals Weitzel and Emory were to remove them by a gradual advance in front, while General Grover, passing up Grand Lake in transports, should gain their rear and cut off all retreat.

We sailed on the 12th of April; at daybreak on the 13th the transports hauled up in shallow water some distance from shore, and the First Louisiana were landed in boats and deployed as skirmishers. Very soon the silence of the dark forest was broken by sharp firing. The Louisiana men were pushed forward toward the woods, and the rebels opened with artillery—grape and canister for them, shell for our crowded transports. Instantly the word comes, "Thirteenth Connecticut on shore, to support the First Louisiana," and the men leaped into the boats with a will. The two regiments are strongly attached, and with good reason, for if they have a dozen officers from us, we have two hundred and fifty picked Louisiana boys. So when we jokingly term them "the 13th Connecticut," they call us "the  $\frac{1}{2}$  Louisiana." Either would choose the other, of all the army, to be by its side in a hard fight. But the chance has not come yet. Before we could all get ashore the firing ceases, and the Louisiana boys raise a cheer and push into the wood after the flying rebels. One shell struck within six feet of our transport—a river steamer carrying three regiments—but fortunately it did not explode. The day was mostly

spent in disembarking, and in getting through the woods to the Teche, and as we came out of the forest the rebels threw a few shell at us and tried to burn the bridges, but were stopped. Toward night we crossed, marched southward on the main road a short distance, and bivouaced, the Thirteenth, as usual, in advance. The next morning at daybreak Colonel Birge leads out the Twenty-fifth Connecticut and directs them to advance as skirmishers on the right of the road, and very soon we hear firing.

We have come to the battle of Irish Bend, the hardest fought battle and the most bloody, in proportion to the force engaged, that has yet occurred in this Department, in which fourteen hundred men, without real support until the fight was in fact ended, engaged and dislodged from a wooded position three thousand rebels—a brigade of Texas Rangers, and one of Arkansas and "crack" Louisiana troops. The position will be hardly understood without the aid of a diagram. It lies within a deep curve of the bayou; the main road follows the stream on the inner or western bank, but across the mouth of the curve runs a back road saving several miles of travel. If he can reach this road, General Grover holds every avenue by which the rebels can retreat. It was presumed that they would not evacuate their entrenchments until hard pressed, or if they should, that General Weitzel would press them so closely as to make their retreat a rout. But, in fact, the enemy no sooner heard of Grover's landing than they resolved to evacuate and fall upon him in force, and, by the stupidity of a New York officer, they were suffered to get seven hours the start of Weitzel. This officer was placed in charge of a picket line before the enemy's works on the night of the 13th, and instructed by General Weitzel to report to him instantly if he heard any movement within. The General sat up late waiting, but no report; at daybreak he went out: "No movement, sir?" "Well, no, General, but I guess they've all gone; I've heard their wagons rolling pretty much all night!" Hence at daybreak, on the 14th, two strong brigades were already in position at Irish Bend to contest General Grover's advance, with reinforcements close behind.

The skirmishers of the Twenty-fifth Connecticut Volunteers, with five companies in reserve, wheeled to the right in line style and pushed towards the woods, soon supported by the Twenty-





sixth Maine, but the rebels opened with a battery upon them, and they were ordered to lie down in one of the deep plantation ditches, our artillery soon replying from a position near them. Colonel Birge then called up the One Hundred and fifty-ninth New York to support the two regiments engaged, and sent the Thirteenth Connecticut Volunteers to advance on the left of the road straight upon the position of the enemy's battery, and to break his line and cut him off from reinforcements. Besides, thinking the rebel force much larger than his own, and fearing that he would be only baulked, he asked support for his right, which General Grover ordered from Dwight's brigade, Ninety-first New York, but which found a safe ditch well out of range and lay there until too late to be of any use in the fight. Briefly, the flank movement which Colonel Birge feared, was made upon our right, and the three new regiments, suddenly and fiercely assailed in front and flank, were driven back with great loss, and though fighting bravely, in considerable disorder.

Meanwhile the Thirteenth had done its work effectually. Advancing rapidly our skirmishers, commanded by Captain McCord, drove the rebels from the first strip of wood with small loss, but, from its outer edge they saw, beyond an open ploughed field about 300 yards wide, the enemy in force, and very properly halted. One regiment was the Eighteenth Louisiana; the rest were of Libby's Texas Rangers, and as soon as the Thirteenth emerged upon the open field they opened a very hot fire. Having dressed the line perfectly, we advanced in ordinary step, and without halting gave them the most heavy and rapid rolling fire that I ever heard from any regiment, in action or on drill. It was as continuous as the roar of a waterfall. The rebels stood it a few seconds, and broke in confusion, though some took cover in the woods, and about a cottage on the left, to continue the fight skirmish-fashion. As we advanced into the main wood, this fire on both flanks as well as in front became annoying, and we halted there and silenced it, killing many and capturing over one hundred prisoners, including several officers. We found ourselves masters of three caissons full of ammunition, several horses, and a fine flag recently presented to the battery, whose Captain and First Lieutenant were killed, as was also Captain Riely, commanding the brigade. After some

delay another regiment arrived to hold the road, and throwing out skirmishers again we pushed through the woods without further opposition. Beyond these and across an open field we saw rebel cavalry and artillery in position, and their gunboat, the Diana, now commenced shelling the woods. We were ordered to lie down, and our forces made no further attempt to pursue the enemy, who finally burned the gunboat and made good their escape. Why our whole force was not pushed rapidly forward as soon as the rebel line was broken and they abandoned the woods, I cannot say.

The effects of the vigorous advance of the Thirteenth can best be estimated by the statements of prisoners. The officer in charge of Sumner's battery, captured the next day, said, "We were coming up in haste with other reinforcements, and were so near that your bullets would reach us, when suddenly the other battery and a mass of fugitives, Texans and Louisianians, came down the road and reported that a great force had broken our right and occupied the road. General Taylor halted us, questioned them, and at once ordered us to turn back and retreat as fast as possible to the short cut."

And a captain of one of the regiments on the rebel left, also taken after the battle, said: "We had flanked and driven back the three regiments in the open field, and seeing fresh troops coming up, were returning to our position to be ready for them, when I heard heavy firing beyond the turn of the road, and saw our men running in every direction. By the manner in which you advanced, I reckoned you had a large force there, and as we were outflanked and cut off from our reinforcements, I was not surprised that the order was at once given to fall back through the woods to the Cut-off." In fact officers of the Ninety-first New York, which was thrown forward as skirmishers to cover the advance of Dwight's Brigade, and which was the only regiment beside Birge's command that lost a man or fired a gun, stated that they saw not a single rebel in passing through the woods, except some of their wounded who had not been able to get off. And yet, General Dwight being a New Yorker, you will learn from metropolitan journals that "General Dwight's brigade drove the enemy, with but slight loss, from the position from which Colonel Birge had failed to dislodge them, after losing three hundred and fifty

men!" Can anything equal the injustice of such journalism? Remembering that the flank movement could not have been made had General Dwight's force obeyed orders and come promptly up instead of lying in a ditch half a mile away, one would think any friend of his would have as little as possible to say of the events of that day.

The conduct of Colonel Birge surely deserved some better reward than slanders of this sort. The promptness and judgment of his dispositions, his anticipation of the enemy's movements, his sending the Thirteenth straight to the key of the position, which, but for the want of support on the right, would have made the defeat a terrible rout, and his perfect coolness and self-possession under the hottest fire, show qualities that are not possessed, unfortunately, by all our generals. Never needlessly exposing himself, whenever his presence at the front was required, his perfect fearlessness was remarked by every one. When the confusion from the flank attack threatened mischief, Colonel Birge rushed into that murderous cross fire to rally and steady the men and withdraw them in good order, his horse was shot under him, struck in front and flank at once; every officer in his staff was dismounted in a few seconds, one horse having five balls in him; and yet, cool as ever, he accomplished his purpose, withdrawing the men and forming them anew upon the line of supports.

The loss of the brigade was about one-fourth of the force engaged. The Thirteenth, though exposed to its share of the fire, cut it short by the greater severity of its own and by its rapid advance, and lost only fifty-nine, of whom seven were killed on the spot and three have since died. A ball struck and broke into small pieces upon Captain Sprague's sword-hilt, giving him slight injuries; Lieutenant Strickland's arm was cut, but so slightly as not to take him from duty a day. That no officer was killed, and only three slightly wounded, when so many men were hit and the fire was so heavy and close, is surprising.

After four days' march, averaging twenty miles each day, over plains hot and dusty beyond endurance, the army reached Opelousas, and that night the Thirteenth was sent forward six miles to hold a very important bridge at Washington, making about twenty-five miles that day. These fatigues were followed by two weeks of rest at that point, and





here, having sketched the history of the regiment to the commencement of the siege of Port Hudson, this paper terminates. Lists of losses in battle, by accident and by disease, not now accessible to the writer, are necessarily deferred to another number. M.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

**The Seventh Connecticut before Fort Pulaski.**

If "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," then surely to rob one of an honorable distinction that he has won toilsomely and perilously, and to transfer it to another, is no less an injustice and wrong than to spoil him of money, less hardly gained, and less highly prized. This reflection occurred to me while reading in Harper's Monthly for June, "Two Weeks at Port Royal." The article contains numberless errors, resulting probably from extreme haste, or from imperfect information, or perhaps from a desire to put things in a striking form, and to create an impression more startling than the simple truth would produce. Some of the errors are harmless enough absurdities, but others are calculated to do gross injustice, and seem to demand correction.

After speaking in just terms of the Herculean labor in the reduction of Fort Pulaski, involved in the erection of the batteries on Tybee Island, by which Fort Pulaski was breached, the writer adds, "The 48th New York, now in garrison at Fort Pulaski, performed a large part of this work of the investment, and its present Colonel, Barton, described to me the toil and the suffering of his men, and the patience and endurance, the magnificent spirit with which they bore themselves through it all. We who listened to the recital, could in some measure appreciate the difficulties of the work; for we had passed that morning close to the slight mounds which mark along the beach the site of the batteries, and had seen something of the frightful marshes which line the flat shore hereabouts." The impression left on the mind of the reader by the whole page from which this extract is made, is, that the batteries on Tybee were to a great extent erected by the Forty-eighth New York, and that it was to their fortitude, toil and valor, that the capture of this rebel stronghold was chiefly due.

The narration of the trip here by this time became an old story. But truth has ever the charm of novelty, and we are not apt to be so familiar with justice as to have contempt for it engendered. I

may hope that there will be something of interest in an effort to recall to mind some of the events and toils that led to the reduction of the Fort, and to assign with justice the honor of the achievement. Having been conversant with the progress of the affair from the very beginning, I believe I am competent to speak; while yet having no military ambition to satisfy, nor promotion to win, I may claim the higher qualification of impartiality.

Early in December, 1861, the Forty-sixth New York,—a German corps, formed under the name of the "Fremont Rifles,"—landed on Tybee, for the purpose of holding the island. This regiment was but about two-thirds full, and it was thought that the importance of the position demanded the services of more troops. Accordingly, on the 19th of December, the main body of the Seventh Connecticut, being seven companies, landed on the island, and from that day till the afternoon when the white flag was raised on the Fort, they were incessantly employed, first in rendering the possession of the Island secure, and second, in erecting batteries, landing and drawing ordnance, and performing the arduous and interminable labors needed in preparing for the bombardment. The Forty-sixth New York shared these labors, in so far as their scanty numbers and their imperfect discipline enabled them. Toward the close of February, two companies of the Third Rhode Island, and two companies of the New York Volunteer Engineers, arrived at Tybee, and shared in the labor of the siege. On the 13th of March, the three companies of the Seventh Connecticut, that had been employed in completing the investment of the Fort upon the Savannah River, rejoined the Regiment, and at once bore their part in all its duties. Five days before the bombardment commenced, five companies of the Eighth Maine arrived.

It is difficult to conceive the magnitude of the task set before the troops whose duty it was to undertake the reduction of the Fort. Not only must all the ordinary camp, fatigue and picket duty be done, but ordnance of the heaviest description then known, and ordnance stores must be unloaded into boats, and landed, (without a wharf,) then dragged by hand, (with no draft beasts,) for from one to two and a half miles: part of the way through sand, and part over a marsh whose muddy depths were first coated over with a layer of earth. A depot

magazine and eleven service magazines must be constructed; splinter proofs and sugaries built, and eleven batteries erected. Much of this work too lay within range of the guns of the Fort, and must be done at night, so that the men at work were subjected to the absolute torture of clouds of gnats and mosquitoes.

And then all this labor was but preliminary to attacking a work which friends and foes united in regarding as next to impregnable. It may aid our estimate of the task undertaken to recall the fact that a General, an officer high in rank in the Regular Army, as he stood on the shore of Tybee and looked toward Pulaski, said, "There is not iron enough in the United States to batter down that Fort."

In relation to the manner in which the Seventh Connecticut discharged their share of these arduous duties, I venture to quote from the official report of Lieut. Horace Porter, of the United States Ordnance Corps, who was Ordnance Officer of the Post, and who, from his military knowledge, and from the position which he held in connection with all the siege operations, is qualified to speak authoritatively. After alluding to the labor involved in moving the thirteen inch mortars, (twelve in number,) weighing 17,000 lbs, and the other ordnance and ordnance stores, he adds:

"I can pay no greater tribute to the patriotism of the Seventh Connecticut Volunteers, the troops generally furnished me for this duty, than to say that when the sling carts frequently sank to their hubs in the marshes and had to be extricated by unloading the mortar, rolling it upon planks until harder ground could be found, and then reloading it, they toiled night after night, often in a drenching rain under the guns of the Fort, speaking only in whispers and directed entirely by the sound of a whistle, without uttering a murmur. When drilling the same men in the mortar batteries they exhibited an intelligence equaled only by their former physical endurance."

About a week previous to the opening of the batteries, there being reason to apprehend a night attack from the enemy, two companies of the Seventh Connecticut, (B and I,) occupied and held the battery nearest the Fort, and continued to do so till after the bombardment.

At the opening of the action, on the 10th April, five batteries mounting (16) sixteen pieces were assigned to the Seventh Connecticut, four batteries mounting (14) fourteen pieces to three companies





of the Third Rhode Island, one battery with (6) six pieces to the Forty-sixth New York, and one battery with (1) one piece to the Eighth Maine. At the close of the first days' action, the General Commanding relieved the Forty-Sixth New York from their battery, and divided it between the Eighth Maine, who manned two of the guns, and a detachment of the United States Ship *Wabash*, who manned four guns.

During the bombardment the batteries manned by the Seventh Connecticut, three (989) nine hundred and eighty-nine thirteen inch shells, and (588) five hundred and eighty-eight ten inch shells, in all (1577) fifteen hundred and seventy-seven. All the other batteries united, threw (3698) three thousand six hundred and ninety-eight shot and shell. When it is remembered that these were of varying calibre, from twenty-four pounders upward, it cannot be doubted, (though I have not the means of an exact estimate,) that the weight of the metal thrown from the batteries manned by the Seventh Connecticut, outbalanced that of all the other batteries combined. As to accuracy and effectiveness of fire, there was no room for dispute. The battery manned by Company H, Third Rhode Island Volunteers, mounting four James Rifles, held the unquestioned superiority. It was this battery which breached the Fort.

After the surrender of the Fort, the General commanding assigned to the Seventh Connecticut the duty of garrisoning the captured stronghold. By this assignment he recognized the eminent services in the work of the investment and bombardment. He bore yet more emphatic testimony to the services, by sending the flag of the captured Fortress to the Governor of Connecticut, to be preserved by the State as a trophy of the valor and toil of her sons.

It is true that during the two days that they were exposed to "Pulaski's iron hail," no member of the Seventh Connecticut lost his life. The only man killed in the trenches was a member of company H, Third Rhode Island. Yet the victory was by no means cheaply won on the part of the Seventh Connecticut. During several months succeeding the action, a number of men died from disease induced by the toil and exposure of the nightly labors in those trenches and malarious swamps. Indeed, so late as last winter, one of our men died of disease of the heart, dating back to a strain received while lifting and tug-

ging at the ropes attached to the mortars on Tybee. And others who yet survived have never fully recovered from the effects of those months of exhausting toil. The victory was, in reality, purchased at an expense of life and suffering equal to that entailed by a hotly contested battle; it was too dearly purchased for us to see with indifference the honors of the victory wrongly and unjustly assigned through ignorance or dishonesty. One of the preliminary operations of the siege consisted in the erection of two small batteries commanding the Savannah River, and designed to cut off communication between Savannah and the Fort. The first step toward this, was the occupation of Daufuskie Island, and the guarding of Wall's Cut. In this movement three companies,—B, E, and I,—of the Seventh Connecticut took the lead, and subsequently labored in the erection of the batteries just named, and in the dragging of ordnance to them, under difficulties not less than were encountered on Tybee. The Forty-eighth New York, a portion of the New York Volunteer Engineers, and a part of the Third Rhode Island, also bore an honorable share in this part of the labor of the investment. These two batteries were manned by members of the Third Rhode Island, and fired in all thirty-nine shots at the steamers of the enemy, which were passing between the Fort and the city.

Under these circumstances it may be left to any candid mind whether it does not indicate a degree of hardihood that would be invaluable, if exhibited on the field of battle, to arrogate the honor of the capture of Fort Pulaski to the corps which was never on Tybee till months after the surrendering of the Fort, which was never for a moment under fire of the Fort, which never manned a battery, or fired a piece at the Fort, and which has never yet had a man killed or wounded in collision with the enemy.

I am informed that the Forty-eighth New York has the name "Fort Pulaski" inscribed on its regimental colors. If this be so I should be curious to know on what occasion, and upon the strength of what evidence, Congress authorized the inscription.

I take the liberty to submit these facts to you, believing that a knowledge of them is due to the people of Connecticut, and especially to the surviving friends of those of her sons who had died of disease contracted in the trenches before Pulaski. I believe also that the scriptural

maxim, "honor to whom honor is due," not only accords with absolute justice, but eminently promotes valor, fidelity and generous emulation among our noble army of volunteers.

H. L. W.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### Ninth Regiment Connecticut Volunteers.

JUNE 27th, 1863.

No new movements having taken place with us lately, I will give you a brief description of *Manchac*, which has been the scene of two or three engagements, in this war, and may again.

About thirty-eight miles from New Orleans there enters into Lake Ponchartrain, a stream about a mile wide, called "Pass Manchac." At this point there stood a Light House, since destroyed by the rebels. Ascending this stream westward about four miles it branches westward again into "North and South Pass Manchac." The piece of land (?) (*swamp*) between these passes, about ten miles long, and two miles wide, being called "Jones' Island." At the upper end of the island the two passes unite and take their source from Lake Maurepas. Thus you see they are the connecting links between Maurepas and Ponchartrain. They carry a depth of water sufficient for large schooners, and are each of them nearly a mile wide.

Near the entrance into Lake Maurepas, across the passes and island runs "The New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern Railroad," so much traveled formerly by southerners going north, built mostly on crib work through cypress swamps, until it reaches the Piney Woods, above Ponchartrula, about nine miles above North Pass. It was by means of this great outlet that Lovell and his "Louisiana Defenders" skedaddled from New Orleans, upon the approach of "The Admiral" last year, not forgetting in their "intense excitement," to carry off all the gold and silver, public and private, they could get hold of. But railroads here, as well as elsewhere, have their ups and downs, and the stock of this road, which was worth a handsome premium two years ago, to-day is worthless. Out of some two hundred miles traveled then, but twenty-three miles are now in running order, from Jackson to Canton, where Johnson is making his headquarters. This has been caused by the different expeditions we have sent out at different times and from different places, including "The Grierson raid;" but now we are repairing, and





trains run daily from New Orleans to Manchac, where they are rebuilding the bridges across the North and South Pass, which were completely destroyed last year by Major (now Brigadier-General) Strong.

These passes connecting with the Lakes, and by rail with New Orleans, were considered by the rebels one of the important points through which we might attack the city, (they never dreaming of our passing forts Jackson and Phillip,) prior to our occupation. They therefore erected at the passes, three breastworks, mounting six long thirty-two pounders; but about three months after our arrival in the city, the New London came up to the pass and shelled them all three out, and a small land force entering captured or drove out the rebels and destroyed the guns. Now, however, it is looked upon again as one of "the defenses of New Orleans," and a large and strong star fort has been erected out of the old rebel embankments, (which had to be brought from Ponchatoula, there being no dry ground here.)

This fort is well mounted and equipped. Here it is that a portion of the 9th Connecticut, and of the 21st Indiana, are stationed, under Major Frye of the 9th, commanding the post. The enemy still continually threatening and flattering themselves that they are to return the bridges and retake New Orleans. Their pickets are frequently in sight and occasionally "gobble up" one or two, when the boys carelessly venture out a little too far unprotected.

From its situation one would imagine Manchac to be very healthy, but it is quite the reverse; chills and swamp fevers are very prevalent, and our men suffer more there from sickness than in any other place, (if we except Vicksburg last year.) Their water is taken to them in barrels from New Orleans, none the cooler or fresher; they are obliged to sleep and camp on the railroad track, under Palmetto huts and small shelter tents, under a broiling sun, surrounded on all sides by swamps abounding in snakes, alligators, and their kind.

The moccasin and rattle snakes are quite abundant, and apparently old settlers, as we killed one with nine rattles, and are quite a protection against a flank movement of the enemy through the swamp; and the alligators actually stick their noses into the tents, in hopes of stealing a biscuit or a piece of pork. And then all night long the soldier is lulled to sleep by the most infernal croaking of tree toads, and kept to sleep by the buzzing and biting of myriads of mosquitoes

and yellow flies. One knows not how it is, but though every soldier has a mosquito bar, still daylight will find as many inside as out; and then innumerable green lizards about four inches long, harmless but sportive, gambol and catch flies and mosquitoes freely upon your face or body.

You at the North know nothing of a warm night in a southern swamp.

I have heard of the ancients torturing their victims by smearing them with honey and tying them naked where the flies could torment them, but if they could have secured Pass Manchac they could have saved their honey, it requiring no inducement of that kind to invite the fly and mosquito torture.

When the war is over, and the call is for free white labor in Louisiana, echo will use a very common expression and say "We don't see it."

Since commencing this letter "a change has come over the spirit of our dreams." The enemy have come down in considerable numbers across the river, have captured a number of our sick and wounded at Brashear City, pretty badly cut up the 23d Connecticut, who were guarding the Opelousas railroad, taken a quantity of stores, baggage, &c., and pretty considerably damaged the Teché country. Lieut. Col. Fitz Gibbons, with five companies of the 9th Connecticut, and some other troops, have gone across to stay their progress. The enemy are about twenty-five miles from New Orleans, and about fifteen miles across from Manchac. Gen. Emory commanding defenses of New Orleans is prepared to receive them. The work has stopped on the bridges, the railroad men and contrabands drawn into the city, and the "dogs of war" loosened at Manchac.

I will not be able to give you any further this mail, but will try to give you particulars in my next.

Yours,  
MANCHAC.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### Seventeenth Regiment.

MIDDLETOWN, MD.,  
Friday, July 17, 1863.

The Seventeenth Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers was raised in Fairfield county and mustered into the service of the United States in the summer of 1862, having for its field officers, Colonel William H. Noble and Lieutenant Colonel Charles Walter of Bridgeport, and Major A. G. Brady of Stamford.

It was first placed under the command

of General Wool at Baltimore, and afterwards under General Siegel in Virginia.

Without detailing its varied experiences in the camp and field, without describing the sufferings endured beneath the snow-clad shelters at Chantilly and Belle Plain, where miseries were too numerous and bitter to be told without complaint, or the fatigue and hardships borne in long and forced marches in Virginia mud; without, on the other hand, describing the more acceptable existence in the log huts of our winter quarters at Brooks' Station, where absence from home and privations from comforts and social pleasures, we strove, as best we could, to endure and make tolerable by chat, and song, and merry laugh, while gathered around our blazing fires; without also recalling minutely the particulars of our march to wilderness, the peculiar feelings excited by the circumstances of our crossing in the thick darkness of the Rappahannock, and yet again the Rapidan, where, weary and exhausted, we slept soundly in spite of the pelting rain from above, and the water oozing forth from the drenched soil beneath—it is sufficient to begin the historic tale of the Seventeenth with the part it performed in the sanguinary battle of Chancellorsville.

Though as a part of the Eleventh Corps we had to bear our share of the unjust censure passed upon it by those who knew nothing of the situation in which it had been placed, still we had the glory of being in the brigade that received the just praise of standing the longest, even as long as duty demanded. It is true as it is noteworthy that the Seventeenth Connecticut, for the first time brought under fire, did not retreat until ordered to, and then in good order, though under circumstances the most trying even to the veteran soldiers. In this engagement it lost heavily. Its Colonel, who stood the bravest of the brave, and was conspicuous as being the only mounted officer visible, even after the brigade in advance of it had retreated by it in confusion, was severely wounded in the arm. Its Lieutenant Colonel was killed instantly at the first tremendous advance of the enemy, just as an earnest exhortation to stand had escaped from his lips. Lieutenant Colonel Charles Walter was a noble man, to whose character and worth no praise could be too great and no eulogium too laudatory. In line officers and men it lost heavily in wounded and missing. The Seventeenth fully proved on that eventful day, and by the conduct some displayed in another corps on the following day, of what stuff it was made, and what it could accomplish when placed in a position where an opportunity was given it to fight.





At that time, to have stood was to be butchered or taken prisoner; to retreat a duty, and this they did in obedience to orders. But more pleasant is it to revert to later experiences and to speak of the glorious part performed by some of Connecticut's sons in the late great struggle at Gettysburg, for on that bloody field was decided the fate of the rebellion in the East, and to it a grateful nation will ever turn with pride and thankfulness.

The Eleventh Corps reached Emmetsburg Monday night, June 29, and on the following Wednesday morning received orders to march to Gettysburg, ten miles distant, with only two short halts on the march. The men reached the town in two hours, immediately passed through it, and, without resting, went into the battle already begun by an attack upon the First Corps, which had marched in advance of us. The Seventeenth was the first Regiment of the Corps that sent forth skirmishers, and while a part of the regiment was thus employed under the command of Major Brady, the remainder was gallantly led forward by Lieutenant Colonel Fowler, in a charge upon the advancing rebel lines, which proved afterwards to be Ewell's troops just arriving upon the scene of strife. Their line was too long for us, as it was soon discovered that while able to engage us in front they were also outflanking us on the right. General Howard had just received the intelligence from General Wadsworth, of the First Corps, that the enemy were also flanking him on his left and he must fall back or receive reinforcements. Hence we were ordered to fall back to and through the town, but on that front battleground at the beginning of the contest the Seventeenth lost heavily. Lieutenant Colonel Fowler, who had but a short time before entered upon his new responsibilities and was in charge of the regiment in the absence of Colonel Noble, still detained by his wounds received at Chancellorsville, there gave up his life—a sacrifice to his country. He was by nature a true soldier, and had from the outbreak of the rebellion given his service to his country. His genial temper, generous disposition and buoyant spirits, united with a fervent interest in the cause he had espoused, had won for him an enthusiastic regard, and the men followed him most willingly into the deadly strife. There fell also the senior Captain of the regiment, John C. Moore, of Danbury, one idolized by his company and of sterling worth and honest character. He was a color-sergeant in the Mexican war, and served as a captain in the three months' service. He was an outspoken man, always found to be true to his convictions of duty.

Captain William H. Hubbell, of Bridgeport, a young man of promise and ability, the former efficient adjutant, and at the time acting as an aid to General Barlow, having been previously detailed as Acting Assistant Inspector General of the Division, has not since been heard from, and the evidence is strong that he was killed. His horse was seen without a rider and one was found among the dead, by a citizen, that answered in description to him. We hope against hope for his safety. Contending with the greatest opposition from some of his nearest relatives he entered the service, and with a remarkable perseverance and tenacity of purpose certain of the right, he zealously pursued his course. Beneath his quiet and reserved nature could be discovered the true worth and excellence he possessed. Every man of the Seventeenth will ever recall with sad pleasure the memory of Billy Hubbell—pleasure at the recollection of associations with him, and sadness at the thought of his untimely death. There fell also the young men of patriotic fire, who were ever foremost in encouraging their comrades by appeals to duty and patriotism, Crofut, Dolche, Barnum, Bronson, Pickett, Marsh, Burns the color bearer, and many others who fought bravely and died nobly, men whom we unwillingly spared for this costly sacrifice.

The division retreated in good order through the town, and with the rest of the corps took possession of the hills behind it, on the most prominent of which was the cemetery. The First Corps—that part of it that had escaped in the conflict—was stationed on our left. These two corps, numbering less than ten thousand men, held the position until the Twelfth came to their aid. As has been often written, this cemetery hill was the key to the whole position which was afterwards so stoutly held against the repeated impetuous charges of the enemy during the two following days of severe fighting. The Seventeenth here played the part of men. At one time the famous "Louisiana Tigers" never repulsed before, as they afterwards claimed, held even in the highest esteem by Jackson, their former leader, pressed forward up to the very stone wall behind which our men were posted. The charges were bold, the men who led them brave, the conflict fierce and bloody; but as unmoved as the stone wall before them stood the Seventeenth, and as often as the recreant sons of Louisiana gained the wall, just so often did the loyal sons of Connecticut repulse them with slaughter. One of them, afterwards taken prisoner, desired to know what regiment that was that stood so firm at the wall. "It was the first time,"

said he, "that the Tigers of Louisiana were repulsed. You punished us severely." At that place fell Metcalf, and there the much beloved, the pure minded and fervent Christian, Alvah Wilcox, received the wounds that soon after deprived him of life, and us of a true friend. Here too were wounded several men and officers, and among them Major Brady. During the terrific fighting of Thursday and Friday, when the air was full of bursting shells and hissing bullets and the reports from exploded caissons, when all around them, man and beast, were falling, when charge after charge was made upon the battery stationed behind them, which the enemy's batteries had been engaging for continuous hours to silence, but in vain, when around and over and in front of the cemetery hill volumes of smoke were wreathing upward, and when thundering reports from hundreds of cannons' mouths deafened the ear, stood fixed the 17th Conn. Regiment. Those who doubted, if any there were, of the true valor of Connecticut's sons, on the unfortunate field of Chancellorsville, here had an opportunity to decide how they could fight when an opportunity was given. The enemy here was before us and we met him. Out of the three hundred and sixty-nine men reported for duty on the first day of the fight, nine commissioned officers and one hundred and ninety-eight enlisted men were at the close of the battle reported killed, wounded and missing. The Seventeenth Connecticut has reflected the highest honor upon the old State, and to it should her fervent thanks be given.

It has lost some of its best and truest men, those of pure principles and firm integrity. They rest in consecrated soil and their memories will ever be cherished by a grateful people. Around their names will ever be encircled a choice and precious wreath of immortal fame. "They fell at Gettysburg," in repelling an insolent foe that was striking at the homes of freedom and a true civilization, devastating a country rich and prosperous under the benign influences of free institutions.

Requiescant in pace et gloria. SIGMA.

For the Connecticut War Record.  
The Fourteenth Regiment.

CAMP NEAR ELKTON, VA.,  
August 28th, 1863.

MESSEURS. EDITORS:—In looking over the first number of your faithful Record, and noticing how nearly every Connecticut Regiment had a hearing in your pages, I regretted to see that the old Fourteenth had no tongue to speak in its behalf. Rather than leave our space vacant in





such a goodly company, I venture myself to appear as the representative of our organization, in a few hastily written words. The record of the Fourteenth, we fondly believe, will suffer by comparison with that of none of her sister regiments. In four grand battles have her banners been borne among the foremost, and their mutilated remains, torn into shreds, blackened with powder, and soiled with the blood of several brave sergeants who have fallen with the beloved standards in their grasp, have been sent home to be treasured among the archives of the State, and their place is filled with new ones that can be unfurled, but not so dear to our hearts as the old bundles of rags that we dared no longer trust to the breeze, lest the precious remnants should be borne away, and our regiment left to send under bare poles. Four grand battles in less than a year from the time the regiment was organized. In the gallant Second Corps, whose loss at Antietam was one half the whole loss in killed and wounded of the entire army; whose loss at Fredericksburg was one half the whole Union loss sustained on that bloody field, and whose losses in both Chancellorsville and Gettysburg were greater in proportion to the number engaged than that of any other corps in the army; in such a corps of heroes as this, it is the proud claim of our regiment to belong also to French's old "Fighting Division." And to show whether the Fourteenth is worthy to be numbered in such company, let it be said that the loss of this regiment at Antietam was one hundred and thirty-seven. Into the terrible slaughter of Fredericksburg we marched three hundred and twenty strong, and left on the field one hundred and twenty, or more than one third of our whole number. Into the confusion and chaos of Chancellorsville our weakened numbers marched only two hundred and twenty all told, and we came forth only one hundred and fifty, losing again, in one short hour's fight, more than one fourth of our number. Behind the stone fence on the crest of the hill, in the very centre of the glorious fight at Gettysburg, lay of the Fourteenth, one hundred and sixty, and still again more than one third paid with their life or with wounds the price of that magnificent triumph. All our original field officers were disabled and mustered out of service in one short year. Four noble captains killed, and as many more disabled. The most of our Lieutenants were either killed or

permanently disabled, so that no more than about ten of our original roster of officers, the non-combatants excepted, remain on our rolls. In round numbers, about two-thirds of our officers and two-thirds of our men have been expended in twelve months of service. Is there often in the annals of war a sadder or a braver record than this? As an instance of the special trophies of victory, I mention *five* regimental battle flags of the enemy taken in one final charge down that terrible slope at Gettysburg on Friday afternoon, July 3d, when the grand attack of Lee was repulsed, and our victory made complete. This is, I believe, the largest number of such trophies that any one regiment can boast of even in that brilliant contest.

A new phase of our career now opens before us. Our thinned ranks, filled up by a band of conscripts and substitutes, swell out once more into a tolerably long line of battle. The most of these new recruits are old soldiers, and though some of them have been trying on us a few "old sojer" tricks of desertion, the greater number seem to be good material with which to win other fights and maintain the reputation of the old Fourteenth in this coming Fall campaign on other fields, crushing out the last efforts of the now really desperate leaders of the rebellion, and coming in with us for a share of the triumphal greetings that should await our return to our beloved homes from a short but arduous and bloody service in behalf of our endangered but saved Republic. So mote it be! With this hastily written contribution to your Record, please find subjoined a Roster of the officers of the regiment, and an extract from the official report of Major Theo. G. Ellis of the battle of Gettysburg.

Yours truly, S. F.

ROSTER OF COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE FOURTEENTH CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS.

Major THEO. G. ELLIS commanding the Regiment.

<i>Adj't.</i> F. B. Doten.	<i>1st Lieutenants.</i>
<i>R. Q. M.</i> C. F. Dibble.	Jas. F. Simpson, Co. D.
<i>Chaplain.</i> H. S. Stevens.	John D. Pelton, " E.
<i>Surgeon.</i> F. A. Dudley.	Wilbur Fiske, " F.
<i>1st Assist't.</i> Levi Jewitt.	Fred'k B. Hawley, " G.
<i>Captains.</i>	Henry L. Snagg, " H.
John C. Broatch, Co. A.	Fred'k Seymour, " I.
Jas. L. Townsend, " B.	James R. Nickels, " K.
S. W. Carpenter, " C.	<i>2d Lieutenants.</i>
W. M. Lucas, " D.	Chas. W. Galpin, " A.
Henry Lee, " E.	Wm. H. Hawley, " B.
Sam'l A. Moore, " F.	J. W. Knowlton, " C.
Samuel Fiske, " G.	H. W. Wadham, " D.
Samuel H. Davis, " H.	Fred'k Shalk, " E.
" I.	" F.
James B. Coit, " K.	Geo. A. Foote, " G.
<i>1st Lieutenants.</i>	F. H. Stoughton, " H.
Henry P. Goddard, " B.	Sam'l H. Seward, " I.
Lucius L. Dyer, " C.	X. P. Rockwood, " K.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE FOURTEENTH AT GETTYSBURG.

Major Ellis, commanding the Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers, reports to the Adjutant-General as follows:

On the morning of the 3d, we advanced two companies as skirmishers under command of Captains Townsend and Lucas, who maintained their ground nobly until the grand attack of the afternoon, when they were driven in by the advancing lines of the enemy.

During the forenoon, the regiment was ordered to take and hold two buildings, a large barn and house, outside of our lines of skirmishers, a little to the right of our position, from which the enemy were seriously annoying our troops.

The barn was gallantly charged and taken by four companies under command of Captain Moore, the remainder of the regiment making the attack upon the house, commanded by myself. The whole distance from our lines to these buildings being commanded by the enemy's sharpshooters, we met with some loss in this attack. It was here that Lieutenants Seymour and Seward were wounded. While the regiment was within these buildings, and firing from them upon the enemy, a case shot entered the upper part of the barn, and exploded, killing and wounding some of our men.

Having received orders to destroy these buildings, they were fired in several places, after removing all our killed and wounded and arms. We were again ordered to support Arnold's battery, and formed on its right, where we remained under the terrific shell fire of Friday afternoon, from one o'clock until the battery retired disabled, when I moved the regiment forward and to the left to cover the space previously occupied by the battery.

About this time two rebel lines of battle, extending across the plain for more than a mile, preceded by a line of skirmishers, and reinforced at two points, on the right and left by a third line, were observed to emerge from the woods about one-third of a mile distant, running nearly parallel to our front, and advancing steadily across the intervening plain. The spectacle was magnificent. They advanced in perfect order, the line of skirmishers firing. Our men were formed in a single line of battle along an almost continuous line of low stone wall and fence, which offered a considerable protection from the enemy's fire. When





the first line of the enemy's had advanced to within about two hundred yards, our fire opened almost simultaneously along the whole line. The enemy's first fire was broken, and hurled back upon the second, throwing it also into confusion. Detached portions of their lines were rallied, and for a short time maintained their ground. Being mowed down by our terribly destructive fire, they commenced falling back, when a portion of this regiment charged upon them, capturing five regimental battle flags and over forty prisoners. There also afterwards came into the lines of this regiment about one hundred or more of the enemy, some of whom were wounded, and gave themselves up.

Among the officers who personally surrendered to me were the following:

Colonel John Fite, 7th Tennessee, and Lieutenant Colonel W. J. George, 1st Tennessee, not wounded; Lieutenant Colonel Parkes and Major John J. Richardson, 52d North Carolina. Among those who were taken prisoners or came within our lines wounded were the following line officers: Captains G. A. Graves, George Gillian, and J. A. Kincaid, and First Lieutenant J. C. Warren, 52d North Carolina; J. N. Robertson, 5th Alabama. There were many of the field and line officers captured whose names were not ascertained.

The colors captured belonged to the following regiments: 14th Tennessee, 1st Tennessee, 16th North Carolina, 52d North Carolina, 4th Virginia. The colors of the 1st Tennessee, 14th Tennessee and 16th North Carolina, have the following inscription on each: Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Sheppards-town, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Ox hill, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Frazier's Farm, Cedar Run, Manassas. The color of the 14th Tennessee was the first taken, and was captured by Sergeant-Major William B. Hincks. That of the 52d North Carolina was taken by Corporal Christopher Flynn, Co. K, and that of the 16th North Carolina by private E. W. Bacon, Co. F.

Killed, 10; wounded, 52; missing, 4. Total loss, 66. The regiment went into action with about 160 muskets.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*  
**The Twentieth Regiment.**

I tell you, friend C., the last campaign of about fifty days was calculated to test the endurance of the strongest, and, although at Gettysburg our loss was

much less than at Chancellorsville, it was not because we were not in the thickest of the fight for many hours, but it was for the reason that those on our right and left stood their ground.

No fair statement of our position at either battle, and the part our regiment took in each, has ever yet met my eye in print. No statement can be given that would convey to one who was not there a just idea of our labors and our danger.

[The above is an extract from a private letter from a brave officer in the 20th C. V. It was the fact that full and "fair statements" of the part taken by our Connecticut soldiers in this great war, could not be expected in the widely circulated journals, which induced us to establish the Record, and we trust that in every one of our Regiments, writers will be found who will rescue from oblivion every fact worthy of mention, whether it concerns the whole Regiment or any member thereof. We shall be glad to receive communications, not only from our regular correspondents, but from any officer or soldier who can send us any thing of general interest.]

**Seventeenth Regiment.**

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C.,  
August 23, 1862.

Your last Record of the 17th C. V., left it at Boonsboro', on its return march from the battle field of Gettysburg. Since then its experience has been varied, and somewhat interesting.

On Sunday, July 12th, our Division, consisting then of eight regiments with an aggregate strength of only twelve hundred men, accompanied by Gen. Kilpatrick and his detachment of cavalry upon a reconnoissance to Hagerstown. This traveling at the heels of cavalrymen was rather novel to us, and the rapid marching was not very pleasant. However, we surprised the enemy, dashed upon his lines, took about one hundred prisoners, drove them in disorder through the town to their strong entrenchments in the rear of it, which constituted the left defenses of their main front line. The men of the 17th will long remember this expedition, and will never forget the cordial reception extended to us by the staunch unionists of Hagerstown, who for five weeks had been guarded by rebels in a manner not wholly economical to their purse or stores. The young ladies were especially enthusiastic in their kindness, thus forming a striking contrast to the apathy and penuriousness we had witnessed in Pennsylvania. The staff officers have not forgotten the kindness extended to them by the families of Dr. Dorsey and ex-mayor Cook, while Captain — will fight more bravely as he recalls the noble heroism of the young lady, who accom-

panied him to the picket post, fearless of any danger, from the whizzing bullets. That Sabbath evening the 17th, with its brigade, marched back to Funkstown, to which point the right of our lines had advanced, bivouaced anywhere we could find a place to lie, expecting that when morning came an opportunity would be given to join in a general attack. Morning came, and with it strong reinforcements, but no signs of an attack. Why we delayed we could not explain. Tuesday morning came, and, alas! the displeasing intelligence that the rebel army had escaped. This event has passed into history, and is perhaps seldom thought of by the people at large, but not so with the men, who, eager for the contest, and anxious to add another and a final blow which might destroy their old foe, and thus preclude the necessity of another campaign in Virginia, saw their hopes at once unrealized, and were obliged to march to Williamsport only to see where their foe had escaped, and then again by rapid marches to retrace their steps over familiar ground, through Middletown, Jefferson, to Berlin, to the Potomac, which was crossed on Sunday the 19th. The next Sabbath found us encamped in that desolated region that surrounds Warrenton Junction, a place destitute of good, and even of a sufficiency of water, and also of shade, as the several armies that have made this important point a camping ground have dismantled it of its forests and woods. We had begun to think that summer quarters and a period of rest and quiet was in store for us, when suddenly, on the 1st of August, we were ordered to Greenwich, and as suddenly, on the 3d, ordered back. Why this movement was made, no one as yet outside of the circle of Headquarters has been able to decide. Doubtless some great feat of strategy, which it was not intended we should understand. Nevertheless we are contented with our ignorance and begin again to make arrangements for "Summer bowers," entertaining the idea that no advance is to be made until we are reinforced by the conscripts. Delusions are a part of the destiny of the soldier. Three days only had been passed in camp, when the order comes for the 1st Division of the 11th corps to report at Alexandria by rail transportation, then to await further orders. All now, from the general to the private, were on a footing, for all were equally surprised at the order and ignorant of our destination. There was hurrying to and fro, a general "turning over" of Quartermaster's and Commissary's stores, and wagon trains, and at evening the 17th might have been seen thickly packed in baggage cars on their way





to Alexandria. Such discomfort, such accumulated inconveniences, were never experienced by passengers before. Cramped up and wedged down between several soldiers, with the drippings of a candle "o'er him gently stealing," your humble servant in vain strove to reconcile himself to his condition, by taking a patriotic view. On arriving at Alexandria at midnight we were unloaded, or rather dumped out, to lie anywhere Providence might provide us a resting place. The afternoon of the next day found us aboard the John Brooks, bound for Fortress Monroe and Newport News. Gradually we began to discover that Charleston was our place of destination and that we were to have the enviable distinction of adding to the laurels won at Gettysburg, by uniting with our brethren in the subjugation of Sumter and Charleston.

For the week passed we have watched with interest the progress of the siege, and have been fortunate in losing only one man killed and one wounded\* while lying exposed in the trenches. When you hear from us again, I trust that you will receive the joyful intelligence of our complete success and the occupation of Charleston by the Army of the Union, in which Connecticut can boast of a good representation in her 7th, 10th and 17th regiments.

Yours, SIGMA.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

From the Second Connecticut Light Battery,  
CAMP NEAR WOLF RUN SHOALS, }  
VIRGINIA, June 22, 1863. }

This battery was organized at the city of Bridgeport, in the month of August, 1862, and was mustered into the United States service on the 10th of September following, "for three years or during the war." It is composed of the best material as regards officers and men, and is unsurpassed in its general equipments by any battery in the service. It is armed with four six-pounder rifled guns, (James' patent,) and two twelve pound howitzers. Captain John W. Sterling is the commander, and he, together with his associate officers, command the confidence and respect of the men.

The battery left Bridgeport on the 15th of October, 1862, for Washington, where it remained in an artillery camp of instruction until the 12th of December following, when it was ordered to report to General Stoughton, commanding the Second Brigade of General Casey's division, stationed at Fair-

fax Court House. The battery was encamped at the latter place at the time of Stuart's raid in December last, and assisted in repelling a night attack of his cavalry upon the forces stationed there.

In the latter part of January the battery was ordered to Wolf Run Shoals on the Ocoquan river, to guard the ford. The Bull Run river empties into the Ocoquan about two and one half miles above here, and in connection with the latter river forms the southern outer line of the "Defenses of Washington." The Ocoquan is a fast flowing stream, with precipitous banks, and is subject to sudden rises and falls. It has no bridges across it, but has a ferry at Ocoquan village near its mouth. Now that the line of the Rappahannock is temporarily abandoned, the Ocoquan forms the front line of the army of the Potomac, and the position which we hold is one of no inconsiderable importance, as it is the most practicable route through Eastern Virginia. A large portion of Hooker's force passed through here during the recent movements of the army of the Potomac. The Ocoquan is picketed its whole length, and the Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Vermont regiments, constituting the Second Brigade of Abercrombie's division, are now stationed on or near the river.

The country in this vicinity is rolling, extensively wooded and sparsely settled. We are encamped in a healthy locality on high ground which commands a fine view of Bull Run mountains; through Thoroughfare Gap, on clear days, the summits of the Blue Ridge are plainly visible.

During March and April we lost by death in hospital, the following members: Anson W. Dart and James A. Peck of Stratford, Edward B. Chase of Danbury, and James G. Wood of Bridgeport. "UNION."

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

From the Twelfth C. V.

DOUGLASSVILLE, LA., }  
July 17, 1863. }

MR. EDITOR:—I did confidently expect that I should have something ready for the middle of this month. But the siege of Port Hudson lasted six weeks, and all that time with the exception of three days' march after rebel cavalry I was lying in the trenches, within a hundred yards of Alabamians and Arkansians, never safe from bullets, round-shot, shell, and falling trees, men being constantly killed all around me, the firing going on all day, and at night all fires and candles forbidden, every one lying down in the dirt at the approach of darkness, and waking up at the first dawn amid

a furious rattle of sharpshooters and banging of cannon. How can a man write articles in such a place and under such circumstances?

A reporter can go to the rear and sit down to his pen and paper. A Captain must always be with his company, ready at any moment to repulse a sally or make an attack. Besides, I had no paper and no money to buy paper, for we have not been paid for over six months. I wrote three or four times to my wife on the backs of old orders and on bits of ammunition paper; and that was all I could do in the way of correspondence. Since we left Port Hudson we have not ceased to be in the field, sleeping on the ground, as usual, dirty and ragged, the enemy close at hand and a fight at any moment possible. Fights indeed have already occurred, and we have lost four hundred men already since our arrival. No baggage, either, except overcoat and rubber blanket. How can a man write? This writing paper I only got to-day, and how I am to carry it I can't imagine.

Well, I will stop my long apology, and promise to send you something as soon as possible.

Let me tell you that we had our hands full with Port Hudson. Our losses were far heavier than many supposed. On the 27th of May we had nineteen hundred killed and wounded, and on the 14th of June at least eleven hundred. Besides this there were partial attacks, attended by more or less loss, and lastly, the daily, ceaseless stream of destruction in the rifle pits. I understand that there are six thousand wounded in the hospitals of the department, or lately returned to duty from them. Weitzel's brigade left Brashear City at the commencement of the campaign with two thousand seven hundred effective men, and mustered at the close of the siege one thousand three hundred and fifty-four, one half having been killed or wounded or broken down by exposure and by the severity of our forced marches. What do you think of starting at five in the afternoon and marching till three in the morning, then going on picket; then starting at six and marching till four in the afternoon, and so on for seventy-six hours, with only one full night's sleep? That was when we went from Opelousas to Alexandria. We made eighty-seven miles in three days and four hours; thirty-four miles in the last twenty-four hours. All this was in hot weather, through clouds of dust. I believe it beats anything known in the war.

I see that the 12th Connecticut is reported in the New York Herald as having got lost in

\* The name of the soldier killed was Walter Jarman of Greenwich. That of the wounded was Rufus Tilby, of Westport, both of them faithful and earnest soldiers.





the woods during the assault of June 14th. But it does not mention that we found our way out in time to take our position, following immediately on the 75th New York, which was the leading regiment of the column. Our place was not filled by the 91st New York. That regiment followed us and did its own special duty, which was to throw hand-grenades. Well, I, or somebody, must set the public right on this and similar matters. Such blunders are constantly occurring in the accounts of Reporters. History must of necessity be a grand farrago of truth and falsehood. How furious dead heroes would be if they could read their own biographies! In these days living heroes have to bear it.

You must not imagine that our men are discouraged by their hardships and losses. They have whipped the enemy, and they are perfectly satisfied. The absent are not missed. The living are wonderfully reckless.

J. F.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*  
**The First Connecticut Cavalry.**

HEADQUARTERS 1ST C. C. V.  
 BALTIMORE, Sept. 3, 1863.

This regiment did not bid farewell to hard service when it took up its quarters in Baltimore, for our city-soldier life has not been without its interruptions. It would destroy the romance of military life to remain in Baltimore all the time, with no chance to crack hard bread, wear soiled clothes, and sleep out of doors, like other soldiers. We may thank the rebel invaders for drumming us out this time, and making the past two weeks one of the most interesting periods in the history of the First Connecticut Cavalry.

When the cavalry skirmish occurred at Westminster, on the 29th of July, at the approach of evening the rockets went up from the signal stations in that direction, indicating the advance of a strong rebel force upon the City of Baltimore. This conviction was confirmed at headquarters by the report of an officer who had fled in great haste to the city to bring the news. The alarm bells were rung and the Union Leagues called out for the defense of the barricades.

Lieutenant Rogers of the Connecticut Cavalry was in command of a picket post on the Westminster road and heard the shout of alarm from the excited officer as he dashed by the guards, declaring that the rebels were in close pursuit, and urging the pickets to fall back. The Lieutenant proposed to remain at his post until he was relieved or ordered in, or driven in by the enemy. He maintained the principles and the honor of his regiment regardless of personal safety or

the conduct of a higher officer. Baltimore was sold that time, for the rebel cavalry had been no nearer than Westminster, and were making good speed toward Lee's headquarters. The laugh will come somewhere, but not on the First Connecticut.

On the 5th of July Major Farnsworth proceeded to Maryland Heights with one hundred and eighty men, comprising the greater portions of three companies—A, B, and E. It was understood that this expedition was to be completed in three or four days; but the detachment after being transferred from one brigade and one corps to another, at length finds itself associated with a detachment of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, and forming a part of General Lockwood's command in Harper's Ferry.

Until the 14th of July the enemy's cavalry occupied the village of Harper's Ferry, in sight of our troops on the Heights. At that time our batteries opened on the haughty rebels, and a pontoon bridge was placed across the Potomac. Major Farnsworth was ordered to cross over with fifty men and feel the position of the enemy, who had retired behind the hills. Coming upon a portion of the 12th Virginia Cavalry, the Connecticut boys dashed forward, driving the foe, wounding the Colonel, and taking several prisoners. Suddenly, however, they were surrounded by a superior force, and the gallant Major was compelled to surrender with twenty-five of his men. Captain Blakeslee, who had conducted himself in the fight with commendable bravery, now assumed the command, and skillfully effected his escape with the remainder of the men, securing all the prisoners.

In another expedition, commanded by Captain Vinton, of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, we lost ten men. The Captain was ordered to proceed with one hundred men to Leesburgh, where he was to be reinforced for an important reconnoissance. Seventy of the Sixth Michigan and thirty of the First Connecticut made the complement of men. The party encamped for the night a short distance south of Waterford, Va. At midnight the camp was aroused by the firing of the pickets, which was soon followed by the tramp of rebel cavalry. "Steady, men, steady!" could be heard as they approached through the darkness. Then came the word "fire!" and the long line of flashes revealed to our men the superior strength of the enemy. White's battalion of three hundred men, or more, had come upon them in a strange locality on a dark night, and taken them almost by surprise. More than once, however, they received a deadly volley from our ranks before the Yankee

boys retired from the field. Sergeant H. H. Gore, of Company C, was severely wounded, and private A. M. Fox, of the same company, is reported killed. The others who are missing are supposed to be prisoners, though the fate of some is involved in uncertainty. A number of the enemy are known to have been killed and wounded that night.

Words cannot describe the terrific grandeur of a midnight charge. Riderless horses, mad with pain, go plunging through the ranks, and men appear like spectres moving here and there amid the wild confusion. Volley answers volley, steel meets steel with dreadful clangor, brave men shout and dying men groan, till one party quits the field and the stillness of death reigns over the place.

Considering the chances, the wonder is that so many survived that perilous night. It is hoped that the result of these late expeditions will occasion greater caution in time to come. In this war one cannot chase a thousand, nor too put ten thousand to flight, but time, perhaps, will tell us what can be done in an even-handed conflict with the guerilla chief and his famous crew.

ED. RINER.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*  
**A LEAF FROM MEMORY'S ALBUM.**

Twenty-seventh Regiment Conn. Vols.

It was a chill December day, and it seemed that the flood gates of Heaven were indeed open, so thick and fast did the large drops of rain come pattering down, and the wind howled mournfully, as if singing the requiem of a myriad of crushed hearts and blighted hopes. It was on such a day as this, everything arrayed in a dark and dismal garb, that my company occupied a position in the picket line on the northern bank of the Rappahannock.

Having no shelter from the drenching rain, they wrapped their rubber blankets closely around them, and moodily seated themselves upon the stones and stumps that formed a circle in the immediate vicinity of the reserve station, (we being held in reserve at the time of which I speak,) and the moody silence of each told plainly of the secret and sacred communion that was being held with friends far away.

Feeling quite ill I deemed it imprudent to follow the example of the faithful fellows around me; I therefore paced up and down the line in front of them, thinking of the cheerful fire blazing upon that hearth around which, in other times,





I had mingled my voice and merry laugh with that of fondly loved ones, the recollections of whom came up so fresh in memory as to drown, at times, all thoughts of the pelting storm.

Anon, I halted and thoughtfully surveyed the surrounding group, wishing that it was within my power to transfer to canvas a scene so replete with thrilling interest to those with whom these hearts were then holding hallowed intercourse, and at the same time draw a faithful picture of some of those trials and hardships that our country's defenders are often called to face.

So wrapt was my mind in thoughts of the past, meditations upon the present and forebodings of the future, that I had not noticed a deviation from my beaten track until I was aroused from my reveries by the form of a soldier reclining at full length beneath a shelving rock.

Surprised to find him in that solitary spot, and in that attitude, with no companions, I resolved to ascertain the cause of his presence there under such circumstances. I spoke to him, but received no reply; I then gently removed the overcoat-cape from his face, when a picture greeted my eyes, the peculiar beauty of which I can never forget. The face, although bearing traces of the hardships and sufferings incident to a soldier's life, gave the assurance that the winds of twenty winters had not blown their chilling breath against it.

The features were regular and well formed; the forehead was prominent and despite exposure was so white as to reveal the blue veins that seemed to throb beneath their transparent covering; the eyes were closed, yet their heavily fringed lids seemed half in doubt as to their rightful position, as the smiles played around a mouth so delicate and handsome that I almost fancied myself in the presence of a maiden.

I paused only long enough to hastily engrave the outlines of this beautiful and soul-stirring scene upon the tablets of memory, then reluctantly awoke the soldier boy. Being startled from slumbers so serene and happy, his senses were unprepared to greet the presence of a rough and tempestuous storm, and for a few moments the youth was apparently uncertain which world he was an inhabitant of. I quietly surveyed the wondering, and uncertain, and bewildered attitude of the half-awakened sleeper, determined to afford him an opportunity of becoming assured as to his true position before confusing his mind with questions. Thus for several moments the silence between us was unbroken, save by the whistling wind and pattering rain drops.

Finally he aroused, and leaning upon his arm inquired with a voice musical and full of interest, "Where am I?" "Don't you know where you are?" I inquired. "Oh, sir," said he, "I have had such a beautiful dream—have visited *home*, and my mother's kiss seems even now fresh upon my brow;" and he touched his forehead, as if confident he could detect the clinging moisture of her breath. He added, "you awoke me just as I was again starting for the war and bidding her good-bye whom I love better than life."

He quickly thrust his hand into a secret pocket of his jacket and pulled forth a small package, which, from the care he exhibited in removing the velvet covering, assured me was of value to him at least. Soon my eyes rested upon a locket of rare and curious workmanship, which he gave into my hand with instructions how to open it.

I touched the spring indicated, when it opened, revealing the face of a female, whose beauty, as there pictured, has seldom, if ever, been eclipsed in my experience, and I know not how long my senses would have feasted upon the bewitching and inspiring influence of that angelic countenance, had he not broken the mystic spell that enthralled me by saying, "that, sir, is *my mother*."

In answer to several interrogatories I learned that he was the only child of a widowed mother, residing in my native State, and near the village where I was born. Her love of country and unswerving devotion to the flag beneath which the partner of her bosom found a shelter for himself and loved ones when hunted from his own sunny land, induced her to yield to the entreaties of her boy, who longed to join his youthful companions that were about starting for the scene of strife. His history, though simple, was full of interest, and at times, when speaking in glowing terms of his mother, he seemed fired with true eloquence. I inquired if he did not repent the course he had taken and wish that he was back again to the embrace of the mother he had left alone. "Repent, sir; no, sir, I never saw the moment in which I was sorry I came, and although Heaven knows I adore the saint I call mother, I do not wish to return until my purpose is accomplished, until the despoiler's hand no longer assails that dearly loved flag." Noticing his slender and fragile form, I inquired if he was often sick, and whether long and forced marches did not easily exhaust him. He answered, "I cannot deny, sir, but that my health is gradually becoming undermined; yet I have never been absent from my post in consequence of illness. Doubtless," he added, "my constitution must ere long give way beneath the

exposures and hardships of the field, but if I die in the service, I pray that I may not be the victim of disease, but that my bloody and lifeless form may tell to my mother and my country that I died where the fight was the hottest and danger the thickest."

Thus I gratefully learned something of the history of this youthful patriot—learned that he was ever cheerful under trying circumstances, because he fancied his mother ever present with words of comfort and cheer—in her he lived, almost unconscious of the outward world.

I also learned that he was on picket the night before, and feeling exhausted in the morning had availed himself of that partial retreat from the fury of the storm in order to rest, but falling asleep his companions had returned to camp ignorant of his whereabouts. Ascertaining that his haversack had been empty since the day before, I gave him breakfast from mine, for which he was very thankful and said, "my *mother* will pray for your safety, and I am sure *her* prayer will be answered."

I directed him towards his regiment, and as I retraced my steps, my mind rehearsed the scene just enacted, and my heart breathed forth a prayer for the watchful care of Him who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," to protect and shield this fair young soldier. He informed me that he was but eighteen years of age; yet so young, so fragile and tender, he was alike unmindful of summer's heat and winter's cold; feared no danger, for he existed in a sphere tempered and softened by a mother's love, and combined with this was a pure and lofty patriotism that would put to blush many a man of mature years.

What mother would not thank Heaven for such a boy, would not be proud of such a costly sacrifice to place upon the altar of that country which sheltered all that was dear to her in an hour when no other land offered an asylum to the well nigh crushed heart of a young and fondly loved husband!

F. D. S.

Rev. Henry Upson of Berlin, late Chaplain of the Thirtieth Connecticut Regiment, was installed on the 23d of September by the Litchfield South Association, as pastor of the First Church in New Preston.

First Lieutenant Watson Webb, U. S. A., has been relieved as Superintendent of Recruiting service of this State, and ordered to the field. Capt. W. G. Rankin, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., succeeds Lieut. Webb, and has already entered upon the duties of his station.

Dr. Wm. M. White of Fair Haven, Surgeon of Volunteers, has had the rank of Major conferred upon him by the Governor.





## LIST OF ALL THE BATTLES OF THE PRESENT WAR,

Up to January 1st, 1863, with the Official and estimated Union and Rebel losses.

Place.	Date.	FEDERAL LOSS.			REBEL LOSS.			Place.	Date.	FEDERAL LOSS.			REBEL LOSS.		
		Kill- ed.	Woun- ded.	Prison- ers.	Killed.	Woun- ded.	Prison- ers.			Kill- ed.	Woun- ded.	Prison- ers.	Killed.	Woun- ded.	Prison- ers.
<b>1861.</b>									<b>1862.</b>						
Ft. Sumter, Charleston, S. C.	April 12, 13.							Island No. Ten, Tenn., surren- dered.	April 7,				17	many	6,360
Baltimore, Md., (attack on Mas- sachusetts troops,	April 19,	9	5		11			Fort Pickens, Ga., taken,	April 11,	1				8	385
Phillips, Va.,	April 3,	2	5		16			South Mills, N. C.,	April 11,	9	60		60	many	
Great Bethel, Va.,	June 10,	16	34		15		10	Wilmington Island, S. C.,	April 16,	2	24		15	25	
Booneville, Mo.,	June 17,	2	19		15	20		Lee's Mills, Va., near Yorktown	April 17,	35	120		100		
Edwards' Ferry, Va.,	June 18,	1			40			Fort Magon, Beaufort, N. C.,	April 25,	1	11		7	15	400
Cole Camp, Mo.,	June 19,	15	20	30	40			taken,							
Liberty, Mo.,	June 19,						35	Capture of Forts Jackson and							
Patterson's Creek, Va.,	June 20,	2			25	200		Philip, and surrender of New	April 14-23,	36	123		405	600	400
Buckhannon, Va.,	July 1,	3	11		31	50	10	Orleans, La.,	April 29,	230	833		700	1,000	300
Falling Waters, Va.,	July 1,							Bridgeport, Ala.,	May 5,	6	25		many	many	150
Martinsburg, Va. (Gen. Pater- son),	July 2,	3	15		8			West Point, Va.,	May 7,	300			many	many	
Carthage, Mo.,	July 5,	13	43		300			McDowell and other points in	May 7, 8,		100		many	many	many
Rich Mountain, Va.,	July 11,	11	35		155		100	Western Virginia,	May 23-25,	32	122	622			
Beverly, Va., (Pegram's sur- render),	July 12,						600	Front Royal, Va., Gen. Banks' retreat,	May 27,	55	326		many	many	2,000
Carrollford, Va.,	July 13,	3	6		20	10	50	Hanover Court House, Va., cap- tured,	May 28, 29,	small			many	many	
Blackburn's Ford, Va.,	July 18,	19	35	26	15	53		Battles near Corinth, Miss.,	May 30,						156
Bull Run, Va.,	July 21,	481	1,611	1,400	269	1,438		Memphis, Miss., captured,	June 3,						3,897
Dry Spring, Mo.,	Aug. 2,	8	30		40	44		Fort Mifflin, Va.,	June 8,	590	3,627	1,222	2,800		
Fort Fillmore, Texas, surrend- er,	Aug. 2,				50			Fair Oaks, or Seven Pines, Va.,	June 9,	125	500		500		
Athens, Mo.,	Aug. 5,	223	721	221	421	1,300		Cross Keys, Va.,	June 9,	67	361	574			
Wilson's Creek, Mo.,	Aug. 10,				21			Port Republic, Va.,	June 13,			100			
Grafton, Va.,	Aug. 13,	1	6		40			Stuart's Raid toward White	June 16,	200	428	40	40	100	
Charlestown, Mo.,	Aug. 20,	3			50			House, Va.,							
Hawk's Nest, Va.,	Sept. 25,	15	40		Loss heavy			James Island, S. C.,							
Summersville, Va.,	Aug. 26,							Battles in the Peninsula cam- paign, in the seven days of change of base of the army of the Peninsula,	July 27-J'y 2,	1,565	7,171	5,958	over 20,	000	killed & woun'd
Forts Hatteras and Clark, cap- tured, N. C.,	Sept. 1,		6		30	many	40	Booneville, Ky.,	July 1,	41			65		
Boone, C. H. Va.,	Sept. 10,	15	30		many			White Oak Swamp, Va.,	July 4,						1,000
Carnifex Ferry, Va.,	Sept. 11,	6	4		28	14		Fort Mifflin, Va.,	July 7,	8	32		100		a number
Eik Water, Va.,	Sept. 12,	9	12	60	80			Murfreesboro, Tenn., captured,	July 13,	23	62		50	100	
Cheat Mountain Summit, Va.,	Sept. 12,	1	4		12		20	{ about					140		150
Booneville, Mo.,	Sept. 15,	2			7	several		Evansville, Ark.,	July 15,						
Darnestown, Md.,	Sept. 17,	12	35	6	10	60		Newark, Knox Co., Mo.,	Aug. 1,	4	4		73	many	
Mariatown, Mo.,	Sept. 17,	42	108	1,624	25	75		Malvern Hill, Va.,	Aug. 5,				400	650	155
Blue Mills Landing, Mo.,	Sept. 20,	17	many		40	75	100	Dartmouth, Va.,	Aug. 5,	70	215		150		many
Lexington, Mo.,	Sept. 21,	3	10		35			Fort Donelson, Tenn.,	Aug. 7-9,	450	600	290	1,000	1,500	
Papinsville, Mo.,	Sept. 24,	4	8		30		47	Colar Mountain, Va.,	Aug. 9,	3	15	57	100	150	
Romey, Va.,	Sept. 25,				15	20		Tazewell, Tenn.,	{ about				many	many	1,750
Chapmansville, Va.,	{ about							Fort Fillmore, New Mexico,	Aug. 10,						
Wilson's Mill, Mo.,	{ Sept. 27,							Independence, Mo., captured,	Aug. 11,	20			200	130	a number
Falls Church, Va., (collision of two bodies of U. S. troops),	Sept. 29,	9	25		100	75	13	Compton's Ferry and Glasgow,	Aug. 11-14,						700
Greenbrier, Va.,	Oct. 3,	8	32		50			Chardon, Ark.,	Aug. 15,	200					
Buffalo Hill, Ky.,	Oct. 4,	20			11	20		Lone Jack, Jackson Co., Mo.,	Aug. 15,						
Alamosa, New Mexico,	Oct. 4,	5	2		11	20		Clarksville, Tenn.,	Aug. 19,		150				
Hillsboro, Ky.,	Oct. 8,	14	29	24	66	8	36	Bowling Green, Ky.,	Aug. 21,		7	00	20	10	
Wilson's Zouaves,	Oct. 9,	1	1		65	40	87	Gallatin, Tenn.,	Aug. 22,		300		30		
Wet Glaze, Mo.,	Oct. 13,	1	6	6	15	13		Cape Girardeau, Mo.,	Aug. 24,				30		
Linn Creek,	Oct. 14,				11			Fort Donelson, Tenn.,	Aug. 24,				30		
Fredericktown, Mo.,	Oct. 16,	1	6		39	200		Kettle Run, Va.,	Aug. 25,						
Big Hurricane Creek, Mo.,	Oct. 19,	2	14		39	200		Near Centerville, Va.,	Aug. 25,						
Wild Cat, Ky.,	Oct. 21,	4	26		36	264	2	Gainesville, Va.,	Aug. 29,	1,000	6,000	2,000	heavy	heavy	
Ball's Bluff,	Oct. 22,	223	256	435	36	264	8	Near Centerville, Va.,	Aug. 30,						
Fredericktown, Mo.,	Oct. 22,	6	60		248	38		Clantilly, Va.,	Sept. 1,						
West Liberty, Mo.,	Oct. 23,		1		17	5		Bellevue, Tenn.,	Aug. 30,	5	25	80	100	450	
Springfield, Mo.,	Oct. 26,	25	42	18	100		27	Near Richmond, Ky.,	Aug. 30,	400	1,100	3,000	many	many	23
Kennett, Va.,	Oct. 26,	1	13		20		41	Whedon, Tenn.,	Sept. 2,				110	250	
Saratoga, Ky.,	Oct. 28,	1	4		13	17	44	Plymouth, N. C.,	Sept. 2,				30		41
Woodbury, Ky.,	Oct. 29,	1			11	15	40	Washington, N. C.,	Sept. 6,	7	47		30		36
Belmont, Mo.,	Nov. 7,	90	173	235	261	427	278	Augusta, Ky.,	Sept. 12,	9	15	90	90	many	
Pike-ton, Ky.,	Nov. 8,	5	26		11	15	40	South Mountain, Md.,	Sept. 14,	8	27		450	150	a number
Pike-ton, Ky., second attack,	Nov. 11,		28		killed & woun'd	52		Harper's Ferry, Va., surrend- er'd	Sept. 15,	445	1,500	500	2,343	1,500	
Gayandotte, Va.,	Nov. 10,	7	29	45	7	15	12	Andetun, Md.,	Sept. 17,	2,010	9,616	1,043	3,500	16,400	3,500
Bombardment of Pensacola,	Nov. 22, 23,	1	6		15	several	many	Mumfordsville, Ky., surrend- er'd	Sept. 17,			4,100			
Lancaster, Mo.,	Nov. 24,	1	2		16	20	10	Iuka, Miss.,	Sept. 19,	144	595	40	885	692	361
Vienna, Va.,	Nov. 26,	20	107	10	128		31	Shepardstown, Md.,	Sept. 20,	200	300	300	many	many	
Salem, Mo.,	Dec. 3,	10	22	8	30		50	Stanton, Mo.,	Sept. 29,	50	80	120	920	820	
Camp Allegheny, Va.,	Dec. 17,	2	1		several		1,300	Corinth, Miss.,	Oct. 3, 4,	315	1,200		1,425	5,000	
Mumfordsville, Ky.,	Dec. 17,				14	many		The Battle, Miss.,	Oct. 3,				30	50	500
Swansea Mount & Milford, Mo.,	Dec. 18,	7	61	3	70	140	44	Laverne, Tenn.,	Oct. 7,				30	50	800
Point of Rocks, Md. and Va.,	Dec. 19,				17		17	Perryville, Ky.,	Oct. 8,	820	2,585	650	1,800	3,000	200
Dranesville, Va.,	Dec. 20,	3	63	4	25	150	60	Lettsville, Va.,	Oct. 21,	1	4		10	20	32
Hudson, Mo.,	Dec. 21,	2	9	20	2	10		Ballinger Mills, Mo.,	{ about				20	many	200
Mount Zion, Mo.,	Dec. 28,							Waverly, Tenn.,	{ Oct. 22,	2	2		24	many	25
Sacramento, Ky.,	Dec. 28,							Crossbush Hill & Pocataligo, S. C.,	Oct. 22,	43	258		several		45
	1862.							Clarksville, Mo.,	Oct. 26,				10	2	
Port Royal Ferry, S. C.,	Jan. 1,							Putnam's Ferry, Mo.,	Oct. 27,				several		40
Hunterville, Va.,	Jan. 4,							Pocotaligo, Ark.,	Oct. 29,	1	4		20	many	several
Paintsville, Ky.,	Jan. 7,							Sucker's Gap, Va.,	Nov. 3,	5	16		many	many	
Middle Creek, Ky.,	Jan. 10,							Seabury, Va.,	Nov. 5,	5	16		36		
Blue Gap, Va.,	Jan. 8,							Near Nashville, Tenn.,	Nov. 5,						23
Mill Spring, Ky.,	Jan. 19, 20,	39	127		115	116	150	Gaines' Cross Roads, Va.,	Nov. 8,				60		
Fort Henry, Tenn. taken,	Feb. 6,	39	25		5	10	70	Cane Hill, Ark.,	Nov. 28,				60		
Roanoke Island, Elizabeth City, and Edenton, N. C., captured,	Feb. 7, 8,	50	232		20	100	2,227	Berryville, Va.,	Nov. 29,	15			50		
Fort Donelson, Tenn. captured,	Feb. 13-16,	400	600	250	241	1,067	13,229	Corbinville, Miss.,	Dec. 5,	5	50	60	60	240	
Valverde, New Mexico,	Feb. 21,	75	144		100	280		Pringle Grave, Ark.,	Dec. 7,	200	500		800	1,200	
Pea Ridge, Ark.,	March 6-8,	212	926	173	1,100	2,500	1,600	Fort Richardson, Va.,	Dec. 12,	1,125	9,165		1,200	2,400	
Paris, Tenn.,	March 12,	5			100	many		King-ton, N. C.,	Dec. 14,	40	150		50	200	900
New Madrid, Mo., evacuated,	March 13, 14,	31			100	200	200	Lexington, Ky.,	Dec. 18,	7	10	124	7	28	
Newbern, N. C., captured,	March 14,	94	460		100	200	200	Holly Springs, Miss.,	Dec. 19,	40	100	1,700			
Salem, Ark.,	{ about				100			Davies Mills, Miss.,	Dec. 20,				20	30	
Winchester, Va.,	March 14, 15,	106	441	24	350	1,600	200	Van Buren, Ark.,	Dec. 27,						100
Apache Pass, New Mexico,	March 28,	25	150		150	200	33								
Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, Ten.	April 6, 7,	1,614	7,721	3,983	4,008	5,000	many								





## THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

SEPTEMBER, 1863.

\*. All communications should be addressed to "THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD."

## To Officers and Soldiers.

While we shall rely on our regular correspondents to keep us thoroughly informed with reference to their respective regiments, and shall have a constant supply of graphic and interesting letters from their pens, we shall at the same time be glad to hear from all Connecticut soldiers or officers, who may have anything of interest to communicate. We wish them to make the Record their organ. They need not wait for important movements or engagements to find matter which will interest the public. Camp jokes and sports, stories of contrabands, humorous or pathetic—anything and everything which tends to illustrate life in the army, and the peculiar phases of the present war, will be acceptable. With the help of the soldiers, the Record can be made what it was designed to be, a complete mirror of army life.

## To Subscribers in the Army.

We are receiving handsome lists of subscribers from our regiments in the field, and are informed that much larger ones are in course of preparation. Many soldiers will prefer to have their copies sent home for preservation. They have only to send us the address to which they will have their papers mailed, and their wishes in this respect will be attended to. We believe that we shall be able to make a volume worth a dollar to every soldier—a volume that he would be glad to pay twice that sum for, hereafter, as a record of the part that Connecticut took in the war. We therefore urge every soldier to subscribe.

## To Subscribers at Home.

Our list is now probably double what any Connecticut journal ever obtained in the same time, but we desire to double it again within the next three months. Even then we expect to spend for the present year the sum total of our receipts in giving interest to its pages.

We therefore have no hesitation in earnestly soliciting subscriptions and in calling on all persons, whether in the army or at home, who appreciate the objects of this journal, to aid us in our undertaking. Our people may well feel some degree of pride in the fact that our State is the only one in the Union that has such an army journal of its own. Proper cooperation on their part will make it not only a handsome success, as the public seem now to regard it, but a brilliant one, and a lasting honor to our State. It will be such just in proportion to the efforts of our friends to make it so. We shall do our part. If each subscriber on our list will do his part, and send us the names of one or two more subscribers, the work will be done. We present no pecuniary or horticultural adornment, either in the shape of club-price or strawberry plant. The price of the journal is already too low in proportion to its cost. But we appeal to State feeling and State pride to sustain,

if it is only in honor of our soldiers, a journal expressly devoted to recording their achievements.

## Old Letters.

Extracts from soldiers' letters, whether new or old, received by friends at home, will be welcomed by us. These letters are an inexhaustible storehouse of anecdote and heroic incident, illustrating the lofty purpose and heroic endurance of our soldiers. Such incidents ought, in honor to the soldier and in justice to the State, to be put on record. They are the jewels of the commonwealth. But they will be inevitably and forever lost unless their possessors, now while interest in them is fresh, will take pains to cull their correspondence for such material, and offer it for publication. Let us have then, from all quarters, extracts from soldiers' letters, new or old.

## Returned Soldiers.

Our returned soldiers have, every one of them, in their possession, incidents of the camp, hospital, or battle-field, which would be of interest to the public. Let us hear from our returned soldiers.

The Postage on the CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD, to subscribers, is one cent a month, payable quarterly, in advance. Subscribers will please bear this in mind, for instances have come to our knowledge where Post Masters have demanded four cents as the postage on a single copy.

Owing to illegibility of hand-writing and other causes, there may be cases where subscribers do not receive their journals. Immediate information should in such instances be sent to this office, with the subscriber's name and proper Post Office direction legibly written.

We print in this number a table taken from the National Almanac of all the battles and skirmishes from the rebel attack on Fort Sumter, to January 1st, 1863, with the losses, so far as ascertained, or estimated, on both sides. While we do not recommend much reliance to be placed upon the losses, as stated in the table, many of which are undoubtedly under estimate, as is, in all probability the case, for instance, in the battles in the seven days change of base, still it is well worthy of preservation, for reference, on account of its giving the date and chronological order of each conflict.

We have been much gratified at the favor with which the first number of the War Record has been received by the public generally. Subscriptions come in rapidly every day, yet we hope that the friends of the enterprise will everywhere, both in the State and out of it, exert themselves to procure subscribers, for the larger the list the more valuable shall we be able to make the Record, and the nearer approach the realization of our own ideas, and the wishes of our friends, in the quantity and quality of our matter.

Corrections.—The name of one of the signers to the Address to the Volunteers from Derby, was misprinted in our August number. It should have been A. Beardsley instead of A. Bradley.

On page 21 of the August number, two-thirds down the first column, the State Flag of the 24th C. V. is spoken of as a gift of the ladies of Meriden. We are informed that the gift should be credited to the ladies of Middletown.

"Will you take Confederate money for your wood?" said a Mississippi boat captain to a man on shore. "Yes," was the laconic reply. The boat landed, made fast, and a stage was thrown out, when it occurred to the captain to inquire what rate he was to pay. "What do you ask for wood now?" "What kind of money did you say you had?" "Confederate." "Well, then, I want cord for cord."

## Official Report of the Twelfth Connecticut.

HEADQUARTERS, 12TH REGT. CONN. VOLS.,  
IN THE FIELD NEAR DONALDSVILLE,  
July 10th, 1863.

Brig. Gen. Horace J. Morse, Adj. Gen.—SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of this Regiment since the 25th day of May, 1863, on which day we arrived in rear of the belt of woods nearly a mile in depth, which encircle the fortifications of Port Hudson.

At 5 o'clock, on the morning of the 27th, our Brigade advanced in line through the woods, driving in the enemy's skirmishers and reaching the clearing in front shortly after six. We were received as we emerged with volleys from artillery and infantry. I received orders from Gen. Dwight, temporarily in command of our Brigade, to advance to the front and left, and silence the artillery which was firing grape and canister into our lines. We moved by the flank under a heavy fire, past four pieces, and took up a suitable position. Three Companies were sent forward as skirmishers, and soon came upon the skirmishers of the enemy, whom they drove before them. A detachment was sent from inside the works, which attempted to turn our flank, our left being entirely unsupported. I sent one Company, which succeeded by sharp fighting in repelling the attack. The entire Regiment was finally engaged, and by noon had succeeded in driving the enemy inside the parapet, and in a short time afterward had silenced four pieces of artillery, two of which being field pieces, the other two were mounted *en barbette*. The two wings of the Regiment relieved each other in guarding till late in the day. Our line did not halt until it reached the parapet, and at one time the extreme right had succeeded in sealing the work, but for want of proper support of other corps, were compelled to rest satisfied with holding the position. The day closed with an armistice, when we were relieved by another Regiment and rejoined our Brigade upon the right of the centre.

From this time until June 10th, the Regiment was on duty day and night by reliefs as sharpshooters behind hastily constructed works of logs and earth, and within about one hundred and fifty yards of the enemy's breastworks. On the night of June 10th, four Companies were ordered to be thrown forward as skirmishers, to form part of a continuous line around the works with a design of compelling the enemy to disclose the position of his artillery. Orders were also given by the Brigade Commander, to scale and occupy the works, if possible. Companies A, B, F and K were sent out and advanced, at the signal arranged through a deep intervening ravine, obstructed by fallen trees and underbrush. They received a volley from the enemy as they came up, but pressed on to the base of the parapet. The Regiment on our right and left failed to support us, thus giving the enemy an opportunity to concentrate their troops against us with terrible effect.





Company G was afterwards ordered forward to cover the withdrawal of our men. Skirmishing was continued until daylight, when they were recalled, bringing in most of the killed and wounded. The casualties of this night were greater in proportion to the number engaged, than in any other single engagement during the entire siege. The gallantry of officers and men engaged, cannot be too highly praised. They receive conspicuous mention from our Division Commander.

On the 10th of June a general attack was made upon the entire front of the fortifications. For the sake of secrecy the position selected for the assault had not been announced. At 1 o'clock, A. M., we received orders to move. A guide was sent from headquarters to conduct us to our position in the line. He was joined afterward by a staff officer, through whose unfortunate ignorance we were led three times the necessary distance through the woods, and at one time were rendered most anxious. He was shortly joined by a third, and, with their combined aid, reached the point selected before daylight. We advanced immediately to the front through a covered way, passing the 91st N. Y., with hand-grenades, and the 24th Connecticut with sacks of cotton, and were deployed as skirmishers to the left, the 13th N. Y. being deployed upon our right. The line was advanced cautiously, the men availing themselves of the irregularities of the ground for cover, until our right rested upon the line of the brow of a ridge not more than fifty yards from "Priest Gap." At other points the line advanced even nearer. A sharp fire was kept up on both sides until noon, when the original plan of operation was abandoned.

The Regiment was withdrawn after dark in perfect order, and returned to its former position. Lieut. Theodore Clark, of Company F, deserves mention for conspicuous courage during this engagement. The Regiment, from this time until the final surrender, was engaged as before.

On the night of the 8th of July, for the first time since we advanced to the front, we were permitted to sleep without the accompaniment of artillery and musketry. On the 9th, with martial music and flying colors, we marched into Fort Hudson. That evening we took transports and arrived at this place on the 10th.

I am your obt serv't, FRANK H. PECK,  
Lieut. Col. Commanding.

*List of Casualties in the 12th Regiment, during the Siege of Fort Hudson.*

Lieut. Col. Frank H. Peck, hand fractured by a shell, Major Geo. N. Lewis, shot through the body, May 27; Lieut. W. R. Brownell, contusion of shoulder by bullet, May 28; Capt. John Brennan, Co. H, left arm fractured, May 27; Capt. Samuel Graines, Co. C, wounded in leg, June 10; Sidney E. Clark, Co. E, wounded in thigh, June 10; Capt. John V. Roche, Co. K, wounded in foot, June 10; Lieut. H. J. Fletcher, Co. D, wounded in foot, May 28; Lieut. Geo. W. Stebbins, Co. G, shot through neck, May 27.

Co. A—Serg. Henry J. Ruggles, May 27, wounded in the foot; private A. C. Smith, foot; Robert Cook, June 10, side; Morris Hallion, June 10, leg; Geo. Holmes, shoulder; J. W. Simmons, arm.

Co. B—Serg. Edward Conley, May 27, killed; Corp. John Whiten, June 10, shoulder; William Smith, May 17, hand; Eugene Sinclair, May 27, killed; J. H. Lane, May 28, shoulder; James B.

Anderson, May 28, hand; Thomas Tracey, May 29, killed; H. T. Bradley, June 10, shoulder; W. H. Cate, arm; Ed. Clark, knee; Smith Downs, arm; J. Davison, leg; George Green, leg; R. Goodsell, arm; J. Kinneen, hand; F. A. Metcalf, hand; G. H. Nash, leg; R. P. Potter, shot through the body; John Brown, through the body.

Co. C—F. H. Lucas, May 29, thigh; Wm. B. Candee, June 10, killed; C. Reynolds, June 14, shoulder.

Co. D—B. I. Fetherston, May 27, arm; June 10, B. F. Blodgett, leg; Wm. Hull, foot; H. Weber, shoulder; F. B. Getchel, June 14, head; S. A. Gilbert, killed; G. W. Candless, killed.

Co. E—Geo. H. Young, May 28, killed; P. Freeman, May 27, foot; P. Loitus, June 10, thigh; J. Grady, June 18, thigh; Eli Northrop, head.

Co. F—Serg. D. R. Seranton, June 14, shoulder; Corp. G. B. Dodge, May 27, head; J. V. Everts, May 28, thigh, since dead; Wm. Bradley, June 30, breast; A. Kinney, June 14, arm.

Co. G—Serg. J. Farrell, May 28, foot; Corp. Albert J. Comins, foot; Corp. C. H. Green, June 11, neck; H. F. Williams, June 14, breast; L. W. Strong, May 29, since dead; A. Baker, July 5, since dead; A. Adams, July 3, finger shot off; C. S. Arnold, June 14, neck; J. K. Bitgood, May 28, arm; Walter Handall, June 14, hand; S. A. Smith, leg; Wm. Plant, finger; Wm. E. Sweet, June 1, killed; S. E. Whitney, wounded, head.

Co. H—Henry Hayden, June 8, killed; Wm. Freeman, June 14, wounded in hand; W. C. Wheeler, head; J. Mahony, head; P. Conway, right arm shot off; E. Converse, May 30, wounded in hand, head, and arm; C. L. Griffin, June 11, arm; John Holland, leg; Hugh Monroe, May 27, shoulder; William Nelson, neck.

Co. I—Serg. Wm. H. Stalee, June 14, head; 2d Serg. Chas. L. Collins, side, since died; P. J. Hitchcock, June 15, head; Solon R. Atkins, May 27, lungs, since died; G. W. Ferris, leg; Wm. H. Lane, head; Wm. J. Newell, lungs, since died; H. G. Megin, June 5, thumb; F. Carpenter, hand; Henry Sult, June 14, arm; W. A. Hough, July 5, knee; Thomas Roland, hand.

Co. K—2d Serg. A. W. Avery, arm; Corp. Wm. Harvey, May 27, leg and finger; Henry Floyd, May 29, killed; E. Cubberly, June 14, killed; C. Burgoyne, finger; G. Ball, June 10, head; L. H. Lord, shoulder; C. H. Loomis, thigh; A. M. Perkins, groin; O. E. Chapman, June 14, head; P. Burns, June 30, face, T. Sweeney, July 8, back.

Killed and died from wounds, 16; wounded, 92—total loss, 108.

G. A. HARMOUNT, Adjutant.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS STATE OF CONNECTICUT,  
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,  
Hartford, September 7th, 1863.

*Editors Connecticut War Record:*

Herewith I transmit the list of casualties in Connecticut Regiments, compiled from Official Reports received at this office from Aug. 1st to date.

HONACK J. MORSE, *Adj't Gen'l.*

SIXTH REGIMENT.

Engagement at Morris Island, S. C., July 18, 1863.  
KILLED.—Co. B, Private Edmund Rodgers. Co. C, Sergeant Gustave DeBouge, (Color bearer.) Corporal William Glissman. Private Valentine Uland; Balthazar Gander; Charles Meisser; Augustus Hesse. Co. D, Private Wm. A. Morehouse. Co. I, 2d Lieutenant Steven S. Stevens.

WOUNDED.—Col. J. L. Chatfield, leg and hip, severely. Co. A, Sergeant Geo. Bellows, neck, severely. Corporals Hiram L. Grant, leg, severely; Darius H. Crandall, knee, spent shot; Almond H. Bosworth, leg, severely; William H. Perry, head and leg, severely. Privates Frank E. Morse, arm; Byron W. Gould, face. Co. B, Corporal Ira D. Jones, knee. Co. B, Privates Phineas L. Squires, right shoulder, severely; Franklin J. Atwater, left hand, severely; Wm. Sullivan, both legs, severely; Wm. Ersham, shoulder and hip, severely; James McBrien, face and shoulder, severely; Patrick McNamara, face, slightly. Co. C, Corporals Michael Stark, leg, slightly; John Danikar, hand and leg, slightly. Privates Anthony Blair, leg, slightly; Jacob Earst, leg, slightly; Gustave Fritche, shoulder; Martin Haller; Geo. Yetel, head, slightly; Emil Knoblauch, head, slightly; Charles Lamberby, leg, severely; Martin Harper, leg, slightly; John Harger, legs, (both) severely; Herman Steirele, reported severely; Felix Wicprecht, legs, (both) severely; Matthias Wieser, arm, severely. Co. D, 2d Lieutenant Martin Stottlar, legs, (both) severely. Corporals Wm. Lowd, leg, severely; James McGee, neck and back, severely. Privates Egbert Lockwood, knee, slightly; John Grady, hand, severely; Edward M. Seely, neck, slightly. Co. E, Captain Edward S. Hudson, foot, severely. Sergeant Wm. Beekley, (Color bearer,) hand, slightly. Co. E, Abbott Peck, arm, severely. Privates Wm. Dougal, arm, severely; Albert M. Scott, abdomen, slightly; Hugh Laughlin, head, slightly; Thos. Cary, head, slightly. Co. F, 1st Sergeant Woodbury H. Stalee, shoulder flesh wound, slightly. Sergeant H. W. Davis, foot, severely. Corporal Joel C. Osborn. Privates Edward Pierpont, hand and arm; Philip Summerville, head, slightly; Andrew Caldwell, slightly. Co. G, 2d Lieutenant Walter Fitch, breast, mortally. Corporal James Cummings, foot and face, slightly; William Horsefall, arm. Privates Lewis R. Cook, shoulder, slightly; Julius Frank; Martin B. Eddy, foot, slightly; Michael Robinson, head, slightly; Marshall Dowd, breast, slightly; Matthew McMahon, slightly. Co. H, Sergeant Edward Oatman, leg; Privates Francis Bently; Gustave Schmidt, leg, severely; Frederick Spear, head, slightly; Matthias Hess, leg, severely; Julius Attman; William Schultze, mortally; John Felber, hand, severely. Co. H, Privates Oscar Gebrer, shoulder, flesh wounds; David Richard, foot, slightly; Roelus Hartung, head, slightly; Ortnar Feiffer, back, slightly. Co. I, 1st Sergeant Charles H. Grogan, arm and side, severely. Corporal Granville Platt, shoulder, severely. Privates George W. Huskings, abdomen, severely; Edward B. Taylor, neck, severely; Isaac S. Taylor, legs, (both) severely; David W. Hodge, groin, slightly. Co. K, Sergeant Monroe S. Gillett, leg and hand, severely. Corp. William L. Williams, abdomen.

MISSING.—Sergeant-Major John King. Co. A, 2d Lieutenant Marshall Tourtellotte. Derbert Hear. Privates A. Collins, James Dunn, Charles S. Hill, Hugh McChine, Jr., David C. Palmer, Maxim Sherbeene. Co. B, Privates Thomas Irwin, Moses P. Holt. Co. C, Corporal Andrew Winter, Charles Kingstein. Musician Louis Daffett. Co. C, Privates Otto Frenzel, Ferdinand Elmer, Edward Hohnbaum, William Luscher, Augustus Schotack, William Still, Frank White. Co. D, Private John A. Miles. Co. E, Private George H. Smith. Co. F, Corporals Joel C. Osborn, Benja-





min Terrill, J. F. Driscoll. Privates Geo. E. Bodge, William Miller. Co. G, Merritt A. Loomis, Wm. Gussman, Charles Griffin. Co. H, 2d Lieut. Randolph Kest. Sergeant Andrew Wink. Corporals Jacob Schroll, Frederic Ruden. Privates George Katterer, Edward Sapp, Frederic Mayer, Wm. Rebstock, George Ketyl. Co. I, 1st Lieutenant Daniel J. West. Corporal Joseph C. Bondra. Privates Woolsey Abbott, Patrick Deasy, Michael Flynn, Alonzo Phillips, Robert C. Peck, Albert M. Stacey, George W. Warner. Co. K, Corporals Ambrose Cockroft, Joseph A. Wooster. Privates Artemas Tonsley, Wm. Reid.

Killed, 9. Wounded, 77. Missing, 53.

#### SEVENTH REGIMENT.

Attack on Fort Wagner, July 10th, 1863.

WOUNDED.—Co. A, Private A. N. Keeney, hand. Co. B, Private C. H. Hickox, hand. Co. I, Sergeant Decker, scalp, slightly. Private Horace Bill, hand. Co. K, Corporal O. M. Mason, head, seriously; Privates M. L. Emblott, arm; I. Lovett, thigh, slightly.

Attack on Fort Wegner, July 11th, 1863.

WOUNDED.—Co. A, Corporal George E. Castle, leg, severely; Privates Luther Archer, side and leg, severely; Edward C. Blakeslee, face and shoulder, severely; Salmon C. Clark, leg. Co. B, Corporal Chauncey A. Bacon, arm; Privates Frederick Griswold, arm, slightly; James Meehan, hand. Co. I, Corporal John S. Cochran, leg; Private Philo Bailey, shoulder. Co. K, Corporal Joseph Goodell, wrist, seriously; Privates Andrew Howlett, head, slightly; Daniel Bridgewater, hip, slightly; Henry S. Brandt, chin and leg, slightly; Wm. H. Chase, hip, severely; Abro B. Daily, back, slightly; Thomas O. Elliott, ankle, severely; Theodore Mason, shoulder, severely.

MISSING.—Co. A, Capt. V. B. Chamberlain; 1st Sergeant Chester H. Riley; Sergeant Benjamin A. Hill; Corporals Joseph Russell, Thaddeus K. Butler, Seth E. Barnes; Privates James H. Arthur, Solomon H. Adams, Everett Bailey, Marshal Belden, Joseph Bowen, John H. Carter, Francis G. Churchill, William H. Clark, Walter D. Cook, John W. Crabtree, Wm. De Witt, Horace Gray, Eugene W. Griswold, Edwin L. Hartley, George F. Lewis, Albert W. Pierce, Diodeate B. Russell, Frederick Landuzen, Henry N. Sperry, George A. Starks, Lewis Terry, Horace A. Tolles, George N. Trowbridge, Frederic C. Upson, Edward A. Ward, Henry M. Walker, James S. Willard. Co. B, Captain Theodore Burdick; 2d Lieut. John H. Wilson; Privates Richard Bidwell, Egbert Dart, Erwin L. Hall, Sibury Hills, John Manion, Samuel Quintall, Wm. P. Rogers, Horace M. Smith, Theodore D. Welton, Randall R. West, Henry Watrous. Co. I, 2d Lieut. Elma C. Jordan; Corporals Thomas Tappan, Giles James; Privates Chas. R. Brown, Stephen Cogswell, Phineas Down, Samuel Jackson, Frederic Kockler, Chas. B. Louis, Bernard M. Bride, James Moon, Wm. H. Reeves; Oscar L. Smith, Wm. H. Smith, Frank Schultz, Geo. W. Landuzen, Sherman Valentine. Co. K, Captain Jerome Sourtelotte; 1st Lieut. Wm. E. Phillips; Sergeants Israel P. Sumner, Charles Fegg, Augustine E. Bassett; Corporal Henry C. Glines; Privates Jonathan Aldrich, Wm. P. Bates, Hiram L. Bassett, Ezra Chamberlain, Merrill Gleason, John I. Harrington, Geo. F. Holbrook, Giles W. Lamb, Albert Pearce, Monroe Warner, Rufus W. Weeks.

RECAPITULATION.—Total wounded, 17; Total missing, 80.

#### THIRTEENTH REGIMENT.

Before Fort Hudson, June 14th, 1863.

KILLED.—Co. C, Thomas Burns. Co. D, Corporal Edward McManus. Co. F, 1st Lieut. Jos. Strickland; Private Patrick Corey.

WOUNDED.—Co. A, Chas. Merwin, drummer. Co. B, Private John P. Weed. Co. C, Fred. Walden, (since dead.) James H. Dugal. Co. D, Russell E. Hopkins, Peter Hines, Dean Bishop, James Golden, Joseph Astenhoffer. Co. E, Auguste Wilson. Co. F, Wm. Gardner, 2d Lieut. Co. G, George Donell. Co. H, Edgar Nettleton. Co. I, Capt. Wm. M. Grosvenor. Co. J, Corporal Fred. Shelley. Co. K, Bennett Scovill, Richard Hornby, John P. Cranem.

RECAPITULATION.—Killed, 4; Wounded, 18; Missing, none.

#### SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT.

Battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 1st, 2d, 3d, 1863.

KILLED.—Lieut. Col. Fowler; Capt. James E. Moore. Co. B, Corporal Henry Burns; Private Michael Fox. Co. C, Sergeants Wm. O. Dauchy, A. E. Bronson, Bethel L. Barnum; Privates Theodore Blackman, Richard D. Taylor, T. J. Benson, Joseph Whitlock, Rufus Warner, Daniel Purdy. Co. D, Corporal Alva E. Wilcox, Private Stephen C. Crofut. Co. F, Private John W. Metcalf. Co. G, Sergeant Edwin D. Pickett; Privates John A. Black, Cassius M. Crabbe. Co. I, Private Wm. S. Gregory.

WOUNDED.—Major Allen G. Brady, slightly; Co. A, Corporal Wm. Westlake; Privates Patrick Buckley, Samuel C. DeForest, Abijah Hagar, Seth A. Northrop, Alfred Swords. Co. B, Corporals Selah R. Hobbie, John L. Dayton; Privates John Collins, Wm. H. Jackson, Wm. H. Northrop, Moranda H. Whitney, Mortimer Searles. Co. C, 2d Lieut. Henry Quien; Corporal John Benedict; Privates Geo. W. Barbour, John W. Bouton, Thaddeus Edward, Francis Perry, John McHugh, Wm. H. Smith, Nephi Whitlock. Co. D, Capt. Wm. L. Hubbell, Sergeants Henry W. Keeler, John H. Foley; Corporal Frederick H. Carpenter; Privates J. Henry Blakeman, Geo. R. Hayes, Wm. S. Dewhurst, Alonzo Scranton, Barney Marshal, Samuel F. Whittlesey, Charles S. Wells, Sylvester Rounds, Geo. W. Hannaford, Thomas H. Marsh. Co. E, Sergeants Henry McDonough, James Gordon; Corporal George Hale; Privates James Flynn, James Monteith, Geo. Gurney. Co. F, Capt. Henry Allen; Corporal Darius B. Rockwell; Privates John L. Hayes, Welber B. Morgan, Patrick Purden, Robert N. Perry, Sylvester Bretts. Co. G, Captain Wilson French; Corporal Aaron W. Lee; Privates Aaron Peck, Abner Bennett, Jacob Austin, John H. Harrington, Frederick Lyndhine, Henry DeForest. Co. H, Sergeant Samuel Comstock; Privates Levi Dixon, Francis Wineburg, Seth Rennington, Justus M. Silberman, Benj. Sillick, Warren J. Burtes, Francis McNally, Ebenezer J. Pattenden, Henry Thompson. Co. I, Sergeants Dennis Eagan, J. Henry Held, Jr.; Privates James Birdsell, Michael Clark, Philip Doharty, David Light. Co. K, Sergeant S. Thorp; Corporal Frederick McKay; Privates J. Dennis, I. Serrey, C. McElroy, W. Grace, I. Tyrell, W. Wallace.

MISSING.—Co. A, Corporal George M. Buttery; Privates Timothy Donovan, Henry E. Humphreys, Calvin Noble, George P. Sanders, Richard J. Seymour, Samuel T. Smith. Co. B, Corporal A. O.

Seeley; Privates George B. Christian, John L. June, Joseph H. Lockwood, W. Gillespie. Co. C, Smith Delevan, Moses Wheeler, George Dickens. Sergeant William L. Daniels. Privates Charles Brotherton, Orion L. Bronson, James M. Bailey, Lewis Bradley, James Brannan, Theodore Morris, George Sears, Wm. H. Warner. Co. D, Sergeant Cyrus T. Batchelor; Corporal Gilbert Worden; Privates George H. Gregory, Franklin T. Burton, Luther W. Lewis, John H. Lewis, William H. Selipp, William R. Smith, Edward Nichols, Patrick Norton, William Wirts, John R. Booth, William F. Bradley. Co. E, Corporals Rosee Perry, James A. Perry; Privates Matthew Colgan, John Welch, Dennis Hayes, Dennis O. Chase, Theodore Allen, Francis Nash, Francis C. Foote, Henry B. Bigelow, Alpheus Northrop, Nelson Smith, Lawrence Shaugness, John Connelly, Oliver Downs, James Haugh, James Roach, Wm. C. Westerfield, James Newton, Eugene Warren. Co. F, Corporal Theodore Brach; Privates John Batterson, Bradley Bates, James Brophy, John Cahill, Alfred W. Cutler, William H. Downs, Wm. W. Gilbert, Henry J. Webb. Co. G, 2d Lieut. David S. Bartram; Corporals Horace Q. Judd, Henry A. Warner; Privates Jerome Bennett, Lawrence Carney, John J. Jarvis, John McConnell, David Northrop. Co. H, Corporal George N. Weed; Privates John Acker, Cyrus Raymond, Charles S. Mallett, L. St. John Weed, Wm. C. Ball, Eliphalet Meade, DeWitt C. Ruscoe. Co. I, Corp. Vincent B. Purdy, Washington I. Fitch; Privates John A. Lowden, George Morrell, Lewis Palmer, Solomon Palmer, Benjamin Peck, Wm. L. Wood. Co. K, Privates James Cable, J. Cavanagh, P. Waldron, G. Allen, N. Hale, Daniel Hunt.

RECAPITULATION.—Killed, 20; Wounded, 81; Missing, 97; Total loss, 198.

#### TWENTIETH REGIMENT.

Battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.

KILLED.—Co. B, Thomas Kedshaw. Co. F, John D. Perry. Co. I, Corporal Joel C. Dickerman, Bernard Melvey. Co. K, Charles F. Roberts.

WOUNDED.—Co. A, Corporal Thomas Simons, arm, (since dead.) Chauncey M. Hall, leg; John Gibbling, finger; Josiah Leutz, back. Co. B, Geo. N. Warner, arms; Harvey R. Bronson, thigh. Co. C, Private James Cassidy, thigh, (since dead.) Co. D, Private John Downing, eye; Corporal Charles Gibson, breast; Co. E, Samuel M. Bailey, leg. Co. F, Charles H. Roberts, body, (since dead.) Co. G, Mordant L. Wilmot, thigh, severely; Fisher A. Ames, leg, slightly. Co. H, Sergeant N. B. Abbott, finger, slightly. Private Jacob L. Still, back. Co. I, Corporal John W. Price, foot, severely. Privates Thomas H. Brooks, shoulder; Bradley Allen, head; Miles King, thigh, slightly. Co. K, Sergeant George Dickenson, arm; Privates John Brown, thigh; James Roysten, foot; Edward J. Murray, arm.

RECAPITULATION.—Killed, 5; Wounded, 23.

NEW LONDON.—About 150 soldiers from the 5th, 7th, and 10th Connecticut Regiments arrived at New London on the 5:15 express train from New York. They proceed immediately to Fort Trumbull, where they are to remain until a certain number of conscripts for each of their respective regiments are gathered at New Haven, when they will proceed thither and guard the "subs" on their journey to the seat of war. The soldiers were under the command of Captain Chapman of the 5th Connecticut Volunteers.





## RECEPTION OF REGIMENTS.

## Reception of the Twenty-fifth.

After arduous and honorable service in a distant field, the 25th C. V., Colonel George P. Bissell, arrived at Hartford, Monday, August 17, 1863, just nine months and three days from the time it went forth from the same city. This regiment was raised chiefly from Hartford County under the call for nine months' men. In character and material, in the ability of its officers, and in patriotic devotion to the holy cause, it was one of the choicest contributed by our state; a state that—let us be justly proud while we speak it—has sent forth not a single ill-disciplined or inefficient regiment, and has yet to hear of the first occasion to blush for her sons, save modestly, as other states, honest admiration conquering the spirit of rivalry, utter their praise. This is the regiment whose Colonel is reported to have offered five dollars to a gentleman for every oath he should hear while mingling with his men, without finding occasion to unloose his purse strings.

It was an idea somewhat prevalent last Fall that the nine months' men would not be called upon to do any fighting. Truth is, as circumstances have developed it, that no harder or better fighting has been done in the war. Their time has been made the most of. The Twenty-fifth went forth to *serve* the country, and most noble service has it rendered, not shirking any duty, but rather courting the opportunity of mingled danger and glory. It was a part of what is known in Banks' army as "the celebrated 3d Brigade," and plainly has its name been recorded on that illustrious page which now the warrior is writing, which to-morrow, and for our children, will be history.

They participated in the arduous march from Brashear City to Alexandria on the Red River; in the desperate, bloody conflict of Irish Bend, or, as it is more properly called, Indian Bend; in the subsequent chase of the routed and flying enemy; and, marching thence to Port Hudson, did toilsome and dangerous service all the weary weeks of the siege. If it cannot be said they never tired, it can be said they were never disheartened and they never faltered. In those desperate but unfortunate assaults the men of the 25th bore a part, and many of the gallant "eight hundred strong" who went forth, now help to consecrate the soil their bodies mould in, and make it fit to bear the tread of free men.

All told, the regiment numbered five hundred and nineteen men when it entered Hartford. A considerable number were left behind in hospital, and two brave fellows, Chadwick of Co. C, and Wright of Co. F, who started with their comrades, died before they reached their homes. Let us trust they passed quickly to the Home Eternal, from which there is no more going forth forever, where there are no longer either rebels or wars.

It seems hardly possible that the boys could have been more rejoiced at their arrival than were their friends and fellow-citizens. Such a hearty, enthusiastic, appreciative welcome must have cheered every noble heart throbbing anxiously under the worn old uniforms, soiled and dusty with dried Port Hudson mud. They lost all their "store clothes" at Bayou Boeuf. The Rebels were needy almost to nakedness, and couldn't resist the least temptation. If we must blame, let us also pity, remembering amid what violations of all just idea of *meum et teum* they have been

brought up, and the natural proneness of the mass to follow examples set by public men.

They were met by the City Guard, Capt. Conner, with the Armory Band; the Governor's Foot Guard, Major Hunt, with the Governor's Guard Band; and the Hyfas Sack and Bucket Company in uniform, with their carriages. The route of the procession was through Asylum and up High streets to North Main, thence down and around State House Square to the City Hall, where a bountiful collation had been provided for the regiment by the City Guard. At the depot, and all along the streets wherever they marched, thousands assembled to welcome the regiment with cheers, shouts and waving handkerchiefs.

George Gilman, in behalf of their fellow citizens, delivered the address of welcome as follows:

*Colonel Bissell and Soldiers of the 25th Connecticut Regiment*—In behalf of the military of this city, in behalf of the citizens of Hartford, in behalf of the citizens of your state, we welcome you home. It seems but yesterday since you marched through our streets, in solid ranks, to offer yourselves as a sacrifice for your country. Though the time has been short it has sufficed to make great changes in your regiment, and in the fortunes of your country. When you left us, the great river of the West, the highway of travel and commerce, was closed by rebel fortresses—rendered useless for commerce and dangerous for travel. It is a happy thought that the soldiers of New England have aided the soldiers of the west to reopen that highway to the Gulf of Mexico. (Applause.) Then, too, were hostile armies arrayed against our government and seeking to destroy it. But, soldiers of the 25th, the glorious flag of our country now floats proudly above those fortresses, the American soldiers in them sing Hail Columbia, and those rebel armies have retreated, defeated, before our victorious arms. In accomplishing these results, the gallant 25th and all other heroic Connecticut regiments, have won imperishable glory.

Soldiers, you have come home, but not with full ranks—all are not here. The memories of the absent ones shall be kept green in the hearts of a grateful people. Some have died in camp or in hospital—they fell as truly for their country as those who fell amid the carnage of battle.

We welcome you home as the noble representatives of a state that, in other times which tried men's souls, has never faltered—we welcome you as soldiers of the republic, who have done their duty nobly and well. I will not detain you longer, but, by permission of your gallant Colonel, will venture to give an order: charge on those tables—and if you are half as good trencher men as you are valiant soldiers, they will soon be cleared.

The admirable discipline of the regiment now displayed itself to advantage. They responded with great alacrity, although they had had no food but "hard tack and coffee" since sometime Sunday. Nor did they forget to give the inspiring cheer customary on receiving a command to charge. Occasionally they paused in their arduous work to take breath, and the method of inflating their lungs was peculiar, but strictly military and in obedience to an order or call. Somebody would call for three cheers for somebody (else,) and then the noise of their breathing was tremendous. Gen. Banks, Gen. Grant, and Col. Bissell, were names we should think they had practised by. At intervals, when it was quiet enough, the band played, with more than ordinary expression, the grand music of the Union, good to keep step to, and dear to every American heart.

After the collation the regiment was escorted to the Park, and dismissed for a week's furlough.

On Wednesday, the 26th of August, the regi-

ment was mustered out of service by Lieut. Schuyler. For the last time a dress parade was had (without muskets.) Addresses were afterwards made by Rev. Geo. A. Oviatt, of Somers, its former chaplain, and Rev. Mr. Upson, chaplain of the 13th C. V. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Oviatt, after which he bade the soldiers farewell. Cheers were then given for Chaplain Oviatt, Chaplain Upson, Col. Bissell and "Col. Birge, that splendid officer who commanded our brigade."

Adjutant Ward read an order announcing the honorable discharge of Major McManus, and he was complimented, likewise, with three cheers.

The regiment received pay from March 1st, nearly six months. "Hal," a queer specimen of the contraband, came home with it. Many stories are told of his exploits and oddities. He seems to have been a general favorite with the officers.

Long may the brave men of the 25th live to enjoy a peace whose coming they have helped, and which shall be worthy their patriotism, their sufferings and their achievements.

Adjutant H. C. Ward, of the 25th, immediately after the return of the regiment, received the appointment of Assistant Adjutant General, and at once reported for duty at the general headquarters. These have been recently established in a new location, and the office looks like a pleasant and agreeable place wherein to serve the State. If it isn't we trust the new officer won't be particular about the looks, but try and make himself just as comfortable in his arm chair as he used to be on a camp stool. The Editors, yes, and all the readers of this RECORD, have reason to be grateful to Adjutant General Morse for his courtesy and kindness in furnishing us facilities for the publication of official returns. To Chief and Assistant we improve this opportunity of returning thanks and the assurance of our best wishes.

## Reception of the Twenty-Eighth C. V.

By a complication of circumstances such as will sometimes happen, and for which no one can be particularly blamed, the gallant 28th Regiment was prevented from enjoying, on its arrival home, a reception at all commensurate with the honor due to its eminent services.

It seems that on the night before it arrived, that is, on Wednesday, Aug. 19th, information was received that it was coming and would be in New Haven the next day, but as to the route by which it would come, and the hour when it would be on hand to greet its friends, everybody was left in the dark.

The city government was, however, assembled the next morning, and after deciding on an appropriation for the occasion, come when it might, it was announced that the guests had already arrived, having been quietly landed away out of town, so far as the possibility of a grand reception was concerned. Even while they had been deliberating, the opportunity had been lost. So the grave and reverend City Fathers proceeded with all haste to the New York Steamboat Dock, that at least the form of a reception might be gone through with, and to assure the brave boys that they were none the less welcome because they had given their friends at home a surprise.

Whatever other preparations were by necessity dispensed with, the sick were not forgotten, and carriages were provided for their comfortable con-





veyance. A band and a drum corps from the U. S. Hospital made their appearance and aided in escorting the regiment to Grapevine Point, where tents and camp equipage had been provided, and uncooked rations, by Lieut. Webb, the U. S. mustering officer. By the energy of Mr. B. F. Mansfield a better entertainment was soon furnished. Alderman Marble, in the name of the city, welcomed the returned soldiers, apologizing that no more suitable manifestation of the appreciation in which their devoted services were held by their fellow citizens at home had been prepared.

One circumstance, however, occurred, which gladdened their hearts. Col. Ferris, who had been for some time sick at Stamford, joined his regiment here, and assumed command. The boys welcomed him with rousing demonstrations of enthusiasm and delight. Major Wescome had command of the regiment on its return, Lieut. Col. Bacheller with many of the men having been left behind sick. The regiment went away numbering about 670 men, of whom only about 400 returned with it. The regiment was present at the surrender of Port Hudson, and started for home on the 17th of August, the journey occupying thirteen days. Their muskets and belts were left behind, and their clothes bore evidence of the hardship they have endured. The regimental colors were in a good state of preservation, and since their arrival home have been on view at the New Haven House. The 28th has a record of which the State is not ashamed. A full history of its experience and services will appear in this Journal.

The following, who started with the regiment, died and were buried on the journey home:

Lieut. Levi Hungerford, Co. D, Sherman, buried at Vicksburg.

Knoxon E. Kidney, Co. D, Washington, buried at Port Hudson.

William E. Bissell, Hospital Steward, Norwalk, buried opposite Vicksburg.

George Beers, Co. G, Norwalk, buried on the bank of the river below Vicksburg.

— Hoyt, Stamford, buried below Memphis.

Hibbard Meade, Co. B, buried at Memphis.

— Barber, Co. F, buried at a short distance above Napoleon.

### Reception of the Twenty-third.

The 23d Regiment arrived in New Haven a little after 7 o'clock, on the evening of August 24th. All day they had been expected, and everybody was on tiptoe with anticipation and interest. Rarely had a denser crowd thronged the city's streets than pressed that night around those honored and noble men who had for a season braved all the hardships and dangers of war, that we and posterity might enjoy under liberty a calm peace. The scene was more grand and impressive than we have yet witnessed on a similar occasion—slowly, quietly, and as if regretting the necessity by which it must, the lights withdrew, and the darkness with hushed footfalls crept unnoticed into its place, while the array of eager faces pressed forward more and more, each eye intent to discover if possible in the moving line the well remembered form or features of some one known before. The stillness was remarkable. A thoughtful reverry seemed to pervade the mass, holding in its thrall every mind. Men stood and gazed as if bound by some spell of pure enthusiasm which

noisy demonstration and excitement would inevitably break, while in strange inexplicable harmony with the scene, pealed clearly forth from a score of consecrated steeples melodious notes of gladness, as if by musical tones alone the welcome all hearts felt could be fitly expressed. Nor, inappropriately, did the cannon's solemn voice recall the dangers amid which they had been preserved to listen again to the strain of Sweet Home and the familiar voices of family and friends.

Carriages had been thoughtfully provided for the sick, and about forty were taken in this way quietly from the cars to the United States Military Hospital, Surgeon Jewett himself personally overseeing the arrangements and caring for the sufferers.

The military escort consisted of the Governor's Horse Guard, Veteran Grays, New Haven Grays, and the New Haven Light Guard, all under command of Quartermaster John G. North. The route of the procession was through State, Chapel, College and Crown streets to Music Hall, where a good and bountiful entertainment had been provided under the superintendence of Major B. F. Mansfield. The assemblage of citizens was so large and eager that the utmost efforts of the police were required to keep the way open.

The weary travelers were glad enough to lay aside their knapsacks and prepare for the feast before them. Mayor Tyler's address was sensible in every part, and, what we opine the hungry soldiers well appreciated, sensibly brief. It was in substance thus:

"Gentlemen of the Twenty-third:—It is with pleasure that we welcome you back to the State whose honor you went forth to protect and defend; and we express to you, as best we can, our gratitude for the noble manner in which you have borne yourselves. We rejoice to meet you here, as we welcome you back from the field of your arduous services among the bayous, and marshes, and plains of Louisiana. I tender to you, in behalf of the city, a sincere greeting. We have set out a little supper for your discussion. I will not detain you further."

At its conclusion rousing cheers were given for Mayor Tyler.

When the Regiment was dismissed, a furlough was granted the men till Saturday, and three Companies from Fairfield County started immediately for their homes on an extra train which the kindness of Superintendent Quintard provided.

The Regiment started for home with about six hundred men, Lieut. Col. Worden commanding. Nineteen have connected themselves with other Regiments, seventeen were left on the way sick, and four died on the journey, viz, Charles Lockwood, Co. E, Redding, buried at Port Hudson; Amasa Carter, Redding, buried below Natchez; Michael F. Knapp, Co. B, Danbury, buried below Vicksburg; Francis Webster, Co. H, Naugatuck, buried at Cairo. Major Miller commanded the Regiment when it arrived, owing to the indisposition of Lieut. Col. Worden.

A detailed narrative of the experience and achievements of the 23d, is reserved until the publication of its complete history in the Record.

### RECEPTION IN BRIDGEPORT.

The two Companies of the 23d C. V., belonging to Bridgeport, returned home Aug. 21st, and were met at the Depot by the Mayor, Common Council, Military Companies, and a large crowd of citizens, who enthusiastically manifested their

appreciation of the patriotism and services of their fellow-citizens who had gone forth and endured hardship and peril for the preservation of the Union and the rights of mankind. After an excellent address by Mayor Sterling, and a bountiful collation at the Sterling House, the brave fellows went to their families and homes.

[The gratitude of all Connecticut men is due to the loyal citizens of the Western States for their generous hospitality to our returned soldiers. Members of the 23d and 28th Regiments, who returned home by the way of the Mississippi River, say that attentions of all kinds were showered upon them. Food and water was awaiting them everywhere. Delicate ladies came into the hospital car and administered to the sick, washing the dirt from their faces and treating them with that tenderness only a sympathizing woman can exhibit, and nowhere were they allowed to spend any money. The boys say they have the one favor to ask, that if ever any Western soldiers come into our State, they may, for their sakes, be treated with the utmost kindness.]

### For the Connecticut War Record.

### Review of Events---No. 2.

The important events of June and July have been followed by a month of comparative inaction. Lee, continuing his retreat, succeeded in reaching the Rapidan and establishing a new line on its northern bank. Meade, following him closely, and harassing him at several points by a judicious use of his cavalry, is once more on the banks of the Rappahannock. And thus the curtain falls upon this memorable campaign, with both armies near the ground they held at its beginning. The rebels demoralized and disheartened by the failure of all their plans of invasion, and the disastrous defeat of Gettysburg; the Federals better disciplined, better prepared, and fuller than ever of confidence in themselves and their leaders.

In the West the Army of the Cumberland holding the line from Tullahoma to Winchester, which it won by the skillful strategy of Rosecrans, swiftly and surely; Grant has followed up his success at Vicksburg by organizing bands for the protection of the navigation of the Mississippi; Sherman's movement against Johnson giving us possession of Jackson, gave us possession also of the rolling stock of four railroads, inflicting upon the rebels a loss which their own journals pronounce "irreparable;" Brashear City is once more in our hands; already Mississippi is well nigh lost to rebels. Still farther westward, Sibley has won three battles and driven the Indians across the Missouri, with the loss of many of their bravest warriors, and among them the celebrated chief Little Crow. In Kansas, General Blunt has met with equal success, coming upon the enemy, under Cooper, by a forced march of fifty miles in twenty-four





hours, and putting them to flight, though outnumbering him by two thousand six hundred men. In North Carolina two extensive explorations have destroyed large amounts of rebel property, broken up important lines of communication, and given another fatal blow to the cause of the Confederacy.

But of all that has befallen the rebel cause since the capture of Port Hudson, no blow has been more fatal to their prestige than the capture of the guerrilla Morgan-Cool, sagacious, daring, thoroughly familiar with the ground, this bold leader had made himself a name, that, in a just cause, would have given him the same hold upon the people's love which Marion won in the revolution. With a restless activity he was now upon us in one point, now in another, choosing his moment with an almost unerring instinct, and moving from place to place with a secrecy that defied detection and a swiftness that eluded pursuit. And now, confident from long success, he had planned, in concert with Buckner, a great movement, which sweeping through Indiana and Ohio, was to destroy all the railroads by which reinforcements would be sent to Kentucky, and then joining his forces, fresh—as both fondly hoped—from the capture of Louisville, fall with united and irresistible weight upon Cincinnati. But Vicksburgh fell and then Port Hudson, and Rosecrans moved when no one expected it, and Buckner had work to do, which left him no time to think of invasion. Messengers were sent in haste to recall the bold partisan; but he was already across the Ohio. For a moment there was wonder and terror, and then the country rose upon him, hemming him in on every side, defeating him and thinning his ranks in every encounter, till, having seen his best and most trusted followers killed or taken, he was compelled to give himself up a prisoner.

Meanwhile another invasion upon Kentucky was attempted by another rebel leader, with the hope of interfering with the elections, but this also was promptly met and defeated.

While these apparently disconnected events were occurring on distant points, and all contributing more or less directly to the breaking up of the rebel power, an event of far greater magnitude was preparing on the coast of South Carolina. A large fleet and a gallant army were gathered to the siege of Charleston. A bold movement, boldly executed, gave them possession of two-thirds of Morris Island—within sight of the rebellious city and within range of Fort Sumter. Two desperate assaults had almost given us Fort

Wagner; twice saved only by those chances of which war is so full. But already our works are within reach of its walls; already the heaviest artillery that was ever brought to bear upon an enemy's fortifications are prepared to open upon them under the direction of skillful engineers, and when we remember that the history of great wars has made it almost a military axiom that "a place besieged is a place taken," it is impossible to doubt the result.

### Connecticut Troops now in the Field.

#### OFFICIAL

Companies A, B, C, D, 2d Regiment Harris' Light Cavalry, Hartwood Church, Va., Aug. 23, 1863.  
1st Conn. Cavalry, Baltimore, Md.  
1st Light Battery, Folly Island, S. C., Aug. 1, 1863.  
2d do. Middlebury, Md., June 30, 1863, probably now in New York.  
1st Artillery, Fort Richardson, Va., July 7, 1863.  
5th Reg't (Inf'y.), Kelley's Ford, Va., Aug. 31, 1863.  
6th do. Hilton Head, S. C., do. 28, 1863.  
7th do. Morris Island, do. do. 15, 1863.  
8th do. n'r Portsmouth Va., Sept. 1, 1863.  
9th do. New Orleans, La., Aug. 9, 1863.  
10th do. Seabrook Isl., S. C., July 6, 1863.  
11th do. Portsmouth, Va., July 31, 1863.  
12th do. Brashear City, La., Aug. 9, 1863.  
13th do. do. do. do. 7, 1863.  
14th do. Uniontown, Md., do. 18, 1863.  
15th do. Portsmouth, Va., Sept. 5, 1863.  
16th do. do. do. do.  
17th do. Brooks' Station, May 1, 1863.  
18th do. Winchester, Va., June 3, 1863.  
19th do. Fort Lyon, Va., Aug. 31, 1863.  
20th do. Kelley's Ford, Aug. 25, 1863.  
21st do. Portsmouth, Va., Sept. 2, 1863.  
21th do. Ship Island, La., Aug. 9, 1863, probably on their way home.

### Chronology of Affairs at Charleston.

The attention of our readers has so often been directed towards this nest of rebellion that we forbear at the present writing to give a detailed account of the operations which have from time to time drawn their attention to that quarter. To give a general outline of the history of Charleston since the rebellion, we propose to give an epitome of the most prominent events in and around that locality:

Dec. 17, 1860.—The Secession Convention of South Carolina met at Charleston.  
Dec. 20.—The convention at that place passed the ordinance of secession by a vote of 169 to 0.  
Dec. 26.—Fort Moultrie evacuated and Fort Sumter occupied by Major Robert Anderson.  
Dec. 28.—Postmaster at Charleston ordered to remit \$75,000 due the General Government.  
Dec. 30.—The Arsenal was seized.  
Jan. 2, 1862.—Mr. McIntyre, of New York, nominated for collector of the port at Charleston.  
Jan. 8.—Drafts on the United States Sub-Treasury are not allowed to be paid, and on the same day no farther communication was allowed between the city and Fort Sumter.  
Jan. 9.—Batteries on Morris Island fire upon the relief steamer Star of the West.

Jan. 10.—Batteries manned ready to prevent the entrance of the United States steam sloop of war Brooklyn.

Jan. 14.—The Brooklyn cruises off and on Charleston Bar.

Feb. 1.—Preparations made to lay siege to Fort Sumter.

Feb. 5.—President Buchanan refuses to surrender Fort Sumter to the South Carolina rebels.

Feb. 9.—Sullivan's Island declared under martial law.

Feb. 13.—A large cargo of gunpowder intended for Charleston was seized in New York Harbor.

Feb. 22.—The Collector of Charleston issued a notice that all vessels from States out of the Confederacy, except Texas, must be entered as foreign vessels.

Feb. 25.—The iron-clad floating battery launched at Charleston.

April 3.—A schooner flying the stars and stripes was fired at from the batteries on Morris Island.

April 8.—Notice was given that vessels which were sent to relieve the garrison of Fort Sumter would not be allowed to enter the harbor, and on the same day the South Carolina forces were ordered to report immediately at their stations. The floating battery was anchored in position.

April 9.—The Harriet Lane, Baltic, Yankee and Uncle Ben, left New York, and the Pawnee and Pocahontas left the Chesapeake to relieve Fort Sumter.

April 10.—Another floating battery anchored near Sullivan's Island.

April 11.—General Beauregard demands the surrender of Fort Sumter.

April 12.—The bombardment of Fort Sumter commenced, Fort Johnson firing the first shot a few minutes past four o'clock in the morning.

April 13.—The firing continued all the morning. At noon Major Anderson surrendered on terms of his own making.

April 14.—Major Anderson and his command evacuated the Fort and took passage in the Baltic for New York.

May 11.—Charleston blockaded by the United States frigate Niagara.

May 12.—British ships warned off the port of Charleston, and refused permission to enter the port.

May 19 and 20.—The first stone fleet sunk in the channel of the port.

May 29.—The United States frigate Minnesota on the Charleston blockade.

June 2.—The privateer Savannah captured by the brig Perry off Charleston bar.

June 23.—The British ship Trunton, with 20,000 stand of arms, captured by the Union, while trying to run the blockade.

Aug. 9.—A British steamer loaded with munitions of war, ran the blockade.

Aug. 21.—A blockade runner captured by the United States sloop Vandalia off the port.

Oct. 10.—The privateer Sallie runs the blockade.

Oct. 12.—The steamer Theodora, with Mason and Slidell on board, ran the blockade.

Oct. 15.—The ship Thomas Watson captured and burned by the Flag off Charleston.

Nov. 7.—Capture of Port Royal by Admiral Dupont, which so alarmed the Charlestonians that they deserted the city for several days.

Dec. 9.—A fleet of gunboats go up to the North Edisto and shell out a rebel camp within a few miles of Charleston.





Dec. 12.—A very large fire in Charleston, which destroyed 476 buildings.

Dec. 20.—The first rat-hole fleet sunk in Charleston harbor.

Jan. 22, 1862.—The second stone fleet was sunk in the harbor.

Feb. 29.—Three steamers ran the blockade.

June 16.—The James Island engagement took place this day.

Jan. 31, 1863.—Two rebel rams made a raid upon our blockading fleet, crippling two of our vessels; but were driven back without any serious disaster. Beauregard declares the blockade raised.

Feb. 10.—Official denial of the raising of the blockade.

March 27.—United States troops landed on Coles' Island.

April 5.—The iron-clad fleet arrive at Charleston bar.

April 7.—The iron-clads under Admiral Dupont, bombard Fort Sumter and endeavor to run past it, but are obliged to retire. Fort Sumter breached in several places.

April 12.—The iron-clads leave Charleston harbor.

June 1.—James Island evacuated by the Union troops.

June 10.—The Havelock sunk off Charleston bar.

June 11.—The Herald destroyed by Union Gunboats.

June 12.—Gen. Gilmore relieves Gen. Hunter. On the same day a brisk engagement took place between the Union batteries on Folly Island and those of the rebels on Morris Island.

July 10.—Gen. Gilmore commenced operations against the Morris Island batteries, and General Strong took possession of several of the rebel works.

July 11.—A brilliant engagement on Morris Island. The rebels evacuate all their seaward batteries, and take shelter in Fort Wagner. General Strong in full possession.

July 18.—Storming of Fort Wagner.

The remainder of that month and the early part of August was employed in erecting siege works and mounting heavy siege guns preparatory to the bombardment of Sumter, as it was found that Wagner could not interfere with our engineer corps in their work.

Aug. 18.—To-day some of the heavy siege guns were experimented with so as to obtain their range. The few shots which were fired made their marks upon the walls of Sumter, and it was said that some of them reached the city of Charleston.

Aug. 20.—This day the grand general engagement commenced, and Fort Sumter demolished.

Aug. 21.—Fort Moultrie is shelled and silenced.

Aug. 24.—Gen. Gilmore commences the bombardment of the city of Charleston. Non-combatants leave the city in one continuous stream.

*N. Y. Herald.*

The Nashville Union states, on the authority of refugees, that the rebel conscription officers in East Tennessee are actually going through that afflicted country, stripping white women while at work in the fields, under the pretence of ascertaining whether or no they were men disguised in female garments, to escape conscription.

Harry Brainerd, Co. A., 24th C. V., was killed at Port Hudson.

Mr. Noyes, in his book of "Sketches of the War," tells the best story we have seen of the way "Yankee" coolness puts down female insolence in rebeldom. A splendidly be-silkened and be-feathered female of the Jeff. Davis flock, in passing one of our soldiers gave the skirts of her dress the usual flit to show her contempt of the tribe, and the soldier retorted by the following bit of torture:

"Why, marm, how dirty your stockings are!—Just look at 'em!"

Down went female skirts and female pride at the same instant, while a hearty laugh from his comrades winged the sarcastic shaft and sent it well home.

The funeral of Thomas G. Yale, a member of Co. D, 27th C. V., was attended, Sept. 2d, from St. John Street Church. Mr. Yale was seriously wounded at Gettysburg, and died at the Philadelphia hospital on the 26th ult.

DEATH OF ANOTHER SOLDIER.—John H. Squires, a member of Co. E, 27th C. V., died in this city, Sept. 2d, from the effects of sunstroke, received about two weeks ago. Private Squires served with credit during his term of enlistment, and was one of the most faithful and efficient men of his company. He was exceedingly popular with his officers, and respected by all who knew him. He belonged in Collinsville, where his remains were taken for interment.

DESERTING A SINKING SHIP.—The Dayton Journal says: "During the week ending August 8th, over five hundred rebels came into Carthage, Tenn., voluntarily gave themselves up, and took the oath of allegiance to the Government of the United States. This is but one creditable item of the many of the same character we have received within the current week."

The Eighteenth Connecticut Regiment was cut up, as is known, at Winchester. Part of them were captured and paroled, and part escaped. One squad was reported at Maryland Heights, and another portion, numbering two hundred and thirty-seven, arrived safely at Bloody Run. Of those captured and paroled, Company C reached Annapolis in a very destitute condition, totally stripped of everything. Governor Buckingham immediately sent Mr. H. B. Norton of Norwich, to try and collect the different squads of the regiment and provide for those at Annapolis. Mr. Norton telegraphs that "the Government have provided promptly and liberally for all your soldiers here." The Hartford Press says of Mr. Norton: "No gentleman in the State has been so indefatigable in labors of this kind for the comfort of our soldiers since the war began. He has steadily refused all compensation, or remuneration of his expenses, and is so unostentatious that we fear to annoy him even by this brief and merited mention of his services."

Major Frederick Hoadly, who was killed while fighting on the rebel side at the siege of Vicksburg, was a Connecticut bred and born boy belonging to an old respectable Hartford family. His grandfather for many years held the honorable position of high sheriff of Hartford County, and one of his brothers has been for a long time, and is now, the State Librarian of Connecticut. Major Hoadly went to Little Rock, Arkansas, ten or twelve years since, and was there admitted to practice at the bar in that State.

August 21st, Patrick Barry of Co. H, 24th C. V., wounded at Port Hudson, while on his way from the Hospital at Baton Rouge to join his regiment at New Orleans, rolled off the deck of the steamer while asleep, and was drowned. He leaves a wife and seven children in Portland, Ct.

#### *For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### **Lieut. Col. Henry C. Merwin.**

At the commencement of the rebellion, Col. Merwin was a Sergeant in the New Haven Grays, and served in that capacity during the three months in the 2d C. V. A year ago, when the call was made for nine months' men, the Grays again volunteered as Company A, in the 27th C. V., with Col. Merwin as their Captain, from which office he was promoted as Lieut. Colonel. He soon endeared himself to the whole Regiment by his energy, faithfulness, and soldierly qualities. He was in the van at the battle of Fredericksburg, where the 27th had met the most dangerous position in making that assault upon the rebels behind the stone-wall, in which the Regiment suffered severely. He was taken prisoner at Chancellorsville with most of the Regiment, and, after being exchanged, was ordered to take command of it in consequence of Col. Bostwick's absence on account of sickness. While bravely fighting at Gettysburg, July 2d, he was shot through the lungs and expired. His funeral was attended at New Haven, July 8th, with public honors.

Col. Merwin was only 23 years of age at the time of his death, yet he had proved himself well qualified for the high position which he occupied, while the sterling virtues shown in his private life gave him the heartfelt respect of his fellow citizens.

#### **Lieutenant Colonel Dudley.**

Lieutenant Colonel William W. Dudley, who has recently returned home from the war, has had a wide and extensive experience in the service. Although quite young, he received a commission in June, 1861, as Captain of Co. B, 19th Indiana infantry, which regiment was assigned to the Army of the Potomac, and has participated in most of its engagements. It has served under Generals McDowell, Pope, McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, and Meade, and is now reduced to a mere skeleton. Shortly after the battle of Antietam Captain Dudley was promoted to Major, and a few weeks later was commissioned as Lieutenant Colonel, which rank he now holds. While in command of Co. B, Captain Dudley was presented with a beautiful flag by the ladies of Richmond, Indiana, which colors he still retains. It bears marks of conflict and carnage, and its tattered appearance proves its presence in numerous engagements. His regiment was attached to the first division, first army corps, commanded by the brave General Reynolds, killed at Gettysburg. Colonel Dudley was present at the death of this distinguished general, and was wounded himself a few hours later. The loss of blood nearly proved fatal and he barely survived the operation of amputation. Colonel Dudley was captured with many others of our wounded, but speaks favorably of his treatment while a prisoner. He returns with one less leg than he carried into the service, but should circumstances unhappily require it, he proposes giving them a chance at the other, when fully recovered.





## Major Sanford, Seventh C. V.

Major O. S. Sanford, of the famous Seventh Connecticut, Colonel Hawley, was this morning the recipient of a very handsome testimonial on the part of Company C, of that regiment, which he formerly commanded, in the shape of an elegant and highly ornamented dress sword, sash and belt. They were presented him by Sergeant Pierce, of Company C, and expressed in a more substantial way than by words, the high regard and esteem in which his old company held him. Both the presentation remarks and those of Major Sanford, in acknowledgment of the gift, were exceedingly happy. Major Sanford is now detached from the regiment on important duty in the siege works, and he made himself a very valuable aid to its progress.—*Charleston Correspondent of the New York Herald.*

## Well Merited Compliments.

In our last we published an address by the patriotic citizens of Derby to their fellow townsmen in the army. Since then they have shown substantial evidence of their appreciation of the valiant conduct of two brave officers from that town, Lieut. Col. William B. Wooster, and Lieut. A. E. Beardslee, of the 20th C. V., by the presentation of a handsome sword, sash and belt to each of them. These two officers, who were in the hottest of the fight at Chancellorsville, were, by the fortune of war, taken prisoners, and for a while tried the fare of Libby Prison, but were exchanged in time to participate in the victory of Gettysburg, their enjoyment of which, we opine, was not lessened by personal recollections of rebel hospitality.

Chancellorsville and Gettysburg prove that the citizens of Derby have put swords into good hands, which will make right use of them.

From Chaplain Wayland we have the following items relative to the 7th Regiment, Conn. Vols. Under date of Aug. 14, he writes:

"A few days since, Edward C. Blaklee, of Co. A, died in the Hilton Head Hospital of his wounds. He was a fine, intelligent, faithful young man, greatly beloved by his comrades and officers.

"Two days ago private Taylor, of Co. K, was shot by a sharpshooter, and died instantly. He was a brave, excellent soldier and man; a great loss to his company and regiment, and, most of all, to his home.

"Private George Neims, of Co. G, was wounded yesterday in the wrist by a fragment of a shell—not seriously, but severely."

Under date August 23d, Chaplain Wayland writes as follows:

CASUALTIES IN THE SEVENTH CONNECTICUT, MORRIS ISLAND, FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUG. 23.

Sunday, Aug. 16.—James Conway, Co. F, shot through the heart by a sharpshooter.

Aug. 20.—Patrick Brannan, Co. I, struck by a shell on the left side, near lower edge of capula. The skin was not broken, but two ribs were fractured and the lung contused. The wound was very serious—but, almost past hope, he is doing very well, and has more than an even chance of recovery.

Aug. 22.—Charles S. Keith, Co. F, struck by a fragment of shell, laying open the abdomen and right thigh, cutting the femoral artery. He sur-

vived about an hour and a half, recognizing his friends and desiring that his relations should be apprised of his decease. A fine, brave young man.

These are our only casualties for the week past. Although we have many men in batteries, yet we have not suffered so severely as many other regiments. There have been no deaths from disease, and though we have considerable sickness, there are no critical or very threatening cases."

CONNECTICUT SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS.—Governor Buckingham has succeeded in completing arrangements for having sick and wounded soldiers of Connecticut regiments brought home and cared for, instead of being left to the mercies of scattered hospitals in which they may happen to fall. Officers in Connecticut Regiments are ordered to report to the Adjutant General the names of sick or wounded soldiers left on the road or in hospital, in accordance with this plan.

CORPORAL STARKEY.—Corporal William Starkey of the 9th Connecticut, is evidently quite popular in the Fifth Ward, judging from the reception he received Monday evening. He returns home on detached service, having been detailed to take on conscripts assigned to his regiment. Captain Dale and Lieutenant Coleman were in charge of the arrangements for welcome, and their success must have been flattering to the returned soldier. We notice that Captain John Healy, of the same regiment, is also in the city on a short leave, looking hale and hearty.

THEODORE W. SHARP, a member of Co. K, 16th C. V., aged twenty years, died at the Knight Hospital, August 31st. He belonged in Springfield, and his body was yesterday forwarded to his relatives. It is a noticeable fact that of most of the deaths which have lately occurred in the Hospital, the victims were recently admitted, many of them suffering from disease contracted in the South. The sudden change of climate, also, is dangerous to delicate constitutions, and none can be too careful in guarding against excesses, and conforming in all things to the change of temperature.

JEFF DAVIS APPEALS TO MOBILE TO STAND BY HIM.—A dispatch from Vicksburg to the Cincinnati Gazette says: "We hope for tidings from Mobile in a few weeks. The citizens are reported to be anxious for a surrender of the place. Jeff Davis has sent a special appeal to the citizens of that place to stand by him."

MAJOR S. HERBERT LANCEY, of Middletown, volunteer aid to Gen. Ewen, of the army of the Sissipahannah, while attempting to communicate through the rebel lines with General Meade's headquarters at Gettysburg, on Friday last, was captured by Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee's rebel cavalry.

SAMUEL DICKINSON, a returned soldier from Co. A, 24th C. V., died at Haddam, Ct., Sept. 7th.

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No. 343 CHAPEL ST., NEW HAVEN.

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PECK, WHITE & PECK.

## Prospectus of the Connecticut War Record.

PECK, WHITE & PECK, Publishers,  
341 and 346 Chapel Street, New Haven, Ct.

The object of this JOURNAL is to preserve in form, permanent and convenient for binding and reference, all the valuable facts and statistics, the interesting experience, the worthy achievements, and high heroic valor of the nearly thirty thousand patriotic sons of Connecticut, who have gone forth from the State to save the nation.

Justice to all Connecticut soldiers, which has not yet been rendered, honor to the heroes who have fallen, sympathy with the bereaved, gratitude to those who fight in our defense, every sentiment of humanity and patriotism—demands that their achievements should be placed on the historic page.

We enter an open field, and will endeavor, by devoting ourselves to one work, to accomplish thoroughly, faithfully and fairly, what no other journal is doing or can do. Undertaken neither for pecuniary gain, nor to serve any partisan purpose, the work, established on an ample basis, will be carried through to its completion in a catholic spirit, and by comprehensive agencies. It will be conducted with an eye single to the honor of the State, and on principles of unwavering loyalty.

The Record will contain monthly letters from able correspondents in the various Connecticut regiments; stating the location and condition of each, and what each has enjoyed, suffered, and achieved during the previous month. Thus the people at home, and the members of every regiment will have at hand full information concerning all the regiments. Descriptions of battles in which Connecticut troops have been engaged, and original and selected articles on other matters pertaining to the war, will be occasionally printed. Every number will contain a sketch of the progress of the war, and a review of military affairs for the preceding month, with a list of promotions, resignations, and all changes which have taken place in the several regiments. The contributors being in every case connected with the regiments whose experience and exploits they relate, whatever is communicated will possess peculiar interest and reliability, as the testimony of eye witnesses. Note-worthy incidents and commendable instances of personal valor on the part of our brave volunteers, will receive honorable mention in the Record.

It is also designed to publish a succinct but full history of every Connecticut regiment from the date of its organization through its various experiences and achievements to the day of its mustering out.

Since the war has been in progress, for some time it will be necessary to bring up the past history of our regiments in successive numbers, as space will allow. The disadvantage of history so fragmentary and scattered will be obviated by a copious index printed in the last number of the year, enabling the reader to turn readily to the pages devoted to each regiment.

The Record will be issued monthly while the war lasts, and so much longer as is necessary to accomplish its objects.

The journal will be published in quarto form, and will contain from sixteen to twenty-four triple-column pages per month. The volume for the year will be a history of what Connecticut has done during that period in the war, in a form convenient for preservation—valuable not only for its present interest, but still more for future reference, and the whole work will constitute a repository of useful and interesting information respecting the events of this grand era and crisis in our national destiny, which no intelligent Connecticut family can well afford to be without.

The price of the Record will be ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM in advance. It is hoped this low figure will enable every Connecticut soldier, every soldier's family, and every friend of the soldier or the soldier's cause, to be provided with a copy. Patriotic citizens are called on to aid this enterprise by liberal subscriptions—not simply for their own benefit, but for additional copies, to be sent to our soldiers in the field.





# THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

PECK, WHITE & PECK, }  
Publishers.

NEW HAVEN, OCTOBER, 1863.

{ VOL. I. No. 3.  
{ \$1 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

## Record of Events.

Aug. 25. Gen. Blunt defeats Gen. Cooper at Perryville, Ark.

Aug. 25. Confederates defeated at Brownsville, Ark., by the cavalry of Gen. Steele.

Aug. 26. Capture of the Rifle pits and of 75 rebels, in front of Fort Wagner.

Aug. 26, 27. Cavalry fight at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, between Gen. Averill and the Confederate Gen. Jones. Federals obliged to retire. Losses about equal.

Aug. 28. Rebels defeated with severe loss, at Bayou Metairie, Ark., by General Steele.

Sept. 1. Col. Cloud, of Blunt's army, defeats Gen. Cobell, and captures Fort Smith, Ark.

Sept. 2. Destruction of the Satellite and Reliance, on the Rappahannock, by General Kilpatrick.

Sept. 2. Occupation of Kingston, Tenn., by Gen. Burnside.

Sept. 3, 4 and 5. Utter defeat of the Indians, at White Stone Hills, Dacotah Territory, by Gen. Sully.

Sept. 4. Occupation of Knoxville by Gen. Burnside.

Sept. 5, 6. Terrible bombardment of Forts Wagner and Gregg, followed by their evacuation; 36 guns found in the forts, and 75 rebels taken prisoners.

Sept. 7, 8. Heavy firing between the forts in Charleston Harbor and the ironclads. Explosion of a magazine in Fort Moultrie. Unsuccessful attack by the marines of the fleet on Fort Sumter.

Sept. 8. Repulse of Gen. Franklin at Sabine Pass, La.

Sept. 9. Occupation of Chattanooga by Gen. Rosecrans.

Sept. 9. Surrender of Cumberland Gap, with 2000 men and 14 guns, to Gen. Burnside.

Sept. 10. Occupation of Little Rock, Ark., by Gen. Steele.

Sept. 13. Defeat of the Confederate Cavalry at Calpepper Court House, Va., with loss of 3 guns and 40 prisoners.

Sept. 19, 20. Defeat of Gen. Rosecrans at Chickamauga. Loss in killed, wounded and missing, 13,800; Confederate loss full as heavy.

Sept. 28. Defeat of Rebel Cavalry at McMinnville, Tenn., by the forces of Gen. Burnside.

Sept. 30. Occupation of Camp Bisland, La., by Gen. Franklin.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## Review of Events.

NUMBER THREE.

In the right zone of our vast theatre of operations, the movements of Gen. Blunt have been remarkably brilliant and successful. In nine days he marched two hundred and fifty miles, fought two battles, and, by the capture of Fort Smith, compelled the evacuation of Northwestern Arkansas.

As successful too, though less dashing, was the movement of Gen. Steele against Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas.

After a sharp and decisive engagement at Bayou Metairie, the Confederates, defeated with severe loss, disheartened and demoralized, abandoned their capital and retreated to Arkadelphia. Thus, by the operations of these two officers, the whole of Northern Arkansas is forever lost to the Confederacy.

On the 16th of last August Gen. Rosecrans broke up his camp at Winchester and again advanced to seek the enemy. Two of his corps, commanded by McCook and Thomas, proceeded to Stevenson, Ala., while the third, under Crittenden, striking off more to the eastward, marched directly upon Chattanooga. The design seems to have been this: McCook and Thomas, with the bulk of the army, by marching to the west and south of Chattanooga, were to flank that position, while Crittenden, with the remainder of the army, holding off to the left, yet within concentrating distance, was to threaten it in front. It is also extremely probable that Gen. Rosecrans contemplated not only a battle with Gen. Bragg, in which, as the armies then were, he felt confident of success, but also a further advance upon Atlanta, into the very heart of Georgia.

The wager of battle thus offered to the Confederate General was declined, and he retreated from Chattanooga, while yet his retreat was sure. Crittenden imme-

diately occupied the town, and pushing forward, effected a junction with McCook and Thomas, not far from the now historical Chickamauga river.

Meanwhile the Confederate leaders had not been inattentive. They saw that the blow which Rosecrans aimed at them would, if successful, sever the Atlantic from the Gulf States of the Confederacy. Their great Southwestern Railway was already lost. Should Atlanta, with its network of railroad connections, be captured, their position in Virginia would be as effectually turned as it had been at Columbus by the surrender of Fort Donelson. Richmond, which they had fortified with so much care and defended with such prodigal waste of blood, would be no longer of any strategic value. Well they knew that a momentous period had arrived, and fairness compels us to admit that their efforts to redeem themselves were worthy of an infinitely better cause.

Buckner had already joined Bragg. From the army of Lee, Longstreet's corps was put in motion on the *very day* that Chattanooga was evacuated. Portions of Johnston's army were sent up from Mississippi. In violation of their pledged word of honor, ten thousand of Pemberton's army were declared exchanged and ordered to report to Bragg. Reinforcements came also from Mobile and possibly from Charleston. In short, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi river, and from the Rappahannock to the Gulf of Mexico every available soldier was hurried on to Bragg, while the entire Federal army, ignorant of, or doubting the movement of the enemy, remained comparatively motionless.

Gen. Rosecrans, aware that he was outnumbered, took up a strong defensive position along the Chickamauga, Gen. Thomas holding the left, Crittenden the center, and McCook the right. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the 19th ult., the Confederates, without skirmishing, fell upon Gen. Thomas with overwhelming force and were pushing him back. This officer, however, soon rallied his men, and in turn drove the rebels back with fearful slaughter. From this time the battle raged till dark, closing with a





substantial success to our arms. Near ten o'clock on the morning of the next day it was renewed with great fury, Thomas again bearing the brunt of the attack. To reinforce him two divisions were ordered from the centre, whose places were to be filled by two divisions from the right. This order was either a bad one or it was badly executed. The enemy, perceiving this change of position, made a furious attack upon the right and center before they had been fairly brought into line, breaking them and hurling them back upon the mountains. This was the disaster of the day, and nothing but the splendid generalship of Thomas prevented it from causing a rout. By his heroic efforts the left wing was preserved intact till darkness terminated the conflict, and then was withdrawn safely and in good order. This repulse, however, did not compel Rosecrans to retire from the naturally strong position of Chattanooga, and since then heavy reinforcements have reached him both from Vicksburg and from the Potomac.

Simultaneous with the advance of Rosecrans, was the rapid and successful movement of Gen. Burnside into East Tennessee. Kingston, Knoxville, and Cumberland Gap fell into his hands without a struggle. His army is now co-operating with that of Rosecrans.

The army of the Potomac has advanced to Culpepper, but with the exception of successful cavalry fights and of enforcing the draft in New York City, has otherwise been inactive.

In the Department of the South, Gen. Gilmore has accomplished results which have astonished the world. At a mean range of four thousand yards he has demolished the massive walls of Fort Sumter, and that too by firing directly over Forts Wagner and Gregg. Besides, by a series of skillful approaches he has compelled the evacuation of these latter forts and of the remainder of Morris Island, where for nearly a month he has been erecting new and powerful batteries. When these shall open, the fate of the Palmetto City will be sealed.

During the first part of September, an expedition was sent from New Orleans to Sabine Pass, under the command of Gen. Franklin. Owing to unexpected and formidable opposition, it was obliged to return without accomplishing its object.

On the whole, the results of the past month are encouraging. Almost everywhere our armies have been active, and

if disasters have been sustained, they have been compensated by substantial successes.

### The Constitution.

NUMBER TWO.

In our first number we begged you to read the Constitution for yourself. Perhaps we may undertake to read some parts of it with you in future numbers of this "War Record." Our present purpose, however, is to tell you how to read it.

*Examine it in the light of common sense.*

Away with the theories of the philosophers. Away with the quibbles of the lawyers. Away with the sophistries of the politicians. Remember always that the Constitution is a plain, honest document, written in plain, honest English, for plain, honest people to read and understand. There is no mystery in it. You can understand it as easily as you can understand the Lord's Prayer.

In the first place remember that it is a *Constitution and nothing else*. Let nobody persuade you to call it anything else. If you are induced to do so, you are made the victim of a trick. The commonest trick of demagogues, who seek to deceive you about the meaning of the Constitution, is to make you start with the idea that the Constitution is *not* a Constitution but a "compact," or a "federal compact," or a "constitutional compact," or a "fundamental compact," or a "confederation," or a "league," or something or other which they think you do not understand and which they offer to explain to your benighted minds. By this very trick these rascals have humbugged multitudes of honest and sensible men into the belief that there is some great mystery about the Constitution, and that a common, unlearned man must not expect to understand it without help from lawyers or statesmen or philosophers. Down with these tricksters and their tricks. Hold fast to that good word "Constitution," which is an honest, intelligible word. It needs no definition. Do not undertake to give a definition of it. Do not accept a definition of it from anybody. There is not a word or sentence in the English language which will answer as a full and safe definition of it. Yet you can understand it; much better, too, without a pretended definition of it than with one. The Constitution is not a "compact," or a "federal compact," or a "constitutional compact," or a "funda-

mental compact," or a "confederation," or a "league," or anything else but a Constitution. In one sense it was the *result* of a "compact." So is your house. The mason and the joiner entered into a "compact" with you, to build the house. So the makers of the Constitution entered into a "compact" with each other to build the Constitution. Yet your house, as it stands there, is not a "compact," but a house. And the Constitution, as it stands there, is not a "compact," but a Constitution. As we may tell the parts and qualities of the house—pointing out its materials, its color and its shape—so we may tell the parts and qualities of the Constitution—pointing out its framework, its foundations and its scope. Still the house remains, as its builders left it, a house, and nothing else. So the Constitution remains, as its builders left it, a Constitution, and nothing else. Whether you can give a correct definition of a house or not, you know what it is; and whether you can give a correct definition of a Constitution or not, you know what it is.

Beware then of admitting, in argument, or of believing or assuming in your own mind, that the Constitution is a "compact" or anything else but a Constitution. Stick to that good word, knowing that you understand it well enough for all practical purposes. Do not undertake to be a philosopher, or dictionary-maker, or statesman, or lawyer; but when you read the Constitution examine it in the light of sound common sense, and its meaning will be as clear to your mind as pure spring water is to your eye.

### The Constitution.

NUMBER THREE.

In our first number we begged you to read the Constitution for yourself. In our second we advised you to examine it in the light of common sense, and to trust your own conclusions in regard to its meaning, without consulting politicians, philosophers or lawyers. We assured you also that in the light of common sense you would find the Constitution a perfectly plain, honest, intelligible thing. In that light we propose, in this and future numbers, to examine it a little with you. Take nothing on our authority. Read and think for yourself as we go along, and if you find us talking common sense, agree with us; if not, not.

In order to know what the Constitution is, let us then, like men of sense,





look inside of it, instead of listening to random talk outside of it. And let us begin at the beginning. The very first sentence of the Constitution, like an illuminated open gateway, pours a flood of light into the interior of the noble edifice, so that he who is not naturally or willfully blind, will see, in the steady brilliance of that light, as he advances, all parts of the structure in their true proportions, and in their full symmetry.

"We, the People of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

In some respects this is the most important sentence of the Constitution, for it helps us to understand all the rest. It so helps us by telling us positively, at the start, who made the Constitution and what it was made for. Thus your mind is let into the mind of the creator of the Constitution, so that you know in the beginning who that creator is and what that creator's designs are; and thereby your mind is enabled to go along with the mind of that creator, and to feel and comprehend the working out of the plan all along through.

Who then is the creator, the ordainer, the establisher of the Constitution? Let the first words of that first sentence answer. "We, the People of the United States." Any man of common sense can understand this answer. And yet demagogues, theorizers and pretended statesmen have been doing their best for seventy-six years, and are still doing their best—or rather, worst—to puzzle you and me upon the simple question—who made the Constitution?—a question which, as you see, the Constitution answers for itself so plainly that human language cannot make the answer plainer.

Observe. "We, the People of the United States,"—not "we, the thirteen States,"—not "we, the Legislatures of the thirteen States,"—not "we, the thirteen peoples of the States,"—but "We, the People"—one People—"the People"—of that country which is called "the United States."

Thus the Constitution starts with the assumption that there is one nation, known to itself and to the world as "the People of the United States;" and, as we see, the Constitution stands upon

the will of that nation and upon nothing else. The Constitution does not pretend to be a bargain, a league, a "compact," between different nations. It has no other foundation and professes to have no other foundation than this simple declaration of the nation which created it—"We, the People of the United States, do ordain and establish this Constitution." If there is no such nation then there is no Constitution.

Yet there are professed expounders of the Constitution who tell you that there is no such nation, and that the Constitution is not what it says it is—a real Constitution ordained and established by one nation—but merely a written contract between several different nations. Test this nonsense by your common sense. You know that before the revolution every man, woman and child in this country was a member of the British nation. By the revolution all these people were cut off from the British nation. They became a new nation, having all the elements of one nation. Nothing short of the wildest and most unnatural violence could have split them up into different nations. Their country, though subdivided into counties and States, was geographically one country. The People of that one country were everywhere substantially of one and the same breed—a race almost entirely of British blood, with a slight mixture of blood from the continent of Europe. They spoke one and the same language; and, as every man of common sense knows, no one thing more clearly distinguishes nations from each other than difference of language. They were all of one religion, Christians, and with extremely few exceptions, were all Protestants. They were one in all their habits, customs and laws—which, throughout their country, were almost identically the same. Therefore, although they inhabited a country which was divided by imaginary lines into districts called States, these People were one nation and they knew it; and that is the reason why, in the first line of the Constitution, they assume to be one nation—"the People."

You will see, as you read farther, that throughout the Constitution this "People" speaks as one undivided and indivisible nation, dictating its will to States and State-governments, so called, as imperatively as to individuals, and, at last, as if to anticipate and trample into the dust the theories of modern demagogues about the pretended "sovereignty" of the

States, declaring in article 6th, that "this Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made, or which shall be made under the authority of the United States, shall be the *supreme law of the land*; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby;—*anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.*"

Trusting your common sense alone then, you look upon your country and you see with your own eyes that it is one great country, inhabited by one great "People" or Nation. Then looking into the Constitution, you see, just as clearly, by the help of that same common sense, that the Constitution was made by that same single, indivisible Nation, and that it is really and truly what it pretends to be, a *Constitution*, "ordained and established" by the will of that Nation, as the "supreme law of the land." He who tells you that it is not a Constitution, but a mere "compact" or bargain, between thirteen or more different nations, may possibly be a very ingenious pettifogger or a very profound philosopher, but he has not got common sense—or, if he has, he thinks that *you* have not, and means to humbug you.

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#### God save the State.

Tune—"AMERICA."

God save our native land;  
Firm may she ever stand,  
Through storm and night;  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of wind and wave,  
Do thou our country save  
By thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise  
To God, above the skies;  
On Him we wait:  
Thou who art ever nigh,  
Guarding with watchful eye,  
To Thee aloud we cry,  
God save the State.

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#### The Conscript's Song.

Do you ask me, fellows, how I feel,  
Since my name came out of the drafting wheel?  
Ask, if you please, the dear old flag—  
Which Jeff insults with his rebel rag—  
Whether it feels its stars to thank,  
Or whether it thinks it has drawn a blank.

Let flag and country never fear,  
This conscript's heart is a volunteer,  
And though this seems but an awkward hand,  
It shall try with a will the battle band;  
And well may the toads of rebels feel  
The dread they do of the drafting wheel!

Boston Transcript.





*For the Connecticut War Record.***The Three Months' Volunteers.**

The three months troops were raised in an emergency. A crisis had occurred which, though not entirely unforeseen, was startling in its suddenness and importance. No nation had ever been so rudely awakened from a long dream of peace. For a period of more than eighty years the people had been devoted to the development of the resources of the country, to commerce, agriculture, and the arts. No preparation had been made by the loyal States for war, either foreign or domestic. Of the Eastern States probably none was so illly prepared as Connecticut. Adjoining States possessed a militia well drilled and efficient, while a system of organization, merely, without men sufficient for a respectable regimental parade, comprised all that Connecticut could boast as a nucleus for an army.

But the patriotism of the people proved superior to these disadvantages. Adjutant General J. D. Williams, in his report for 1861, says:

"Under these circumstances a call for volunteers was promptly made, appealing to the patriotism of the people, and it was as promptly responded to by the immediate tender of a sufficient number of companies to organize a regiment, and within three days from the date of the orders they were at the rendezvous at New Haven."

The Governor issuing another proclamation, stating that more troops would be needed, the report just referred to, says:

"Within twenty-two days fifty-four companies tendered their services for three months and were accepted. The President of the United States, having declined to accept the services of but three regiments, the others were disbanded. Two of the regiments disbanded immediately volunteered for three years or during the war, and were accepted."

"Within six days from the issue of the Governor's proclamation, two entire regiments were raised, armed, equipped, and clothed. Connecticut has the honor of having been the first State which sent a regiment, composed wholly of volunteers, completely armed, to Washington."

The services of those brave men who so promptly responded to the call of their country from motives of the purest patriotism, however much appreciated at the time they were rendered, have been so eclipsed by the glory of subsequent organizations which have had the fortune

to participate in engagements and to share in victories affecting vitally the interests of the country and tending directly to the suppression of the rebellion, that to have been one of those who first sprang to arms, has almost ceased to be a matter of pride. When, however, this atrocious rebellion shall have been crushed, and peace shall have allayed excitement and enabled us to take a comprehensive view of the great struggle, they will be awarded no inferior place among the soldiers of the Republic.

During the winter of 1860-1, the excitement among the people in consequence of the threats and menaces of those who afterwards became the avowed leaders and directors of the rebellion, was most intense. Enhanced by the successive secession of the Southern States, it reached its climax when the news of the firing upon the flag of the Republic, borne by an unarmed steamer in the harbor of Charleston, S. C., followed by the attack and surrender of Fort Sumter, was received. Party prejudices were renounced, social distinctions swept aside, and personal animosities forgotten in the overwhelming rush of aroused patriotism. Men, whose interests, tastes, and business engagements apparently forbade any change in their pursuits, forgot interest, laid aside preferences of taste, left business engagements to fulfill themselves, and with an earnestness and abandon, witnessed but once in a life-time, devoted their time, influence and money to the enlistment of volunteers. No sooner was the permission to assist in the overthrow of the rebellion given by the call of the President and the proclamation of the Governor, than the minister left parish and pulpit, the editor his chair, the merchant his store, the clerk his desk, the mechanic his bench, the farmer his plow, and the laborer his spade. None looked for office, none calculated on promotion, none regarded personal interest or pecuniary benefit, but with enthusiastic love for country and veneration for the flag, threw themselves, with all they possessed, into "the imminent, deadly breach," determined to sustain at all hazards the government which had protected and defended them. The Nation's flag was thrown to the breeze from every public and mercantile building. Private citizens evinced their patriotism by a similar display, and, what was more useful and convincing, by proffers of assistance and personal effort. Meetings, advertised in the daily journals, or simply by word of mouth, were

held, at which whole companies were enlisted, no reservations being made by the volunteers, and no conditions looking to position imposed. Young men freely gave up the golden promises and alluring prospects of a successful career; middle aged men left wife and children confident in the good faith of their fellow-citizens, who unconditionally pledged themselves to support or aid their families during their absence. A galaxy of names, whose self-sacrificing tenders of aid, and whose personal efforts glorify their characters, may be found in almost every town and city in our good old State. These times may be counted among the glorious days of the Republic.

A glance at the list of residences of those composing the three first regiments, will show how generally diffused was this spirit all over the State. Almost every town, and hamlet, and neighborhood, sent its representatives to Hartford or New Haven, the centres of the State. No one place can claim preëminence for promptness in answering the call of the executive. Men coming in from the country begged the privilege of entering company ranks which were already filled. When a man judged physically unfit was rejected, a dozen stood clamoring for his place, while the rejected subject begged hard to be retained. All supposed that the force called for—seventy-five thousand men—would be sufficient to crush the serpent rebellion, and each man expected that his advent into the rebellious districts would be immediately followed by the clash of arms. It was no holiday excursion these devoted men thought of attending. The known horrors of war and the unknown hardships of the camp and field, (more terrible because less understood,) had no terrors for them. Cheerfully they offered their lives and their all upon the altar of their patriotism. Let not such men be denied the meed of praise.

**FIRST REGIMENT.\***

The First Regiment Connecticut Volunteers was organized by Governor Buckingham under the call of the President, and were thus arranged, company-wise, in the regiment:

Infantry Co. A, Hartford,	Capt. J. C. Comstock.
" " E, Danbury,	E. E. Wildman.
" " C. W. Locks,	Levi N. Hillman.
" " G. N. Britain,	Fred. W. Hart.
" " D, Waterbury,	John L. Chatfield.

\* I am under obligation to Col. George S. Burnham, for valuable assistance in the compilation of this sketch of his regiment.





Infantry Co. B, Hartford, Capt. Ira Wright.  
 " " F, Meriden, " Theodore Byxbee.  
 " " H, Bridgeport, " R. Fitzgibbons.  
 Rifle " B, " John Speidal.  
 " " A, Hartford, " Geo. S. Burnham.

Capt. Burnham was afterwards appointed Lieut. Col., and Lieut. Joseph R. Hawley (now Col. of the 7th) was appointed Captain in his place. Capt. Chatfield was appointed Major, and Lieut. Marcus Coon, now in the Harris Light Cavalry, was appointed Captain in his place.

The companies were, for the most part, formed from the very small militia companies scattered through the State, with the exception of Rifle Co. A, which was composed entirely of new men, or men generally without any military experience. This company reported to the Adjutant General in just *twelve hours* from its first conception, ranks full and officers chosen. George S. Burnham, who joined as a private, was unanimously elected Captain, Joseph R. Hawley 1st Lieutenant, and Albert W. Drake 2d Lieutenant. These three officers subsequently became Colonels; Burnham, Colonel of the 1st and 22d, Hawley of the 7th, and Drake of the 10th.

At the time of the formation of the company, Capt. Burnham was Lieut. Col. of the 1st Regiment Connecticut Militia, and was the first militia officer who offered his services to the Governor after the call of the President for troops.

On the 20th of April, 1861, Companies A, Infantry, and A, Rifle, left Hartford for the rendezvous at New Haven, escorted to the station by an immense crowd of the people, who encouraged them with cheers, making the scene one of the wildest excitement. These two companies were armed with Sharp's breech-loading rifles, and were made the flank companies of the regiment, on marches generally preceding the regiment as skirmishers.

On the 22d, the regiment was mustered into the service of the United States, organized as follows:

#### Field and Staff.

Daniel Tyler, Norwich, Colonel.  
 George S. Burnham, Hartford, Lieut. Colonel.  
 John L. Chatfield, Waterbury, Major.  
 Theodore C. Bacon, New Haven, Adjutant.  
 Justin Hodge, Barkhamsted, Quartermaster.  
 Henry P. Stearns, Hartford, Surgeon.  
 Frederick L. Dibble, New Haven, Assist. Surgeon.

#### Company Officers.

Co. A, J. C. Comstock, Captain, }  
 G. S. Gouge, 1st Lieut., } all of Hartford.  
 W. Hoffman, 2d Lieut., }  
 Co. B, Ira Wright, Captain, }  
 J. H. Chapman, 1st Lieut., } all of Hartford.  
 D. C. Rodman, 2d Lieut., }

Co. C, Levi X. Hillman, Captain, }  
 E. F. Marden, 1st Lieut., } all of Windsor  
 S. E. Horton, 2d Lieut., } Locks.  
 Co. D, Marcus Coon, Captain, }  
 S. W. Carpenter, 1st Lieut., } all of Water-  
 W. E. Morris, 2d Lieut., } bury.  
 Co. E, E. E. Wildman, Captain, }  
 J. D. Stevens, 1st Lieut., } all of Danbury.  
 J. W. Bussing, 2d Lieut., }  
 Co. F, Theor. Byxbee, Captain, }  
 G. W. Wilson, 1st Lieut., } all of Meriden.  
 O. S. Sanford, 2d Lieut., }  
 Co. G, Fred. W. Hart, Captain, }  
 W. G. Cunningham 1st Lt., } all of New Brit-  
 O. M. Butler, 2d Lieut., } ain.  
 Co. H, R. Fitzgibbons, Captain, }  
 H. M. Hoyt, 1st Lieut., } all of Bridge-  
 Wm. A. Lee, 2d Lieut., } port.  
 Co. A, (Rifle,) J. R. Hawley, Captain, }  
 A. W. Drake, 1st Lieut., } all of  
 D. G. Francis, 2d Lieut., } Hartford.  
 Co. B, (Rifle,) J. Speidal, Captain, }  
 John Holzer, 1st Lieut., } all of  
 Geo. Louis, 2d Lieut., } Bridge-  
 port.

The last named company (Speidal's) was composed of men of German descent, but there was no company in the regiment which had not representatives of one or more of the European nationalities. Then as now the citizens of foreign descent stood side by side with the descendants of the first settlers, evincing as strong a love for the flag of their adopted country as though they had been born and nurtured beneath its protecting folds.

On the arrival of the companies at New Haven, they were quartered at different public and private buildings, until the Quartermaster's Department could provide the necessary camp equipage, one company (Hawley's) occupying one of the buildings of the College, (Yale.) They soon, however, went into camp near the Hospital. From the moment of arrival in the city, the companies applied themselves rigidly to the mastery of the rudiments of military science. The officers, especially, soon found their positions to be anything but sinecures. The regiment had to be clothed, the men fed, reduced to the rules of military life and perfected in the drill. Each man had a want to be supplied. Some needed one thing and some another. The Quartermaster's department was tasked to the utmost to keep pace with the demands. Company and regimental officers supplied from their private resources many pressing wants which the State was unable at the time to meet. In this they were assisted by the people with open hand. Ladies made up into bedding and clothing the material furnished by their male friends, drawing, often, from their own private stores for the comfort of the volunteers.

Soon as the regiment went into camp regular camp rules were adopted and cheerfully observed, a marked improvement in drill and discipline being noticeable each day. On the 9th of May the regiment embarked on the steamer *Bienville* for Washington, where they arrived Sunday, May 12th. As they marched through the streets of the Capital they elicited great praise for the perfection of their personal and camp equipage, being furnished not only with tents but with a complete baggage train. The regiment numbered seven hundred and eighty (780) men. The next day after their arrival they pitched camp on a spot about two miles from the Capital, east of 7th street, near the grounds of Corcoran, the celebrated banker, who had a rural villa in that vicinity. Camp established, no less than nine hours each day were devoted to drill. The weather was very warm, and the men suffered much from its effects. Many of them had never been accustomed to exposure or hard labor, but they submitted cheerfully to the requirements of their novel position.

On the day of the departure from New Haven, orders were read on board the steamer, making known the appointment of Col. Tyler to the rank of Brigadier General of Volunteers, and the promotion of Lieut. Col. Burnham to be Colonel, Major Chatfield Lieut. Col., and Capt. Speidal, Major. The regiment was brigaded with the Second, which arrived on Tuesday, May 14th, and the Third, which came about a fortnight later. The camps of the three regiments adjoined each other.

The First had been encamped about a fortnight when one of those little digressions from the monotony of camp life occurred, which make up so much the attraction of the soldier's pursuits. The men had finished dinner, and were variously employed in the brief interval between dinner and drill, smoking, writing, cleaning equipments, and conversation. About the camp everything was orderly and quiet, but from the Capital came the sound of guns and of bells, supposed by the men to be the tokens of public sorrow at the funeral of Col. Ellsworth, which occurred that afternoon. But presently all eyes were directed to a horseman, who, on a reeking charger, dashed up to the Colonel's tent. He proved to be a mounted orderly with orders for the regiment to march with the utmost dispatch to Long Bridge, to protect the easily alarmed Capital from a threatened attack.





The rattle of the "long roll," which no soldier who ever heard can ever forget, roused every man. Horses were saddled, accoutrements donned, arms examined, the men fell rapidly into line, and in just fifteen minutes the camp was deserted, lame men and sick coming from the hospital to accompany their comrades. The march was a hot and hurried one, the regiment sometimes on the double-quick filing past others which were being directed to the same point. Men, who lined the streets in crowds, cheered, ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and other regiments gave them encouraging words as they hurried by. Reaching Long Bridge they were informed that the alarm was a false one, and, disappointed they turned wearily back.

A week more passed away, when another bearer of orders rides into camp. A short consultation between General Tyler and the Colonel, and orders to move at 12 o'clock that night, (June 1st.) are promulgated. An early tattoo and the men, excepting the camp guard, lie down to rest for two or three hours.

Twelve o'clock comes soon enough, and the regiment, followed by its train of wagons bearing the tents and commissariat stores, winds its way through the dark woods into the broad streets of Washington, where scarcely an eye sees them as they march steadily and silently through the city. Across Long Bridge the head of the column answering the challenge of the vigilant sentinels who guard its entire length, and then on through what appear to be mere apologies for roads, the men tramp, tramp, in impressive silence. Reaching Roach's Mills, on the line of the Alexandria and Leesburg Railroad, at sunrise, the regiment relieves the 12th N. Y., Col. Butterfield. Pickets are established, sentinels posted, and the men go to work to re-establish a camp. At once the regular routine of drill is resumed. A day or two after their arrival the camp was visited by Gen. McDowell, who enquired of the Colonel how many times the regiment had been called up in the night by needless alarms from its pickets. "Never," was the reply, "unless there has been some legitimate occasion." "Thank heaven," responded the General, "there is one regiment this side of the Potomac that does not unnecessarily alarm itself." "How are your pickets posted?" "We try to guard against possible surprise," answered the Colonel. "Well," rejoined the General, "I will see." As he rides

out to the picket line he meets the relieved picket guard coming in with a prisoner blindfolded. He appeared much pleased at this evidence of faithfulness, and after questioning the prisoner sent him to the Colonel. He was found to be a brother of the rebel commander at Fairfax Court House, but, as was the rule in those days, after examination, he was sworn and then given his liberty. No doubt this mild treatment of spies by our government has resulted in greatly complicating the difficulties which beset our troops in the enemy's country.

During the interim between the arrival of the regiment in Washington and the march to Roach's Mills, several changes occurred in the arrangement of the field and line officers.

Lieut. Col. Chatfield was appointed Colonel of the 3d Regiment, *vice* John Arnold, resigned.

Major Speidel was promoted Lieut. Col., *vice* Chatfield.

Capt. Byxbee, Co. F, was promoted Major.

1st Lieut. Geo. W. Wilson, promoted Captain Co. F; 2d Lieut. Oliver S. Sanford, promoted 1st Lieut., and Orderly Sergeant Daniel T. Lyon, promoted 2d Lieut., same company.

Capt. Ira Wright, Co. B, having resigned, 1st Lieut. Justice H. Chapman was promoted Captain, 2d Lieut. Daniel C. Rodman, promoted 1st Lieut., and George M. Coit, Corporal Rifle Co. A, promoted 2d Lieut. of Co. B.

1st Lieut. Edwin F. Marden, Co. C, was dropped from the roll, and 2d Lieuts. Stoddard E. Horton and George M. White were made 1st and 2d Lieuts. respectively of the same company.

Quartermaster Hodge was appointed Brigade Quartermaster, and Morton F. Hale was made Quartermaster in his place.

William G. Ely was made Acting Commissary.

Rev. Geo. N. Webber, having been appointed Chaplain, subsequently (June 14th) arrived and entered upon the discharge of his duties.

On the morning of Saturday, June 15th, the regiment was ordered to furnish one company to go up the railroad to Vienna. The trip was performed in safety, and the men returned without having been molested. The movement was undoubtedly intended as a reconnoissance and probably gave the enemy, by means of spies who infested the country, an opportunity to make the preparations

which shortly afterwards proved so fatal to some of the Ohio volunteers. The next day, Sunday the 16th, a detail of four hundred men, headed by Gen. Tyler and Col. Burnham, started again on the hazardous attempt to explore the enemy's country by railroad. The cars had proceeded but some three or four miles beyond Vienna, when the couplings of the train broke and they were compelled to return, lashing the cars together sufficiently to retain them while backing slowly down to the camp. On the way back the crack of a rifle was heard, and George H. Bugbee, a private of Co. A, fell shot through the shoulder. He was standing near Gen. Tyler, and the shot was doubtless intended for him. The men jumping from the cars were deployed as skirmishers, and after scouring the woods soon returned with a number of prisoners, white and colored, but the culprit remained undiscovered, and the prisoners, after the administration of the Government's favorite panacea—the oath of allegiance—were allowed to go. Poor Bugbee was badly wounded. The ball crashed right through his shoulder, carrying with it pieces of the bone and leaving a large ragged hole. He bore the suffering bravely, only regretting his hurt was not received in a fair fight instead of in an assassin like manner. DOMINUS.

(To be continued.)

For the Connecticut War Record.

RIDGEFIELD, CONN., Sept. 29th, 1863.

MR. EDITOR:—I happened to see in the columns of your last, a piece headed "The 7th Conn. before Fort Pulaski." It appears to me the writer signing himself H. L. W., is trying to run down the 48th N. Y. S. V. a little. Now I, being an officer in that regiment at the time the writer speaks of, think it my duty to show his error. I have a good many friends in the 7th Conn. Vols., and will not injure the regiment in any way.

1st. The 48th did as much in erecting batteries to reduce Fort Pulaski as the 7th did, and manned a battery and fired at the Fort during the action from the lower end of Bird Island.

2d. (A New Year's Call, Jan. 1st, 1862.) The 48th N. Y. were under a heavy fire at Port Royal Ferry, three men being wounded. And at the assault on Fort Wagner, the 48th was among the leading regiments, losing a great number of officers and men. The 48th would not have had the name Fort Pulaski on their flag if they had not a right to it.

Respectfully, &c.,

MILES.





## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## The Seventh Connecticut Volunteers.

MORRIS ISLAND, Sept. 4, 1863.

In my communication under date of June 25th, I brought the history of the regiment up to that point. Here let me set right a misprint which transpired in that narrative. It was Co's I and K, (and not D and K,) which left St. Augustine to join the detachment under command of Lieut. Col. Rodman. Under ordinary circumstances an error of this kind would pass unremarked. But in view of the fact that the Record will no doubt be filed and kept as a household treasure in the home of many a brave volunteer, there ought to be no error, to prevent a member of the gallant detachment from making good his claim to a share in its glory.

Let us now, leaving the six companies to garrison the post of St. Augustine, follow the remaining four companies, A, B, I, and K, under Lt. Col. Rodman. The two latter companies, leaving St. Augustine on the 25th June, as heretofore stated, reported to Lt. Col. Rodman on the following day, at "Sea Brooks," a plantation lying on the west coast of Hilton Head Island. It is on this plantation that the new work, "Ft. Mitchell," is erected, designed to command the passage through Skull Creek. On the 28th June, the battalion removed by steamer to St. Helena Island, where they were incorporated into the Brigade of Gen. Geo. C. Strong. Probably every member of the detachment, as long as he lives, will remember it as one of the glories and pleasures of his life that he was under the command of this gallant and chivalric leader. The degree of discipline which he exacted of his troops prepared them for victory, while his ardor, his bravery, his sympathy for the soldier, carried them beyond themselves in attempts and achieving great results. "We used to think it was rather tough when he kept us on brigade drill day after day in the sun," said one of the detachment, "but when we came to go into the field we were very glad to have had the drill."

Meanwhile the plans for a movement against Charleston had been projected, and on the 4th July, the battalion embarked on a steamer for Folly Island. They reached the inlet about three the next morning, but as it was desired to keep from the knowledge of the enemy the movements of our troops, it was deemed

too late to leave, and the steamer withdrew. She again returned with the companies that night, and they were successfully disembarked. After being for two days encamped on Folly Island, on the evening of the 8th, they were, with other forces, ordered into boats for the purpose of entering Light House Inlet, and attacking the batteries on Morris Island. But unavoidable delay took place and after the men were in the boats, it was decided to defer the attack till the next night. Accordingly on the night of the 9th, our troops were again embarked into boats, and rowed through Folly Creek, into Light House Inlet. Early the next morning, our guns on Folly Island opened a heavy fire on the rebel works on Morris Island. The enemy replied by throwing shell and grape at our boats, which were crowding the inlet, right under the fire of the rebel guns. After enduring this for a while, Lt. Col. Rodman said to Gen. Strong, "Let me land and take these batteries." The General hesitated, but carried along by the resolute, confident bravery of the Lt. Colonel he consented. Instantly the word was given, the 7th Conn. stood to their oars, pressed to the shore, and stormed and took a line of rifle pits, receiving almost with impunity the fire of the enemy, and returning it with fatal effect. Word was at once sent to Gen. Strong of the capture of the rifle pits. He landed all his forces which, uniting with the battalion, carried the remaining works, amounting to eleven one gun batteries, and the day found our troops in possession of all of the Island up to Fort Wagner.

In the course of the forenoon Gen. Gilmore having crossed over to the Island, Lt. Col. Rodman, in conversation with him, expressed his gratification at the success of the movement. The General replied, "Don't you suppose that I knew whom to put in the front? I remember what your regiment did on Tybee."

During the day our lines were pushed forward as far as possible, and a beginning was made toward erecting some rifle pits.

At night the troops lay down to rest, worn out with the toils of the day, and with the fatigue of the two preceding nights, both of which they had passed cramped in open boats. But about midnight, Gen. Strong aroused Lt. Col. Rodman, saying, "It is determined to assault Ft. Wagner to-night, and we have decided

that you are the man to lead the column, and that your battalion must head the advance." The men were soon awakened and the line formed, at about 2 A. M. The story of that assault I do not need to rehearse. The people of Connecticut have shed tears of grief and pride, of affection and bereavement, over the exploits of their sons on that gray fatal morning, over their steady advance, their fiery onset, their charge up the slope and the parapet, in the very face of the enemy's guns, their occupation of the external wall, their agonies of rage and grief at the faltering and rout of their support, their reluctant retreat, the re-formation of the ranks and the sad roll call, that showed a loss of more than half the number taken to the field, and of seven out of the eleven officers who were in the charge. Never while Putnam, and Hale, and Prescott are household words, never till Groton Heights have sunk to a level with the Sound, never while men estimate their patriotic valor by the story of Foote's conquests on the Western waters, will they cease to tell their children of the 7th Conn. battalion, and their leader, the bravest of the brave, and their charge upon Fort Wagner.

Lt. Col. Rodman being wounded, the command now devolved upon Capt. Gray, the senior officer. The detachment was assigned to the duty of Provost guard for the Island. Previous to the second attack on Fort Wagner, on the night of the 18th, a battery of two 30 lb. Parrotts were assigned to Capt. Gray, and a detail from the detachment. This battery participated in the bombardment of Fort Wagner, that was designed to prepare the way for the assault of the 18th. On the night of the attack, it was the duty of the remainder of the battalion, acting as Provost guard, to keep stragglers to their post and to prevent them from retreating to the rear.

Rarely during the present war has a scene been witnessed surpassing in interest that which was presented on the Plaza of St. Augustine on the morning of the 21st July. The steamer had arrived bringing the first news of the siege of Charleston, the account of the occupation of Morris Island, and of the charge upon Wagner. The Colonel at once had the companies marched to the Plaza, knowing that all of the regiment would be interested in hearing tidings from their comrades. As he recounted what he had learned of the events, and as others who had just come from Port Royal told what they had





heard from men who had participated in the attack, one might see whole ranks of sun burnt, war worn men, officers and privates alike, sobbing and shedding tears like children; setting their teeth firmly as they heard that their brethren in arms, deserted by their support, yet holding their position, had been shot down, half smiling through their grief, as they heard how their bravery and their sufferings had extorted tears of admiration from the heroic General who commanded them; how Gen. Strong met Lieut. Col. Rodman as he was carried wounded from the field, and with tears running down his cheeks said: "God bless you, Col. Rodman, and God bless your brave battalion, they deserved a better fate." And from every side the wish was heard, "I wish we had been there. They would not have been left without a support."

Not less touching than this scene, was it to visit, as I did a day or two subsequently, our wounded men, and to observe with what gladness and pride they hear of the manner in which their commander had greeted the tidings of their heroism and their hope. They seemed to find, in the unstinted approval of their commander, and in the sympathy of their fellow soldiers, a recompense for much of their sufferings.

Immediately upon receiving the tidings of the action of the 11th, Col. Hawley went to the Headquarters of the department, earnestly soliciting that the remainder of the regiment might be allowed to join the four companies who were engaged in the labors and perils of the siege. The application was granted, and on the 2d August, orders were received that the regiment should at once repair to Morris Island. Accordingly on the 4th they reached Morris Island, and rejoined the battalion.

The regiment immediately entered on its share of the work of the siege. At first they took their turn in picket and fatigue duty, but soon their acquaintance with heavy artillery caused them to be detailed on batteries till no more remained to detail. The number detailed for duty in the batteries was four hundred and three, which, with the details for oarsmen, couriers, sharpshooters, scouts, &c., used up the entire force of the regiment, leaving barely enough for a very meagre camp guard. Of fourteen batteries on this island, the following were officered and manned by the 7th Conn. (1.) Capt. Gray's 300 pdr. battery. (2.)

Capt. Skinner's mortar battery. (3.) Capt. Dennis' mortar battery.

Both these last batteries were, toward the close of the siege, at the front, occupying the fifth parallel.

In addition to these, the following under command of officers from other regiments were officered and manned chiefly by our regiment. (4.) Lieut. Holbrook's battery, to which we furnished two reliefs. (5.) Lieut. J. E. Wilson's battery, to which we furnished two officers and three reliefs; and (6.) the Napoleon Howitzer battery, which we manned half the time. Of the remaining batteries the 3d R. I. artillery manned five, the naval force one, the 11th Me. one, the U. S. artillery one, and the 3d N. Y. manned the Napoleon half of the time. I am prevented from giving further particulars by the express orders of the General commanding, that the number and calibre of the guns shall not be published.

It will of course be understood that all the men and officers not employed on the batteries were discharging other important and laborious duties. The Colonel was on duty in the trenches, either as general officer of the day, or as field officer of the trenches every three days. Major Sanford also was detached shortly after our reaching the island, and put in charge of all the works and forces on the left, including all the boat pickets.

This laborious and responsible duty he discharged with great efficiency and fidelity. But why specify individuals? It is enough to say, taking the whole regiment together, that no corps had a larger share in the labors and honors of the campaign than the 7th Conn. And when in addition we remember the gallant fight made on the night of the 11th August, by the 6th regiment, who held a position in the fort longer than any other corps, and who captured a stand of colors from the enemy and the magnificent performance of the 1st Conn. battery in the fight on James Island on the 5th July, and the steadfastness and discipline of the 10th Conn., honorably keeping good the name won at Roanoke and Newbern, and the capacity and generalship exhibited by Gen. Terry, who has commanded the United States forces on this island since the 11th July, and by whom all of the dispositions for attack have been made, and who previous to that time made such disposition of his forces on James Island as led to the repulse of the enemy, numbering nearly twice our force, there seems no occasion to fear

that the ancient fame of Connecticut should suffer from the record of the siege of Charleston. The 17th Conn. has formed a part of our forces, but their numbers are so reduced by their campaigns on the Potomac, as to leave them little more than the skeleton of a regiment.

I have said that the battery containing the 300 lb. Parrott Rifle was commanded by Capt. Gray of the 7th.

A word as to the assignment of this battery. As the gun was of a size almost unparalleled, and as great results were anticipated from its use, much interest and emulation was felt as to the question to whom it should be given. Col. Turner, Chief of Artillery, expressed his intention to give it to the officer who exhibited by his management of the less important batteries, the greater promise of making the great gun efficient. When it was assigned to Capt. Gray, all who remembered that he had charge of a battery in the siege of Fort Pulaski, and that he was in command successfully of Ft. Clinch and Fort Marion, felt that the assignment had been most wisely made.

It was at this battery that an accident occurred calculated to afford an answer to those who seek to exalt the "regular" troops at the expense of the volunteers, and to show that the value of your volunteer army is enhanced by its being taken from every profession and calling in civil life. At the seventh fire, the 300 lb. rifle, in consequence of the premature explosion of a shell inside the gun, burst, at about 19 inches from the muzzle. It was supposed of course that it was useless, and profound disappointment was felt, as great anticipations had been formed of its efficiency, which had been fully justified by the style of its shooting up to the accident. But Capt. Gray had no idea of throwing over his pretty pet toy so summarily. Himself an accomplished mechanic, and used to shaping large masses of metal, he determined to put the gun again into working order. Furnished with suitable tools, he labored, or superintended the labor of others, till after some hours of continuous and hard toil, the rifling had been cut out, down as far back as the fracture extended. The gun was fired and was found not to fall short of its previous execution. It was fired very accurately and effectively against Sumter, and against Ft. Wagner, until towards the close of the bombardment of the latter, when it burst finally beyond hope of repair.





You will now understand that all this work, of manning batteries, standing guard in the trenches, and doing duty as sharpshooters, (for which we had about twenty men detailed,) was done under a continued rain of shell, from all the surrounding rebel works, and under the perpetual buzz of rifle balls from the rebel sharpshooters, who never suffered a head, a hand, or a shoulder to appear in sight without half a dozen shots. It is proper that I should record that we were, however, spared from casualties to a degree that we could not have anticipated. We lost but three killed, and five wounded by the enemy's fire.

You have heard of the success that has attended our forces, of the reduction of Sumter, and of the occupation of Wagner and Gregg.

Having for the present achieved all that can be done on land, and all that was purposed for the land forces in the present campaign, we are compelled to await the Navy. And as often as we are appalled by the spectacle of palpable incompetency and fatal inaction, we realize how great was our loss, and the loss of the Republic, when that brave, virtuous son of Connecticut, that "heaven descended" Admiral, died, and in vain we sigh, "Oh, for one hour of Foote!"

DIXWELL.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### **From the Second Conn. Light Battery.**

**EAST NEW YORK, Sept. 19th, 1863.**

Since the date of my last communication, which was sent to the RECORD from Camp Barry, at Washington, the battery has again taken up its line of march, the column this time heading to the North. Disloyalty in the great State of New York had once manifested its hideous proportions. Murder, robbery, and arson—all foulest crimes—stalked incarnate by broad daylight through the streets of the commercial metropolis of the Union. The government had been defied by Northern sympathizers with a godless rebellion. But in the face of all factious protests, the Chief Magistrate of the Republic stood firm and refused to be bullied by the Governor's "friends," or cajoled by the Governor himself, from the plain course of his official duty. He announced that the draft would take place, and detachments of the army of the Potomac were placed at the disposal of the commander of the Department of the East. The battery was among the troops thus sent North, and we embarked at Alexandria for New York on the 16th of last August.

After a variety of adventure at sea, we arrived at our destination on the 22d of the same month. While the drafting was going on, the battery was encamped in the City Hall Park. From thence one section was sent to Troy, under charge of Lieut. Miles Gray, and the remainder was sent into camp at East New York. From this camp a section was sent to Kingston, Ulster County, under charge of Lieut. Philo B. Sherman, which returned as soon as the draft had taken place in the districts in that vicinity. The section sent to Troy is now at Albany. It will return in a few days, and very soon thereafter orders will doubtless be received for the battery to turn its attention from traitors in the rear to armed rebels in front. It is gratifying to record that the services of none of the troops sent North have been called into action.

While at Camp Barry we lost by death in hospital, Corporal Tyler W. Hartshorne. He had been sick since the battle of Gettysburg, where by over-exertion and partial sunstroke the foundation was laid for the disease which eventually carried him off. He was one of the best non-commissioned officers in the battery, and ever faithful in the discharge of his duties.

The following promotions have recently been made for good conduct in the line of duty: Wm. J. Gould to be Sergeant; David Williams, Herbert C. Beecher, George H. Spall, Martin Mason, E. A. Holste, Wm. H. Hotchkiss, and Henry Hart, to be Corporals.

The battery since its organization has lost five men by death in hospital, six by desertion, fifteen have been discharged, and about the latter number are now sick in various hospitals. Its effective force having been thus diminished, Lieut. Hotchkiss and Sergeant Chaffee have been detached for recruiting service, but with what success your correspondent is not at present advised.

UNION.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### **The Twentieth Connecticut Volunteers.**

The 20th Connecticut was first tested on the battle-field at Chancellorsville. Its previous history from Sept. 11th, 1862, is a record of drills, marches, picketing and reconnoissance. It arrived at Washington, D. C., on the 13th of September; thence it marched by way of Long Bridge to Arlington Heights, Va., on the 17th. Here it remained twelve days, which time was diligently given to instruction in company and battalion exercises. Its progress was rapid—a fact complimentary to the interest taken by the men and to the tact possessed by its chief commander, Col. Ross. On the 29th following, the regiment re-

crossed Long Bridge and took cars for Frederick, Md.; remained at the latter place one day, and thence proceeded to Sandy Hook, encamping Oct. 2d at the east base of Maryland Heights. From this time it became a part of the Twelfth Corps, General Williams' Division. The exercises begun at Arlington were resumed. Here, also, commenced the experience of the men in outpost and patrol duty. On the 30th of October the regiment again broke camp, spent two days along the western slope of Loudon Heights, five up the banks of the Shenandoah, as far as Starry's Ford, and on the 8th of November encamped in Loudon Valley, two miles from Harper's Ferry. Here it remained on drill and picket duty until December 11th, when it marched by Leesburg and Fairfax Court House to the vicinity of Dumfries, encamping again at Fairfax Station, December 17th. Manual and field instructions, accompanied by constant service on picket, occupied the regiment until January 19th, 1863, when the movement known as the "mud march" commenced. The Twelfth corps experienced its full share of the trials peculiar to that occasion. On the 23d the regiment encamped at Stafford Court House, and there spent the remaining winter and following spring until Gen. Hooker opened the campaign of '63. This period of four months had many features the regiment can never forget. Picket—Drill—Corduoy—these are expressive words, and need only to be mentioned to awaken vivid memories of our life at that point. When at last the season for active operations arrived, the Twelfth corps took the direction of Kelly's Ford, crossed the Rappahannock April 27th, and arrived at Chancellorsville on the 30th. The 20th played its part in the contest that followed with the same spirit that had characterized all its operations. Self-reliance, determination, and zeal for its own honor were exhibited, showing that the regiment could be relied on for efficient service, and would justify the high expectation of its friends.

The First Division of the Twelfth corps was thrown into line early in the afternoon of the 30th. Our advance had come upon the enemy hastily entrenching himself near the Chancellor House. They retired upon our approach; but their immediate proximity rendered proper some precautionary arrangements. But no demonstrations were made, and about sundown each regiment moved to its place in the line along which Gen. Hooker proposed to await further developments. The next day was spent by both sides in feints and reconnoissance. Our forces generally were marshaled before noon





and took positions, but seemed to attempt nothing offensive. A slight artillery duel took place on the left front, of which the 20th boys were interested observers, lying exactly in range between the contending batteries. No casualties befell them, nor were their services put in demand. Towards evening Gen. Hooker recalled his advance players, and they returned to their previous positions. These were hardly regained when lively musketry broke forth on the left. All seized arms and stood ready. Slight firing commenced also on our right, which soon became confined to artillery practice. During this renewal of operations our portion of the line was advanced and a new position taken. Matters remained thus until the morning of the 2d, when all hands fell to and began throwing up entrenchments. The want of suitable implements for this work was felt, but bayonets took the place of picks, cups and plates became the substitutes for shovels, and so in a few hours our defensive arrangements were complete. Towards evening the First Division was drawn from the entrenchments and sent forward to feel the enemy on our front. We had not proceeded far before sharp firing commenced on the extreme right—the position of the Eleventh Corps. This was Jackson's flank attack, which became so serious that our reconnoissance was recalled, though not before our advance had unmasked the enemy's location and ascertained his strength. We resumed our former place behind the entrenchments about dark. Considerable commotion was apparent on the right, but we knew not the state of things there. Twice during the night severe cannonading indicated a struggle progressing in that quarter. Soon after midnight the 20th was ordered to a new position. The entrenchments to which we were sent had not the completeness of those constructed by our own hands. Col. Wooster saw the necessity for work upon them. The night was wearing away, and the men, weary by lack of previous rest, were reluctant to put forth new exertions. But a portion, faithful at all hours, took hold, and before morning dawned, had wrought a great improvement in the defenses. As things turned, this addition to the breastwork proved of incalculable benefit.

May 3d opened with early movements by the enemy. They took the aggressive, and first appeared to our view in assault upon a battery occupying an eminence about five hundred yards in advance of our front. Eventually the battery and its supports retired within the entrenchments. This result left the 20th nearest to the enemy, should they continue to advance from that point;

for immediately at our left the entrenchments bent to the rear by nearly a right angle; on our right they ran obtusely to the front, crossed a ravine, and then angling more to the right, skirted the crest of a wooded ridge. This ravine, of moderate width where our right company rested, attained greater breadth towards the left, and became an extended valley. The intentions of the enemy were not long in doubt. We saw them forming obliquely to our position down the valley. Directly they moved, advancing towards the woods outside our left until the ravine was reached, and then by flank movement passed along our front, intending to break through where the breastwork traversed their course. The 20th, duly cautioned, lay perfectly still while the column of gray-backs was measuring its length opposite to us, and then at the word of command by Col. Wooster, rose up and poured a deathly volley into their ranks. Checked by this demonstration, they faced, and we received their return compliment. Firing at will succeeded, and for some time there was lively work. But the rebel discharges gradually slackened, and when the order for us to cease was carried out, a few scattering files hurrying down the valley were all of the foe that could be seen. Cheers broke forth and warm congratulations were exchanged. "No rebs can cross where the 20th holds possession." Ah! their bullets can hit our men. Our triumph is not without sacrifice. While we give care and sympathy to the wounded the enemy has been planting a battery upon the opposite hill, and two or three significant messengers whizz past. He has the range. The fire is quickened, and soon his guns sweep destructively along either flank and over the whole space covering our rear. His shots are mostly over the heads of the 20th, though an occasional shell glances from tree or hillside and lunges against a manly form. Unfortunately the position of the battery enfiladed the section of entrenchments on our left occupied by the Second Division. In that direction every shot was effective. The 20th kept its cover, expecting another assault when shell and grape had been sufficiently employed. We saw again the forming of battle lines down the valley—the advance—and nerved ourselves for another close struggle. But the enemy had tested our mettle. Their designs this time were directed to another point. The battery's raking fire had already cleared an entrance, and soon after the foe broke through far to our rear. On the right of us also regiments were pressed back, and thus we became exposed upon all sides. We were like to be completely cut off. Not till this crisis did

Col. Wooster give the order to retire. The movement was well timed. The final result of the engagement was a great disappointment to the 20th. They went in expecting success, and fought for it. The practical fruit of their earnest efforts was lost by no shortcoming of their own. The regiment is not disheartened. It looks forward calmly to other trials, confident of its resources and resolute.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### Ninth Regiment.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Sept. 25th, 1863.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been waiting some little time in hopes of being able to send you some information which might be interesting and perhaps some movement of the 9th regiment C. V.; but since the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson things have been somewhat quiet until within a few days past, during which we have been sending over quite a large force into the Teché country again, where the rebels are still holding on, and so back into Texas to the last ditch, (which, I suppose, means the French in Mexico.) A detachment from the 9th has been detailed to the expedition as a field signal corps; another detachment has been sent home in charge of confederate prisoners. With these changes, the regiment remains as formerly—a portion doing guard duty in the city and a portion doing outpost duty along the Mexican Gulf and shores of Lake Borgne. We have about six hundred men left of the original number, and have sent on to Connecticut a detail to receive the proper number of conscripts to make up the complement.

The weather here, in New Orleans, has been exceedingly warm, and without intermission for some time back, but is getting to be pleasant fall weather now. There have been some idle rumors of yellow fever, etc., but I do not know of an authenticated case, and the health of the troops is generally good.

The Mississippi river is *reported* as open; but it is an opening where there is a fine chance for improvement—every few miles some hornet nest firing unawares into some loaded steamer, or some dastardly incendiary firing the steamer at a wharf, or some pirate crew seizing such steamers as the Fox and the Leviathan, and running them into rebel ports. A considerable gunboat patrol, and army pickets here and there, will be requisite to keep it open in fact as well as name. All these exhaust the main body, and hence the need of a large force in these departments. The rebels, well knowing this, keep up the guerrilla system, and every now and then





swoop down and "gobble up" some unfortunate minor outpost, blazoning it forth through rebel sources *via* Richmond as a great rebel victory—generally leaving more federal dead on the field than the united strength of both parties remaining.

Our Col. Cabill still remains military commandant of the city, being the senior Colonel in commission in this department, while the Lieutenant Colonel and the Major remain with the regiment. The news is very meager, as we are not at liberty to make known our movements until the excitement has died away.

Yours, &c.,

F. F.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### The Connecticut Brigade.

It is to be regretted, perhaps, that Connecticut regiments are not more largely associated, so as to write a combined record. The only brigade of Connecticut troops in the United States service is that commanded by Brig. Gen. Harland.

The 8th and the 11th C. V. have been in the same brigade since July, 1862. They were joined by the 16th C. V. on the day before the fierce fight at Antietam, Sept. 16th, and the three Connecticut regiments were joined by the 21st in Pleasant Valley, Md., about the 1st of October. The brigade was augmented about the 1st of December, at Falmouth, by the arrival of the 15th. We still, however, were obliged to endure the presence of the 4th R. I. in the brigade.

About the 1st of January the 21st and the 4th R. I. were transferred to another brigade, and from that time the Connecticut brigade has been constituted as it now is—including the 8th, 11th, 15th, and 16th regiments.

We are well satisfied with each other, and thoroughly satisfied with our brave and judicious commander, Gen. Harland. Our friendships are many, warm, and delightful, and we sincerely hope not to part from each other or from our gallant and manly commander while duty keeps us in the field. The brigade is located at intervals on a military highway extending along and within the line of fortifications from the Suffolk to the Elizabeth City roads, which roads converge towards Portsmouth. The distance to Portsmouth varies from two and a half to four miles.

The present officers of the brigade are:

Brig. Gen. Edward Harland.  
Capt. H. P. Gates, A. A. G.  
Lieut. C. J. Arms, A. D. C.  
Lieut. Alfred Goddard, A. D. C.  
Lieut. N. P. Ives, Brig. Com.  
Lieut. Stuart Barnes, Brig. Q. M.  
Surgeon Melancthon Storrs, 8th C. V.

A few months ago Congress, in a spasm of economy, abolished regimental bands and all extra pay of musicians. The enthusiasm of drummers and fifers subsided, practice almost ceased, attempts at martial music became infrequent and so exasperating that we wished them still more infrequent. We felt keenly the want of music, and it was determined by several regiments to raise and support small bands at their own expense. The spirit of musicians again revived, they practised diligently, and they deserve great credit, under the circumstances, both for their performances and their rapid progress. They are still improving.

We have recently been delighted by the arrival and excellent music of a brigade band. This, too, is supported chiefly by the liberal contributions of the officers of the brigade, many of them contributing largely to the support both of a regimental and a brigade band.

We have now a brigade guard mounting at 5 P. M. daily. This is the great event of the day. The details for guard spend hours in preparing their clothing, guns and equipments for the display. And well they may, for to the spectacle throng soldiers and citizens, and many fair ones are there to admire and commend. The inspection and review passes off with life and precision, rendered especially attractive by tunes at once delicious and stirring. The guard presents truly a splendid appearance, almost spotless in array and faultless in movement. The guard mounting over, we saunter back from the parade ground to the camps cheerful, chatty and well satisfied.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### Private Letter from Headquarters.

The fortune of war is various, and has sometimes a pleasant side for those who can see it, as witness this extract from a private letter:

GEN. HARLAND'S BRIGADE, }  
PORTSMOUTH, Va. }

MY DEAR ———:—I have the honor to report that just at the present time I am suffering a good deal of bodily comfort. This letter shall not, therefore, be filled with expressions of disgust at army life or groanings over personal ills, but rather sing praises to the fortune which has at last given us a *soft thing*.

We are now elegantly encamped on the Western Branch (of the Elizabeth river,) and "all we ask is to be let alone." I will not be unkind enough to tell *you*, who are sneezing through the dust of New Haven, that no Northern watering-place can compare in coolness, romance, and facilities for bathing, fishing, and sailing, with this very

lawn on which I am now sitting. The surf rolls in here and leaves the little fiddlers hopping about the beach till I fairly pity the thousands who are compelled to put up at Sachem's Head, Watch Hill, Nahant, etc. No! this is a subject I will not mention. It might harrow up your feelings.

I won't tell you *in* what corps, or *under* what General I am, for, judging by the past, the whole programme will be changed before this can reach you. I think that, to-day, Gen. Foster commands the department, and Gen. Naglee the corps. *Mutato nomine*, and you will probably have the situation of things next week. The principal military movements in this vicinity consist in daily raids on Maltby's ice cream saloon in Norfolk. Mr. M. is a New Haven man, and of course understands his biz. We are blessed with any quantity of ladies now, who have come down to minister to the necessities of their soldier friends. They keep coming in, and I haven't heard of the departure of a *single* one. All of which reminds me that I must not forget to tell you what, when I began this letter, I resolved to remember, viz.: to give you an account of a sailing party *quorum pars fui*. "It was a lovely summer morn," etc. The ambulance is ready. All aboard. Six o'clock A. M. Unheard of hour for rising. Jolt down to the Portsmouth dock. "C. P. Smith" in readiness. Polite and efficient captain. All aboard again. Fine breeze and consequently heavy sea. Two or three ladies seriously affected. Several children ditto. Brandy bottle freely circulated to check the epidemic. Go ashore at Old Point. Inspect the fortress. Scale the ramparts. Fine band of music. Right arm quite lame from frequent acknowledgment of salutes. Dine at the Hygeia. Embark once more. Go alongside gunboat Roanoke. Three turrets and six guns. Crawl into turret and revolve with the same. Thank obliging captain for universal kindness, and gracefully withdraw. Visit wreck of the Congress, witness preparations for raising the Cumberland, and listen to anecdotes of heroism connected with both. Head homeward. Pass the stake and little white flag which indicate the present status of the Merrimac. Five o'clock P. M., safely landed. "Good evening, ladies." Jolt back to camp and retire at an early hour, a wearied and copper-colored man.

Yours, for a vigorous prosecution, &c.,

J.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### The Eighth C. V.

The 8th C. V. is now located in its place with the brigade about four miles from Ports-





mouth. Our camp is inside an incomplete earthwork, which has been abandoned.

The health of the regiment is comparatively good. When we reflect on the situation and climate, it is a wonder that fever and ague, dysentery, and similar disorders, do not prostrate the men by scores. Much is due to the unwearied sympathy and indefatigable efforts of Dr. Stocking, our self-denying surgeon, in charge. He not only cares for the sick, but his eye is on every man and every part of the camp. He enforces cleanliness of person and tent, and takes care that the rations are well cooked. He has the satisfaction of doing his whole duty, and is rewarded by the respect and affection of the whole regiment.

We have also been very kindly and efficiently assisted by munificent and exactly suitable donations from the Hartford Soldiers' Aid Society. Both their judicious gifts and their kind sympathy have cheered and benefited the sick. They too shall have their reward. "God bless the ladies of Hartford." is the hearty desire of many a war-scarred veteran now feeble and languishing.

We are occupied, like the other regiments, in digging and slashing at the rifle-pits and forts. We have, however, one duty which other Connecticut regiments at this post have not—to guard our recruits. They arrived on the morning of September 9th. Their coming necessitated a change of camp to the larger and more convenient spot above mentioned. Previous to their arrival, our camp guard did not often exceed a dozen men, or, rather, we had no camp guard. For these were stationed at the commissary and sutler's tents and at regimental headquarters. The men were allowed to go and come freely, the officers trusting to their honor, and almost never did they abuse their privilege. But as soon as the conscripts arrived a close camp guard was necessary, and sixty-four men were detailed daily. No man was allowed to step out or into the camp without a pass, and then only at the entrance. Our veteran volunteers felt this necessary restriction keenly, but grumbled very little, as the officers were quite indulgent in granting passes to them. As we have become acquainted with the recruits our guard is diminished, and the former strictness somewhat relaxed.

The conscripts themselves, or, rather, the substitutes—for there is hardly a drafted man among them—truly comprise "all sorts and conditions of men." We have Ellsworth's and Hawkins' Zouaves, as well as Billy Wilson's. Full half the consignment have served before in our own or in the European armies.

We have quite a number of English, Irish

and German regulars, who came to this country for the purpose of enlisting. They have taken the substitute money and entered the army at better wages than they ever before received. They esteem their bargain a good one, and intend to do good service.

I have talked with many of this class, as well as my limited knowledge of German would admit, and find them apparently reliable and honorable men. They express themselves much better pleased with our service than with that of the European armies. Many of them save their money, and thousands of dollars have been sent to New York and elsewhere by them since their arrival.

From what we had heard, we dreaded their advent. We are agreeably surprised. There are, it is true, quite a number of very tricky and vicious men. There are others who are ever on the alert to escape, but will use no violence, and are in other respects quiet and obedient. These two classes, as is often the case, have given to the whole mass an ill reputation which they do not deserve. The men were chiefly collected from New York City and Brooklyn. They are, in general, large, stout, and apparently healthy. They are, for the most part, easily managed, and try, by generosity and obedience, to win the good will of the officers and men of the 8th. They have already learned our proud record, and begin to enter into the spirit of the regiment. After one month's drill I have no fear that they will disgrace us. Many ludicrous scenes occur, and some quite serious ones, but both of these will diminish and we shall soon be ready for effective work.

J. M. M.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### From the Eleventh Regiment.

PORTSMOUTH, Va., Oct. 2d, 1863.

For the last month the 11th C. V. has been in the rear of Portsmouth, about three very long miles from it, and hardly twice as far from the northern boundary of the Dismal Swamp. Our camp ground is neither beautiful nor healthy, but it was chosen on account of its nearness to our work. To one lately from New Haven, and beginning an acquaintance with army life, this particular part of the Old Dominion is far from charming. It is not exactly a swamp, but it is near and marvelously like one, and that the Dismal. A low stretch of pine and gum trees makes a good deal of *slashing* but a poor landscape. The gum tree is plenty. It seems designed to meet the demands made in materia medica by the bowel complaint of this region. Whether there is here any specific for the fever and ague or not, I do not know; but surely it is needed. Still

our own regiment, which came to this camp on the 25th of August, is in excellent health as regards malarious diseases. Our hospital is almost empty. It is worthy of record that the number in hospital to-day is reduced to two. And it is right that this fact should bear witness to the faithfulness of our surgeon in charge, which other and neighboring troops have been glad to acknowledge.

If regular occupation is conducive to health, perhaps our work in felling trees and throwing up breastworks has been healthy for us. They are designed for death to the enemy. But if in war the shovel and the musket are in inverse ratio, there will not be much fighting here. Weeds, coarse grass and the cane may take possession of these works; the rebels will hardly attempt it. This regiment is perhaps more famous for fighting than for digging. Yet I can, from observation, testify that it does the latter well.

This daily fatigue duty, this weary round of digging and slashing, yes, the very dirt of the swamp, carries off the fire of patriotism as insensibly, perhaps, but as surely as the dust of the prime conductor discharges and dissipates its supply of electricity. That needs a new turn at the crank of the electrical machine.

Our army needs a constant communication, through the golden chain of sympathy, with home. We need more letters, more tokens of regard, more books, more comforts, more good things. We need to be charged, from time to time, with the true New England fire—the fire of patriotism—and the glow of love.

For the next month, I trust a sketch of the 11th may be ready, beginning with its formation as a regiment. H. S. DE F.

The 11th C. V. left Portsmouth on Sunday, the 4th of October, to take part in the expedition of Gen. Wistar into Matthews Co. By some unpleasant arrangement they were left at Gloucester Point to do picket duty in that vicinity. They still remain at Gloucester Point, but expect orders to return to Portsmouth. Letters directed via Fort. Monroe will reach them.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

"A Member of the 15th C. V." writes:

CAMP NEAR PORTSMOUTH, Va., }  
Oct. 5th, 1863. }

We have now been something over thirteen months in the service, and though we have seen less of hard fighting and have lost less men by the "casualties of war" than some other Connecticut regiments, we have still had a fair share of experience in the life of soldiers. It is true that when we first came to Virginia we were equipped with "shoulder scales and white gloves," and were,





in consequence, styled the "white glove regiment," the "bandbox soldiers," etc. But since the 1st of December, 1862, at which time we left the vicinity of Fairfax Seminary for the scene of hostilities at Fredericksburg, we have had our share of the roughness of soldier life.

We remained at Falmouth (opposite Fredericksburg) from the middle of December till the early part of February, when we removed to Newport News, and shortly after to Suffolk. We were present, and under fire, at the battle of Fredericksburg, and during the investment, by the rebels, of Suffolk, lasting some three weeks, we bore our part in whatever was done to defend the place and keep the enemy in check.

We remained in that vicinity from March 14th till June 20th, when we removed our camp to near Portsmouth, and started immediately on the "blackberry raid," as we call it, up the "Peninsula." Since we returned from that expedition we have been in this vicinity, doing picket duty and working on fortifications.

The regiment has lost some men by death (from disease) and some by discharge, and doubtless there are more who might as well be discharged, but I do not believe it would suffer in comparison with any other regiment in the field from Connecticut or any other State, in point of efficiency, discipline, neatness, or soldierly bearing.

But three men have been killed or died of wounds received in battle, and though several have been wounded, only one, I believe, is seriously maimed. In this respect the regiment has been very fortunate thus far.

A MEMBER OF THE 15TH C. V.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*  
**From the Sixteenth Regiment.**

CAMP 16TH CONN. VOLS., }  
NEAR PORTSMOUTH, VA., Oct. 2d, 1863. }

EDITORS CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD:

And so you want to know something of the 16th Connecticut—of the regiment that left Hartford a little more than a year ago, with the flower of the clerks and mechanics of that county in its ranks; of the regiment that was hurried to Washington and on to Antietam, and before its first drill had been held, ere the men knew how to handle a gun, was precipitated on the rebel ranks, and recoiled from the fire of their batteries and the musketry of their flanking columns only when it was reduced to a mere fragment—a wreck; that regiment which, prostrated by the diseases of Pleasant Valley and the unaccustomed fatigues of the Virginia march, lay propped contentedly in the mud-holes of Falmouth, in the hope of regenerating and

reorganizing itself; and which, finally, at Newport News, did gather the stray ends and loose waifs that had been detached here and there, and had hung on those pointed cliffs yeleft post hospitals for months; and which, with its four hundred and fifty men, has since won high honor on the Edenton road and the Providence Church expedition, near Suffolk, Va. Well, let me give you, then, a little sketch of our present state and location in a military, religious, and social point of view.

The most important points of the fortifications of Norfolk and Portsmouth, planned and erected by Brig. Gen. Getty, are manned by Connecticut regiments. Our peculiar station is at Fort Griswold. The site of the camp is a flat, sandy plain to the left of the fort. Our men are partially employed on picket duty, and partially in digging trenches and erecting earthworks. The latter duties do much to demoralize them as far as soldierly spirit is concerned. Yet they work cheerfully, and the joke and jest and merry laugh are not wanting to sweeten their toils. Our men have an innate love for cleanliness, and notwithstanding their mole-work, they present as bright guns and more glittering buttons and accoutrements than I have seen elsewhere. White gloves do much to enhance their uniform and partly compel them to keep the rest of their clothes scrupulously clean. For, truly, that man must be lost to all sense of shame, to all influence of beauty and neatness, who could wear a dusty or dirty coat and dull brasses with white gloves. We have an occasional review and daily guard mounting, also dress parade when the weather is fair; all, I suppose, to remind the poor fellows that throw shovel-full after shovel-full of dirt all day long that they belong to the glorious profession of arms.

In a religious point of view, I am glad to report that the home influence is strong with us, and that the principles of honor, trust, and faith, inculcated in old Connecticut, have, with us, stood the blasts of many a Virginian storm and the allurements of many an army life temptation—as only doctrines grown into the innermost marrow of the soul can stand them, and bend and writhe but never break. We have class meetings, and prayer meetings, and regular service. Those who do not participate, have the good taste to regard with reverence, at least, what their companions deem sacred. Mr. Dixon, the Chaplain, is certainly one of those quiet and earnest workers in the vineyard of the Lord that prove most efficient in the end. He has successfully combatted many prejudices which his advent called forth, by opposing to them naught but the quiet piety and sweet endur-

ance of which his Lord gave so grand an example, and which should rest on each believer's soul as the light of heaven's starry cross sleeps on the blue bosom of Southern waters.

And now for a picture of our social life. There is a good deal of fun going on amongst us. Every company has a few funny men, and more precious than a bunk in some dry, nicely stockaded tent is a sleeping place beside one of these wags. They have their circle of admirers, and—common fate of human excellence—their antagonists. But the sly joke and well told anecdote are not the only attractions that congregate the tired diggers or pickets in and around some tent in the company street. Music exercises its legitimate sway. Guitars alone, and guitars accompanying voices, send their melodious tinkle forth. The horn and clarinet, and fife and bugle, that together with an artistically beaten drum, compose a make-believe regimental band, play also independent of each other, and screech and bray up and down the gamut to the great admiration of all in the secret. An accordeon, which was the property of a very indifferent player, so afflicted the camp that at last the officers contributed money towards buying it, and it was smashed with great ceremony, to our infinite relief.

We have of late had quite a number of ladies visiting us, and the effect on our men has been very good. Whereas you formerly could hear an oath now and then from an aggravated individual, now no such imprecations sully the air. The utmost respect is exhibited towards those "fair" that have pleased to visit "the brave." Let me here mention the incalculable services rendered to our sick by Mrs. Burnham, mother of Lieut. Col. John H. Burnham. Almost seventy years old, this grand old lady displays a vigor and tenderness, a discrimination and practical kindness in her attentions to the sick, that have gone far to help us through a dreadful epidemic of diphtheria and of remittent fever, with the loss of only three men. She is constantly engaged in preparing those nice home tit-bits so dear to the sick soldiers. Not satisfied with preparing them, she administers them, talking all the time to the delighted men as only a great, good woman of that age and such motherly feelings can talk.

Lieut. Col. Burnham, formerly the Adjutant of the regiment—and he who has done most to organize it, to console the men under their afflictions, to make soldiers of them in spirit, appearance and action, and yet not let them forget that they are moral New England men—is at present in command. He has, with little interruption,





condemned the regiment since last January, and is regarded with as much love as can find room beside the respect due to a regimental commander. The present Adjutant is the brightest, gayest, and one of the most efficient little officers in the service. Inofficially, he is every man's friend and pet; officially, none so stately as he. There is a firm stratum of noble manliness under all his youthful exuberance. The Surgeon is no great shakes, but tries to do as well as he can.

The health of the regiment, which has been very bad, is steadily improving, as cool weather comes on. During the recent epidemic the ladies of the Hartford Soldiers' Aid Society have liberally supplied us with all the necessaries, and we bless them for it, and hope the people at home will support the Society with sufficient liberality to enable them to continue in the good work.

With kind greetings, I am truly yours,

HORSE JOHN,  
16th Regt. Conn. Vols.

### The Tenth Regiment.

Our correspondent in the 10th, has failed to forward any letter this month. Some very interesting letters, written by a drummer boy connected with that regiment, have been kindly placed at our disposal by his parents, to whom they were addressed. We cheerfully give them a place. The young hero who wrote them never suspected they would meet the public eye, but he relates his personal experience for the dear ones at home in a way so sincere and pleasant that we are sure he will win the sympathy and esteem of our readers.

In a letter concerning the first attack on Fort Wagner, he says:

As I stood thinking what they were going to do, Col. Leggett came along, and slapping me on the shoulder, said: "Well, drummer, on hand again, heh! Well, get those legs ready for a good run, for it is a charge we are on now." "All right," says I, "my legs will be there if the cowardly things do not run away with me." The Colonel laughed and turned away. The next time I saw that noble man, he was stretched upon a table, with his right leg taken off below the knee by a solid shot.

It was six o'clock when we fell in, and soon we were moving along the sandy beach toward the battle field, and at seven o'clock it was dark. The siege guns stopped firing, the gunboats fell back out of range, and all was still as we lay in our rifle pits watching the dark forms of our brave fellows ahead, who were stealing slowly towards the rebel works. "Oh!" we said, "they will get there;"

but just as we spoke, there came a sheet of flame, and the next moment all was confusion. No man could stand that heavy fire; they gained the parapet and silenced all but one gun, and we could hear the brave fellows call for officers to lead them; but all were either killed or wounded. After fighting for over an hour and a half they were forced to fall back, and the rebel flag still floats over Fort Wagner. After the battle the 10th Connecticut regiment took the lead for that night, and all the next day lay within twenty-five yards of the rebel works. On Sunday there was an armistice granted, and both sides mingled freely together, engaged in burying their dead, which took nearly all that day. The "rebs" were freely supplied with whiskey, and many of them deserted and came over on our side. We are now under fire of three different rebel forts, but they fire wild and hurt few. It is great fun to see the boys starting for their holes as soon as a shell is heard whizzing along.

We came near being taken prisoners, but were saved by the 54th Massachusetts (colored) regiment; and afterwards I went out in my shirt sleeves, with no weapon but a *field glass*, and took a prisoner, a big, strapping fellow, one that could have eaten me up. He told the General that if he had known that I was not armed I never should have taken him alive. He had a loaded Enfield rifle. I made him believe the field glass I had was a revolver, and he surrendered immediately. When I marched him into camp the whole regiment cheered me.

In a subsequent letter, dated Morris Island, Sept. 12th, 1863, he says:

DEAR PARENTS:—As I have two hours before tattoo, I think I cannot improve them better than by writing to you. You have heard of the fall of Forts Wagner and Gregg. Stevenson's brigade (of which our regiment forms a part) took the advance, and had the honor of first planting the Stars and Stripes over the battery that had stood a six weeks' siege. We crept within sixty feet of the rebel works, an occasional shell bursting over our heads and scattering the pieces around us. There we were; not a whisper was heard, hardly a breath, when suddenly Gen. Stevenson sprang to his feet. "*Forward, Third Brigade!*" rang out through the still night air, and with a yell and a jump we had scaled the walls of Fort Wagner. The fort was ours without the loss of a man.

But there was more work to be accomplished yet. Battery Gregg lay half a mile beyond, but was, with the advantage we had, an easy prey. So, pressing on, we soon came within sight of the fort. Here they greeted us with a charge of grape and canister, but as soon as we saw the flash, down we went, and the musical little rascals went far over our heads, doing no harm except wounding one man. We were in the battery before they had a chance to fire another charge, and had the fort and eighty-five prisoners. This was enough for one night's job. Leaving a small garrison, we turned our wearied bodies in the direction of camp, and it was morning before we got out of range of the rebel batteries. With the first streaks of dawn the James Island batteries, with Sullivan's, opened on us with solid shot and shell, wounding none, as we were well protected by rifle pits. There were some, however, wounded and killed by torpedoes. One poor fellow whom I saw as he sprang forward to pick up an officer's belt which was lying outside of the fort, was blown into the air and horribly mangled. A torpedo was fastened to the belt, and in picking it up he exploded it. Inside Fort Wagner it was a terrible sight. In one corner, tied together by strong cords, were the bodies of four rebels. A cord or fuse ran from them into the magazine, where a cap was fixed, which, if sprung, would have exploded four or five hundred pounds of powder. This would have been done if the bodies of the "rebs" had been disturbed. A guard was placed over them, and no one allowed to go near them except the engineers, who soon had things fixed in that quarter. A great many of the "rebs" had been killed and buried right in the fort, and our heavy shot and shell had unearthed them. The stench was almost intolerable.

Part of our brigade on Tuesday night, the 8th of September, set out in small boats for the purpose of planting the old flag on the walls of Fort Sumter. There were also about three hundred marines on the same errand. They reached the fort first, and were met by the garrison and defeated with heavy loss. This, of course, stopped our fun for that night; but we will have her yet. If we could have got there we would have met with success then, as our officers had charged us not to fire, even if we were fired upon, but to run the boats close under the crumbling face of the fort, and with fixed bayonets rush up the pile of rubbish





over into the fort; and with the discipline we are under, this could not have been anything else but success. But never mind, dear parents and sister, I will yet have a hand in planting the "Stars and Stripes" over the fort where our beloved Foster first raised his hand in its defense. Our course will be slow but sure, and a new year may almost dawn before Charleston falls; but it will surely come. Ambition, privation, determination and science will overcome all difficulties.

The name of the prisoner whom I took on James Island, was Wm. D. Brewster, Co. I, 19th Ga. He was six feet one inch in height, and weighed one hundred and ninety-seven pounds. He is big enough to eat four or five just such chaps as I, but the poor fellow commenced crying as soon as I had got his gun and equipments, and when he found out that I had no arms he begged of me to let him go. But I "could not see the point," and placing him before me I marched him into camp, amid the cheers of our boys, who quickly gathered round to hear my story. The old "reb" felt very bad to think that he had been taken by a mere boy, and unarmed at that. He told them if he had thought I had no arms with me, "the boot might have been on the other leg." On the whole, I think I was very lucky, so I will close with a kind good night, as drummers' call for tattoo has sounded.

Think of me always as a "brave soldier boy."

Ever your loving son,

W. J. F.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

**A Ramble through the Camps East of the Alleghamies, by a Connecticut Pastor.**

NUMBER TWO.

The "Boston," a new steamer built for the New York and Philadelphia line, was the flag ship of Gen. Terry in the expedition against Charleston, and was by his permission transferred to the Paymaster and mustering officer for the trip to Florida. A pleasant party had been made up of officers and their wives, who were gathering on board, as we entered the saloon, about four o'clock in the afternoon.

The lower cabin had been stripped of furniture; the ladies' saloon was used for a dining room; and the passengers occupied the state rooms on the upper deck. Passing through to the open deck, a medical inspector, who had come

down in the Arago, rose to introduce me to another surgeon of the same rank, when we both smiled in the mutual recognition of old schoolmates. Such surprises are common in the army, where those who have not met for years are thrown together, not unfrequently, confronting each other in the deadly fight, or lying side by side in the hospital. Dr. Muzzy, who, as a surgeon in Cincinnati, had already gained a large reputation, planned and opened a hospital at his own expense, for the wounded soldier, and when that was taken by the government, went as Brigade Surgeon with the Western troops, was present at the battle of Shiloh, and was afterwards appointed Medical Inspector.

The surgeon's manifold experiences in the hospital and the camp added much to the pleasure and instruction of the trip. Although the afternoon was very hot on shore, we found the sea breeze chilly when we steamed out past the light-ship, for our vessel was too deep to pass through the inside channel which had been obstructed, to prevent the iron clads at Savannah from attacking Hilton Head during the absence of our troops at Charleston. The sun was setting when we entered Tybee Sound, and slowly threaded our way towards Fort Pulaski. A few miles up glowed the fires of a rebel encampment, and when we were fastened to the dock, the new moon shone brilliantly over the inlet, while the evening star in this clear atmosphere sent a ray across the moonbeam on the rippling sea—a golden thread athwart a silver band. The company were invited to attend the Soldiers' Theatre at Fort Pulaski, and notwithstanding the name sounded somewhat unclerical, yet, regarding it in the light of the dramatic entertainments which close the exercises of a New England academy, the writer went with the rest to see how soldiers amuse themselves. The building fitted up for this purpose was outside the wall of the fort, and would accommodate some two or three hundred. The ingenuity and capacity of our soldiers was illustrated by the taste displayed in furnishing this place of amusement on this solitary island, which had been executed by the members of the 48th N. Y., who garrisoned the fort. The hall was lighted by chandeliers made of tin and adorned with glass beads, producing a very pretty effect. The drop curtain was a picture of the bombardment of Fort Pulaski, exceedingly well done by a private in the

regiment, who also painted the scenery. Miniature stage boxes were constructed on either side, draped with musquito netting and rebel bunting, and the whole effect was charming; while excellent music was furnished by the regimental band. Three comedies were acted by the soldiers, who personated the different parts admirably, one of them, we were told, not wholly unfamiliar with the stage, and it was near midnight when the performance closed. The thousand comprising the regiment take their turns in attending the theatre, which is open four nights in the week; and this amusement to men shut up in the walls of a fort on this small island, must be invaluable, while nothing profane or immoral is allowed by their commander in the programme. His lady, who had spent the winter with her husband, assisted the soldiers in the enterprise, and was much beloved and respected. The necessity for recreation in the monotony of the camp is imperative, and the health and courage of the soldiers must be invigorated by this relief and refreshment. Our loyal army is composed of intelligent and active minds who cannot consent to a dull routine, and it is the part of wisdom to devise some entertainment in the way of pleasant reading, and of games, to break the regularity of drill and parade. This regiment were building a little steamer for their amusement, having captured a locomotive from the rebels for machinery. The cleanliness of the fort in every corner, and their complete drill, evinced that no duty was neglected.

I afterwards spent a Sabbath there, at the invitation of the Colonel, and preached in the theatre to as serious and attentive an audience as I ever addressed.

The garrison were quartered in the casemates, and the soldiers had fashioned, with musquito netting, curious bird cages for their sleeping rooms around the great guns which guard the entrance to the Savannah river. The new masonry indicated the great breach which was made under the direction of Gen. Gillmore, compelling a surrender when the shells were finding their way into the magazine at the opposite angle. Col. Barton and his regiment partook in the second assault on Fort Wagner, where he and many of his officers were severely wounded.

Wending our way back through the sand flies to our boat, the dawn found us again on our voyage toward Fernandina. The morning was delightful, and many pleasant acquaintances were formed as





we glided through the smooth waters. Major Dorman, the gentlemanly paymaster, left this region as a refugee after the war broke out, and was last at Fernandina when the news of the Bull Run battle was received.

Some officers on board were engaged in the expedition which recovered this post from the rebels, who ran away at the first onset, although if they had stood by their guns, our forces could hardly have succeeded in dislodging them from their entrenchments. The channel is commanded by Fort Clinch, which was in the process of erection when the war broke out, and upon which work has been resumed by the United States, under the supervision of Capt. Sears, of the Volunteer Engineers. We steamed up the river and reached the dock at 2 P. M.

Fernandina is one terminus of the Florida Railroad, which was designed to avoid the circuitous and dangerous voyage around Key West, in the passage from New York to New Orleans. The town had grown up suddenly at the railroad station, and blocks of stores denoted the trade which had been expected, but which was ruined by the rebellion. The wealthy inhabitants forsook their dwellings on the approach of our forces, and it was here that Yulee jumped from a railroad train when fired upon by a gunboat, and secreted himself in a swamp until he managed to escape inland. Col. Hawley, of the 7th Connecticut, commanding the post, occupied the deserted mansion of the runaway Senator when we visited the place, and to his generous courtesy and that of his accomplished wife, the party were greatly indebted. It was amusing to hear the young officers, upon their return to the steamer, eulogize the tea table with the waffles accompanying—a luxury that seemed in their memory to be a revival of home and its tender associations. Chaplain Wayland and his wife and child were pleasantly domesticated in the cottage of a physician's widow, who preferred the wilderness with traitors rather than her comfortable home with loyal Yankees. Yet it is not to be imagined that these houses were found ready furnished, but, on the contrary, had been stripped of everything when our troops arrived, and the ingenuity of the housekeepers was sorely tasked to procure even the necessary furniture for the table. Servants were plenty, since a thousand colored women and children were crowded in this village,

who had fled from the benign institution of slavery, and whose husbands and brothers and sons had enlisted in the army.

When the boat was moored, the party started to call upon friends and explore the town, and after a ramble brought up at a bakery and confectionery shop where real candies and ginger beer were manufactured by a Swiss who had remained during the assault. He avowed himself loyal, but one of the company recalled his conduct when the town was first taken, and rather doubted his sincerity. Next the railroad bell excited the officers, who had not traveled by such a conveyance since they left the North in 1861, and they voted an excursion over the three miles in our possession. The engineer was a corporal of the Engineer regiment, whose Lieutenant Colonel was with us, and was overjoyed to see his officer. The machine had been made by him from the remains of several locomotives which the rebels had left half destroyed, and he had one freight car. The merry company went through all the motions of ringing bells, blowing the whistle, shouting all aboard, and then started through the level plains, seeing here and there colored men chopping wood, and a few colored women hoeing the fields until we reached the last station, and alighted for a view of the country. "I declare," said one captain, "I can hardly keep my hands off this track, for the last time I saw a railroad was in our raid on Pocomtaligo, when that train came thundering along just a moment too soon, as we were seizing the switch." After a short ramble, the manoeuvres were rehearsed in starting the train, and we drove back at rather a hazardous speed, for soldiers on a locomotive and sailors on horseback are not always the most trustworthy pilots. The next morning a part of the company left in a steamer for St. Augustine.

The 7th Connecticut regiment, as I mentioned, were garrisoning the town, five companies being encamped on a pleasant slope just beyond the village, two more three miles east, in Fort Clinch, and another four miles west, picketing the drawbridge on the railroad, while the other two, under their Major, now Lieut. Col. Rodman, were at Hilton Head, drilling as sharpshooters. This regiment has always stood among the first in the Department, and has since added to their honorable reputation by their dauntless bravery in the splendid assault on Fort

Wagner, when they lost so many brave men, and when, could they have been supported, they would have taken that stronghold on the first day. I accompanied Dr. Muzzy in his inspection of the quarters and hospital, and had the opportunity of observing the care which the Government exercises in preserving the health of the soldiers and in ministering to the sick and wounded. This regiment has many excellent officers, and none abler or more deservedly respected than their Colonel, who has proved his ability both as a soldier and a governor; for the commandant of such a post is a ruler of a little province, and has questions to settle which would perplex the most sagacious. After a dinner at the Colonel's, where the army food was most deliciously served in viands that would have astonished and delighted Soyer himself, the Surgeon and myself took a boat and were rowed down to Fort Clinch, then under command of Capt. Gray. A large company of laborers were employed in completing the fortification, which is uncasemated, but constructed on the general idea of an immense earthwork, the solid walls of masonry being protected and covered by sand, whose white glare must affect the eyesight. Seated in a tower near an immense columbiad, I had a chat with a soldier who was in a grumbling mood, and after bantering him a little, he replied cheerfully: "Well, sir, I suppose you are right, and I mean to see this war through, but I should like to hear a *brooks run*."

While we were at the fort the Paymaster arrived, and when the table was arranged proceeded to pay each man the sum due on the muster-roll. The good Chaplain received the funds which were to be forwarded to their families, and we doubt not many a home was gladdened during the next week by the remittance from the army. The sutlers are allowed to have the debts which, with the Captain's permission, the soldiers have incurred, deducted from the pay-roll. Major Dorman pleasantly urged an officer to see that his men were not cheated, to which he assented, using a rather strong expletive. As we sauntered back to the boat, he said: "Sir, you must excuse me. I did not learn that at home, but it is hard to help swearing when your men are swindled out of their earnings."

The next day was the Sabbath, warm but beautiful, and was occupied in attending the school where the contrabands are taught, and in preaching twice to the soldiers. The meeting-house at evening





was crowded, and we had an enthusiastic and loyal meeting which would have convinced the skeptical that the army are resolute in putting down the rebellion. This regiment is greatly indebted to the fidelity and wisdom of their Chaplain, to whom they are deservedly and warmly attached.

On Monday we went again to the picket station, and in the afternoon were rowed to Cumberland Island, to Dungeness, a plantation presented by the State of Georgia to Gen. Green, of Revolutionary memory, but now deserted by his recreant heirs. The ladies picked magnificent bouquets from the garden, which had been cultivated with exquisite taste; and after wandering about the grounds, resembling in extent and beauty those of a nobleman, we were rowed back at twilight by the colored boatmen of Capt. Sears, and bidding adieu to our kind friends, retired to find ourselves moving at the dawn on our way to St. Augustine.

W. T. E.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

HILTON HEAD, S. C., Oct. 9, 1863.

SIR:—The 6th C. V. is encamped here in the rear of the General Hospital. Lt. Col. Duryee is in command, and is fast bringing the regiment into shape. The regiment was sent here to recuperate its strength after its fatiguing duties, appertaining to its glorious successful attack upon Morris Island, and its courageous yet disastrous assault on Wagner, which thinned out its ranks. The loss of our noble Colonel, and the brave officers and men who followed him so boldly in that forlorn hope, caused the regiment to get badly broken up, though not in the least demoralized. But instead of recruiting in strength or numbers they have been put on the most laborious fatigue duty in the Quartermaster's Department, in loading and discharging government transports. But thanks to the judgment and experience of Col. Evell, chief Quartermaster, who has had sent out from New York a large number of practical stevedores, who are now in a measure relieving them from their arduous duties, thus giving Col. Duryee an opportunity to bring the regiment into its former excellent state of drill and discipline. The death of Col. Chatfield is most sincerely mourned by all, both officers and men, not only in our regiment but throughout this department. His name was synonymous with all that was good, noble, brave

and kind. His courage none can question. His qualifications as a commander and disciplinarian none excelled. His life and Christian character was worthy of following. Few men ever lived in the midst of the excitement and allurements of camp life, that resisted so practically the attractions that lead many a good man astray. He lived a practical Christian and his precepts and example exercised a most beneficial influence over all in his command. None knew him but to love and respect him. Modest and unassuming to the fullest extent, he won for himself an undying and glorious name in the history of his country.

The 7th and 10th are on Morris Island, and the 17th on Folly Island.

Yours truly,

CYFAX.

### First Connecticut Cavalry.

We reprint from the New Haven Palladium the following extracts from a private letter written by a member of the 1st Connecticut Cavalry, which is stationed at Bolivar Heights, Va. The letter is dated Sept. 28th:

"We have the same routine of duty to perform, picket and scouting. The last time we went as a scout, we left this place on Monday, went that day as far as Charlestown, (where John Brown met his fate,) camped for the night, and on Tuesday morning started for Winchester, thirty-two miles distant; we arrived there about two o'clock P. M., went into the town and right out again, just staying long enough to let them know that the "Yanks" were alive.

There is a much better feeling prevailing in that town than there was a year ago. A Union soldier could not pass through at that time without being insulted; now, some of them seemed pleased to see us. At one house in the city I heard three cheers given for Abe Lincoln. There will be a great deal of suffering there this winter, unless some of Uncle Sam's troops take possession of the city. The rebels in this vicinity are mourning over the hard lot of their friends there, for there is no trade and no means of getting the necessities of life. They will suffer most for fuel, for the armies have used every particle of wood in the vicinity and for miles around.

Thence we went to Berryville, another strong rebel town. We chased the rebels out of the town and camped for the night. The next morning we went to Snickersville, a small town on the east side of the Blue Ridge, just at the foot of the mountain. As at Berryville we ran the rebels out of town, and staid there until nearly night, when we started for camp, and arrived here at midnight on Wednesday. We are all the time in search of White, but find it very hard to catch him. We sometimes run across some of his scouting parties, but cannot make them fight. They know the country so well that as soon as they see us coming they scatter in all directions, and reassemble as soon as we are out of sight. We sometimes catch them napping and take a few prisoners. We caught a party of fifty by surprise and captured fifteen of them, near Leesburg, about two weeks ago, and brought them into this place. They did not appear to feel very bad about being taken, and some of them seemed to like it."

The Russian Regular Army consists at present of 31,856 officers and 858,997 privates, and the irregular army of 4,818 officers and 302,961 privates—making altogether 36,614 officers and 1,161,958 privates.

The rebellion must be crushed of course. What a pity it is we cannot hit upon such appliances for crushing it, as will be perfectly agreeable to Beauregard! He objects to Greek fire; and we are doubtful if we can please him, do what we will. Thaddy McGuire, a snug little drummer from Tipperary, was selected to administer one hundred lashes upon an offender, under sentence of a court martial. After a few strokes—"Higher, higher!" cried the victim, and Thaddy complaisantly laid the lash upon the shoulders. "Lower, lower!" cried the sufferer, and the braid was brought to bear on the small of the back. "Higher, higher!" again yelled the poor fellow. "Be jabers," cried Thaddy, "there's no plasing ye anyhow, strike where I will."

*From the Boston Journal.*

### A Dirge for the Slain in Battle.

[GETTYSBURG.]

Tell the bell mournfully

Over our dead—

Hushed be all careless noise,

Vanish all selfish joys,

While slow and tearfully

Onward we tread.

Tell the bell mournfully

Over our dead—

Let our tears freely fall

Down on the drooping pall

Thrown dark and heavily

Over his head.

Tell the bell solemnly

Over our dead—

Slowly comes home the brave,

Seeking his quiet grave—

In it most tenderly

Let him be laid.

Tell the bell solemnly

Over our dead—

Hearing his country's call,

Gladly he gave his all,

Going forth fearlessly

Where duty led.

Tell the bell mournfully

Over our dead—

Dear is our country's fame,

Thrice honored be his name,

Who for it manfully

Life blood hath shed.

Tell the bell peacefully

Over our dead—

Quick he reached glory's goal—

God rest his gallant soul—

Where no more ruthlessly

Death blows are sped.

Tell the bell hopefully

Over our dead—

Brave hearts can never die—

Calm may his body lie,

While his soul trustfully

Upward hath fled.

Tell the bell warningly—

Let it be said,

When our brave die so well,

This is Rebellion's knell

Floating out meaningly

Over our dead.





## THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

OCTOBER, 1863.

\*All communications should be addressed to "THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD," *New Haven, Conn.*

"THE UNITY OF GOVERNMENT WHICH CONSTITUTES YOU ONE PEOPLE IS ALSO NOW DEAR TO YOU. IT IS JUSTLY SO; FOR IT IS A MAIN PILLAR IN THE EDIFICE OF YOUR REAL INDEPENDENCE; THE SUPPORT OF YOUR TRANQUILLITY AT HOME; YOUR PEACE ABROAD; OF YOUR SAFETY; OF YOUR PROSPERITY; OF THAT VERY LIBERTY WHICH YOU SO HIGHLY PRIZE."

*Washington's Farewell Address.*

#### Rates of Postage; as modified by the late acts of Congress.

Single rate, not over  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounce, 3 cents to any part of the United States, consequently the 10 cent rate to places west of the Rocky Mountains is abolished, pre-payment required except letters written by non-commissioned officers and privates in the Army and Marine Corps, and seamen in the Navy, said letters to be endorsed, Soldiers' or Naval letter, and signed with his official designation by a field or staff officer of the regiment to which the soldier belongs, or the officer in command of his detachment, or of the post, or of a Surgeon or Chaplain at any hospital. In the Navy or Marine Corps, by the officer in command of the vessel, or by a Chaplain or Surgeon on board, or by the officer commanding a detachment of Marines on shore.

Letters franked by the officers above mentioned without adding their official designation, or franked by any other officer, are charged double postage.

Letters weighing over  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounce will be charged with double postage. Also double postage will be collected upon all letters and papers received upon which the postage ought to have been pre-paid. Upon letters and papers pre-paid in part double postage will be collected on the excess unpaid.

All correspondence addressed to any executive department, or any officer in it, must now be pre-paid, except official communications written by some officer of the department, or an officer under its control or responsible to it; and in such cases under the words "official business" on the envelope, the officer must sign his official designation. All other persons, and all officers writing to departments with which they are not connected, must prepay their postage. All communications to the President, not written by a public officer, and all to the Vice President, must be pre-paid.

**DROP LETTERS.**—The postage is increased to 2 cents; not over  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounce, pre-payment required; additional weight is charged 2 cents per half ounce.

**FOREIGN LETTERS.**—To England, Ireland and Scotland 24 cents per half ounce; to the German States, by the Bremen mail, 15 cents per half ounce; by Prussian closed mail 30 cents per half ounce; by French mail 21 cents per quarter ounce;

to France 15 cts. per quarter ounce. There is no need of putting an additional 3 cent stamp on the letter for United States postage.

**PRINTED MATTER.**—Postage on transient newspapers is increased to 2 cents, to weigh four ounces and under, and two cents for every additional four ounces, or fraction of the same. Books not exceeding four ounces, four cents, and four cents for every additional four ounces, or fraction of the same. Quarterly postage on newspapers, sent to actual subscribers, not to exceed four ounces, once a week 5 cents, semi-weekly 10 cents, tri-weekly 15 cents, six times a week 30 cents, daily 35 cents. Newspapers and periodicals, not exceeding four ounces, semi-monthly 6 cents, monthly 3 cents, quarterly 1 cent.

The postage on the War Record is one cent a month, 3 cents quarterly.

Postage on papers and periodicals sent to the army has never been collected, because few regiments are located for any length of time near a regular distributing office.

**PACKAGES** other than printed matter, as clothing, &c., can now be sent only at letter postage, 6 cents an ounce.

By special exception photographic cards, letter paper, envelopes and one or two other similar articles, are carried for book postage.

The registration fee upon registered letters is increased from five to twenty cents.

#### Old Letters.

Extracts from soldiers' letters, whether new or old, received by friends at home, will be welcomed by us. These letters are an inexhaustible storehouse of anecdote and heroic incident, illustrating the lofty purpose and heroic endurance of our soldiers. Such incidents ought, in honor to the soldier and in justice to the State, to be put on record. They are the jewels of the commonwealth. But they will be inevitably and forever lost unless their possessors, now while interest in them is fresh, will take pains to cull their correspondence for such material, and offer it for publication. Let us have then, from all quarters, extracts from soldiers' letters, new or old.

#### Returned Soldiers.

Our returned soldiers have, every one of them, in their possession, incidents of the camp, hospital, or battle-field, which would be of interest to the public. Let us hear from our returned soldiers.

#### To Officers and Soldiers.

While we shall rely on our regular correspondents to keep us thoroughly informed with reference to their respective regiments, and shall have a constant supply of graphic and interesting letters from their pens, we shall at the same time be glad to hear from all Connecticut soldiers or officers, who may have anything of interest to communicate. We wish them to make the Record their organ. They need not wait for important movements or engagements to find matter which will interest the public. Camp jokes and sports, stories of contrabands, humorous or pathetic—anything and everything which tends to illustrate life in the army, and the peculiar phases of the present war, will be acceptable. With the help of the soldiers, the Record can be made what it was designed to be, a complete mirror of army life.

#### Corrections.

On page 24 of the Conn. War Record it is stated that "Col. Chatfield went out as Major of the Third Conn. (three months) regiment." He went out as Major of the *First*, and was afterwards transferred to and made Col. of the Third.

When Col. Holcomb went out with the 13th it was for the second time, and as Major, not Lieut. Col., (as stated on page 24.) He first went out as *Qr.-Master* in the Third, and was at the battle of Bull Run.

#### To Subscribers in the Army.

We are receiving handsome lists of subscribers from our regiments in the field, and are informed that much larger ones are in course of preparation. Many soldiers will prefer to have their copies sent home for preservation. They have only to send us the address to which they will have their papers mailed, and their wishes in this respect will be attended to. We believe that we shall be able to make a volume worth a dollar to every soldier—a volume that he would be glad to pay twice that sum for, hereafter, as a record of the part that Connecticut took in the war. We therefore urge every soldier to subscribe.

#### Portraits.

No portrait appears in this number. Many of our subscribers whose judgment and good taste are worthy of consideration, think the appearance of the Record will be improved, and its value not lessened, by the omission of these illustrations. Since there are so many illustrated papers, and engravings or photographs of all who distinguish themselves in the service, can be obtained so easily and cheaply, there seems to be no actual need of such a department in this journal. Portraits will however occasionally appear when more legitimate matter will not be crowded out. Biographies of the most honored sons of Connecticut will, of course, continue to bear a prominent place.

#### To Subscribers at Home.

Our list is now probably double what any Connecticut journal ever obtained in the same time, but we desire to double it again within the next three months. Even then we expect to spend for the present year the sum total of our receipts in giving interest to its pages.

We therefore have no hesitation in earnestly soliciting subscriptions and in calling on all persons, whether in the army or at home, who appreciate the objects of this journal, to aid us in our undertaking. Our people may well feel some degree of pride in the fact that our State is the only one in the Union that has such an army journal of its own. Proper cooperation on their part will make it not only a handsome success, as the public seem now to regard it, but a brilliant one, and a lasting honor to our State. It will be such just in proportion to the efforts of our friends to make it so. We shall do our part. If each subscriber on our list will do his part, and send us the names of one or two more subscribers, the work will be done. We present no pecuniary or horticultural inducement, either in the shape of club-price or strawberry plant. The price of the journal is already too low in proportion to its cost. But we appeal to State feeling and State pride to sustain, if it is only in honor of our soldiers, a journal expressly devoted to recording their achievements.





## Correspondence.

Correspondents must not feel aggrieved if their favors are not always published in full. It argues no dissatisfaction on our part, with either the matter or style of the communications. We should be glad to print the remarks of every one, but the necessity of abbreviation is often imperative. There is a limit to the amount of type that can be set in a given space. Conciseness of statement and terseness in expression on the part of correspondents, will save much clipping. The vast labor of getting all our correspondents at work regularly, is nearly accomplished. When this shall have been done, with other matters now in contemplation, great improvement in this department of the Record will be manifest.

## Military Tickets.

It does not seem to be generally known to officers and soldiers that the government authorities have made arrangements with the principal railroad managers of the country to transport soldiers at reduced rates.

This reduction is available to officers as well as enlisted men, and on discharge and ordinary leave of absence, as well as sick leave.

Ask at the depot for a military ticket or a soldier's ticket.

The deduction between Baltimore and New York is about two dollars.

## Recruits for Connecticut Regiments.

Nearly two thousand conscripts have been already forwarded from the State to the Connecticut regiments. The 5th, the 8th, the 14th and the 20th have been thus re-enforced.

We shall publish in the November number an interesting historical article on the enforcement of the draft in the State, and an article on the State Militia, setting forth its organization and progress up to this time.

We shall keep our patriotic readers well informed on military matters in the State, as well as at the seat of war.

## Death of Hartford Soldiers.

William W. House, Jr., 23 years of age, son of Wm. W. House, Esq., of Hartford—a member of Co. A, 25th Conn. Regiment—died of dysentery at the Harney House Hospital, Baton Rouge, La., on the 24th of July. He was badly scratched and poisoned in the ravines about Port Hudson, during the siege, and was taken to the hospital in a suffering condition. At the hospital he received careful attention, and seemed likely to recover, but the dysentery set in and he soon died. His death was peaceful and happy. He was an estimable young man, beloved by his regiment and by many friends in that city who expected to welcome him home very soon. He graduated at Yale College a year ago. Lt. Col. Weld, in a letter communicating the sad intelligence to the parents of the deceased, speaks in the highest terms of his character as a brave and earnest soldier, and as a gentleman and a Christian. He was buried in the U. S. cemetery at Baton Rouge.

Corp. Edward L. Judson of the Conn. 5th Regiment, whose death on the 31st ult. was briefly mentioned in Saturday's Press, was a nephew of Simeon L. Loomis, Esq., president of the Phoenix Insurance Co., and was formerly a clerk in the Mercantile Bank. He was but 18 years of age at

the time of his death. He enlisted a year ago, from motives of the purest patriotism, and went to his home in Pennsylvania to obtain the written consent of his parents. He was a graduate of the Hartford High School, a good scholar, skillful with the pen and quick at figures, and was employed in the Adjutant's department. But he asked as a privilege that he might share all the dangers and duties of a soldier, and took part in the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. He is supposed to have died from disease, as his friends had received letters from him since the battle of Gettysburg.—*Hartford Press.*

## Eighth C. V.

Died of diphtheria, in the regimental hospital near Portsmouth, Va., Oct. 1, 1863, Joseph C. Langworthy, of Co. G, 8th C. V., the only son of George F. Langworthy, of Mystic, Conn.

Mr. Langworthy was a young man of genial disposition, of frank and generous spirit, of temperate and correct habits.

He did good service at Newbern and bore himself, it is said, with special bravery on the sanguinary field of Antietam.

During his illness a commission was forwarded for him as 1st Lieut. in the 1st U. S. (colored) regulars.

## For the Connecticut War Record.

## In Memoriam.

GEORGE S. WYANT, of Seymour, Connecticut, a soldier for Christ and his country, a member of Co. H, 20th Regiment Conn. Vols., died of billious typhoid fever, at Harper's Ferry, Va., Dec. 13, 1862, aged thirty-four years.

He was born at New Milford, Conn., July 27th, 1828, and the early part of his life was passed in that vicinity. In 1846 he removed to Seymour, where he married in 1850. Early in 1852, with the wife who now mourns him, he was happily converted and joined the M. E. Church, in whose communion he remained till called to join the church triumphant. He was a uniform and faithful Christian, and his place in the prayer meeting was seldom vacant. As a teacher and officer in the Sunday School he was useful and beloved, and his unostentatious goodness won for him the esteem of all who knew him.

When the call of his country came, he bade farewell to a loving wife and friends, and went forth to do battle for the holy cause of liberty and for his native land. When the proposition was made that himself and four of his brethren who went with him should be organized into a class, he was the first to second the proposal, and one of the most faithful in keeping it in camp, from whence the letters of his comrades and officers speak of him in the highest terms of respect and love.

With many more good, brave men, he has gone to the land where war is never known, but his widowed "Katie" and her four fatherless little ones can never be poor with the legacy of such a blessing as this—found in his hand-writing in an album, after his departure: "Farewell, dear wife. My prayer to God is that He will bless and prosper you, and that you may ever trust in Him. Train up our children in the fear of God. I leave all in the hands of the Lord, and I believe He will sustain us, whether I live or die. Amen."

The cause that has such men to die for it, can never fail.

Maj. Geo. N. Lewis, of the 12th regiment, badly wounded at Port Hudson, has reached New York, on his return, and is stopping with his sister in Brooklyn, N. Y. On his passage from New Orleans he was not subject to the best of care, and his money was stolen from him by, it is supposed, a nurse on board the steamer.

We have been much gratified at the favor with which the War Record has been received by the public generally. Subscriptions come in rapidly every day, yet we hope that the friends of the enterprise will everywhere, both in the State and out of it, exert themselves to procure subscribers, for the larger the list, the more valuable shall we be able to make the Record, and the nearer approach the realization of our own ideas, and the wishes of our friends, in the quantity and quality of our matter.

Assistant Surgeon L. H. Pease, 10th Conn. Vols., has been dismissed from the army for misbehavior.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,  
HARTFORD, Oct. 6, 1863.

## Editors Connecticut War Record:

I enclose herewith a statement of all promotions made up to Oct. 5, 1863; and also a statement showing the locality of Conn. Regiments at last advices. There have been no official lists of casualties received this last month.

Very respectfully yours,

H. J. MORSE, Adj. Gen.

## List of Promotions

Made in the Connecticut Volunteer force, from Sept. 1, 1863, to Oct. 5, 1863, inclusive:

## 1ST ARTILLERY.

2d Lieut. Nelson B. Gilbert, of Co. H, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. H, with rank from Sept. 3, 1863, vice Whittlesey, resigned.

## 1ST CAVALRY.

2d Lieut. Amos Clift, Jr., to be 1st Lieut. Co. F, with rank from Sept. 23, 1863, to fill an original vacancy.

1st Sergt. Coley James, of Co. D, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. F, with rank from Sept. 23, 1863, vice Clift, promoted.

## 5TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Wm. P. Smith, Co. C, to be Captain Co. F, with rank from Sept. 12, 1863, vice Benton, killed in battle.

2d Lieut. Walter Burns, Co. C, to be 1st Lieut. Co. C, with rank from Sept. 12, 1863, vice Smith, promoted.

1st Sergt. Isaac N. Weldon, Co. C, to be 2d Lieut. Co. C, with rank from Sept. 12, 1863, vice Burns, promoted.

1st Lieut. Adolphus P. Reilly, Co. D, to be Capt. Co. H, with rank from Sept. 12, 1863, vice Dabell, promoted.

2d Lieut. Eugene H. Covey, Co. G, to be 1st Lieut. Co. D, with rank from Sept. 12, 1863, vice Reilly, promoted.

Sergt. Michael Donovan, Co. D, to be 2d Lieut. Co. D, with rank from Sept. 12, 1863, vice Hyatt, resigned.

1st Lieut. Theodore H. Dibble, Co. E, to be Captain Co. I, with rank from Sept. 12, 1863, vice Cogswell, promoted.

2d Lieut. James Stewart, Jr., Co. E, to be 1st Lieut. Co. I, with rank from Sept. 12, 1863, vice Webster, resigned.





Sergt. Isaac Kellum, Co. H, to be 2d Lieut. Co. I, with rank from Sept. 12, 1863, vice Palmer, resigned.

Sergt. Charles Reynolds, Co. E, to be 1st Lieut. Co. E, with rank from Sept. 12, 1863, vice Dibble, promoted.

Sergt. Major George Titus, to be 2d Lieut. Co. E, with rank from Sept. 12, 1863, vice Stewart, promoted.

1st Lieut. Wm. C. Rockwell, Co. G, to be Capt. Co. G, with rank from Sept. 12, 1863, vice Rice, resigned.

2d Lieut. Edwin E. Carter, Co. F, to be 1st Lieut. Co. G, with rank from Sept. 12, 1863, vice Rockwell, promoted.

1st Sergt. Albert L. Gavit, Co. G, to be 2d Lieut. Co. G, with rank from Sept. 12, 1863, vice Covey, promoted.

2d Lieut. Wm. S. Purington, Co. H, to be 1st Lieut. Co. H, with rank from Sept. 12, 1863, vice Keeler, resigned.

1st Sergt. Perry P. Wilson, Co. H, to be 2d Lieut. Co. H, with rank from Sept. 12, 1863, vice Purington, promoted.

2d Lieut. Wm. H. Noyes, Co. K, to be 1st Lieut. Co. K, with rank from Sept. 12, 1863, vice Hewison, honorably discharged.

Private Charles W. Wakely, Co. G, to be 2d Lieut. Co. K, with rank from Sept. 12, 1863, vice Noyes, promoted.

#### 9TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Thomas Fitz Gibbons, Co. B, to be Regimental Quarter-master, with rank of 1st Lieut., from Sept. 3, 1863, vice Corbin, resigned.

2d Lieut. John Curtis, Co. H, to be 1st Lieut. Co. B, with rank from Sept. 3, 1863, vice Fitz Gibbons, promoted.

2d Lieut. Garry T. Scott, Co. A, to be 1st Lieut. Co. C, with rank from Sept. 3, 1863, vice Kattensbroth, promoted Adjutant.

Commissary Sergeant James Lawler to be 2d Lieut. Co. C, with rank from Sept. 3, 1863, vice Ingoldsby, dismissed.

#### 13TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Wm. E. Bradley, Co. B, to be Capt. Co. D, with rank from Sept. 1, 1863, vice Fuller, resigned.

2d Lieut. John C. Abbott, Co. F, to be 1st Lieut. Co. F, with rank from Sept. 1, 1863, vice Strickland, killed in action.

2d Lieut. William Gardner, Co. G, to be 1st Lieut. Co. A, with rank from Sept. 1, 1863, vice Bradley, promoted.

1st Sergt. John J. Squires, Co. D, to be 2d Lieut. Co. F, with rank from Sept. 1, 1863, vice Gardner, promoted.

#### 14TH REGIMENT.

Major Theodore Ellis to be Lieut. Col., with rank from Sept. 1st, 1863, vice Perkins, honorably discharged.

Capt. Samuel A. Moore, Co. F, to be Major, with rank from Sept. 12, 1863, vice Ellis, promoted.

#### 17TH REGIMENT.

Sergeant Joseph E. Moorehouse to be 2d Lieut. Co. F, with rank from Sept. 19, 1863, vice Doty, resigned.

Sergt. John Harvey to be 1st Lieut. Co. B, with rank from Sept. 19, 1863, vice Waterbury, resigned.

#### 19TH REGIMENT.

Sergt. Major Bushrod H. Camp to be 1st Lieut.

and Adjutant, with rank from Sept. 12, 1863, vice Deming, resigned.

#### 20TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Andrew Upson, Co. E, to be Capt. Co. K, with rank from Sept. 21, 1863, vice Stevens, honorably discharged.

2d Lieut. James Foley, Co. B, to be 1st Lieut. Co. B, with rank from Sept. 21, 1863, vice Upson, promoted.

Sergt. John E. Royce, Co. B, to be 2d Lieut. Co. K, with rank from Sept. 21, 1863, vice Hawley, resigned.

Sergt. Theodore Upson, Co. K, to be 2d Lieut. Co. B, with rank from Sept. 21, 1863, vice Foley, promoted.

Sergt. Alexander H. Buckingham, Co. G, to be 2d Lieut. Co. A, with rank from Sept. 22, 1863, vice Elkahlah Doolittle, promoted.

Sergt. Alexander E. Mintie, Co. H, to be 2d Lieut. Co. I, with rank from Sept. 22, 1863, vice Edward A. Doolittle, promoted.

#### 21ST REGIMENT.

2d Lieut. Cyrus W. Cook, Co. C, to be 1st Lieut. Co. C, with rank from Sept. 1, 1863, vice Randall, resigned.

#### Locations of the Several Regiments and Battalions

*Composing the Volunteer Force of the State of Connecticut, as appears on the Records of the Adjutant General, viz:*

1st Reg. Conn. Artillery, Col. Henry L. Abbott, Fort Richardson, Va., Oct. 2, 1863.

5th Reg. Conn. Vols., Col. Warren W. Packer, Kelly's Ford, Va., Aug. 31, 1863.

6th Reg. Conn. Vols., John N. Traey Captain commanding, Hilton Head, S. C., Sept. 3, 1863.

7th Reg. Conn. Vols., Col. Jos. R. Hawley, Morris Island, S. C., Sept. 4, 1863.

8th Reg. Conn. Vols., Col. John E. Ward, near Portsmouth, Va., Sept. 1, 1863.

9th Reg. Conn. Vols., Lieut. Col. Richard Fitz Gibbons, New Orleans, La., Sept. 16, 1863.

10th Reg. Conn. Vols., Major Edwin S. Greeley commanding, Morris Island, S. C., Sept. 2, 1863.

11th Reg. Conn. Vols., Col. G. A. Stedman, Jr., Portsmouth, Va., Sept. 9, 1863.

12th Reg. Conn. Vols., Lieut. Col. F. H. Peck commanding, Brashear City, La., Sept. 2, 1863.

13th Reg. Conn. Vols., Apollos Comstock Capt. commanding, Thibodeaux, Sept. 1, 1863.

14th Reg. Conn. Vols., Lieut. Col. Theo. G. Ellis commanding, Elkton, Va., Sept. 10, 1863.

15th Reg. Conn. Vols., Lieut. Col. Sam. Tolles commanding, Portsmouth, Va., Sept. 5, 1863.

16th Reg. Conn. Vols., Lieut. Col. John H. Barnham, near Portsmouth, Va., Oct. 1, 1863.

17th Reg. Conn. Vols., Col. William H. Noble, 2d Brigade, Gordon's Division, Army of Investment, S. C.

18th Reg. Conn. Vols., Col. William G. Ely, Winchester, Va., June 8, 1863.

19th Reg. Conn. Vols., Lieut. Col. E. S. Kellogg, near Fort Lyon, Va., Aug. 31, 1863.

20th Reg. Conn. Vols., Col. Sam. Ross, 1st Brig., 1st Div. 12th Corps.

21st Reg. Conn. Vols., Col. A. H. Dutton, near Portsmouth, Va., Sept. 2, 1863.

1st Light Battery, Capt. Alfred P. Rockwell, Folly Island, S. C., Sept. 2, 1863.

2nd Light Battery, Capt. John W. Sterling, New York City, Sept. 30, 1863.

1st Reg. Conn. Cav., Col. Wm. S. Fish, Baltimore, Md.

1st Squadron Conn. Cav., (Harris Light Cav.)

#### The Higher Officers of the Army.

There are no higher officers in the army of the United States than Major-Generals, with the single exception of Lieut. General Scott. Gen. Scott's case is an exceptional one, that rank having been conferred upon him by special act of Congress as a recognition of his eminent services; at his death the rank will again disappear from the pages of the Army Register, unless re-established by extraordinary process.

The number of Major-Generals now in commission is four. The army organization requires five, but there is at present one vacancy. The four Maj. Generals are, George B. McClellan, John C. Fremont, H. W. Halleck and Ulyses S. Grant.

The list of Brigadier Generals in the regular army is as follows: Irwin McDowell, Robert Anderson, Wm. S. Rosecrans, Phillip St. George Cooke, John Pope, Joseph Hooker, George G. Meade, with two vacancies. Of these, McDowell, Rosecrans, Pope, Hooker, and Meade are Major Generals of Volunteers. Within the past year Brigadier Gen. Harney has been summoned before the Retiring Board.

The regular army, in addition to the above grades, now consists of an Adjutant General's Department, with Brig. Gen. Lorenzo Thomas at the head; a Judge Advocate General's Department, a Quartermaster's Department, a Subsistence Department; a Medical Department; a Pay Department; an Ordnance Department; a Corps of Engineers; six cavalry, five artillery, and 19 infantry regiments.

There are now 71 Major Generals of volunteers, and 194 Brigadier Generals.

The army corps are now commanded as follows:

1st, Gen. John Newton.

2d, Gen. Winfield S. Hancock;

3d, Gen. Daniel E. Sickles;

4th, consolidated with others;

5th, Gen. George Sykes;

6th, Gen. John Sedgwick;

7th, consolidated with others;

8th, Gen. Robert C. Schenck;

9th, Gen. John G. Park;

10th, Gen. Quincey A. Gillmore;

11th, Gen. Oliver O. Howard;

12th, Gen. Henry W. Slocum;

13th, Gen. E. O. C. Ord;

14th, Gen. Geo. H. Thomas;

15th, Gen. Walter T. Sherman;

16th, Gen. Stephen A. Hurlburt;

17th, Gen. James B. McPherson;

18th, Gen. John J. Peck;

19th, Gen. N. P. Banks;

20th, Gen. Alex. McDowell McCook;

21st, Gen. Thomas L. Crittenden;

22d, Gen. Samuel P. Heintzelman;

23d, Gen. George L. Hartsuff;

Gen. Stoneman, cavalry corps.

The following is the present list of the military

geographical departments and their commanders:

Of the Tennessee—Major-Gen. U. S. Grant;

Of the Cumberland—Major-Gen. W. S. Rosecrans.

Of the Ohio—Maj. Gen. A. E. Burnside;

Of the New England—Maj. Gen. John A. Dix;





Of the Gulf—Maj.-Gen. N. P. Banks;  
 • Of North Carolina, } Maj.-Gen. J. G. Foster;  
 Of Virginia, }  
 Of the Northwest—Maj.-Gen. John Pope;  
 Of Washington—Maj.-Gen. S. P. Heintzelman;  
 Of the Monongahela—Maj.-Gen. W. T. H. Brooks;  
 Of the Susquehanna—Maj.-Gen. Darius N. Couch;  
 Of Western Virginia—Brig.-Gen. B. F. Kelley;  
 Of New Mexico—Brig.-Gen. James H. Carleton;  
 Of the Pacific—Brig.-Gen. George Wright;  
 Of Key West—Brig.-Gen. J. M. Brannan;  
 Of Kansas—Maj.-Gen. James G. Blunt;  
 Middle—Maj.-Gen. Robert C. Schenck;  
 Of the South—Brig.-Gen. Q. A. Gillmore;  
 Of Missouri—Maj.-Gen. John M. Schofield.

We have received the annual report of the SOLDIERS' AID SOCIETY in Bridgeport.

The object and work of these "Soldiers' Aid Societies" must appeal strongly to the heart of every Christian patriot throughout the country. Every city and town should have a similar organization, either independent or auxiliary, according as it may render the most efficient service. The sympathy, self-sacrifice and exceeding devotion of woman here finds an appropriate sphere of public usefulness in unostentatious, comforting ministry to the half million sons, husbands and brothers who, far from home and fireside delights, struggle, endure and suffer in behalf of the Republic.

Read the following extracts from this report, and learn how the proud belle of wealthy circles, and the humblest wife of a laboring man, may alike serve their country not less nobly than the soldier himself.

"More than one hundred and fifty ladies have affixed their names to the Constitution and By-laws of this Society, thereby becoming members.

"During the past year this Society has, in accordance with its Constitution, distributed its gifts, not only to soldiers in the camp, but cared for and looked after the families of those gone out to fight, and has encouraged and counseled them as far as possible, in the absence of their husbands. More than one hundred and forty families have been assisted, as they severally required, with coal, wood, provisions of all kinds, clothing, shoes, and in many instances money has been given, that such articles as were needed might be procured by the individuals themselves.

"We have given to the soldiers' families at home about eight hundred yards of cotton cloth, six hundred and seventy yards of calico, one hundred and fifty yards of delaine, a quantity of new flannel, one hundred and eighty-five finished garments and seventy unmade garments. In addition to this, we have supplied many families with beds, bedding, and various other articles for their comfort.

"This Society has sent many boxes of clothing and hospital stores the past year, most of them being very large and valuable. It has been deemed best by the managers of the Society, and we believe it is also the united wish of all its members, to send our contributions directly to the hospitals or to some private individual, who shall distribute our gifts, that we may know just where the contents of our boxes are received, and the disposition made of the articles. Many delightful reports have come back to us, of the hearts we have cheered, and of the gratitude of those who spend weary days in our hospitals, deprived of friends and home comforts.

"We would here state that all the articles of clothing sent to the various hospitals have been cut and made (with but few exceptions) by the active members of this Society, who have shown untiring zeal and industry in our work.

"During the encampment of the 17th Regiment

C. Y. in this city, the ladies of the Soldiers' Aid Society rendered personal attention to the sick, and furnished the soldiers with various articles essential to their comfort. On their leaving, they were presented by the Society with one hundred and fifty needle books and five hundred and fifty towels, one hundred and twenty-five of which were furnished by the ladies of Stratford.

"The whole amount of our contributions to Hospitals, is as follows:

Articles of clothing and bedding.....	5928
Slippers.....	212 prs.
Dressing Gowns.....	80
Brandy and Wines.....	108 bottles.
Tea, Sugar, and Crackers.....	132 lbs.
Soap and Candles.....	69 lbs.
Camphor, Laudanum, &c.....	56 bottles.
Dried Fruit.....	225 lbs.
Jellies.....	110 quarts.
Miscellaneous Articles.....	2986

From the Treasurer's report we learn that the cash receipts have been \$2,618.21, and disbursements \$1,464.56

The officers of this Society for the last year were:

*President*—Mrs. Daniel H. Sterling.  
*Vice-President*—Mrs. Monson Hawley.  
*Secretary*—Mrs. L. H. Norton.  
*Treasurer*—Mrs. Wm. E. Seoley.  
 Let their example be emulated.

### The Institute of Reward.

An Association has been formed in New York, by a number of leading philanthropists, of which Dr. Valentine Mott is President, the chief design of which is to make provision for the children of those who fall in the service of our country. Congress having passed an act for the establishment of Agricultural Colleges in every State, with an experimental farm attached to each, it is thought that the noble design of the Association could, in part at least, be accomplished by the establishment of an Orphan House on each farm, to which those sons of deceased soldiers, left without adequate means of support, should be admitted in preference to other applicants. These orphans, it is supposed, will be able to support themselves by their labors on the farm while they are pursuing a course of study in the College.

Dr. David P. HOLTZ, the Corresponding Secretary of the Institute, is very earnestly engaged in the great work of making the plans of the Association generally known, and enlisting the cooperation of every patriotic man. He has visited nearly all of the loyal States, appealing not only to private individuals, but to public bodies and the State Legislatures, in behalf of the plan. We commend the enterprise of these gentlemen to the most favorable consideration of the community, for the whole country should provide for the children of those who give themselves to death for the public weal.

Dr. HOLTZ makes a suggestion with reference to "Historic Committees" in each town throughout the land, of which we highly approve. He proposes that in every town a Committee should be organized to record in a suitable volume the services rendered by soldiers in the army from the town, and says that the plan adopted in many places is—

"1st. To tabulate in a blank volume of suitable size, the names, ages, nativity, occupation, and other items of all soldiers from the given locality.

"2d. To record the general disposition of the several companies to which they may be attached,

and the leading features connected with the labors of those divisions respectively.

"3d. To solicit and receive such letters written to friends by individuals in the Army and Navy, as may be of general interest—to collect, collate, and record such letters, extracts of letters, and other evidence of the noble deeds of the defenders of our nation, as may prove of special local interest, or form valuable additions to American biography and history.

"4th. In the event of the death of these soldiers leaving children, the Historic Committee will find their records a special bond of sympathy towards the needy orphans, and will, as FOSTER PARENTS, make such provisions for their proteges, as in the order of Providence best they can.

"At this stage of the patriotic and philanthropic labors of the Historical Committees, will be apparent the expediency of the HOMES FOR PATRIOT ORPHANS on the Experimental Farms that may be attached to the Agricultural Colleges, as contemplated by the Institute of Reward in advocating the Agricultural College Bill approved by the President, July 2d, 1862."

It requires no words to show that such a plan carried out judiciously, will afford materials of great value to the future historians of our communities, states and nations.

The following tribute to Connecticut soldiers is from the *Old Dominion*, a weekly paper, published at Portsmouth, Virginia:

The gallant little State of Connecticut is well represented in this vicinity among the soldiery. There are now no less than five regiments from that State hereabouts—the 8th, 11th, 15th, 16th and 21st. Each of these regiments has seen active service, having been in several very severely contested engagements. Some, if not all of them, were in the memorable conflict on the banks of the Rappahannock, near Fredericksburg, Dec. 13th, 1862, and there bravely upheld the fair fame of the "Land of steady habits." And these brave men, as brave men ever do, know how to conduct themselves in the busy city and on guard duty, as well as on the field of strife. This has been exemplified in the orderly conduct which has uniformly characterized the members in our midst. We have heard of not a single case of rowdiness or wanton interference with private rights, since they have been stationed in our vicinity, but everywhere we hear encomiums of praise bestowed upon them for the rectitude of their conduct and the excellent morals which they exhibit.

If these men be a fair index to the people of their State, then surely does Connecticut richly deserve her honorable sobriquet as the "Land of steady habits." It has been our good fortune to be blest, since the occupation of our "twin cities" by the Union forces, with the presence of some noble specimens of American manhood, but none have surpassed the sons of Connecticut, who now form so large a proportion of the national forces in our midst. We wish you, soldiers of your country, long life and prosperity when your country shall be reunited and happy, hoping that you will receive, as we know you will, not only the grateful thanks of your countrymen, but the plaudits of your own consciences, for the efforts and sacrifices you are now making in behalf of Union and Liberty.

### The Brave.

"The brave man is not he who feels no fear,

For that were stupid and irrational—

But he whose noble soul its fear subdues,

And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from."

HOMER.





From the New Haven Journal and Courier.

Messrs. Editors:—The following lines were just found in a photograph album, opposite the Captain's photograph, written and placed there by some unknown hand—the writer of which will please accept the thanks of those most deeply interested.

JOHN G. CHAPMAN.

TO MRS. JEDEDIAH CHAPMAN, ON THE DEATH OF HER SON, CAPT. JEDEDIAH CHAPMAN, JR., 27TH C. V.

### Weep Not.

Weep not, dear mother, for thy son,  
His truest life has now begun:  
Not dead—the good can never die;  
Their lives are hid with God on high;  
The victory won, the battle o'er—  
He dwells with Christ forever more.

O, weep not for thy son, so brave;  
He died a righteous cause to save.  
He heard his country's sacred call,  
And bade farewell to loved ones all;  
Upon her altar laid him down,  
And won for'er a martyr's crown.  
Such Christian sacrifice shall be  
The corner-stone of liberty.

Weep not! he fell at duty's post!  
Amid the brave he stood foremost!  
Many a young and gallant youth  
Gave life that day for sacred truth.  
The names and deeds of such shall be  
The living gems of liberty.

O, weep not, then, for that dear son,  
Whose work on earth was so well done.  
For him life's trials all are past;  
He dwells in peace with Christ at last.  
He called him with himself to be—  
'Twas in the hour of victory.

Weep not, tho' clouds are heavy, low;  
Behind them see the promised bow.  
Tho' now ye mourn his vacant place,  
You yet shall "see him face to face."  
O, then, let not your "heart rebel,"  
'Tis "God who doeth all things well."

Weep not—look up, by faith, and see  
One treasure more in Heaven for thee.  
The circle lessens here on earth,  
But widens with eternal birth,  
Till all together ye shall stand  
Forever more at God's right hand.

O, Thou, who wept at Lazarus' tomb,  
Raise up these mourners—cheer their gloom—  
Give oil of joy to every one,  
And grace to say, "Thy will be done."  
O, fill the lost one's vacant place,  
With the sunshine of Thy face:  
Wipe from each eye the falling tear,  
And make them feel Thy presence near.  
NEW HAVEN, July, 1863. H. N. M.

### An Honorable Record.

Guilford may well be proud of the noble services rendered to our cause by the Fowler family of that town. Two have already given their lives, and one other has sacrificed an arm in the service. Richard Fowler was well known in New Haven, and he had hosts of friends among all classes. He went out as Orderly Sergeant in Co. A, 27th C. V., and no member of this command was more respected, by either officers or

men, than poor "Dick." At the battle of Fredericksburg, in December last, he received a serious wound in the leg; amputation followed, and death ensued in two or three days.

Douglas Fowler, another brother, enlisted a company in Norwalk for the three months' campaign, and went out at its head. When the 17th C. V. was being organized, he again recruited a company, and again went out as Captain in this excellent regiment. At the battle of Chancellorsville, the casualties of war having made vacancies among the field officers, he was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel. At the next battle (Gettysburg) he was shot through the head and instantly killed, while cheering on his men.

Henry Fowler, another brother, has been in the service since the breaking out of the rebellion and by distinguished bravery has reached the rank of Colonel of the 63d regiment N. Y. V. At the battle of Antietam, Col. Fowler lost his right arm, receiving four distinct wounds. Since then he has been placed in charge of some office in Washington connected with Government business.—*N. H. Palladium.*

### Exciting Adventures.

B. A. Hall, Everett Bailey, and Thaddeus R. Butler, of the Connecticut 7th, were captured in the assault on Fort Wagner, July 18th, and escaped from prison on the 9th of September. By some means they managed to procure rebel uniforms, and passed unmolested until they arrived on neutral ground between our lines and the enemy's on the Peninsula. Here they were in more danger, as the rebels were scouring the country for deserters. They stopped at one house which proved to be the rendezvous of a detective. They rushed from the house and were pursued. Bloodhounds were set upon their track, but they finally succeeded in throwing them off the scent, after being nearly exhausted with their tedious flight. They have been held for a strict examination by our authorities.

### Promotions and Appointments since November 1, 1862.

A list of promotions and appointments made by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and by the President alone, since November 1, 1862, has just appeared. The promotions in the Regular Army number 226, and the appointments 211 (of which 145 are from the ranks.) The appointments in the Volunteer force are: Major-Generals, 44; Brigadier Generals, 127; Aids-de-Camp—majors, 21; captains, 47; Assistant Adjutant-Generals—majors, 31; captains, 119; Judge-Advocates, 8; Assistant Quartermasters, 178; Commissioners of Subsistence, 137; Surgeons, 82; Assistant Surgeons, 66; additional Paymasters, 188.

**CASUALTIES IN THE REGULAR ARMY.**—Resigned, 60; commissions vacated under sec. 7, act June 18, 1816, 10; commissions vacated by new appointments, 15; declined, 3; canceled, 3; died, 63; not confirmed by the Senate, 12; discharged under the act of Aug. 5, 1861, 9; discharged under the act of May 20, 1862, 12; revoked, 11; dropped, 1; dismissed, 28; cashiered, 3.

**CASUALTIES IN THE VOLUNTEER FORCE.**—Resigned, 150; commissions vacated by new appointments, 12; declined, 59; not confirmed by the Senate, 54; negatived by the Senate, 11; revoked, 13; canceled, 1; died, 29; discharged, 17; dropped, 1; dismissed, 7; cashiered, 1.

The Prussian Army are to have Colt's revolvers.

### A Conscript's Epistle to Jeff. Davis.

The following quaint epistle has been furnished for publication by a member of the Mounted Rifles, who picked it up in a deserted rebel camp on the Chowan river, about thirty miles from Winston, while out on a scouting expedition last spring. The letter was addressed in this wise:

Read, if you want to, you thieving scalp hunter, and forward, post paid, to the lord high chancellor of the devil's exchequer (?) on earth.

JEFF. DAVIS,

Richmond, Va.

HEADQUARTERS "SCALP HUNTERS," }  
Camp Chowan, N. C., Jan. 11. }

*Excellency Davis:*

It is with multifariously proud satisfaction that the conscript gazes for the last time upon our holy flag—that symbol and sign of an adored trinity—cotton, niggers and chivalry. He still sees it in the little camp on the Chowan, tied to the peak of its Palmetto pole, and floating out over our boundless confederacy, the revived relic of ages gone, banner of our King of few days and full of trouble. And that pole in its tapering uprightness typifying some of the grandest beauties of our nationality; its peak pointing hopefully toward the tropical stars, and its biggest end—run into the ground. Relic and pole, good-bye. 'Tis best the conscript goes; his claim to chivalry has gone before him. Behind he leaves the legitimate chivalry of this unbounded nation centered in the illegitimate son of a Kentucky horse thief.

But a few more words, illustrious President, and he is done—done gone.

Elevated by their sufferings and suffrages to the highest office in the gift of a great and exceeding free people, you have held your position without a change of base, or purpose of any sort, through weary months of war, and want and woe; and though every conscript would unite with the thousands of loyal and true men in the South in a grand old grief at your downfall, so too will they sink under the calamity of an exquisite joy when you shall have reached that eminent meridian whence all progress is perpendicular.

And now, bastard President of a political abortion, farewell.

"Scalp hunters," relic, pole, and chivalrous confederates in crime, good-bye. Except it be in the army of the Union, you will not again see the conscript.

NORM HARROLD,  
of Ashe County, N. C.

A lady was, with her husband, visiting the camp of the Michigan Sharpshooters at Camp Douglas. "What does M. S. S. on the men's caps mean?" said she. Her spouse said, knowing no better, that it meant Manuscripts. The lady, suspecting a shave on the part of her lord, indignantly replied: "Well, it's better to be a manuscript than a conscript, ain't it?"

A private letter from —, Ala., says: "Our minister nearly got himself into a scrape the other day, and whether he is 'a bit of a wag' or a very careless fellow, or an 'Abolition traitor,' is now the topic of discussion with us. At the meeting on fast day he gave out Dr. Watt's hymn, commencing:

And are we wretches yet alive,  
And do we yet rebel;  
'Tis wondrous, 'tis amazing grace,  
That we are out of hell."





The Postage on the CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD, to subscribers, is *one cent* a month, payable quarterly, in advance. Subscribers will please bear this in mind, for instances have come to our knowledge where Post Masters have demanded four cents as the postage on a single copy.

Owing to illegibility of hand-writing and other causes, there may be cases where subscribers do not receive their journals. Immediate information should in such instances be sent to this office, with the subscriber's name and proper Post Office direction legibly written.

If any numbers are lost in transmission they may be replaced by sending to the office of the Connecticut War Record, in New Haven. Every subscriber may feel sure of securing a full set for stitching or binding.

The valuable services of a gentleman who has been nearly two years of active army life, have been secured as editor of the WAR RECORD. His entire time and energy will be devoted to the work, in the confident expectation that he will be able to make the journal worthy the approval of its patrons.

The November number of the WAR RECORD will probably be issued in covers, so as to prevent the reading matter from being soiled or defaced by use.

The increased regularity and promptness of our correspondents will doubtless enable us to issue the November number much earlier in the month.

Collector Hollister has received, for commutation from drafted persons in the 4th Congressional District, \$72,000.

Joshua S. Hill, a member of Co. II, 12th N. H. Regiment, died Sept. 2d, in Hospital, of chronic diarrhea. He belonged in Fryburgh, Maine, where his remains were sent on the afternoon train. When his illness assumed a serious form, his family were notified by telegraph, and the unconscious widow reached the hospital gate at the same moment that the funeral cortege was marching out.

The Volunteer Engineers at Morris Island have a society among themselves to assist the families of any of their number who are killed or disabled. Thus, the other day \$200 was promptly sent to the widow of Sergeant Clark, who was killed. This beneficent institution does not cost the members nearly as much as the glass of beer so thoughtlessly purchased by many soldiers.

THE FIFTH LOUISIANA VOLUNTEERS.—This Regiment is organized, and, according to the New Orleans Era, shows a remarkable proficiency in drill for one so recently recruited. Lieutenant Colonel Alexander Warner, of the Thirteenth Connecticut, is in command, and has been highly successful in producing a discipline and efficiency which has secured the approbation of all who have witnessed the drill and evolutions of the Regiment.

Col. Wessels of the Conn. 19th, is acting brigadier, at present, and Lieut. Col. Kellogg is in command of the regiment. Captains Peck and Bissell, and Adj. Deming have resigned on account of ill-health.

The Portuguese Government has built a gunboat. It has one gun. It is named The Terror of the Sea.

Major General Russell has appointed George H. Larned of New Haven, Division Quarter-master, vice Major Alvan P. Hyde, resigned.

Extract from a letter written by Julius W. Skidmore to his father, after his capture at Brashear City, and arrival at New Orleans—he was drummer in Company D, 23d Regiment, and but fifteen years of age:

"I was at Brashear at the time of the fight. I was awoke in the morning quite early by the report of cannon and shell. I got up, rubbed my eyes, and it did not take me long to stir myself, for the shells were bursting all around us. I took my gun and went with the rest of the men to the bank of the river—but the rebel sharpshooters made us get behind trees and brick chimneys, and fired away at the cavalry on the opposite side of the river. Every time I raised my head to get a shot at them, a ball would buzz by my head, and one came so near as to pass through my hair, which is quite long now—but pretty soon my cartridges gave out and I was obliged to go and get more. I got to camp after dodging the balls—and as I reached there the rebels made a dash out of the woods on our side of the river, one mile in the rear. We were ordered to make a stand—three hundred of us, and the rebels five hundred. They charged upon us, and we let fly at them and retreated a few rods and made a stand, loaded our guns, and were ready for them the second time. They fired a volley at us, and we returned it. They charged again on us, and our line of battle had got so broken by this time that we all began to retreat behind trees and anything that was bullet proof.

"I got behind a tree, and saw Mr. Porter, the fifer, get shot by a fellow with a large pistol. He soon came around within a few rods of me; he did not see me; I took good aim and let drive at him; he dropped, the ball taking effect in his stomach—he died in a few minutes.

"I soon retreated to the bank of the river, and seeing I was going to be taken, I took my gun that had done the country so good service and threw it into the river, as I did not want the rebels to use it to kill me with. I surrendered in a few minutes after and was allowed to get all my things, drum and all. They kept us at the fort a few days and paroled us. The next morning they took away all our things, drum and all, but I got a rebel soldier to get my drum—but an officer came along and told me to carry it back, but as I was going to carry it back I came to a ditch and smashed it to pieces and threw it in, and then went back. The officer asked me if I had put it back. I told him to go and see; he went, and as there were three or four drums there he did not know but it was all right. We started for New Orleans in the afternoon."

[Mr. Porter was his companion and had protected him the whole time.]

ANDY JOHNSON ON NEW ENGLAND.—A letter from Nashville, 16th inst., to the *Boston Traveler*, says:

"I had occasion to call officially on Governor Andy Johnson yesterday. As I was leaving his room, he remarked to me, 'Send out your New England people; infuse into this State the energy that has built up a Lowell, a Lawrence, and a Manchester. We have here everything to invite the skill and ambition of man; mineral resources hardly surpassed, agricultural resources equal to any State; all we want is the men.' I asked him for his Autograph. He wrote, 'treason must be made odious and traitors punished.' Let Tennessee be under the popular guidance of such men as Andy Johnson, and she will soon take her place among the wealthy and populous country."

## An Incident in the Tour of Governor Curtin.

About ten o'clock in the morning, a few hours after the Governor arrived in Philadelphia, there appeared in the vestibule of the Continental, a well-dressed young lady. She was by herself. Her face betokened hard usage, that had added to her appearance ten years to her natural life. She attracted rather more than ordinary attention of the throng moving to and fro from the main avenue of that palatial building. She maintained her silence, and appeared wrapt in deep thought.

Presently Col. Wm. B. Mann came down the large winding marble steps; a slight tap on his shoulder caused him to stop. The young woman stood before him, and said, "Sir, you are Wm. B. Mann, I believe?"

"I am, madam, what do you wish?"

"I desire to see Governor Curtin."

"Well, madam, he is very much engaged at present; is your business pressing—is it of a public nature?"

"I desire to see him; I have come all the way from Ohio for that purpose. I have been to Catasauqua, but the train was too late; I arrived in the city this morning, and must see him; he is the only dear friend I have on earth."

Such an appeal was irresistible. The gallantry of Col. Mann, as well as his business, could brook no delay. He retired for a moment, and presently ushered the strange lady into the presence of the Governor.

"Oh! Governor, I am so glad to see you," said she, as she placed her left arm upon his shoulder, and imprinted a kiss upon his manly forehead.

"Madame," said he, quite overcome, "to what am I indebted for this unexpected salutation?"

"Sir, do you not know me?"

"Take a chair," said the Governor, blandly, at the same time extending one of the handsomest in the parlor.

Col. Mann and the few gentlemen present, at once became interested in the scene, and silently looked on.

"Shortly after the battle of Antietam you were upon that bloody field," said she to the Governor.

"I was," replied the Governor, thoughtfully, with a sigh, as the fearful scenes of carnage were thus unexpectedly brought to his memory.

"You administered to the wants of the wounded and the dying."

"It was my duty as a feeling man."

"You did your duty well. Heaven alone will reward you, sir, for in this life there is no reward adequately expressive of the merit due you. You, sir, imparted consolation and revived the hopes of a dying soldier of the 28th Ohio. He was badly wounded in the arm; you lifted him into an ambulance, and the blood dripping from him, stained your hands and your clothing. That soldier was as dear to me as life itself."

"A husband?" said the Governor.

"No, sir."

"A brother, perhaps?"

"No, sir."

"A father?"

"No, sir."

"A son?"

"No, sir."

"A lover?"

"No, sir."

The little party around were more interested than ever. If not a husband, father, brother, son, or lover, who, then, could it be?

"My dear madam," said the Governor, at length breaking the silence, "this is an enigma to me. Please explain more about the gallant soldier of Ohio."

"Well, sir, that soldier gave you a ring—C. E. D. were the letters engraved on the interior.—This is the ring now upon your little finger. He told you to wear it, and carefully have you done so."

The Governor pulled the ring off, and sure enough the letters were there.

"The finger that used to wear that ring will never wear it any more. The hand is dead, but the soldier still lives, thanks to your kind attention on that bloody field."





The whole scene was yet a problem, that even the sagacity of Col. Mann could not solve.

The Governor was now more interested than ever. "Well, madam," said he, "tell me all about it. Is this ring yours? Was it given to you by a soldier whom you loved?"

"I loved him as I loved my life; but he never returned that love. He had more love for his country than for me; I honor him for it. That soldier who placed that ring upon your finger stands before you." So saying, the strange lady arose from her chair, and stood before the Governor.

The scene that now ensued, we leave to the imagination of the reader. A happy hour passed. The girl who thus introduced herself was Catharine E. Davidson, of Sheffield, Ohio. She was engaged to be married, but her future husband responded to the call of the President, and she followed him by joining another regiment. He was killed in the same battle where she fell wounded. She is alone in the world, her father and mother having departed this life years ago. She was the soldier of the 28th Ohio, who had placed the ring upon the finger of Governor Curtin, for the kind attention given her upon the bloody field of Antietam.

The right arm had been amputated about half way between the elbow and the shoulder. The interview finally ended, and having at last seen her benefactor, she bade him and his friends adieu, taking with her an order, bearing the bold signature of A. G. Curtin, for one of Palmer's patent arms.

We had an interview with the heroine. She was modest although she had led the life of a "bold soldier boy." She was loud in her praise of Governor Curtin, and is firm in the belief that through his hard-working energy, powers of physical endurance, and great courage, he saved the lives of ten thousand soldiers, many of whom still live to bless his name as one of the "few immortal, not born to die."

General Charles Colesworth Pinckney, a member of the South Carolina Convention of 1788, thus referred to the Declaration of Independence in debate:

"The separate independence and individual sovereignty of the several States were never thought of by the enlightened band of patriots who framed the declaration; the several States were not even mentioned by name in any part of it, as if it was intended to impress the maxim in America, that our freedom and independence arose from our union, and that without it we could neither be free or independent. Let us then consider all attempts to weaken this Union, by maintaining that each State is separately and individually independent, as a special of political heresy which can never benefit us, but may bring on us the most serious distresses."

**PROBABLE ORIGIN OF THE SAYING "DIE IN THE LAST DITCH."**—When Louis the XIV. invaded Holland, carrying fire and sword as he advanced, overtures were made by Buckingham, one of Charles the Second's Ministers, to Prince William of Nassau, the head of the United Provinces, to make him king of the residue of the country, after France and England, who had agreed to a secret treaty for dismembering the country, had taken of it what they wanted. "Do you not see," said Buckingham, "that the country is lost?" "I see," said William, "that it is in great danger; but there is a sure way of never seeing it lost, and that is, to die in the last ditch."

In General Gilmore's marquee are three elegant flags which have been captured on Morris Island. Two belonged to the Twenty-first South Carolina, one of the old and the other the new style. The old one has "Pocotaligo" inscribed on it, and was

captured by private Roper Counslow, Company D, Sixth Connecticut, on the 10th ult., after shooting the rebel color-bearer.

The remarkable courage of a private in Co. F, 8th Regt. C. V., at the battle of Antietam, should be placed upon the record of our State heroism. I much regret that I am now unable to give his name. The incident was related by Captain Marsh, of Hartford, who commanded Co. F, in the engagement above referred to. The brave fellow, after firing several rounds, was wounded by a musket ball, which passed completely through his neck. As the ball passed through the heavy muscles on the back of the neck without breaking the arteries and bones, the wounded and bleeding man fired five rounds in that condition. Finally becoming faint, and his neck stiff from the loss of blood, he asked permission to leave the ranks. His request was immediately granted. But a reaction had taken place in his nervous system, and he fell to the ground in his place. He was carried from the field and after a painful illness recovered.

Such is the courage of those heroic men who stand between rebel bayonets and our peaceful, happy homes. The finger of derision and scorn may be pointed at them now, but their names and fame will live in history, and be cherished by millions of thankful hearts, long after the memory of the rebellious and disloyal shall have perished.

### The London Times on Unity.

In an article on the disposition towards unity in Germany, the London Times has the following:

"The oldest group of states in the world is now impelled to extraordinary action by the very same yearnings and passions which are convulsing the country of Washington and Franklin. The Federals are bent upon maintaining political union; the Germans upon recovering political unity. What Germany has been for ages, that the American Republic might be expected to become in the event of Southern success or Northern failure. We should see a Prussia on the Hudson, and an Austria on the Mississippi, with Hesses and Hanovers perhaps in the Northwest and Badens in the South. The result would be precisely the same loss of public strength which Germany has long experienced. All the national power would be consumed at home. For external action the resources of the Continent would be next to useless. One of its divisions would counterbalance another, until the efficiency of the whole would be neutralized, and united action would be almost as impossible in America as it is found to be in Germany."

### PROSPECTUS

OF

## The Connecticut War Record.

The object of this JOURNAL is to preserve in firm, permanent and convenient for binding and reference all the valuable facts and statistics, the interesting experience, the worthy achievements and high heroic valor of the nearly thirty thousand patriotic sons of Connecticut, who have gone forth from the State to save the nation.

Justice to all Connecticut soldiers, which has not yet been rendered, honor to the heroes who have fallen, sympathy with the bereaved, gratitude to those who fight in our defense, every sentiment of humanity and patriotism,—demands that their achievements should be placed on the historic page.

We enter an open field, and will endeavor, by devoting ourselves to one work, to accomplish thoroughly, faithfully and fairly, what no other journal is doing or can do. Undertaken neither for pecuniary gain, nor to serve any partisan purpose, the work, established on an ample basis, will be carried through to its completion in a catholic spirit, and by comprehensive agencies. It will be

conducted with an eye single to the honor of the State, and on principles of unwavering loyalty.

The Record will contain monthly letters from able correspondents in the various Connecticut regiments; stating the location and condition of each, and what each has enjoyed, suffered, and achieved during the previous month. Thus the people at home, and the members of every regiment will have at hand full information concerning all the regiments. Descriptions of battles in which Connecticut troops have been engaged, and original and selected articles on other matters pertaining to the war, will be occasionally printed. Every number will contain a sketch of the progress of the war, and a review of military affairs for the preceding month, with a list of promotions, resignations, and all changes which have taken place in the several regiments. The contributors being in every case connected with the regiments whose experience and exploits they relate, whatever is communicated will possess peculiar interest and reliability, as the testimony of eye witnesses. Note-worthy incidents and commendable instances of personal valor on the part of our brave volunteers, will receive honorable mention in the Record.

It is also designed to publish a succinct but full history of every Connecticut regiment from the date of its organization through its various experiences and achievements to the day of its mustering out.

Since the war has been in progress, for some time it will be necessary to bring up the past history of our regiments in successive numbers, as space will allow. The disadvantage of history so fragmentary and scattered will be obviated by a copious index printed in the last number of the year, enabling the reader to turn readily to the pages devoted to each regiment.

The Record will be issued monthly while the war lasts, and so much longer as is necessary to accomplish its objects.

The journal will be published in quarto form, and will contain from sixteen to twenty-four triple-column pages per month. The volume for the year will be a history of what Connecticut has done during that period in the war, in a form convenient for preservation—valuable not only for its present interest, but still more for future reference, and the whole work will constitute a repository of useful and interesting information respecting the events of this grand era and crisis in our national destiny, which no intelligent Connecticut family can well afford to be without.

The price of the Record will be one dollar per annum in advance. It is hoped this low figure will enable every Connecticut soldier, every soldier's family, and every friend of the soldier or the soldier's cause, to be provided with a copy. Patriotic citizens are called on to aid this enterprise by liberal subscriptions—not simply for their own benefit, but for additional copies, to be sent to our soldiers in the field.

We shall keep with great care, the list of those who desire the back numbers, and supply them as soon as possible.

The office of the editor is at No. 16 Exchange Building.

Communications of every kind should be addressed, CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD, New Haven, Conn.

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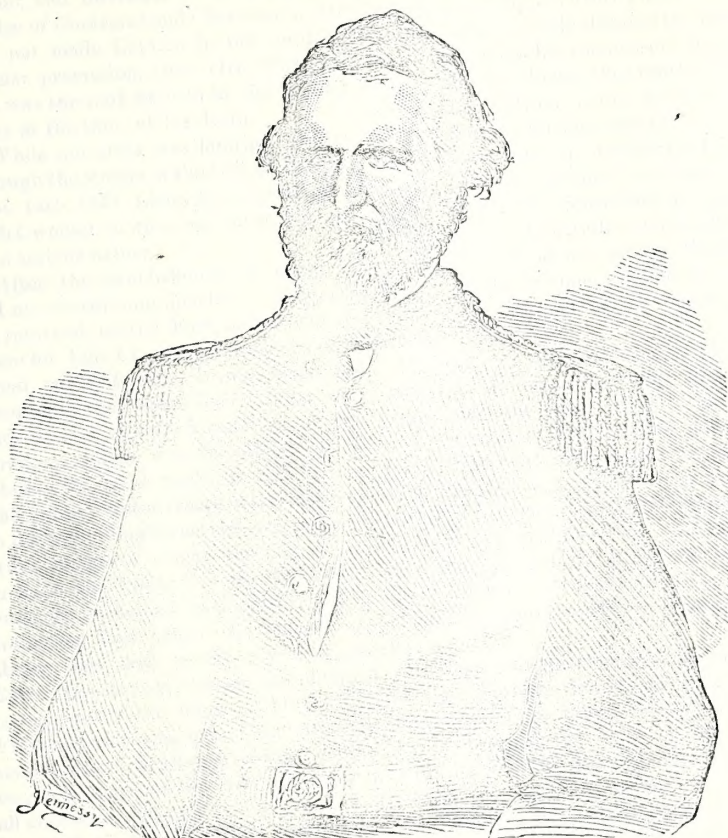
# THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

PECK, WHITE & PECK,  
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*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## General Lyon.

When the loyal States of this nation were first summoned to arms, there were few who had any, even the faintest, conception of the magnitude which the contest would assume, and the wealth of noble blood that must needs flow before the return of peace. Unused then to the fearful sacrifices demanded by war, we all felt a shudder of horror for each victim who fell. It was while the national heart yet retained all this sensitive, tender, and natural susceptibility to grief, that the subject of this sketch, under circumstances of peculiar interest and moment, was slain in the battle of Wilson's Creek.

Brigadier General Nathaniel Lyon was born in Ashford, Connecticut, July 14th, 1818. The disposition and talent which

from early youth he evinced for military affairs, was an inheritance derived from ancestors who served with honor both in the early colonial wars against the French and Indians, and later in the long struggle with the mother country, for civil freedom and national independence. His childhood and youth were passed in his native town, and in its humble schools was acquired almost whatever education he could boast until he entered the United States Military Academy at West Point. This was in the fall of 1837, when he was nineteen years of age. He graduated in 1841—the eleventh in a class then numbering over fifty. On the first of July, the next day after graduation, he received his commission as Second Lieutenant in the Second United States Infantry, and from this time his history is closely connected with all the

more important service of our army up to the moment of his death.

Four months after receiving his commission he was ordered to duty, and at once called to encounter all the most dreaded hardships of the soldiers' profession in that vexatious and inglorious campaign against the Seminole Indians in Florida. But the knowledge and discipline here acquired did much we may believe towards developing those characteristics of self-reliance, patience, boldness and caution which rendered him ever afterwards so efficient an officer in all the various Indian campaigns and expeditions entrusted to his conduct. At all events, the confidence and commendation both of his superior officers and of those who served under him was acquired. When, under the leadership of General C. Worth, the tedious war was at length ended, Lieutenant Lyon returned to the North and was assigned to more agreeable duty. For nearly four years his military home was at Sackets Harbor, on Lake Ontario. This welcome season of relief from active service afforded the young officer an opportunity not only for the recuperation of his health and physical power, but also for what was not less valued by him—the prosecution of an extensive and thorough course of study in various branches of knowledge, some of which were not immediately related to his chosen profession. Here too he was made welcome in a select social circle. Some of the friendships formed continued through life, and were a source of much happiness during after years. The memory of this period was always fresh and pleasant, and while on a visit to the East after the Mexican war he spent several days at Sackets Harbor in the enjoyment of friendly hospitality.

In 1846 he was ordered to Mexico, and during the whole brilliant campaign in that unfortunate country, rendered faithful and efficient service. He was present at the storming of Vera Cruz, and joined in the march through the country, taking part in all the battles which marked the progress of our army until it was master of the City of the Montezumas. February 16th, 1847, he was made First Lieu-





tenant by regular promotion, although the appointment did not reach him until the 16th of April, while on the march to Mexico, and the day before the battle of Cerro Gordo. August 20th, of the same year, he was made Brevet Captain, for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco. He was not made Captain in full until by regular promotion, June 11th, 1851, and this was the rank he held in the regular army at the time of his death.

While our army was fighting its way through the streets of the City of Mexico, Sept. 14th, 1847, Lieut. Lyon received a bullet wound in the leg, but it was not of a serious nature.

After the establishment of peace he did not remain long inactive. Although he returned to the East, orders shortly came for him to proceed with his command to California. It was about the time when the "gold fever" broke out, and the then unsettled condition of that territory, which was the Mecca of all whom gold could tempt, is well known. The United States troops were expected to perform a double service—to preserve order and peace among the miners, and to keep the Indians in check. Lyon's command remained in California a little more than four years. He himself was absent from duty nearly a year at the East. His leave of absence was obtained on account of the illness of his mother. Filial affection was one of the strongest sentiments of this brave soldier's character, as it is one of the most honorable in all character, and he no sooner learned of his mother's rapidly failing health than he undertook the long journey to her distant home, in order, if possible, to comfort and cheer, by his presence and attention, her declining days. This privilege was, however, denied to him. She passed away before his arrival.

During his service in California he greatly distinguished himself by the skillful and successful conduct of several arduous campaigns against the Indians. Among the most important of these was that against the Indians of Clear Lake. His life at this time was full of hardship and exciting personal adventures, in which he two or three times narrowly escaped with his life.

Not long after his return from California, in the fall of 1856, he was ordered to Kansas and stationed at Fort Reilly, one hundred and twenty miles beyond the western border of Missouri. While here, he was an interested spectator of

the fearful and unnecessary strife which then raged. Witnessing the outrages inflicted with the connivance of the administration by the slave-mongers of Missouri on the freedom-loving citizens of that territory, and dreading lest he might be called to aid in the scheme of forcing slavery upon an unwilling people, Captain Lyon seriously debated the question of resigning his commission in the army. This was during the eventful summer of 1856, but, fortunately for himself, and yet more so for his country, he was soon ordered into the territory of Nebraska, and no service was imposed against which his conscience revolted. He was stationed, with his command, to garrison Fort Lookout, on the Missouri River. In the summer and fall of 1857 he made his last visit to the scenes and friends of his youth.

Returning to duty in December, he remained at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, until the next August. He was next stationed at Fort Randall nearly a year. Then with his company he marched to Prairie Creek, where a post was established for the protection of Engineers on their way to Pike's Peak. Afterwards he was again at Fort Riley, and from there went to Fort Scott for the purpose of quelling some disturbance in that vicinity.

It was about this time that the purpose of the Southern leaders to take their States out of the Union became evident. Lyon observed the signs of the times with the greatest interest. He foresaw clearly to what the progress of events was tending, and wisely comprehended the issue at stake. In November, 1860, he wrote the following profoundly significant words:

"There are periods when the dictates of reason and humanity are so totally disregarded in the pursuits of ambition or pleasure, that nothing but the bitter fruits of folly can bring back their devotees to moderation. Such is now the state of the South, which seems bent upon a fatuous course that, in its ultimate disaster and disgrace, will teach her people the fatal folly of their presumption. It is a perfectly safe rule, and one which has been of service to me in my prognostications of the future, that whoever or whatever people or party set about an unworthy or unjust purpose, must sooner or later fail, and receive the disgrace due to their corrupt motives."\*

\* Woodward's Life of Gen. Lyon, p. 235.

And again, after the inauguration of President Lincoln, while it was doubtful whether or not it was his purpose to give up Fort Sumter without a struggle, he says: "I have felt deeply mortified by the humiliating attitude of my country toward traitors who could have been easily put down, and can be now, under proper measures. I do not see how a war is to be avoided. Under quack management it may be long and bloody. Yet I have no apprehensions about the final triumph of almighty truth, though at the cost of many unnecessary sacrifices. But let them come. I would rather see the country lighted up with the flames of war from the center to its remotest border, than that the great rights and hopes of the human race expire before the arrogance of secessionists. Of this, however, there is no danger. They are at war with nature and the human heart, and cannot succeed."\*

These extracts reveal most happily how large and enlightened was the understanding which this veteran soldier, whose life had been almost wholly spent in toilsome service on the remote frontiers of civilization brought to the consideration of great questions of national and philanthropic concern.

The time now arrived when he was called to an immediate participation in the conflict. Soon after the advent of the new administration, he was placed in command of the St. Louis Arsenal. The five ensuing months witnessed a marvel of energy and ability—a masterly conduct of affairs, in which a whole life's accumulated wisdom and power was determined to its last grand work by the sincerest conviction of duty, and fired to action by a now exasperated patriotism, the heat and flame of which made ashes of every meaner motive, and at length, in its ardor, consumed him who nourished it. Strange and sad it seems, that one who had given all the best years of his manhood to the loyal service of his country against natural foes, savage and foreign, must needs perish in an unnatural conflict with his own countrymen—traitors. The record of those five eventful months is fresh and familiar. While it develops and grandly illustrates the character of a noble son of our mother State—

"One of the few, the immortal names  
That was not born to die."

it illumines a fateful passage in the Na-

\* Woodward's Life of Gen. Lyon, p. 242.





tion's destiny. No fear that that story will be forgotten, or ever fail to be rehearsed when our patriot heroes and their exploits are called to remembrance, and no fear that it will ever become trite.

Establishing himself in the St. Louis Arsenal, the whole territory around a hot-bed of madness, all seething and fomenting with the secession treason, with what caution and circumspection, with what williness and strategic skill, with what resolution and foresight did he first secure his firm foothold, and then organize his means for a rapid and subjugating progress through the State! Outwitting the traitorous Governor Jackson in council, and outgeneraling him in the field, the Union cause grew strong and prevailed through the overmastering strength of its defender and champion.

A vast amount of arms and public property was stored in the St. Louis Arsenal, which the secessionists designed to appropriate; Lyon decoyed away the mob, and then placing all that was valuable on a steamer, successfully transported it to Illinois. The withdrawal of United States troops from all localities outside the Arsenal was demanded on some absurd dogma of the States' rights' theory; Capt. Lyon refused compliance, and in turn demanded to be told what articles of the Constitution were violated by keeping them where they were. A rebel camp of instruction, named in honor of Jefferson Davis, was established just outside the city, and supplied with arms stolen from the Arsenal at Baton Rouge. Capt. Lyon, on the 10th of May, surrounded it with several thousand troops, placed twenty cannon in position, and compelled it to surrender in thirty minutes. St. Louis forthwith became a furnace of rage and riotous tumult; Lyon quelled it by a prompt and decisive blow. Gen. Harney arrived and assumed chief command; but Lyon still remained the staunchest supporter and vindicator of the loyal sentiment. The first brigade of Missouri Volunteers was organized; Lyon was elected their General, and on the 17th of May he received a similar appointment from the President. The secessionists in Potosi became bold and obnoxious; they woke up one fine morning to find the town surrounded by a detachment of Lyon's men, and soon witnessed the departure of their leaders as prisoners to St. Louis. The Confederate flag was to be raised with great celebration of the event at De Soto; Lyon's omnipresent men dispersed the rebel

multitude in ludicrous fright, captured the flag, and raised in its place the emblem of their country's rightful authority. Harney's policy was unfortunately feeble, rendering the loyal power impotent, while it encouraged the enemy, and he was removed. Again the command devolved upon Lyon, again the policy was vigorous and unmistakable, and again were the rebels awed and their plans disconcerted.

Governor Jackson and Gen. Price now devised a new expedient to gain time and opportunity to perfect their treason. They sought an interview with Gen. Lyon and offered to pledge themselves to certain *quasi* loyal measures, on condition that the Home Guard should be disbanded and the loyal troops confined to the locations then occupied, their professed object being to keep the State neutral. They were crafty, but Lyon was wise. He indignantly rejected their proposals, and furthermore demanded the nullification of all State action which impeded the free action of the United States forces, or in any way qualified the loyalty of Missouri.

Utterly failing in his diplomatic treachery, Gov. Jackson had no resort but open war, and on June 12th he issued a Proclamation setting forth how unjust and intolerable it was for the "brave-hearted Missourians" to be faithful to the Constitution and Government of the United States, and exhorting them, "to rally to the flag of their State," and "drive out the invaders who have dared to desecrate the soil," bearing the Stars and Stripes of the United States! The next day two steamers with Gen. Lyon and fifteen hundred troops, started from St. Louis for Jefferson City. The Governor immediately abandoned his capital and retreated to Booneville. Lyon issued a counter Proclamation at Jefferson City on June 15th. It was a document of great dignity, and breathed throughout the spirit of his own resolute determination. On the 16th, his force increased to two thousand. Gen. Lyon started for Booneville, where an engagement occurred the next day, in which Gen. Lyon's small but disciplined force, in twenty minutes, routed and put to flight the thirty thousand unorganized, ill-armed adherents of Governor Jackson.

As soon as a train could be formed, he commenced the march to Springfield. The whole distance of two hundred miles was accomplished in eleven days. At the start his army consisted of

twenty-seven hundred men, with four pieces of artillery, but on the way he was reinforced by three thousand men from Kansas, under Major Sturgis, so that on his arrival at Springfield he had about five thousand effective men, but the period of enlistment of a large part had expired. This was the little force with which he was to contend against the vastly larger army of Gen. Price, supported by the army of McCullock. Our space will not admit a detailed account of all the operations by which the enemy was baffled and battle delayed in hope of reinforcements, which never came until the final desperate engagement at Wilson's Creek, on August 10th. On the 29th of July, the four armies collected on the southern border of Missouri, amounting altogether to twenty-three thousand men, under Gens. Price, McCullock, Pearee and McBride, were united at Cassville, and on the 6th of August the rebel body encamped and fortified itself on Wilson's Creek, at a favorable position, some twelve miles southwest of Springfield. Since it was impossible to hold Springfield against a superior force and a retreat of the Union army would add such prestige to the rebel cause, Gen. Lyon determined as a desperate resort to attempt to surprise the enemy in their camp and strike a blow which should at least weaken and discourage, if not disperse them. In the afternoon of August 9th, he left Springfield, his little army in two columns, one commanded by himself, and the other by Col. Siegel. They arrived in sight of the hostile watch fires the same night, and in the morning effected a complete surprise. The ensuing conflict, while one of the most unequal, was by universal testimony one of the most skillfully and strenuously contested, not only of this war, but of any war. The battle raged for six hours, and how terribly may be learned from the fact that the rebels acknowledged a loss of over five hundred killed, while the Union loss was two hundred and twenty-three killed, and about a thousand wounded and missing. Early in the engagement Gen. Lyon's horse was shot under him, and he was three times wounded. The closing scene of his life cannot be more graphically described than it has been by his biographer, Dr. Woodward.

"Mounting another horse, he rode back to the front, in order to rally the thinned and bleeding, but not disheartened lines for a fresh attack. He no





directed the fragments of one or two regiments to charge the enemy with the bayonet. Many of their officers were disabled, and they called for a leader. With countenance blanched from the loss of blood, and haggard from anxiety, Gen. Lyon threw himself to the head of the column, and, with hat waving, cheered it onward. Inspired with almost superhuman energy by the heroism of their chief, the men rushed forward, scattering the enemy like chaff. But in that charge the brave Lyon fell. Our country, in the crisis of her darkest peril, lost that hour one of her clearest heads and stoutest hearts. He placed no value upon repose, comfort, or even life, when the land that he loved with all the devotion of his generous soul, demanded their sacrifice."

#### Record of Events.

Sept. 27. Expulsion of guerrillas from the vicinity of Donaldsonville, La., by Gen. Burbidge.

Sept. 27. Defeat of Shelby's rebel cavalry at Moffat's Store, Franklin Co., Ark.

Sept. 28. Occasional firing at the ruins of Fort Sumter.

Oct. 1. Firing renewed against the fort with great vigor.

Oct. 2. Successful cavalry raid from Norfolk, Va., to North Carolina. Destruction of salt works, &c.

Oct. 3. Defeat of a portion of Wheeler's rebel cavalry at Anderson's Cross Roads, Tenn., with loss of 300.

Oct. 3. Skirmish at Morgantown, La. Federals hold their position, though after considerable loss.

Oct. 3. Capture of McMinnville, Tenn., by the Confederate Gen. Wheeler.

Oct. 5. Useless artillery firing of the rebels from Lookout Mountain against the position of Gen. Rosecrans.

Oct. 5. Unsuccessful attempt to blow up the Ironsides off Charleston Harbor, by a torpedo.

Oct. 6. Massacre of Gen. Blunt's staff and body guard at Baxter's Station, Kansas, by Quantrell's guerrillas.

Oct. 6. Gen. Mitchell defeats the rebel cavalry of Gen. Wheeler, a short distance below Shelbyville, Tenn.

Oct. 8. Gen. Crook defeats Gen. Wheeler at Farmington, Tenn., killing and wounding 120, and capturing 600 prisoners and a battery.

Oct. 9. Successful raid of the Federals, under command of Gen. Wistar, into Matthews Co., Va.

Oct. 10. Gen. Burnside defeats the rebels

at Blue Springs, Tenn. Our loss 100; Confederate loss 300.

Oct. 11. Skillful cavalry reconnaissance by Kilpatrick. Gen. Meade withdraws across the Rappahannock.

Oct. 11-17. Repulse of the rebels at Colliersville, Tenn. Col. Hatch pursues and drives them from Byhalis, Miss., and again from Wyatt, Miss.

Oct. 12. Reconnaissance in force across the Rappahannock by three corps and the cavalry division of the army of the Potomac. Severe cavalry fighting.

Oct. 13. Utter defeat of Shelby's guerrillas in Saline Co., Mo., by Gen. Brown.

Oct. 14. Victory of Gen. Meade at Bristoe, Va. Capture of 5 guns and 450 prisoners.

Oct. 15. Gen. McPherson defeats the rebels at Canton, Miss., capturing 200 prisoners.

Oct. 18. Gen. Grant takes command of the departments of the Ohio, the Cumberland, and the Tennessee.

Oct. 19. Severe engagement at Buckland Mills between Kilpatrick's single division and the entire rebel cavalry. Brave and skillful retreat of our forces.

Oct. 21. Rebels defeated at Cherokee Station, Ala., by Gen. Sherman.

Oct. 25. Repulse of Gen. Marmaduke at Pine Bluff, Ark.

Oct. 25. Cavalry of Gen. Bragg driven below Philadelphia, Tenn., with loss of 300.

Oct. 26-31. Continued and effective bombardment of Fort Sumter. Its sea face wall battered down.

Oct. 27. Capture of the heights opposite Brown's Ferry, and opening of the Tennessee River.

Oct. 28. Gen. Hooker defeats Longstreet at Wauhatchie, Tenn.

Oct. 31. Hawkins' guerrillas routed at Pinney Factory, Tenn.

#### For the Connecticut War Record.

#### Review of Events.

NUMBER FOUR.

As the smoke clears away from the field, the battle of Chickamauga turns out to have been one of the most fearful in its carnage, and one of the most important in its military bearings, that have been fought during the war. Full twenty-five per cent. of either army there engaged were killed, wounded and missing, making a total on both sides of nearly thirty-four thousand men. The Union loss alone was sixteen thousand. These facts assert the bloody nature of the battle.

In a military view, it at once gave colossal proportions to the campaign in Middle Ten-

nessee. Thirteen hundred miles away on the Potomac, it was the signal for the rapid movement of Gen. Hooker. It called, and not in vain, for the victorious army at Vicksburg, and appointed its gallant leader to the command of all the forces operating between the Alleghannies and the Mississippi river.

Though it was a victory for the Confederates, they have gathered so little fruit therefrom that they call it a virtual defeat. East Tennessee, with its pork and forage, its coal, nitre and salt, is still lost to them. Their magnificent, natural line of defense along the Blue Ridge, from Gordonsville to Chattanooga, is turned at its southwestern extremity. The army of Gen. Bragg is thereby thrown out of position and dislocated, and its communicating distance from Richmond is now full one thousand miles, though previously it was only five hundred.

The events of the past month are important more for what they foreshadow than for any substantive interest they possess of themselves. They naturally belong to those "momentous transition periods when the elements are rushing into new combinations" preparatory to the coming storm.

The great stakes at issue are Chattanooga and East Tennessee. To recover these positions is an imperative condition to the physical and military vitality of the Confederacy. What their leaders have *certainly* done for this object, is shrouded in doubt and obscurity. Yet it is possible that Gen. Bragg, with the design of turning the left flank of Gen. Thomas, has advanced towards Knoxville, and that powerful detachments of Gen. Lee's army have been sent to Southwestern Virginia to operate against Gen. Burnside.

On the other hand, much has been done by the Union army to secure and strengthen its hold on this disputed territory. 1. Unity and concert of action have been obtained by the appointment of Gen. Grant to the command of all the forces in this theater of the war. 2. Communications have been opened between Bridgeport and Chattanooga via Tennessee river, and the question of supplies has thus been affirmatively settled. 3. Gen. Burnside's cavalry have been constantly patrolling the whole of East Tennessee, and by this means the possibility of surprise has been removed. 4. Heavy reinforcements, under Gen. Sherman, have been advancing to Gen. Thomas, by the way of the Memphis and Chattanooga Railroad. Considerable resistance has been met, and more is anticipated. Yet if this road be repaired and secured, it will form a most valuable secondary line of operations, with its base on the Mississippi at Memphis. For if in the fortunes of war Gen. Burnside should be





forced from East Tennessee, and thus the Louisville and Nashville line be threatened or destroyed, yet Gen. Thomas would not be obliged to evacuate Chattanooga if he could employ this secondary line to Memphis, which in reality is shorter than the other, and far less exposed to formidable flank attacks.

During the early part of last month it became evident that Gen. Lee was executing a threatening movement upon the right flank of the army of the Potomac. Thereupon Gen. Meade deemed it prudent to withdraw across the Rappahannock, which he did in perfect order. The rebels still persisting in their purpose to outflank him and get in his rear, he finally fell back to Centreville. During this retreat the advance of Lee came up with the Union rear guard at Bristoe, but were sadly discomfited. At Centreville Gen. Meade drew up his army in line of battle, and for two days awaited the attack of the enemy, who, however, at this time were busily engaged in destroying the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. The destruction of the road was so complete that it would take a month to rebuild it. When this was accomplished, Gen. Lee retreated to his original position on the Rapidan.

It is alleged, and the evidence seems to support the allegation, that this destruction of the railroad was the principal and immediate object of the Confederate General—that he thought that the delay of rebuilding, rendering, for the present, all active operations on our side impossible, would allow him to send, and that, accordingly, he has sent large bodies of troops to overwhelm Burnside. Whether this really was his plan, and, if so, whether it has been successful, events will soon decide. As to any other design which he may have contemplated in this movement, he was completely foiled by the soldierly conduct of Gen. Meade.

Late dispatches are to the effect that, after an incessant and terrific bombardment, Gen. Gillmore has demolished the sea face wall of Fort Sumter. It is to be hoped that this demolition will suffice. The overland Texas expedition is progressing steadily. By the latest accounts Gen. Franklin had reached Opelousas, La., marching by the same route that Gen. Banks took last spring. No serious resistance had been encountered, as the enemy has adhered to his policy of retreating as fast as the Federals advance. A formidable land and naval expedition, under command of Gen. Banks, has just left New Orleans. Its destination, however, is unknown, save to those who ought to know it.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## THE CONSTITUTION.

NUMBER FOUR.

The words of the Constitution are words of your mother tongue. If you cannot understand them, nobody can. Therefore—we repeat it—trust your own common sense to tell you what they mean.

You have seen that when the Constitution was made, this country (or this "Land," as the Constitution calls it) was inhabited by a "People" having all the qualities of one Nation. Putting aside all fanciful theories of lawyers, historians, politicians and philosophers, you know that in *fact* this "People" then *was* one Nation—a Nation substantially one in breed, one in language, one in religion, one in history and traditions, one in laws, one in habits and customs, one in country, one in everything which, in real matter of fact, makes a nation one and separates it from all other nations. So much you know for certain, if you know anything for certain.

You have seen also, in the first sentence of the Constitution, that this Nation therein spoke as one Nation—"the People of the United States"—and that, as one great Nation declaring its high and final will, (not as thirteen little nations making a temporary "compact" with each other,) it did "ordain and establish" the Constitution. Once "ordained and established," the Constitution was, and still is, as itself says, "the supreme law of the land," binding upon every State, county, town, man, woman and child in "the land," and binding upon the strongest State as firmly as upon the feeblest child.

Now mark this. The Constitution contains provision for its own amendment, but no provision contemplating as possible, at any time or in any contingency, its own overthrow or the dissolution of the Nation. When you have read the Constitution through, you will see clearly, (what indeed is seen plainly enough in the first sentence, already quoted,) that the great National act of "ordaining and establishing" the Constitution, was an act done for all time. The Constitution was not created for any temporary purpose. It was designed to endure until the earth and the sea shall give up their dead. Of a work so noble we may say, without irreverence, that as God, by the word of His mouth, did "ordain and establish" the universe, leaving upon it marks to show that it might change, but no mark to show that it was ever to perish, so "the People of the United States," by their word, did "ordain and establish" the Constitution,

leaving marks upon it to show that it might pass through changes, but not one mark or sign to show that it was ever to decay or ever to lose, in any part of our land, its irresistible power as the "supreme," and only, and everlasting Constitution of the United States of America.

As the Constitution was designed for an immortal existence—which may God grant unto it—so was the Government, which the Constitution called into being, designed to endure through all ages; and as the Constitution covers forever our whole land like a sky, so the Government, through which alone the Constitution pours its happy influences upon us, covers forever our whole land like an atmosphere.

This Government is not a "federal" government, acting upon a mere "Confederacy of States." It is a *National* Government, acting directly on the whole "People of the United States" as one Nation. Consider this proposition, and exercise your common sense upon it a little. If, as a man of common sense, you can say that "the People of the United States" are not a Nation, but that the inhabitants of Connecticut are one Nation, and the inhabitants of Rhode Island another, and the inhabitants of Massachusetts another, and so on—and if you can see in the Constitution that the Government of the United States has no right to govern either of those little nations except so long and so far as that little nation shall remain willing to be governed by it, then indeed you may say that the Constitution is a sort of "federal compact" feebly holding together, until some accident shall happen, a "Confederacy" of absurd little nations or States; and that there is in this land no such thing as a National Government, acting, with real governing power, upon one great Nation. And what a trifling, belittling conception of this broad country of yours and of its grand and mighty Government you will have thus got!

But, looking at things as they are, and as you see them with your own eyes, you know it is stark nonsense to say that the people of Connecticut are a separate Nation, and the people of Rhode Island another, and that the whole people of this great country are no Nation at all. He who thinks to make you believe such nonsense takes you for a fool. Just as nonsensical is it to deny that the Constitution creates a real National Government, having the right and power to govern forever all persons who may inhabit this city or State or any other city or State, great or small, in every part of our common country;—and that too, whether any of those persons may like to be so governed or not,





It is true that, as we shall see hereafter, the Constitution confines the action of the Government of the United States chiefly to national affairs,—leaving local matters to be regulated by those inferior authorities known as State-governments, county-governments, city-governments, town-governments, and so forth. But for this very reason the Government of the United States is properly called the National Government. And you cannot too tightly cling to this plain truth—carrying it along in your mind as you read the Constitution—that the Constitution has bestowed upon our country a National Government, “ordained and established” by the whole Nation, for all time, and operating directly and everlastingly upon every human being (willing or unwilling) in the Nation, and having rightful and eternal sway over every inch of ground within the limits of the National territory. And you cannot too often remind yourself that under that illegitimate word “federal,” as applied to our Government, and under that treacherous word “compact,” as applied to the Constitution, and under that false word “Confederacy,” as applied to the Nation, lie, coiled up, the rattlesnakes of secessionism, disunion and anarchy. Never use those words. Look with suspicion upon them wherever you see them. Distrust the man who habitually uses them. Patriotic men often use these words through thoughtlessness. But men who use them habitually and designedly, especially in these days, use them with an evil purpose. These words are the slang of treason. Be on your guard against them, lest you be found reasoning and talking like a traitor and a fool, rather than like a patriot and man of common sense.

What the powers and functions of our National Government are, we shall see as we read farther. Philosophers and demagogues (who are generally men of no practical common sense whatever—especially the philosophers) will tell you that this Government is a very intricate machine. Perhaps you have allowed yourself to think so. Dismiss the idea. The Government of the United States is a very simple machine. For every practical purpose any man of common sense, who will take the trouble to read the Constitution, can understand the nature and powers of our Government as well as Judge Story himself did.

Dr. J. W. Hyde, of Greenwich, has laid aside his profession for the present and accepted a commission from Gov. Buckingham to raise a Company of one hundred and fifty men—colored troops—for the Rhode Island Battery now in formation. Lieut. Hyde's recruiting office is established at New Haven, in Brewster's Building. Large bounties will be offered to all colored volunteers.

### The Business of To-day.

Once more our gallant State is summoned to send men to the fight. The PEOPLE have plainly said “we must and will crush this rebellion to atoms, and that speedily. We demand, at once, measures more vigorous, thorough and decisive.” The President replies: “To prepare well for future battles, is the sure way to make them fewer and less bloody. Give me men and the war shall not, for lack of disciplined troops, again slacken till the triumph swift coming, and final, shall close the struggle forever.”

We should respond to this call at once. To shrink or delay will not postpone the issue. Now, is the time to strike blows, quick and heavy.

Consider our own business prosperity and the stagnation and ruin among the rebels; our own financial soundness, and their utter bankruptcy. Compare the sure and steady advance of our armies, converting even temporary defeat into permanent advantage, with the desperate and fruitless fighting of the nation's foes. Contrast the former outspoken sympathy of foreign nations, and their open aid to the rebels, with the present cutting coldness and prudent caution. Mark our own profuse abundance and cheerful courage, and the now evident poverty and failing hearts of the rebels.

These serve to illustrate the sound conviction—deepening daily, North and South—at home and abroad, that the lawless revolt is a hopeless failure. The invasions of Lee are ended. The raids of John Morgan are finished. The wary Meade and the gallant Burnside are steadily advancing to clasp hands and unite their strength. Lee must beat them both or evacuate Virginia. The persistent Grant is gaining ground daily, while Blunt and Banks advance the starry banner with vigor and unvarying success.

We have been often told that the end was nigh. We need be no longer told. We ourselves can see it. The splendid triumph is within our reach, if we but spring to grasp it. We must not lose the opportunity. Let blows be struck swift and heavy. Let us give no breathing time to our foes. Let us pour in our men and overwhelm their vanishing armies.

To us citizens of Connecticut our part is assigned. We can do it. But the task is not light or easy. It admits no delay or rest. It can be accomplished by, and *only by*, immediate, vigorous, united and persistent effort. Men enough can be secured for adequate inducements.

No soldiers in the world are so well fed, so well clothed, so well paid, as those of the Union army. None, in sickness, so well housed in commodious hospitals, so well supplied by the Sanitary Commission and the Soldiers' Aid Societies; so well nursed by gentle, self-denying, patriotic women.

The system and experience acquired in two years render it certain that much of hardship in the field, much of suffering in hospital, unavoidable in the early part of the war, will not be again incurred. Food will be plenty, transportation abundant, medical attention prompt and efficient.

The reviving courage of the North and the crumbling fabric of the confederacy alike prove that if we respond manfully to this call the period of service will be brief.

An overwhelming force will end the conflict with half the labor and half the loss which a force barely sufficient must incur. The present call will secure this overwhelming force.

Many comprehend these facts. Let us make *all* know and understand them. Then let adequate inducements be offered. Let bounties be large. Let towns and wealthy individuals, not promise vaguely, but *guaranty* to every volunteer a reasonable support for all who are dependent upon him, and this so long as they need such support.

The majority of rich men, having liberty, business and property at stake, have failed to do half their proportionate duty. Why do not a thousand hasten to emulate the noble example of that grand and venerable patriot, James Brewster?

It is the duty of every citizen, rich or poor, liable to draft or not, to employ his utmost energies and means to promote enlistments; to devote time, to contribute money, to speak no timorous or doubtful words, but frequent words of cheerful courage and resolute purpose.

Immediate united and strenuous action will fill our quota.

Citizens of Connecticut, Honor, duty, and interest combine to urge you forward.

Resolve to enter on the new year with the ranks of the brave little State well filled. Begin the work to-day, and cease only when the full quota of Connecticut,

“Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms,

Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms,”

shall go forth to save the nation.

Thomas Lynch of the Twenty-third Connecticut Volunteers, was examined and accepted last week as a veteran volunteer. He is the first volunteer in this district under the recent call. Let his name be remembered with honor.

Mr. Elisha T. Sage of Cromwell, having been drafted, presented himself for examination before the Board in Hartford. He got exemption papers Oct. 23, on the ground of having three brothers now in the United States service. Oct. 10th he again presented himself, with the assurance that he wanted to enter the army any way. He was accepted and given a four days' furlough, and Thursday promptly reported to camp.

Gould Robinson, a returned volunteer, of Co. K, Twenty-third Connecticut Volunteers, has enlisted for the war in the First Connecticut Artillery.

Lieut. J. Dunning, formerly of the Seventh Connecticut Volunteers, was drafted, but had already enlisted in a New Jersey regiment.

On Saturday night, Oct. 6th, two hundred and twenty-five conscripts left the camp at New Haven on the steamer Nathaniel P. Banks, for Alexandria, under charge of Maj. Sears. About seventy of these are drafted men, the rest substitutes. About one hundred of them had been attached to the Provost Guard, being men who had either come well recommended or had given good security for the faithful performance of their duty. These men were allowed to choose the regiment which they preferred, and selected the First Connecticut Artillery. The remainder were sent to the Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers.

Two hundred and six substitutes were shipped from New Haven on Thursday, Oct. 22d. They were escorted from the Conscript Camp to the steamer Chas. Osgood, by a strong guard from the Invalid Corps and detachments of regiments here. They will be joined by a large number in New York, and all, it is understood, will be forwarded to the department of Gen. Gillmore. Those from New Haven are said to be assigned to the Sixth Connecticut Volunteers.

Gen. ALFRED H. TERRY, second in command under Gen. Gillmore, at Morris Island, has been on a brief visit to his friends in New Haven. He is confident of success at Charleston, but says the public must have patience.





*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### The Three Months' Volunteers. (Continued.)

#### THE OCCUPATION OF FALLS CHURCH.

The next day, June 17th, the Second arrived and encamped beside the First. The First were that day ordered on another railroad reconnoissance, but the order was countermanded and the regiment was sent to the vicinity of Long Bridge to take part in a review. The honor of the contemplated reconnoissance fell upon the First Ohio, under Colonel (now General) A. McD. McCook. Accompanied by Gen. Schenck, the Ohio men went up the road in the same manner as their Connecticut brothers had gone twice before. A masked battery opened on the train just before it reached Vienna, and a dozen men were killed and wounded. Just after noon, the men of the Second Connecticut saw a locomotive come down the road showing a red flag, the signal of danger, and they were ordered out under arms. The review at Long Bridge had just closed when the First received orders to hurry to the assistance of the Ohio volunteers, who "were being cut to pieces." Adjutant Bacon was sent ahead to explain to regiments on the route that Col. Burnham was marching his regiment directly across the country by the shortest way, and the men with hurried steps passed through the camps that dotted the landscape, arriving in camp just before dark. The men of both regiments eat a hasty supper, and were furnished with such cooked rations as could be provided. Ordered into line again about 10 P. M., they waited for a train which arrived at midnight. About an hour before daylight they arrived at the spot where the Ohio volunteers had collected their wounded. It was a shocking sight to men unused to scenes of blood. In the gray dawn, the dimness of which was but faintly relieved by the hazy light of lanterns, were seen the forms of the poor sufferers writhing in intolerable agony. The sight aroused an intense desire for vengeance. A consultation was held between Generals Tyler and Schenck and the Colonels of the different regiments, and it was finally decided to send the Connecticut men to occupy the hill at Falls Church. As it was not prudent to move in an unknown country in the darkness, the men bivouaced by the railroad track for a few hours. While waiting here, a good Union man from Vienna, (I am sorry I cannot recall his name,) brought in a wagon six dead bodies from the scene of the massacre, belonging to the Ohio regiment. One had his head taken completely off by a round shot, and both hands and the breast

of another were shot through by a similar projectile. A short time after a wounded man was brought in, shot through the shoulder. He was sent to Alexandria. In the afternoon the Connecticut regiments took up the line of march for Taylor's Tavern, Oak Hill. In the meantime, however, a company from each regiment had been sent forward, one on each flank, to act as a corps of observation, with orders to occupy two hills on the west and north. The regiments, taking with them a howitzer loaned by Colonel (now General) Corcoran, reached Oak Hill before sunset, and immediately threw out pickets and a guard. The field piece was posted to sweep the straight road leading to Fairfax Court House, and the men lay down to recover from the fatigues of the preceding night. The sick and lame, with camp guards, had been left behind at Roach's Mills, together with all the camp property, knapsacks and provisions. Here, then, were these two regiments, numbering together not more than thirteen hundred men, in the heart of the enemy's country, the advance guard of the Union army, eight miles farther into rebeldom than our troops had ever been before, except upon a hasty reconnoissance. By either Ball's or Bailey's Cross-roads the rebels could throw a force in their rear, and for about a week the men lay down nightly to sleep with the expectation of being aroused by an attempt to cut them off. Their situation was too critical to be pleasant, and the arrival of Tompkins' regular cavalry of sixty-seven men, and a section of Varian's battery, was hailed with great satisfaction.

The day after the occupation of Oak Hill the camp equipage and baggage of the regiments arrived. The men went to work with a will, and soon after the spot presented an animated appearance. About five o'clock in the afternoon an alarm was given, and for a time there was quite a stir. It proved to have been occasioned by a couple of servants belonging to the First, who had been out on horses, and were chased by some of Tompkins' cavalry, whom they mistook for rebels, the cavalry men on their part judging them to be spies or pickets of the enemy.

Every night Col. Burnham called his officers together and consulted on the details of arrangements in case of a night attack. The pickets were thrown out so far that the camp calls of the enemy could be easily heard. There was rarely any collision between the pickets. All was quiet along the lines. The little force of Connecticut men was soon increased by the arrival of the Third Connecticut and the Second Maine. For about a month they remained here, occasionally taking prisoners, but nothing occurred to vary

the monotony of camp life, unless it was witnessing the daily ascents of Prof. Lowe's large balloon stationed by the camp of the First.

#### THE MARCH TO CENTREVILLE.

About the 4th of July a movement on Richmond by the way of Manassas Junction was talked of, and from day to day thereafter the rumor assumed more defined and exact proportions, until at dress parade on the afternoon of July 15th the fact was announced in orders which designated the next day as the time of departure. The First, with the other Connecticut regiments, were at this time in a brigade commanded by Col. E. D. Keyes of the Eleventh Regular Infantry, a competent and favorite officer. This brigade was one of four under command of Gen. Daniel Tyler, the whole division numbering some eleven thousand men. The division marched from Falls Church on the afternoon of the 16th, the Second Connecticut in the advance, the First and Third immediately behind them. The day was beautiful, the sky cloudless, and the air balmy with the perfume of midsummer. The men started off in the gayest spirits, rejoiced that the period of inactivity was past. The bands struck up a lively strain, and the whole scene was rather a pageant of pleasure than a march to battle. The men were in light marching order, without knapsacks, but with their blankets rolled lengthwise and slung over the shoulder. The division took the Vienna road, which ran perfectly straight for a long distance over a succession of hills, so that one could stand on the highest eminence and see the whole line. It was a sight, once seen, never to be forgotten. After arriving at a point that ceased to be familiar to our scouts, skirmishers from the Connecticut regiments were deployed in advance of the column on each side of the road, for the purpose of giving notice of "masked batteries" and prowling rebels. By nine o'clock the column reached Flint Hill School House, and here the men bivouaced. Pickets were posted, the skirmishers called in, and the Connecticut regiments lay down on a low, marshy piece of ground, the glorious sky, beautiful by the gorgeous trail of "the comet," then in the very zenith of his glory, bending grandly over them. Resting here on the bosom of mother earth, the men could hear distinctly the drum and fife of the rebel camp sounding the tattoo. Two prisoners were brought in that night by the men of the Second. On the march to this spot the men had passed over the hill on which had stood the battery which had worked such havoc in the ranks of the Ohio





volunteers. The sight re-aroused the thirst for vengeance.

The next morning at five o'clock the column was again in motion. Leaving Fairfax Court House on the left, the Connecticut brigade passed through Germantown about noon, and taking the road to Centreville, bivouaced about midway between that place and Germantown at about four o'clock that afternoon. An alarm from the pickets about midnight, which, however, proved to have been causeless, was the only occurrence that disturbed the rest of the weary soldiers that night. The next morning, Thursday, July 18th, the division was again in motion, and reaching Centreville, the main body, including the Connecticut brigade, went into bivouac. Gen. Tyler, with Richardson's brigade, consisting of New York, Massachusetts and Michigan regiments, with Ayres' battery and two other guns, pushed on to Blackburn's Ford over Bull Run, and there engaged the enemy posted on the right or western bank of the stream. Our Connecticut men in Centreville could plainly hear the booming of the guns, and they chafed to enter the fray. Before sunset the sounds of strife had ceased, and the men, tired and hungry, (for their cooked rations had been eaten and the supply trains had not arrived,) slept as only soldiers can. That night and the next day passed quietly. On the 20th, Saturday, orders to prepare three days' rations were received, and the men with alacrity set about the work, glad to see preparations for the real business of war.

#### BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

Sunday, the memorable 21st of July, found our Connecticut brigade at Centreville, with orders to march at two o'clock in the morning. The rebel army, under Beauregard, was believed to be strongly posted on the ground just west of Bull Run, with a reserve at Manassas within easy supporting distance; but of his exact force and the details of his arrangement the Union commanders were not informed. On Thursday, to be sure, Gen. Tyler had felt the enemy and possessed himself of the heights at Blackburn's Ford, on the direct road to Manassas, the enemy having contented himself with the occupancy of the opposite or western bank of the stream. On Friday and Saturday also, attempts at reconnaissance had been made, but they failed to reveal with much minuteness the disposition of the enemy. Beauregard, however, had the fullest information not only of our position and strength, but of the intentions of McDowell. That this was so, will be apparent shortly.

An imaginary map of the field of battle

and vicinity will be necessary here, to comprehend fully the plan of Gen. McDowell and the operations of the Union army. From Centreville, the headquarters of the Union forces, and in the vicinity of which they were encamped, led three roads. The northern, or uppermost, was the Warrenton pike, leading directly west and crossing Bull Run by the now famous Stone Bridge. Still farther north was a ford called Sudley's. The second, or middle road, the one before referred to as crossing at Blackburn's, touched the Run about four miles below the Warrenton road. One other led from Centreville south, crossing the stream and running along the right bank to Union Mills. Cub Run is a branch of Bull Run, emptying into it about half way between the Warrenton and Manassas roads, and crossing the former at about two miles from Bull Run. Both banks of the latter stream are high, but the western being the most woody, was selected by the enemy as favorable for concealing batteries and infantry. The plan of battle was to threaten the enemy at the crossing of each of the roads mentioned, but the main attack was to be made by Hunter and Heintzelman on the enemy's left flank and rear, if possible. To accomplish this, they were to move straight forward on the Warrenton road, as though to attack at Stone Bridge, but before reaching it to pass to the right up the stream, crossing at Sudley's Ford, where it was believed the enemy had no force stationed. But what was the surprise of Hunter when, after being allowed to cross, he found himself confronted by an enormous force of the enemy with batteries in position and every preparation made to receive him. Treachery of the foulest kind had done its work, and plans, kept secret from all but division commanders and those who must of necessity understand them to insure unity of action, were perfectly familiar to Beauregard. The programme was, however, carried out in a successful manner; for it is no fault of the arrangements that our troops were driven from the field. If the day's disaster can be attributed to anything over which our government or generals had control, it must be to the delay, never satisfactorily explained, which occurred at Centreville. If the battle of Thursday, at Blackburn's Ford, had been followed up by a general attack the next day on the same plan substantially as that of the battle of Sunday, no one can doubt that our success would have been full and entire. But want of knowledge of the country and the enemy's position, some delay in receiving supplies, and, above all, the belief that Gen. Patterson would prevent Johnston from reinforcing Beaure-

gard sufficiently, exonerate McDowell from any imputation of incompetency.

To return to our Connecticut brigade. Promptly at the hour appointed the brigade started, the First Regiment leading, followed by the Second Connecticut, Second Maine, and the Third Connecticut. The morning was splendid, the sky cloudless and the moon almost at its full. Though fatigued by the exertions of the past few days, and unfreshed by the broken sleep of the bivouac, the men moved forward with alacrity, inspired by the near prospect of a fight. They took the Warrenton road, but after marching some three miles were filed off the road and kept waiting to allow Heintzelman's and Hunter's columns to pass. Starting again, they were halted at a point favorable for the purpose, to guard the road leading from Manassas. In consequence, the brigade did not reach the stream until nearly ten o'clock. During all this time, or at least from six o'clock in the morning, they had been within sound of the guns and the shrieking shells from Ayres' and Carlisle's batteries, just ahead. Before reaching the bridge the brigade filed to the right across the fields, and as soon as they showed themselves received a severe fire from the enemy's batteries. Col. Keyes, commanding the brigade, says in his report: "At quarter past nine A. M., at the distance of half a mile from Bull Run, I was ordered by Gen. Tyler to incline the head of my column to the right and direct it through an open field to a ford about eight hundred yards above the Stone Bridge. Before the whole brigade had entered upon the new direction, the enemy opened fire from a battery across the Run, and threw upon the First and Second Regiments Connecticut Volunteers, some twenty or thirty rounds of shot and shell, which caused a temporary confusion and wounded several men." The loss would have been much greater among the men but for their habit of dropping flat at the discharge, allowing the missiles to pass over them and then taking the double-quick. The brigade crossed the stream, and coming out on the plain beyond the wooded bank, the enemy appeared in full view. The First halted, delivered their fire by file, and then went forward with the rest of the brigade and formed in line of battle on the left of Sherman. His brigade, however, being ordered farther to the right, the Connecticut troops fought the whole day without support from, or connection with, any others not in their brigade. In relation to the reception of the Connecticut men, Col. Keyes says: "The First Regiment Connecticut Volunteers was met by a body of cavalry and infantry,





which it repelled, and at several other encounters of different parts of the line the enemy constantly retired before us." Hunter and Heintzelman had driven the enemy from several positions, Burnside's brigade being in the advance when the Connecticut brigade came up. The Union forces then advanced, surely and steadily driving the rebel troops from one point to another down the stream to a piece of woods commanded by a battery of eight guns strongly posted and sheltered by a house, log hut, fence, and hedge. Here our Connecticut boys were received by the severest fire they had as yet encountered. The enemy's battery was handled with rapidity and great accuracy, and their infantry support poured in a ceaseless fire. The brigade then marched by the left flank, and the Third Connecticut and Second Maine were ordered to charge the battery, which was gallantly attempted, but Col. Keyes, believing that the firing would annihilate his line, countermanded the movement, and the battery and its support was retired to a height beyond.

The enemy had formed a strong abattis across the Warrenton road, which rendered it impossible to move the two batteries stationed at the Stone Bridge until the enemy were dislodged from its vicinity. Col. Keyes therefore moved his line forward, keeping his men as much as possible under the shelter of the hills and knolls. In his report he says: "Our advance caused the rebels to retire from the abattis, and enabled Capt. Alexander of the Engineers to clear it away. In a short time the enemy moved a light battery, which he manœvered with extraordinary skill, to a point which enabled him to enfilade my whole line; but as he pointed his guns too far to the right, and only improved his aim gradually, I had time to withdraw my brigade by a flank movement around the base of a hill in time to avoid a raking fire." The brigade had now reached a point below the Warrenton road, having been successful in dispossessing the enemy of every place of vantage, and though continually under fire, behaving with the utmost coolness and intrepidity. The march was conducted along the bank of the stream with a view to turn a battery which the enemy had posted below the road and partially commanding the bridge. This taken, and the last strong position of the rebels would have been lost to them. Preparing to accomplish this, which would undoubtedly have procured for us a decisive victory, Col. Keyes noticed a lull in the discharges of our artillery, and sent an aid to the rear to inquire the reason. Shortly afterward he received orders to file to the right and march in re-

treat. The Third Connecticut had been detached and with the Second Maine were holding the enemy at bay near the rebel battery which they had driven from its first position.

In relation to the retreat, Col. Burnham says: "While halting for orders, a mounted aid rides up and directs the two regiments to march by the right flank. The Second files by the first, and the latter regiment falls in, supposing they are to be placed in a more effective position. But those infernal guns of the rebels approach nearer and nearer, and as the two regiments near the open plain, everything is seen and understood. Our noble army is routed, and the whole plain is covered with fugitives, nothing apparently left in an organized state but the Connecticut regiments. Marching across the level they reach the woods, when the enemy's cavalry come down. Facing by the rear rank, the regiments repulse them by well directed volleys. Resuming the march, the Connecticut troops approach Cub Run, the bridge across which is crowded with the hurrying masses of disorganized troops. Without mingling with them they ford the stream, and forming in line, protect the rear from the rebel cavalry, which here prudently withdrew."

At Cub Run bridge, the thirty-pounder Parrott gun, which had been stationed with Ayres' and Carlisle's batteries at the Stone Bridge, was mired and left. Col. Burnham made an effort to extricate it, but was unable to do so. While fording this stream, the flag-staff of the State color of the First Connecticut was shot in two by the rebel advance, but the color with the broken staff was brought off safely.

The brigade reached Centreville, where our reserves were posted, and after cooking their rations and eating supper, lay down to snatch an hour's sleep. They needed it. Since one o'clock in the morning they had been upon their feet, most of the time exposed to the rays of a burning sun, and from ten o'clock A. M. to four o'clock P. M. to the hotter fire of the rebels. Not once during the terrible day's work had they shown insubordination or panic. They marched on to the field in excellent order; they obeyed commands, as Gen. Tyler says, "in every instance in a manner highly creditable to themselves and satisfactory to their commanding officers," and retired as soldiers should, without confusion or cowardly haste. But the day's work was not yet finished. Wearied and exhausted as the poor fellows were, a long, dreary march awaited them. The road over which a few days before they proudly marched with banners flying and

music playing, confident in their strength and ardent in anticipations of a glorious victory, must now be traversed in the silence of night, without music, with furled banners, smarting at the idea of defeat, footsore, dejected and disgusted.

At ten o'clock P. M. the brigade started on the return march to Falls Church. All night the line pushed on silent and sad. Although such extraordinary labors and fatigues told fearfully on the men, they bore them uncomplainingly, and obeyed the orders of their officers without question. About daylight they arrived at their old camps in a rain storm. Each regiment struck its tents, packed and loaded all the camp and other property, including the camp equipage of the Second Maine Regiment, left standing, and also Tompkins' cavalry, and then waited patiently in the rain for orders to move. Just at dark came orders, and leaving a guard, they started in a furious storm, which made marching over Virginia roads almost an impossibility, at about eleven o'clock P. M. reaching the camps of the Ohio regiments and the Second New York, which had been left vacant, their late occupants having been in too great a hurry to reach Washington to take them with them on their retreat from the battle field. The First and Third Connecticut occupied the Ohio camps that night, and the Second that of the New York regiment. After establishing a guard, the men, wet and supperless, went to bed, thankful for even a tent roof to shield them from the peltings of a pitiless storm.

The next morning, July 23d, the Ohio camps were removed by the First and Third and sent to Alexandria by the railroad, and the camp of the Second New York was loaded on wagon trains by the Second Connecticut, and sent forward to Washington. The brigade then filed in behind the baggage to protect it from capture, and reached Fort Corcoran about seven o'clock P. M., with the satisfaction of having saved to the government and having deprived the enemy of more than one hundred thousand dollars worth of property of peculiar value at that time.

Thursday, the 25th, the First Regiment moved into Washington and started for New Haven by railroad, which place they reached, after delays at Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, on Sunday, the 28th, and were mustered out on the 31st. At every place on the route, as well as at home, these brave men were welcomed by the patriotic and sympathetic attentions of the people without distinction of party.

DOMINUS.

(To be continued.)





## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

*For the Connecticut War Record.***The First Connecticut Cavalry.**

BALTIMORE, Md., Nov. 2d, 1863.

## LOCATION AND EMPLOYMENT.

It is difficult, in a single sketch, to fully represent this regiment—it is so widely scattered and so variously employed. The greater portion of the regiment is now pleasantly located at Camp Chesbrough, near Baltimore city, under command of Capt. Wm. E. Morris. These officers and men seem always contented and cheerful, for they appreciate the comfort and convenience of this fine encampment, which many of them labored long weeks and months to arrange and beautify. These elegant barracks will doubtless stand while the war continues, as a monument of the skill and industry of Yankee soldiers. We cannot believe that order and neatness are incompatible with courage and fortitude. It will always be found true that those who affect to despise convenience and comfort when they may be enjoyed, are the first to falter when the trial comes. Good barracks for the men, warm stables for the horses, a comfortable hospital for the sick, which is also used as a chapel, we would not dream of having at the front, but we are quite willing to enjoy them here.

While we have quite enough of leisure, we are frequently and variously occupied with military duties in the city, and often sent on delightful expeditions down the Chesapeake to Point Lookout and various parts of the eastern shore of Maryland. Several officers, with about one hundred men, left camp this morning for the purpose of superintending the coming election in the southern counties of this State. Their presence at the polls is security to the people of Maryland that no man whose vote is challenged on account of disloyalty, will be allowed to vote, on any consideration, until he shall have taken the oath of allegiance. The soldiers with their sabres and pistols will be an annoyance to traitors, and not to patriots—"a terror to evil doers and a praise to them that do well." Another detachment of three companies, commanded by Capt. Howell Atwater, is stationed near Harper's Ferry. The duty which these men perform is attended with more hardship and fatigue, yet it is done with a right good cheer. Scouting and picket duty are sometimes delightful, but, as every soldier knows, that de-

pends on circumstances. Recently, in one or two scouting expeditions, our men encountered the enemy and captured several prisoners. The Assistant Surgeon, Dr. Thomas E. Buck, is with the detachment at Harper's Ferry, doing good service among the sick, who vary in number from time to time. The health of the detachment is very good at present.

Sergt. J. R. Straut of Co. F, with a few men under his command, has been stationed for a long time on the eastern shore, under orders from the Provost Marshal, arresting deserters and rebellious citizens in that vicinity.

Capt. E. Blakeslee of Co. A, and a squad of men from the First Connecticut Cavalry, are on duty at Camp Conscript, Fair Haven, Conn.

Maj. Farnsworth is still at Richmond as a prisoner. Some of his men are there also, while others have arrived at Parole Camp, Annapolis. A few who were captured at the same time have been exchanged and returned to the regiment.

Our Colonel, Wm. S. Fish, holding the office of Provost Marshal, finds occasion for unremitting activity in the important and responsible duties of his station, but his deep interest in the regiment prompts him to make frequent visits to the camp, where he is always greeted with a hearty welcome.

Capt. E. Colburn of Co. G, has been appointed Brigade Quarter-master on the staff of Brig. Gen. Tyler. Capt. E. W. French of Co. C, is Assistant Provost Marshal in command of the detective corps. Adj. H. J. O. Walker has charge of passes and transportation. The seizing and disposing of confiscated property is under direction of Lieut. Joseph Backus of Co. C. Lieut. J. B. Morehouse of Co. B, has immediate control of the military prisoners.

The offices for the several departments are situated in a large brick building, corner of Eutaw and Camden streets. It is an elegant structure, having attached to it an extensive enclosure formerly used as a slave pen, which now serves the purpose of a military prison. The huge old key fairly chuckled as it turned the other day upon a noted rebel. It really seemed to enjoy it. I thought of days gone by, and fancied I could hear the piteous grating of the key when forced to lock the iron gate against the unoffending slave, and separate him forever from his loving wife and children.

## SOUTHERN RECRUITS.

On the morning of Oct. 2d, our camp in Baltimore was enlivened by the appearance of one hundred and twenty recruits for the First Connecticut Cavalry. Their soldierly bearing gave evidence that they were not unacquainted with military service, yet they appeared to feel strange and awkward in their new uniform. They were hale, stalwart fellows, with no suspicious appearance, but the sharp eyes of the Connecticut boys cast many a scrutinizing and suspicious glance at the new comers. The peculiar interest connected with these soldiers, was the fact that they had all been in the rebel army, and having deserted or having been captured and confined in Fort Lafayette, they had taken the oath of allegiance to the United States and volunteered for the Union army. They represent nearly all the Southern States, but the greater number are from North Carolina and Tennessee. Nothing has yet occurred to disprove their loyalty and good faith, and most of us are confident that they will render good and faithful service to the country. The course they have taken seems to justify this conviction. In the first place they were forced into the rebel service or induced to volunteer under false and delusive representations. Besides many of them embraced the first opportunity to escape from the rebel army, and at Gettysburg deserted and delivered themselves up to the Union forces, or voluntarily permitted themselves to be taken. It is evident, moreover, that few other soldiers have entered the army of the United States at the cost of so much risk and sacrifice. One of these brave men, who was dragged from his home by night, a few months ago, and compelled to take up arms against the Federal Government, uttered in my hearing words of loyalty and patriotism which were truly sublime. He said: "I have a wife and little boy in Tennessee, and no man loves his family more than I do mine, but sooner than lift my hand against the stars and stripes"—and the vow trembled on his lips—"before I'll be a traitor to my country, I'll say farewell forever to my home and to those dear ones, and never see their faces more." They all know well that certain death awaits them if they are ever taken by the rebels. I suggested this fact to one of them. He replied: "They will never take me alive!" If they prove true to these noble sentiments, Connecticut will deem them worthy to stand side by side





with her own sons in this grand conflict, and to share with them the glory of the final triumph.

#### RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Sometimes in the field, during active operations, the soldiers are so situated and employed that it is with difficulty they keep trace of the days of the week and know when the Sabbath comes. But our camp in Baltimore furnishes a gratifying exception to the common remark, "No Sunday in the army." Early in the day, the men, when off duty, are seated in their rooms, with their army blue well brushed, and an extra polish on their boots and buttons, reading the papers and tracts which the Chaplain distributes among them.

When the hour for divine service approaches, the bugle sounds the call, and the officers and soldiers gather in the place appointed. Dispensing with military forms, every man is allowed to act his pleasure in the matter of attending church. This plan prevents all captious opposition to the meetings, and better accords with the feelings of the large number who are always willing to attend, since it leaves them to go voluntarily, quietly and thoughtfully to the place of prayer as their custom was at home. A large number of citizens are generally in attendance, and we all enjoy the meetings heartily. Books are distributed through the congregation, from which we all sing lustily, while the choir, with their melodeon and tunebooks, take the lead in the cheerful exercise. The prayer, the sermon, the singing, all combine to make the hour sacred, and shed upon the camp a hallowed, home-like influence.

ED. RINER.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### First Connecticut Light Battery.

FOLLY ISLAND, S. C.,  
Oct. 14, 1863. }

The 1st Connecticut Light Battery was organized in October, 1861, went into camp at Meriden, Conn., and remained there gradually filling up until January, 1862, when with full ranks and equipments complete in every particular it was ordered to Port Royal, S. C. Arriving there after a long and stormy passage, it was disembarked at Beaufort, S. C. and went into camp Feb. 4th, 1862.

The next four months were devoted assiduously to drill and discipline. Horses, which had become distinguished at home for every conceivable vice, were now broken in, tamed down and trained to obey the warlike bugle calls. Men, from nearly every calling and

employment in life, had to be converted into soldiers, and to learn the principles and become familiar with the practice of Light Artillery tactics. Artillery drill and the articles of war took rank next the Bible.

Thus four months passed pleasantly away during the pleasantest season of the southern year in this land of roses and orange groves. An occasional alarm would cause the battery to be hitched up, and away we would trot out toward the "Ferry," some ten miles, to prevent the enemy's landing, and remain out perhaps a night "en bivouac." But with this exception there was little to show that we were in an enemy's country—we were but preparing for what was to follow.

In May, the first expedition against Charleston was organized. As a part of the general plan, a force, of which one section of the battery under Lieut. Cannon formed part, was sent to cut the Charleston and Savannah Railway at Pocotaligo. This attempt failed of success, and the section, returning to Beaufort, remained there.

The following day (May 30) the remainder of the battery was embarked on transports with the brigade of Brig. Gen. Stevens, to which it was attached, and on the second day following was landed on James Island. It was immediately pushed to the front and during the next few days the different sections under Lieuts. Porter, Metcalf and Seward, Capt. Rockwell being, at the time, too unwell to take the field, were actively and effectively engaged in our successful attempt to drive the enemy within his entrenched lines.

On the 16th of June was fought the battle of Secessionville, when our determined but ill advised attempt to carry the enemy's works met with so bloody and unsuccessful an issue. The circumstances connected with this affair are well known and need not be here recited. In it the battery under Capt. Rockwell took an active part. This was our first fight, but every man stood fire. The battery was noticed in General Orders and honorable mention of both officers and men was made in the published dispatches of our brave and gallant commander, Brig. Gen. Stevens.

On the 4th July, when James Island was evacuated, the battery was ordered back to Beaufort, where it remained till the Spring following.

In October, 1862, however, one section under Lieut. Cannon took part in the expedition to St. John's river, Florida, which resulted in the capture of St. John's Bluff, without loss.

In April, 1863, a second attempt against

Charleston was made. The iron clad monitors were to be put to the test and pit themselves against Sumter, Moultrie and the other formidable defenses of Charleston harbor. Co-operating with them, the effective land force of the Department, which could be spared from the garrisons, was embarked on transports and lay at anchor in Stono Inlet, ready to follow up the successes of the iron-clads, but too small to act independently. In this the battery again had part.

The result of the expedition is well known. The iron-clads fought bravely and well but failed to reduce the enemy's works and withdrew. A part of the troops were landed on Folly Island, which they took possession of and held, while the balance were ordered back to Port Royal, and the battery returned to Beaufort. There it remained for the next two months.

In the early part of July one section, without horses, under Lieut. Clinton, was mounted on a small steamer and ordered to accompany Col. Higginson's expedition to destroy the railway bridge above Wiltown, on the Pompon river, S. C. They drove the enemy before them, as the boats advanced up the river, till meeting a severe and effective fire from the enemy's Light Batteries, they were compelled to retire. In so doing the boat grounded, and as she could not be got off was, with the guns, destroyed, to prevent their falling into the enemy's hands. The battery suffered the loss of two guns, but no loss of credit or honor in this affair. The men served the guns and served them well as long as was possible.

On the 12th of July orders came for the battery to move at once to James Island and share in the third attempt on the stronghold of rebellion. The next day it was landed and reported to Brig. Gen. Terry, commanding. On the morning of the 16th the enemy attacked us in force, expecting to drive our small force from the Island, but failed signally. They were repulsed with heavy loss. In this action the battery under Capt. Rockwell played a prominent part, it being the only Light Artillery we had on the Island. Occupying a position in the front line of battle, the guns well served as they always are, it poured in a most rapid and effective fire, silencing the opposing battery and aiding in driving the enemy back toward Secessionville. For services here it had honorable mention in the despatches.

Just thirteen months previous the enemy had defeated us, repulsing our attack, and it was particularly gratifying to be able on nearly the same ground to so pleasantly and successfully return the compliment.

As the assault on Fort Wagner was to be





made on the 18th, the forces on James Island evacuated during the night and the battery was removed to Folly Island, where it has been encamped ever since.

Such, in brief, is our history thus far. That it has been so uneventful, while others have gained immortal laurels, and that we have so few names, scarce even a victory, to inscribe on our banner, is most certainly not our fault. The battery has always been ready to go wherever ordered; ever anxious to add something to the glory and honor of our native State.

What the reputation of the battery for drill, discipline, neatness, orderly behavior and general good conduct in action has been, it becomes me not boastfully to proclaim. The generals, under whom we have served, can best answer questions on these points.

I subjoin a list of the present officers of the Battery.

Capt. Alfred P. Rockwell, commanding.  
1st Lieut. George Metcalf.  
1st Lieut. James B. Clinton.  
2d Lieut. George P. Bliss.  
2d Lieut. Hez. B. Smith, Jr.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### The Second Light Battery.

CAMP BARRY,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 2d, 1863. }

The battery left New York city on the 15th of last month, under orders to report at Washington. Upon arriving here, however, we were immediately ordered to the front, and without change of cars proceeded across Long Bridge to Alexandria, and thence to Fairfax Station, where we halted and went into camp. At that date the army of the Potomac was concentrated in the vicinity of the old Bull Run battle field, Gen. Meade having his headquarters at Centreville. We remained at Fairfax Station in company with various other troops of artillery, infantry and cavalry, within easy supporting distance of Gen. Meade's army, until the plans of the rebel Gen. Lee were fathomed and foiled, when we were ordered back to Washington and into Camp Barry.

The battery left this camp on the 16th of last August for New York, and remained within the limits of the State until after the execution of the draft therein. The left section, under charge of Lieut. Miles Gray, went to Troy, afterwards to Albany, and thence to Goshen during the execution of the draft for those districts. The right section, under charge of Lieut. Philo B. Sherman, was ordered to Kingston, and the center

section, under charge of Lieut. Munger, was sent to Tarrytown during the drafting at those places. Wherever we went we were warmly welcomed, notwithstanding our mission was not one calculated to call forth any particular manifestations of kindness and good will. At the various localities where we were stationed our camp was daily crowded with visitors—mostly ladies—who seldom came empty-handed. Their treatment was so kind and generous as to make us believe that "grim-visaged war had smoothed his wrinkled front," and was in striking contrast to the treatment we have been accustomed to receive from the people "away down South in Dixie."

It would be unjust not to mention that on our way from New York to Washington we were kindly cared for at the Union refreshment saloons of Baltimore and Philadelphia. The refreshments furnished were of most excellent quality, and the managers of the institutions have earned the lasting gratitude of tens and even hundreds of thousands of hungry and weary soldiers for the disinterested and patriotic benevolence which has prompted to such generous hospitality.

Camp Barry is named after Brig. Gen. William F. Barry, Inspector General of Artillery, and is mainly a camp of instruction. There are usually from ten to fifteen batteries here at a time. The camp is at present under the command of Lieut. Col. Hall of the First Maine Artillery, and under his superintendence convenient and commodious barracks are being erected.

UNION.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### The Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers.

CAMP NEAR WARRENTON, Va., }  
Nov. 1st, 1863. }

MESSEURS EDITORS:—I have nothing of very special interest to give you for the November RECORD. Our regiment has had its share of the marches and counter-marches, the picket duty, the fatigues, the skirmishes, the night retreats, and the whole ever-varying experience of camp and field life in the army of the Potomac for the last two months. We picketed along the Rapidan for some three weeks; left the front with the Second Corps on the 6th of October, bivouaced near Culpepper till the 11th; crossed, recrossed, and crossed again the Rappahannock in apparently the very profitless maneuvering of Oct 12th and 13th, and after a long and fatiguing night and

day march, participated in the brilliant skirmishes of the 14th of October. Our regiment did its share in repulsing the sudden attack of the enemy at Bristoe's Station. Our loss was twenty-six killed and wounded, mostly in the first fifteen minutes of the fight. It would have done your heart good to have seen the steadiness and alacrity with which our men, (and here I mean not our regiment only, but our whole division, as I saw, and the whole corps, as we all know,) marching by the flank, faced to the front and advanced in line of battle at the "double-quick" across the railroad and into the woods whence the fire opened on us, without knowing at all how many enemies we should find there, without having had a moment's preparation or thought of being attacked. Scarcely a man faltered, save from the fatigue of the double-quick, which few men can sustain for any long distance with knapsacks, rations, and equipments on, in heavy marching order. The enemy were driven out of sight, five hundred prisoners and a battery captured, and the skirmish over almost before we really began to understand that a fight was going on at all. Then we lay along the track of the railroad till 10 P. M., and withdrew with great precautions quietly, that is, the noise of the moving column could not have been heard at a distance of more than five miles, I should judge, and the enemy were probably three-fourths of a mile from us. Oh, that was indeed a fatiguing night march to Centreville, fording two deep streams, plunging through the mud, stumbling over stones and stumps, standing a half hour at a time with your eyes closing in spite of yourself, waiting for the head of the column to pass an obstacle, getting mixed up with wagons and artillery, and finally, after wading Bull Run, (from two to three feet deep,) lying down about four o'clock in the morning on the grass in the drizzling rain to sleep. We didn't take much cold, because a cold is produced, I believe, by a want of equilibrium in the system in respect to dampness or heat, and we were so thoroughly wet and cold all over that there was no partial process possible. Such is the soldier's life in the field.

Our new recruits (substitutes) are proving themselves generally very good soldiers, and the regiment is, on the whole, in good condition, with its complement of officers nearly filled, and a fine, long line at dress parade contrasting





very favorably with the corporal's guard, or a few more, that gathered round our colors a few months since. I would give you a list of promotions, &c., with this, but as several are now on the way, and I am in great haste, I will put it off till the next number.

Yours truly, S. F.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### Nineteenth Regiment Conn. Volunteers. November 2d, 1863.

It is regretted that our regiment has been so dilatory in presenting itself for a place in your praise-worthy columns. Though late in this, it is now however on hand, armed and equipped, and hopes to be hereafter, and promptly, in place at your monthly roll-call, even though it be only to report itself still in the field ready for action.

This regiment is composed almost wholly of officers and men from Litchfield County. Coming thus from the same region it has unity of feeling in the local reputation to be maintained and promoted, and extensively a degree of brotherly feeling toward each other. Village and neighborhood events have many interested hearers, and letters to one are very much letters to others also. Herein it is a happy regiment.

It is now garrisoning Forts Ellsworth, Williams and Worth—fortifications along the Fairfax road from Alexandria—and is brigaded with the First Connecticut Artillery. Herein, too, it is favored, that it is located next to, and is so intimately associated with a regiment, and one of the first, from our State. Several of our officers, of which our present Colonel is one, were formerly of that regiment, and visits of officers and men, of the two, are frequent.

Its present is a highly picturesque location. Each fort commands an extensive and varied prospect, taking in the Alexandria and Orange Railroad, with its frequent trains, and a broad expanse of country immediately surrounding; and also the Potomac and the heights along its Maryland shore. Seldom can a view so beautiful be found in Connecticut. And in another respect our location is desirable. It is deemed quite healthy, much more so than when near Fort Lyon, and consequently nearer the Potomac, and the low miasmatic lands along its banks below Alexandria.

Though it recently had a somewhat lengthy sick-list, that list is now very much reduced; and all at present in the

hospital, except it may be one or two, are improving, and bid fair soon to be on duty again. Only six or seven of our number have died in nearly as many months.

As it has never been called into action, it displays no battle-worn banners, presents no war-wounded soldiers, yet it does present brilliancy of appearance, proficiency of drill, and a firm, resolute purpose to do valiantly in the day of battle. And if its lately acquired skill in handling the spade and the pick is considered, it is, as one has said, "a *picked* regiment" beyond all dispute.

Col. Leverett W. Wessells resigned his position among us several weeks since, and Lt. Col. E. S. Kellogg has been promoted to the vacancy, to the unbounded delight of officers and men. So much was this promotion desired by the privates, that all but about thirty of those present for duty readily and anxiously petitioned for it.

A scene exciting the whole regiment, because the first of the kind in its midst, took place last week. One of our number was drummed out of camp for desertion. Intently was he watched, and with varied emotions, as upon the last *feeling* adieu from a powerful and well-booted sergeant he hastened with long strides through the ravines and over the hills. Beneficial upon the regiment must have been the impression of the lamentable occurrence.

II.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### First Connecticut Heavy Artillery.

FORT BERRY, VA., NOV. 4th, 1863.

EDITOR OF THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD:

Dear Sir:—Being a subscriber to the CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD, and seeing nothing concerning our regiment in its columns, I thought I would write a few words.

We are located on Arlington Heights, the former estate of Gen. Lee, our regiment garrisoning seven forts, viz.: Forts Ward, Garsche, Blenker, Barnard, Berry, Richardson, and Scott. We are divided into three battalions, Maj. Hemingway commanding the first, Maj. Trumbull the second, and Maj. Cook the third. The regimental headquarters are at Fort Richardson; the headquarters of the first battalion at Fort Ward, commanded by one of the best officers in the regiment—Maj. Hemingway. Maj. Trumbull, who commands the second, is at present unfit for duty, being crippled by rheumatism.

We have two companies of artillery out at the front, companies B and M. They have been with the army almost a year, as

they went to the first battle of Fredericksburg.

Our regiment was mustered into the United States service on the 22d of May, 1861, as the Fourth Connecticut Infantry, and left the State on the 10th of June for the seat of war, and after traversing Maryland from one end to the other nearly, we came across the Potomac and encamped at the foot of the hill near Fort Richardson, on the 9th of October, 1861. We are now commanded by our new Colonel, our old one having resigned from some cause or other. When we got Col. Tyler everything was changed, as he knew his business, and we have to thank him for what we are now. Never was a Colonel more beloved by his men. Yet he was strict—he had an eye like a hawk, and woe to the man who misbehaved himself while on duty. He could see any man who moved his hands on dress parade, and now and then he would call out, "You man there in the ranks, keep your hands down!" Never did we feel the loss of an officer so much as we did when he left us to become Brigadier General.

We left Fort Richardson to go to the Peninsula on the 2d of April, 1862, and after knocking about on the boats for two weeks, we landed at Cheeseman's Creek, about four miles from Yorktown, and then came the laborious task of getting batteries into position. We worked night and day, and just as we had everything all ready the bird had flown. Oh, how angry the men were—all our work for nothing. Some of the men almost cried, they were so mad. We stayed around Yorktown about a week, and then went to White House, and marched from thence to Old Church in one of the hardest thunder storms I ever witnessed. The mud and rain was knee deep.

Our regiment was at Hanover Court House, but we did not have the good fortune to be in the fight, although we expected it every minute, as we were in line of battle. You must recollect that we were detached as infantry for a while, and thus we came to be at Hanover Court House. I will tell you more about our regiment in your next number.

A VOLUNTEER.

#### Seventh Connecticut Volunteers.

The following extract from a private letter of an Officer in the Seventh Connecticut Volunteers, has been kindly forwarded to us by a friend. It breathes that spirit of patient energy and determined purpose which prevails among the gallant troops of Gen. Gillmore, and which makes certain their ultimate triumph.





"I suppose you wonder what we are doing on Morris Island, and why we don't take Sumter and Charleston. Don't blame us—we have accomplished wonders already—we have cleared all the obstructions that stood in the way of the Navy, and, having got to the end of our rope, we are waiting for the Navy. If the Navy cannot finish the work, then Gillmore can, but it will take time, and men, and warlike appliances almost beyond conception.

"We are not idle now. Morris Island is a vast fortified camp, and its fortifications are not for defense alone. Charleston, that wicked city, lies at the mercy of our big guns. We have Greek fire in plenty. But it is a question whether it is worth while to destroy the city at a distance of four miles, while we cannot pass even the intervening distance. Sumter is a heap of ruins, but it is commanded by at least a hundred guns in a dozen rebel batteries. When we reduce Moultrie, and Beauregard, and Johnson, and Bee, we can occupy Sumter. Have no fears for Charleston, it will be captured in time."

### THE CONNECTICUT BRIGADE.

Our Connecticut Brigade still remains as last month at Portsmouth, except the Eleventh Regiment. The Eleventh, about the first of October, were ordered to Gloucester Point, and still remain there—although they have been hoping for and daily expecting orders to return to Portsmouth.

The prevailing impression is that the Brigade will remain at Portsmouth for the winter. There are many rumors of orders to move southward, to Texas and other places, circulating among the regiments, but they are entitled to no credit.

The digging is pretty nearly completed, and the troops are now constructing comfortable winter quarters. "Should you make us a visit," writes a friend, "you would find that the forests of time have disappeared, being now transformed into unique houses to which the men point with great satisfaction."

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### Eighth Connecticut Volunteers.

PORTSMOUTH, V.A.,  
October 30th, 1863.

Six companies of the Eighth Connecticut Volunteers left camp on the 12th of October, and took part in an expedition into Dismal Swamp to break up a rendezvous of guerrillas.

Two companies, G and K, were transformed into mounted Infantry, and skirmished with their Sharp's rifles up to the very breastworks of the entrenched camp.

Since our return an order has been read at dress-parade for company and squad drill from 9 to 11 A. M., and 1 to 3 P. M., with dress-parade at 4, guard-mounting at 4.30, and retreat at 5. It is also ordered that the line officers recite to the commanding officer, and the non-commissioned officers to the line officers twice a week, each from Casey's tactics.

Capt. H. M. Hoyt is now in command of the regiment.

Thursday evening, (Oct. 22d.) about 6 o'clock, orders came to be ready to march in light order within twenty minutes. We went to the Fair Grounds near Norfolk, to help vindicate the laws in the execution of Dr. David M. Wright, for the murder of Lieut. Sanborn. We remained there in the field two days and nights, and returned to camp on Saturday night. The citizens offered no resistance. The Doctor himself, however, made one attempt to escape. On the night previous to the execution, his two daughters and another lady visited him and dressed him in the clothing of one of the daughters, while she took his place in bed and put on his boots.

He got past the guard but was recognized and overtaken about fifty yards from the jail. He was too tall (being nearly six feet) to pass for his daughter. A carriage was waiting for him just outside the city limits. The Doctor made no effort at resistance, merely saying that "desperate means are excusable under desperate circumstances."

The execution took place at the time and place appointed.

On the ground, drawn up in hollow square, were the Eighth Connecticut Volunteers, Col. Ward; Fifteenth Connecticut, Col. Upham; Fourth Rhode Island, Col. Buffum; Seventh Massachusetts Battery, Regan's, and Gen. Barnes and Staff. Just outside the front the Second North Carolina (colored) stood in line. The cortege was composed of the One Hundred and Eighteenth New York, carriages and hearse, and Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers. On arriving these two regiments formed within the square, and the Provost Guard were stationed at the foot of the scaffold.

Dr. Wright exhibited great nerve and self-composure, but no repentance or contrition.

At the scaffold he simply remarked,

"I have only to say the act which I committed, I did without the slightest malice, or half an hour's premeditation." After his hands were tied he fell upon his knees, and with uplifted hands, he repeated, in audible tones, the Lord's Prayer—concluding with a petition to forgive and have mercy on his soul. He prayed like a man but little acquainted with prayer. He thought, until the last, that he would be reprieved. He was nearly sixty years of age, with long gray hair, and a very haughty and defiant mien. I was happy to see him hung, for I believe with all my heart that he was a contemptible traitor.

The following orders from the War Department were read at dress-parade, October 29th.

1st. All officers who remain away from their regiments beyond the period of their furloughs, shall be reduced to the ranks, to serve for three years.

2d. Private Edward Dougherty of Company G, Fifteenth Connecticut Volunteers, is found guilty of manslaughter in the second degree for shooting Corporal Francis D. Baker of Company F, Fifteenth Connecticut Volunteers, while doing his duty as corporal of the guard.

He is dishonorably discharged from the service, and hereby forfeits all pay and emoluments which may have been due. He is hereby ordered under guard to the Penitentiary at Albany, there to serve at hard labor for life.

Private Stephen Hodges and George H. Tucker of Company H, are promoted to be Sergeants. CO. F.

### Eighth Connecticut Volunteers.

We venture to insert the following from a private letter written to us on Saturday, at evening:

"Another week's close is near, and even now darkens around us. Over on Company D's side of the street, some of the men are singing a foreign air that is really melodious. In the tent next me, some one is reading from the Herald the voluminous correspondence on the battles near Catletts and Bristoe Station, and its wise editorials. One tent mate sits with me, and we are both writing.

"To-morrow is Sunday—Sundays are lonesome now. When our excellent Chaplain was here we had the feeling of expectation and realization also, unless circumstances intervened to prevent, in a mutual gathering, and services sacred, at least, to some.

"But this we outlive—Time bears us





right on. God upholds and strengthens by his presence, and each day diminishes our period of service. The boys now continually remark, 'we shall see home in less than one year,' or, 'in less than eleven months.' It seems to us but a short time compared with what we have served. If we should continue in this Department time will fly rapidly.

"The digging is nearly finished in this line of defense. The recruits added greatly to the working capacity of our Regiment. There is a rumor of a third line of defense, but I give it no credit.

"Commodious guard-quarters are begun, but not yet completed. The sides have been set up and the brick drawn for the chimney, and there is now a rest from the work.

"Dogs daily multiply, much to the amusement of the Regiment, but little to its real comfort or merit.

"The sick men are diminishing in number, and I am glad to feel that the worst of the sickly season is past.

"I look with inexpressible interest and anxiety upon our armies in Tennessee, at Charleston, and on the Rapidan. Charleston is daily revealing giant obstacles to be overcome. I hope for victory on all sides. I believe that we have strength enough at these places to succeed—but none to lose—none to expose to useless risk.

"But success or defeat, I shall acknowledge wiser and mightier powers than man, and trust to them for final victory."

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### **Eleventh Connecticut Volunteers.**

GLOUCESTER POINT, VA.,  
October 31st, 1863. }

The indisposition of your correspondent, must shorten the communication from the Eleventh, for this month.

Saturday, the third of October, we moved from our position in the rear of Portsmouth, and pitched tents near the Old Navy Yard at Gosport. A move in that direction we had been expecting for some days, and we were to exchange, as we supposed, our work on fortifications for Provost Duty, in either Portsmouth or Norfolk. But army expectations are full apt to be delusive. It was hardly dark that Saturday evening, and some could still see to work on our new camp, when an order came putting us on board a transport that very evening. At midnight we moved, and our drum corps showed the lately sleeping citizens of

Portsmouth the possibilities and capabilities of drum and fife, and how much music they can produce when in the hands of a good corps. It was for some time at least, our farewell to Portsmouth.

Sabbath morning we landed at Gloucester Point, opposite Yorktown. A force started from that place upon a raid into Matthews County the next day, and though we had been ordered here for the express purpose of joining in it, yet most of the Regiment failed to participate, and not from any fault of ours. Now that it is all over, we have no sharp regret at any seemingly neglect of us. Yet we were not entirely unrepresented. Lieut. Kraszynskie, with twenty-five men, served as sharpshooters on board the Smith Briggs, and had their full share of incident and adventure. The affair was successful, and afterwards picketing, drillings, service in Yorktown, and much besides, have well filled up our time.

Expecting to go back almost every day, we have still continued here, each new night finding us in our customary positions, and now we are hoping to stay. The remainder of our baggage has come up, which we were long in want of. We have now just moved from the plain, not less bleak because historic, having been the camp ground of Washington seventy-two years ago, and in full view of the famous Nelson House, the headquarters of Cornwallis, and are now establishing ourselves in Fort Keyes, a work of a good deal of strength and compass, built by the rebels.

Perhaps we may remain here for a little, and I may tell you what we are doing, as well as where we are.

H. S. DE F.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### **From the Fifteenth Conn. Volunteers.**

PORTSMOUTH, VA.,  
October, 11th, 1863. }

#### **ANOTHER RAID INTO SECESSIA.**

A part of the Connecticut Brigade has been on a small raid into North Carolina. Five companies of the Fifteenth Connecticut Volunteers, with six companies of the Eighth, left the camp near Portsmouth, on Monday, October 12th, between two and three o'clock, P. M., and marching to Deep Creek, were joined by a considerable force of Cavalry from the Eleventh Pennsylvania. We continued our march for nearly five miles beyond Deep Creek, when we halted for the night. The reveille aroused us at two

o'clock in the morning, and four o'clock found us on the road again. We reached South Mills before twelve, where we halted for a few hours; and then were joined by a detachment from the Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and three of the five companies from the Fifteenth Connecticut Volunteers, which are now stationed at South Mills. Two companies from the Eighth were furnished with horses, and accompanied the Cavalry from the "Mills." We left that place about three o'clock in the afternoon, and marching about eight miles, halted for the night, making a distance of about twenty-six miles that day. The object of the expedition was to surprise and capture, if possible, a camp of "Bushwhackers and Conscript Catchers," reported to be quartered in the swamp, a few miles farther on.

Early on Wednesday morning the Cavalry and mounted Infantry started forward, while the remainder of the Infantry, having left pickets behind on the road, the night before, and thrown out some on the roads around their temporary camp, lay as a reserve, till the advance should be heard from. The boys left in camp foraged a plenty of geese, turkeys, chickens and sweet potatoes; while those on picket got what they could. We were in a country belonging to neither party, but lying between the Union and Confederate lines.

A part of the Cavalry returned that night and brought news of the result of the expedition, which was the destruction of the rebel camp, and the capture of eight or nine prisoners. The remainder were out looking for the Third New York Cavalry which were coming up from Newbern, and thus escaped. It seems they had been informed of the coming of the force from below, but did not know of the approach of our men. The muster-roll found in the camp showed about sixty-five men belonging to the band. The Third New York, when they met our own men, did not at first recognize them; and, thinking them to be rebels, were about charging on them, but discovered their error in time to prevent any damage. We started on our return Thursday morning, and halting at South Mills left the companies that joined us there, also the horses which the Infantry rode, and arrived back in camp before twelve o'clock Friday noon, marching twenty miles that forenoon, and making the entire trip of about seventy miles (exclusive of the





advance made by the Cavalry, some ten or twelve miles) in a little less than four days.

The Battalion of Infantry was under command of Capt. Hoyt, of the Eighth Connecticut Volunteers, and the whole expedition under Col. Upham of the Fifteenth.

We are all snug in camp again, with a few sore feet by which to remember the march.

Yours truly,

15TH C. V.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

**From the Sixteenth Regiment.**

CAMP 16TH CONN. VOLS.,  
NEAR PORTSMOUTH, Va., Nov. 5th, 1863. }

EDITORS CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD:

Pray incline your ear to the sounds of our camp—'tis not the drum, 'tis not the musket you hear, but the rasping, grating drawl of the saw, the blow of the hammer, the dull turn of the augur, the noise of falling boards. One would be inclined to believe himself in the center of an infant colony out West, instead of a warlike camp. Everybody is building a house unto himself. Everybody has been to the West Branch, where a stout rebel bridge stretched its weary length, and loosened the heavy planks and rafted them down to camp and builds a house of them. Some few have used the pine shakes or slats so characteristic of this part of Virginia. But buildings are springing up with marvelous rapidity. Many of the companies have erected huge barns, with roaring fire-places at one end, and tables and benches, in which they meet at meal times and take their rations in a Christian manner, viz.: a comfortable place and good company. By-the-by, speaking of rations, I am happy to say that onions and potatoes, and a kind of pickled cabbage, have been allowed to the men in addition to their other food. Better late than never. These articles would have been of incalculable service to us in September, but official red tape could not take cognizance of the diseases then scourging us until they had passed away; and now, when the cow has been stolen, they are very eager to lock the stable. It is a pity that diseases are not forced to pass through the regular channels, and be approved of at brigade and division headquarters ere they can take hold of us. There would be a chance then of having suitable provisions in time.

We are again drilling. Good bye shovel, good bye spade, good bye rolling of logs, good bye mud, swamp, and all ye sweet things that have charmed us for so long a time; the fortifications are done, and by the grace of Heaven and Gen. Getty (the two

are not inseparably connected) we are soldiers once more. The distance of our camp from brigade headquarters occasions it that we drill at present with Steers' brigade. Now, at the first brigade drill, the superiority of our men in appearance, and their skill in executing military maneuvers was so palpably evident, that the Colonel could not but compliment them upon it highly. The other regiments were New Hampshire and Rhode Island troops, and our men, their hearts full of the State pride so inherent in the sons of Connecticut and Massachusetts, took an immense delight in showing off their superiority on this occasion.

Our Quartermaster is providing bravely for the regiment at present, and very accommodating in furnishing teams, &c., for the conveyance of building materials. I keep a pretty good lookout around the kitchens, and I cannot but testify to the good and plentiful food with which the companies are provided. Nor know I of any grumblers but those who are Copperheads and see a flaw in everything out here, or those who expect to have home comforts and other unreasonable things in the field, or those who grumble for the luxury of grumbling, and enjoy it the more the worse they can make their case. Still the number of these is small.

We are in excellent health. In fact there is not a serious case of illness in the regiment at present. There are the usual number of boils, sore toes, stiff necks, bruises, a few sore legs remaining over from the peninsular march, and some malarious fevers. But nothing else. So our Surgeon has little work. I cannot but observe, however, that he might spend his spare time to more advantage in study than in attending to his attire, which generally is altogether too fopish for camp life.

The boys are beginning to look forward to the monthly appearance of the WAR RECORD with great eagerness, and it will soon be an institution of camp life.

With kind greetings, I am yours truly,

HORSE JOHN.

## REGIMENTAL.

### Locations of Connecticut Regiments.

FROM THE OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.

*First Artillery*, Col. Henry L. Abbott, Fort Richardson, Va., Oct. 3d, 1863.

*Fifth Regiment*, Col. Warren W. Packer, Decherd, Tenn., Oct. 14th, 1863.

*Sixth Regiment*, Lieut. Col. Redfield Duryee commanding, Hilton Head, S. C., Oct. 1st, 1863.

*Seventh Regiment*, Col. Joseph R. Hawley, Morris Island, S. C., Oct. 5th, 1863.

*Eighth Regiment*, Col. J. E. Ward, Portsmouth, Va., Nov. 2d, 1863.

*Ninth Regiment*, Lieut. Col. Richard Fitz Gib-

bons commanding, New Orleans, La., Sept. 16th, 1863.

*Tenth Regiment*, Maj. E. S. Greeley commanding, Morris Island, S. C., Oct. 7th, 1863.

*Eleventh Regiment*, Lieut. Col. W. C. Moegling commanding, near Portsmouth, Va., Oct. 3d, 1863.

*Twelfth Regiment*, Lieut. Col. F. H. Peck commanding, near Pattersonville, La., Sept. 22d, 1863.

*Thirteenth Regiment*, Lieut. Col. C. D. Blinn, Thibodeaux, La., Oct. 5th, 1863.

*Fourteenth Regiment*, Col. Theodore G. Ellis, near Warrenton, Va., Oct. 31st, 1863.

*Fifteenth Regiment*, Col. Charles L. Upham, Portsmouth, Va., Oct. 31st, 1863.

*Sixteenth Regiment*, Lieut. Col. John H. Burnham commanding, near Portsmouth, Va., Nov. 1st, 1863.

*Seventeenth Regiment*, Col. William H. Noble, Folly Island, S. C., Oct. 6th, 1863.

*Eighteenth Regiment*, Maj. Henry Peale commanding, Martinsburg, Va., Oct. 30th, 1863.

*Nineteenth Regiment*, Col. E. S. Kellogg, near Fort Lyon, Va., Aug. 31st, 1863.

*Twentieth Regiment*, Col. Samuel Ross, 12th A. C., Stevenson, Ala., via Nashville.

*Twenty-first Regiment*, Col. A. H. Dutton, Norfolk, Va., Oct. 3d, 1863.

*First Cavalry*, Col. William S. Fish, Baltimore, Md., Aug. 31st, 1863.

*First Light Battery*, Capt. Alfred P. Rockwell, Folly Island, S. C., Oct. 12th, 1863.

*Second Light Battery*, Capt. John W. Sterling, Camp Barry, Washington, D. C., Oct. 31st, 1863.

*First Squadron Cavalry*, Harris Light Cavalry.

*The Fifth Regiment* was, Oct. 4th, at Stevenson, Ala., and were expecting to guard the railroad there for some time. On the 24th of September they were marched from Brandy Station, Va., and arrived at Stevenson at the time above stated, having traveled a distance of 1,052 miles.

*The Seventh Regiment* have been stationed for some time at St. Helena, drilling in small boats. They have now, it is reported, returned to Morris Island, taking their boats with them. All letters to members of the regiment should be directed as before, to Port Royal, South Carolina.

*The Tenth Regiment* is now probably at St. Augustine. They have been sent to that point, delightful and salubrious at this season of the year, to obtain rest from their long and tedious toil, and to regain the health and strength which they have so heroically expended for the common welfare. The post office address need not at present be changed.

*The Eleventh Regiment* is still at Gloucester Point. Letters should be directed "via Fortress Monroe."

*The Seventeenth Regiment* is still on Folly Island.

Col. J. R. Hawley of the Seventh Connecticut Volunteers, has obtained an order from the War Department for 1,500 of the Spencer breech-loading rifle, for his command in South Carolina. It is manufactured in Boston, and is said to be the best breech-loading gun in the world.

*The Ninth Connecticut Volunteers*.—The Tribune's New Orleans correspondent pays the following compliment to the Ninth Connecticut Volunteers and Col. Cahill, its commander. Both Col. Cahill and Col. Birge are acting Brigadiers under Maj. Gen. Beckwith—all three Connecticut men:

"I may be allowed to acknowledge the services of one of our oldest and best disciplined regiments, the Ninth Connecticut, which was the second regiment debarked at Ship Island. Col. T. W. Cahill has been for the past year an acting Brigadier General, and is still serving in that capacity. The regiment was mustered into service in September, 1861, and yet retains its original field officers. It has participated in six engagements of more or less magnitude, and now numbers about six hundred men. Some months since, recruiting offices were opened here, when the full number required





—230 men—were obtained in two weeks from the loyal element of our population. On Thursday morning I witnessed its inspection by Lieut. H. Kemble Oliver, Col. Cahill's efficient Inspector General, and was delighted with its appearance."

On Sunday, Sept. 27th, the Connecticut Eighteenth Regiment marched from Hagerstown to Martinsburg, Va., twenty-two miles, in eleven hours, fording the Potomac on the way.

**First Connecticut Artillery.**—A letter from an officer in this regiment states that the movement for re-enlisting as Veteran Volunteers is meeting with good success. In the first three days of recruiting upwards of fifty had enrolled their names for another three years' service, and the prospects were favorable that quite a large portion of the regiment would re-enlist. Many of the boys express a desire to see this thing through. There is no better regiment in the service than the First Connecticut Heavy Artillery.

**The First Connecticut Cavalry** is now in barracks at Baltimore. Persons wishing to recruit men with a view to obtaining appointments, a number of which are to be made, can obtain all the information required by addressing Maj. E. Blakeslee, Conscript Camp, New Haven.

This regiment is now being furnished with fresh horses—the Quartermaster being in Washington for that purpose.

## PERSONAL.

### List of Promotions and Appointments in the Connecticut Volunteer force, from October 5th, 1863, to November 5th, 1863, inclusive.

#### FROM THE OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.

**6TH REGIMENT.**—1st Lieut. *Samuel C. Peck*, of Co. F, to be Captain of Co. A, with rank from August 26th, 1863, vice *Leach*, resigned.

2d Lieut. *Walter Fitch*, of Co. G, to be Regimental Adjutant, with rank of 1st Lieut., from August 28th, 1863, vice *Duryc*, promoted.

1st Sergeant *Bennett S. Lewis*, of Co. I, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. I, with rank from July 18th, 1863, vice *Sterens*, killed in battle.

**8TH REGIMENT.**—2d Lieut. *William M. Pratt*, of Co. G, to be Adjutant, with the rank of 1st Lieut., from May 29th, 1863, vice *Gates*, promoted.

2d Lieut. *John A. Rathbun*, of Co. C, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. E, with rank from October 1st, 1863, vice *Bronson*, honorably discharged.

2d Lieut. *Levi C. Bingham*, of Co. H, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. G, with rank from October 1st, 1863, vice *Morgan*, honorably discharged.

1st Sergeant *George M. Stevens*, of Co. K, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. C, with rank from October 1st, 1863, vice *Rathbun*, promoted.

Commissary Sergeant *John L. Merriam*, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. H, with rank from October 1st, 1863, vice *Bingham*, promoted.

1st Sergeant *John S. Lane*, of Co. G, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. G, with rank from September 29th, 1863, vice *Pratt*, promoted.

*Erwin D. Hall* of New Britain, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. I, with rank from October 6th, 1863, vice *McKinnon*, resigned.

Sergeant *Charles N. Irwin*, of Co. I, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. E, with rank from October 29th, 1863, vice *Spalding*, resigned.

**11TH REGIMENT.**—*Henry S. Carpenter* of Tolland, to be 2d Assistant Surgeon, with rank from October 7th, 1863, vice *Satterlee*, promoted.

**12TH REGIMENT.**—1st Lieut. *Albert C. Hendricks*, of Co. C, to be Captain of Co. E, with rank from October 1st, 1863, vice *Byxer*, resigned.

2d Lieut. *Charles Laurie*, of Co. A, to be 1st

Lieut. of Co. E, with rank from October 1st, 1863, vice *Harnount*, promoted.

2d Lieut. *William Berry*, of Co. I, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. C, with rank from October 1st, 1863, vice *Hendricks*, promoted.

1st Sergeant *Horace E. Phelps*, of Co. C, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. C, with rank from October 1st, 1863, vice *Taintor*, resigned.

Private *Henry Tuttle*, of Co. C, to be Regimental Quarter-master, with the rank of 1st Lieut., from October 1st, 1863, vice *Pond*, resigned.

**13TH REGIMENT.**—Capt. *Charles D. Blinn*, of Co. C, to be Lieut. Colonel, with rank from October 5th, 1863, vice *Warner*, resigned.

Capt. *Homer B. Sprague*, of Co. H, to be Major, with rank from October 5th, 1863, vice *Mitchel*, declined.

**14TH REGIMENT.**—Lieut. Colonel *Theodore G. Ellis*, to be Colonel, with rank from October 3d, 1863, vice *Morris*, honorably discharged.

Major *Samuel A. Moore*, to be Lieut. Colonel, with rank from October 3d, 1863, vice *Ellis*, promoted.

Capt. *James B. Coit*, of Co. K, to be Major, with rank from October 3d, 1863, vice *Moore*, promoted.

1st Lieut. *James F. Simpson*, of Co. D, to be Captain of Co. C, with rank from September 27th, 1863, vice *Carpenter*, honorably discharged.

1st Lieut. *Henry L. Snagg*, of Co. H, to be Captain of Co. H, with rank from September 27th, 1863, vice *Davis*, honorably dismissed.

1st Lieut. *Frederick B. Doten*, of Co. F, to be Captain of Co. F, with rank from September 27th, 1863, vice *Moore*, promoted.

2d Lieut. *William H. Hawley*, of Co. B, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. D, with rank from September 27th, 1863, vice *Simpson*, promoted.

2d Lieut. *Samuel H. Seward*, of Co. I, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. H, with rank from September 27th, 1863, vice *Snagg*, promoted.

Sergeant Major *Wm. B. Hincks*, to be Regimental Adjutant, with rank of 1st Lieut. from September 27th, 1863, vice *Ellis*, promoted.

Sergeant *Robert Russell*, of Co. B, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. B, with rank from September 27th, 1863, vice *Hawley*, promoted.

Sergeant *Jonathan S. Seranton*, of Co. G, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. G, with rank from September 27th, 1863, vice *Goddard*, promoted.

Sergeant *George W. Brigham*, of Co. D, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. I, with rank from September 27th, 1863, vice *Seward*, promoted.

**17TH REGIMENT.**—*John S. Ward*, of Bridgeport, Conn., to be Regimental Quarter-master, with rank of 1st Lieut. from October 1st, 1863, vice *Hayes*, resigned.

2d Lieut. *Edwin M. Lees*, of Co. K, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. K, with rank from October 3d, 1863, vice *Morris*, resigned.

Sergeant *George B. Ruggles*, of Co. K, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. K, with rank from October 3d, 1863, vice *Lees*, promoted.

**18TH REGIMENT.**—1st Lieut. *John E. Woodward*, of Co. F, to be Captain of Co. F, with rank from October 10th, 1863, vice *Porter*, killed in battle.

2d Lieut. *Henry F. Cowles*, of Co. C, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. F, with rank from October 10th, 1863, vice *Woodward*, promoted.

Sergeant *Andrew Washburn*, of Co. C, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. C, with rank from October 10th, 1863, vice *Cowles*, promoted.

1st Lieut. *John H. Morrison*, of Co. I, to be Captain of Co. I, with rank from October 19th, 1863, vice *Knapp*, resigned.

2d Lieut. *Martin Van Buren Tiffany*, of Co. I, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. I, with rank from October 19th, 1863, vice *Morrison*, promoted.

1st Sergeant *John Lilley*, of Co. I, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. I, with rank from October 19th, 1863, vice *Tiffany*, promoted.

**19TH REGIMENT.**—Lieut. Colonel *Elisha S. Kellogg*, to be Colonel, with rank from October 23d, 1863, vice *Wessells*, resigned.

**20TH REGIMENT.**—1st Sergeant *Henry R. Billings*, of Co. C, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. A, with rank from October 20th, 1863, vice *Bassett*, honorably discharged.

**21st REGIMENT.**—*Edwin G. Sumner* of Mansfield, to be 2d Assistant Surgeon, with rank from October 7th, 1863, vice *Edgerton*, declined.

**1st CAVALRY.**—Capt. *Erastus Blakeslee*, of Co. A, to be Major, with rank from July 14th, 1863, to fill an original vacancy.

1st Lieut. *William E. Morris*, of Co. D, to be Captain of Co. F, with rank from October 8th, 1863, to fill an original vacancy.

1st Lieut. *Elbridge Colburn*, of Co. A, to be Captain of Co. G, with rank from October 8th, 1863, to fill an original vacancy.

2d Lieut. *Manton D. Upson*, of Co. E, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. G, with rank from October 8th, 1863, to fill an original vacancy.

2d Lieut. *Charles H. Briggs*, of Co. A, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. A, with rank from October 8th, 1863, vice *Colburn*, promoted.

1st Lieut. *Harrison J. O. Walker*, of Co. C, to be Regimental Adjutant, with rank of 1st Lieut. from October 8th, 1863, vice *Marcy*, promoted.

2d Lieut. *Joseph Backus*, of Co. C, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. C, with rank from October 8th, 1863, vice *Walker*, promoted.

Sergeant *William T. Cook*, of Co. C, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. C, with rank from October 8th, 1863, vice *Backus*, promoted.

Sergeant *William C. Harris*, of Co. C, to be Regimental Quarter-master, with rank of 1st Lieut. from October 8th, 1863, vice *Bunce*, promoted.

Private *Charles B. Dyer*, of Co. B, to be Regimental Commissary, with rank of 1st Lieut. from October 8th, 1863, to fill an original vacancy.

1st Lieut. *Joab B. Rogers*, of Co. B, to be Captain of Co. A, with rank from October 12th, 1863, vice *Blakeslee*, promoted.

2d Lieut. *Marcus B. Sterling*, of Co. D, to be 1st Lieut. of Company D, with rank from October 12th, 1863, vice *Morris*, promoted.

2d Lieut. *John B. Morehouse*, of Co. B, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. B, with rank from October 12th, 1863, vice *Rogers*, promoted.

Sergeant *William Strong*, of Co. B, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. G, with rank from October 12th, 1863, to fill an original vacancy.

Sergeant *Samuel W. Hawley*, of Co. D, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. A, with rank from October 12th, 1863, vice *Upson*, promoted.

Sergeant *Horace H. Gore*, of Co. C, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. D, with rank from October 12th, 1863, vice *Sterling*, promoted.

Sergeant *John Bristol*, of Co. B, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. E, with rank from October 12th, 1863, vice *Briggs*, promoted.





Col. H. W. BINGE, of Norwich, Conn., has been promoted to a Brigadier Generalship. Just honor to a brave and noble Connecticut soldier.

Lieut. HENRY L. JONSSON, Jr., who went out as Commissary of the Fifth Regiment, has been appointed Assistant Adjutant General, with the rank of Captain, and assigned to Gen. O. S. Ferry's Staff.

Lieut. ALFRED GODDARD, of Company B, Eighth Connecticut Volunteers, is appointed Assistant Inspector on the Staff of Gen. Harland, who commands the Connecticut Brigade.

First Lieut. JAMES F. SIMPSON, of Company D, Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers, has been promoted to Captain of Company C, in the same regiment.

Lewis F. NORRIS, of Wolcott, who enlisted as a private in Company E, Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers, has, by his manly and soldier-like conduct, so won the esteem of the officers and men, that he has arisen step by step until he now holds the office of 2d Lieutenant. That he will do honor to the station there can be no doubt.

*Waterbury American.*

Major NATHANIEL SMITH of the Nineteenth Connecticut Volunteers, has been promoted to be Lieut. Colonel, and THOMAS S. GILBERT to be Major of the Nineteenth. Major Gilbert was a Captain in the First Connecticut Artillery.

Lieut. JAMES N. COE, of the Nineteenth Regiment, has received a Captain's commission in one of the Colored Regiments.

WILBUR IVES, of New Haven, has been appointed Assistant Paymaster in the Navy.

Ordnance Sergeant MARK W. SMITH, formerly of Groton, has been appointed Captain in the Fourteenth Regiment Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, (Colored.) He has not yet accepted the position.

Capt. EUGENE TISDALE, who recruited a Company in this city for the Thirteenth Connecticut Volunteers, and distinguished himself at Irish Bend, has been appointed Lieutenant Colonel of the First Louisiana Colored Regiment.

We learn that Mr. N. S. ROBERTS, formerly of the Seventh Connecticut Regiment, has been transferred to a Colored Regiment as Assistant Surgeon.

## CASUALTIES.

List of the Killed, Wounded and Missing of the Fourteenth Regiment during the action near Bristol's Station, Oct. 14th, 1863.

FROM THE OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.

Co. A.—Killed—Private James McLaughlin. Wounded—Private William Abrahamis. Missing—None.

Co. B.—Killed—Corporal Chas. Brooks.

Co. C.—Wounded—Privates Watson A. Spring, James Somers.

Co. D.—Missing—Privates William Mott, Leander Holcomb, Lemuel K. Munyan.

Co. E.—Killed—Private Frederick Smith.

Co. F.—Killed—Sergeant Charles McWhittan. Wounded—1st Lieut. Wilbur D. Fisk; Privates William C. Brown, Thomas Fisher, Paul Ducrest. Missing—Charles Lutz.

Co. G.—Wounded—Privates John Drohy, Geo. Mireson, Henry Redfield, Thomas Doyle.

Co. H.—Wounded—Privates Orlando C. Pritchard, Charles F. Conway.

Co. I.—Wounded—Private John Smith.

Co. K.—Wounded—Sergeant Joseph T. Adams; Privates Andrew Flood, John Doyle.

## DIED.

At the residence of Col. Noble, East Bridgeport, Oct. 29th, of a wound received in the battle of Gettysburg, 1st Lieut. Richard Ross Crawford, Seventh United States Regular Infantry, aged 23 years, grandson of the late Wm. H. Jones of New Haven.

In Balfour Hospital, Portsmouth Va., Oct. 1st,

Charles Brewster of the 15th Regiment Connecticut Volunteers.

At Chesapeake Hospital, Fortress Monroe, Sept. 20th, James B. Barker of the Fifteenth Regiment.

Oct. 5th, of typhoid fever, private Patsey Parker, Co. D, Sixth Connecticut Volunteers.

Oct. 1st, of typhoid fever, private John Donovan, Co. K, Tenth Connecticut Volunteers.

Oct. 2d, of epileptic convulsions, private John Allen, Co. E, Tenth Connecticut Volunteers.

In New Haven, Oct. 12th, of typhoid fever, Frank B. son of John D. Meers, M. D., of Naugatuck, aged 21 years. The deceased was formerly a member of the Twenty-seventh Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, and was at the battle of Fredericksburg, bearing a noble and manly part on that occasion.

In Knight Hospital, New Haven, Oct. 21st, Whitney E. Lathrop, Co. A, Sixteenth Connecticut Volunteers.

In Balfour Hospital, Fortress Monroe, Oct. 17th, Jerome Nichols of the Seventh Connecticut Volunteers.

In the hospital of the Nineteenth Regiment, near Alexandria, Va., Oct. 25th, William S., son of Sylvester Harburt of Winchester.

In hospital, near Alexandria, Va., Uri M. Wadhams, a member of Co. C, Nineteenth Connecticut Volunteers.

Killed at the battle of Fort Wagner, July 18th, 1863, Albert W. Staey, a member of Co. I, Sixth Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, aged 30 years.

In Bridgeport, Oct. 29th, Henry S. Gregory, formerly Orderly Sergeant of Co. I, Twenty-third Regiment.

In Centerville, Va., Oct. 17th, 1863, Mr. James Minor of New Haven, Conn., a member of Co. M, First Connecticut Artillery.

In Camp Dennison Hospital, Cincinnati, Aug. 21st, James A. Robinson of Co. K, Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers, Clerk of A. I. G. Headquarters Ninth Army Corps, (Burnside's,) aged 20 years and 10 months. He was the son of Rev. E. W. Robinson of Bethany, Conn. His disease was fever, contracted in the campaign at Vicksburg and Jackson, Miss. He was taken sick on the way to Connecticut to enjoy a furlough, and died the very day he expected to have arrived at home. He was an earnest patriot and a sincere Christian.

In New Haven, from injuries received on the horse cars, Sergeant W. A. Morse of Co. H, Twenty-seventh Regiment Connecticut Volunteers.

At his father's residence, in Derby, of typhoid fever, Sept. 15, 1863, Wm. H. Bradley, aged 23 years. He was a true soldier, volunteered a private in Co. F, Twenty-third Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, and rose to the rank of 2d Lieutenant.

## Lieutenant Henry B. Levi.

HEADQUARTERS 15TH REG. CONN. VOLS., }  
Harland's Brigade, 18th Army Corps. }

Lieut. H. B. Levi of Co. F, 15th Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, died in camp, near Portsmouth, Va., Oct. 5, aged 23 years.

Lieut. Levi, entered the service of his country, (yielding a fine situation in the Meriden Bank) from the purest motives of patriotism and a truly Christian desire to aid, though by the use of munitions of war, in the perpetuity of his country and her blessed, her benign institutions. He left Connecticut as First Sergeant of the company in which he was subsequently and justly promoted to a Lieutenantcy. Serving faithfully in both positions he won the esteem of those he commanded and the approbation of his supervisors in office. On the morning of his death, Chaplain Miller informed him of his condition and nearness to the spirit world, and asked, "what message have you for the loved ones at home?" "Tell my wife good bye," said the dying man; "tell her \* \* \*, also, to be true to her God and true to the interests of her country." After a few moments he added, "Tell my parents when they think of me dying out

here, to think of me as dying for my country, dying in her service."

Religious services appropriate to the occasion were conducted at the camp, by the Chaplain, just prior to the removal of the body for Connecticut.

The funeral of Lieut. Levi was attended on the 10th inst at Meriden, Rev. Messrs. Hayden, Eaton and Mines officiating. The corpse was borne to its resting place in the West Meriden Cemetery, by Dr. Colton, H. S. Wilcox, W. Parker, G. A. Fay, Eli Merriman and W. Foskett—intimate and early acquaintances of the deceased. In this death, aged parents, a beloved sister, a wife and child are left to mourn their loss; sorrowing not, however, as those who have no hope, for their comfort is in the assurance that "those who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

"Weep not for him that dieth,  
For his struggling soul is free,  
And the world from which it fleeth  
Is a world of misery.

"Weep not for him that dieth,  
For he hath ceased from tears,  
And a voice to his replieth,  
Which he hath not heard for years.

"But weep for him who weepeth  
On this cold world's cruel shore;  
Blest, blest is he that sleepeth—  
Weep for the dead no more." M.

## HOME DEPARTMENT.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### Our State Militia.

It may not be foreign to the legitimate purposes of the "WAR RECORD" to consider the claims of the Connecticut State militia. The honor and the well-being of our State demand that the subject should be carefully examined, and that our citizens should be made fully acquainted with the existing laws and provisions under which the militia are organized and maintained. In this article we design to show the nature of the system under which our militia force is serving the State, and in a future number to point out in what manner the defects, which seem to be apparent in the system, can be remedied.

Let us then inquire, in the outset, what is expected of our volunteer militia.

They are expected to render their assistance "in suppressing riots and rebellion or reasonable apprehension thereof," "to aid the civil officers in executing the laws of the State and of the United States," and to resist all invasion of the State.

Now, how much is involved in this expectation? Can these services be efficiently performed by an armed mob—by men hurriedly collected to meet a sudden emergency—without drill or discipline, relying only on their individual strength and their patriotic impulses?





No sane man believes this. During the panic of July last, when throughout this State it was feared that the inhuman outrages committed in New York city would be repeated in Connecticut, did our citizens look for protection to the men to be hastily assembled and organized under the call of our Governor, or to the volunteer companies already in active existence? Every one knows that long before the extemporized force could have been collected and armed, and before they had received sufficient instruction to enable them to march correctly in column, the threatened danger might have overtaken us, and found our lives and property at the mercy of a lawless mob. From this peril and all the frightful consequences which would have followed, we were saved by the prompt action of our militia companies. Now that the danger has passed, shall we forget their services and neglect their equitable claims upon the communities on whom they have conferred such benefits?

But in addition to the services already alluded to, there are other demands made on our citizen soldiery. They are expected to parade on all military or civic holidays, to receive and escort regiments returning from the war, and generally to contribute their presence to make every procession attractive to the multitude.

Now, without stopping to inquire how far such expectations are reasonable, let us consider how much is involved in these demands upon the militia.

In the first place, every volunteer company must have an armory. This armory must be in a central place, easily accessible, and large enough to contain the arms and equipments of the company, and to furnish room enough for practice in drilling in the manual and marching.

In the second place, the members of the company must, in the outset, devote considerable time in acquiring a knowledge of what is required of them as soldiers. This knowledge can only be gained by diligent and painstaking practice. No one who has not had personal experience of this sort of training, can form an adequate idea of the time and attention necessary to transform a raw recruit into a skillful and practised soldier—quick to understand and prompt to execute all the orders of his superior. But this is not all. The needed knowledge once acquired, can only be retained by continued exertion. The most useful and efficient company is the company that spends the greatest amount of time in

perfecting its members in that military drill and those military movements which distinguish the accomplished soldier from the untrained recruit.

Now all this requires time—time which would otherwise be devoted to profitable labor, or to that recreation which is fairly earned by daily toil. And the volunteer in a militia company who foregoes the opportunity to add to his earnings or denies himself the relaxation which his health really requires, makes a positive sacrifice which the State has hitherto utterly failed to appreciate or recognize.

But we have only begun to indicate the burdens borne by our militia. We come now to consider the actual expenses incurred. In our large cities (and it is to our cities that we must look for our most efficient militia) a suitable armory cannot be obtained at a smaller rent than from two hundred to three hundred dollars per annum. Such a room must be properly furnished for the reception of arms and the convenience of the members of the company. It must be lighted during the year and heated during the winter, and kept neatly and in good order in all respects. At a moderate estimate the expense of furnishing will be two hundred dollars, and other expenses one hundred dollars per annum. But this is only the beginning. Each member of a company must provide himself with a uniform. This involves an expense to privates and non-commissioned officers of from twenty-five to thirty dollars, and to commissioned officers (including the necessary equipments) of not less than from sixty to seventy-five dollars. To these must be added the expense of keeping uniforms, arms, and armory in good order.

But another burden which presses heavily upon the militia, is the time devoted to public parades, both those required by law and those volunteer parades which seem to be expected by the community. The law prescribes four days of annual parade, and there are always public holidays, military funerals, military receptions, and similar occasions, which call out one or more militia companies. Now, as we have already intimated, all this consumes time—time which is to these men equivalent to so much money. With very few exceptions they are engaged in industrial pursuits, earning wages averaging from two to three dollars per day.

We may, then, reducing these facts to figures, put the case as follows;

Expense of uniform (for private).....	\$25.00
Expense at State parades.....	12.00
Expense at other parades.....	20.00

\$57.00

To this must be added each man's share of the following expenses:

Rent of armory.....	\$250.00
Fuel and gas.....	35.00
Armorer.....	50.00
Incidental expenses.....	25.00

\$360.00

The uniform will be serviceable four or five years, but the other expenses are annual. In the case of officers, the necessary disbursements are largely increased, the uniform and equipments of a line officer costing about seventy-five dollars, and the other demands on his purse rising with his grade. Field and staff officers are expected to appear on the field mounted, and here is an additional expense of about one hundred dollars for horse equipments, and of ten dollars a day for a parade horse.

Let us now consider the pecuniary encouragement given by the State of Connecticut to its militia. This may be briefly stated: An annual allowance of one hundred dollars for rent of armory, two dollars a day for four days of parade, and exemption from poll tax and jury duty during the term of enlistment. Officers who are required by law to be mounted, are entitled to two dollars per day in addition to the allowances already indicated. There are no exemptions but from poll tax and jury duty. The members of these companies are as liable to be drafted as any able bodied men in the community.

Now, can any fair-minded person be found, who will for a moment contend that the State is dealing fairly with its volunteer militia?

It is absurd to say that the privilege of appearing in public in uniform is any compensation for the large expense incurred. Not only have uniforms ceased to be a novelty in our streets, but from the commencement of the rebellion up to the riots of July last, our militia companies were almost in disgrace. Men, forgetting that there might be an occasion when a police force would be powerless to resist the violence of an infuriated mob, were disposed to ridicule those who having any military discipline, hesitated to enlist in the service of the general government. There was, indeed, at one time, considerable danger that the State would be really defenseless, partly





from the withdrawal of its armed forces to fight the battles of the nation, and partly from the odium which attached to those men who maintained their home military organization.

The scenes of the summer of 1863 in many of our Northern cities, have taught a different lesson, and the important question soon to be settled in our own State is this: Shall we give suitable encouragement to our militia, or shall we consent to see our volunteer companies disband? For there is every reason to believe that if the present militia system is preserved, in twelve months there will not be a single effective company in Connecticut. However our Legislature may be disposed to neglect the just claims of the militia, it is certain that men will not long submit to perform all the labor and pay all the bills, for the privilege of protecting the lives and the property of citizens who manifest no disposition to requite services which are acknowledged to be important and indispensable.

In another article we shall endeavor to indicate the policy which should be pursued.

#### MILITIA.

A new Militia Company has just been organized in Meriden, to be designated as Co. I, Second Regiment, Second Brigade Connecticut Militia. It is officered as follows:

Captain—Jacob Eaton of Meriden.

First Lieutenant—E. William Bliss of Meriden.

Second Lieutenant—W. W. Lee of Meriden.

This company is composed of excellent material, and its officers are men of character and position in Meriden.

At an election of officers held at the armory of the New Haven Grays, the following officers were elected: Captain, George L. Northrop; First Lieutenant, Frank D. Sloat. Press of business compelled Mr. Sloat, with great regret, to decline the proffered honor. At a subsequent meeting they chose, unanimously, First Lieutenant, E. E. Bradley; Second Lieutenant, J. D. Drexell. Both these gentlemen have accepted the positions.

Brief communications are solicited from members of the militia throughout the State. The War Record of Connecticut is not complete until their services are recorded. We hope to represent and sustain the State Militia in our columns.

It is delightful to record the enduring benevolence of the soldiers' friends in Connecticut. The patient self-denial, the abiding sympathy, the daily and wearisome toil endured by the women of Connecticut, cheerfully and gladly, these prove patriotism deep, earnest, and changeless as the world's history records.

We expect to publish in our next number a historical sketch of the Hartford Soldiers' Aid Society, and what it has accomplished.

It is a noble chapter which must not be lost.

The attention of our readers is respectfully invited to the advertisement of Messrs. S. M. Ward & Co., which will be found in another part of this paper. We are personally acquainted with the members of this firm, and can vouch for their responsibility in all business arrangements which they may make, as we have a thorough knowledge of their mercantile integrity, and their full ability to meet all obligations. This notice, of course, is intended for such of our readers as have no acquaintance with this firm; to all who know them, no recommendation will be necessary.

## THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

NOVEMBER, 1863.

\*All communications should be addressed to "THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD."

"We have committed no oppression, have broken no compact, have exercised no unholy power; we have been loyal, moderate, constitutional and just.

"We are a majority of the Union, and WE WILL GOVERN OUR OWN UNION WITHIN OUR OWN CONSTITUTION."

E. D. BAKER, Colonel and Senator.

The November number of the Connecticut War Record is the first for which the present Editor is wholly responsible.

The War Record is yet far below the ideal which the Editor, in his devotion to this noble work, aspires, by untiring industry, to attain.

The increasing regularity and appropriateness of our correspondence, and the growing appreciation, on the part of all contributors, of the exact sphere and demands of the journal, combine to augment the interest and enhance the value of each successive number.

That we are meeting a real want of our soldiers and of our people, and meeting it more and more satisfactorily, is most agreeably demonstrated by the rapid increase of our circulation. Were our subscribers few, at the low rate of one dollar a year we could not hope to do justice to the gallant soldiers of our brave little State, or to their benevolent and self-denying friends at home. But the extensive circulation which a generous people seem likely to give us, will, we trust, afford means adequate to the praiseworthy task. We are relieved of anxiety and stimulated to still greater exertion by these manifestations of public interest and favor.

"We cordially invite suggestions and criticisms from those who earnestly desire to see the War Record complete and worthy of our noble soldiers.

Excess of matter has compelled us to defer several communications of value, and among them an article on the recent draft and its enforcement. But the most of these articles, if we choose to print them, will be as fresh in December as now.

"It is with pleasure that we refer to the carefully written history of the 'Three Months' Volunteers,' which is continued in the present number. The history of the First Regiment is completed, with the exception of a list of its members who have won deserved promotion in the three years' service. We regret that want of space compels us to postpone this roll of honorable names until the December issue.

"Some subscribers may fail to receive the War Record regularly. Let such inform us immediately, and we will do all that we can to repair past and prevent future delays or losses. Let the subscriber write very distinctly his name and post office address. In that a mistake is quite frequently found.

OLD LETTERS.—Extracts from Soldiers' letters, whether new or old, received by friends at home, will be welcomed by us.

RETURNED SOLDIERS.—Our returned soldiers have, every one of them, in their possession, incidents of the camp, hospital, or battle-field, which would be of interest to the public. Let us hear from our returned soldiers.

TO OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS.—While we shall rely on our regular correspondents to keep us thoroughly informed with reference to their respective regiments, we shall at the same time be glad to hear from all Connecticut soldiers or officers, who may have anything of interest to communicate. We wish them to make the Record their organ.

"We shall hereafter print a few advertisements. Our patrons and friends may be sure that by admitting them we shall not reduce the average amount of reading matter, while we shall be enabled to improve its quality.

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE ARMY.—We are receiving handsome lists of subscribers from our regiments in the field. Many soldiers will prefer to have their copies sent home for preservation. They have only to send us the address to which they will have their papers mailed, and their wishes in this respect will be attended to.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AT HOME.—Our list is now probably double what any Connecticut journal ever obtained in the same time, but we desire to double it again within the next three months. Even then we expect to spend for the present year the sum total of our receipts in giving interest to its pages.

We therefore have no hesitation in earnestly soliciting subscriptions and in calling on all persons, whether in the army or at home, who appreciate the objects of this journal, to aid us in our undertaking. Our people may well feel some degree of pride in the fact that *our State is the only one in the Union* that has such an army journal of its own. Proper coöperation on their part will make it not only a handsome success, as the public seem now to regard it, but a brilliant one, and a lasting honor to our State. It will be such just in proportion to the efforts of our friends to make it so. We shall do our part. If each subscriber on our list will do his part, and send us the names of one or two more subscribers, the work will be done. We present no pecuniary or horticultural inducement, either in the shape of club-price or strawberry plant. The price of the journal is already too low in proportion to its cost. But we appeal to State feeling and State pride to sustain, if it is only in honor of our soldiers, a journal expressly devoted to recording their achievements.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Correspondents must not feel aggrieved if their favors are not always published in full. It argues no dissatisfaction on our part, with either the matter or style of the communication. The necessity of abbreviation is often imperative. Conciseness of statement and terseness in expression on the part of correspondents, will save much clipping.

BACK NUMBERS.—Back numbers which have been lost, may be replaced by sending to "THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD, New Haven, Conn."

POSTAGE.—Postage on the War Record is only one cent a month.





# THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

PECK, WHITE & PECK, }  
Publishers.

NEW HAVEN, DECEMBER, 1863.

{ VOL. I. No. 5.  
{ \$1 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## Record of Events.

Oct. 28. Capture of Arkadelphia, Ark., by Gen. Steele.

Nov. 3. Defeat and capture of guerrillas at Lawrenceburgh, Tenn.

Nov. 3. Repulse of the rebels at Colliersville, Tenn.

Nov. 3. Rear guard of the Thirteenth Army Corps overpowered at Buzzard's Prairie, La., with severe loss.

Nov. 4. Landing of Gen. Dana's troops on the east bank of the Rio Grande. Occupation of Brownsville, Texas.

Nov. 5. Successful skirmish with the Rebels at Marysville, East Tennessee.

Nov. 5. Col. Hatch drives the Confederates across the Tallahatchie river, Miss.

Nov. 6, 7. Victory of Gen. Averill at Droop Mountain, West Virginia; 300 of the enemy killed and wounded—100 prisoners and 3 guns captured.

Nov. 7. Victories of Gen. Meade at Rapahannock Station and Kelly's Ford, Va. Capture of 2000 prisoners and 4 guns.

Nov. 7. 600 Federals and 4 cannon captured by the Rebels at Rodgersville, East Tennessee.

Nov. 12. Successful cavalry skirmish with Jeb. Stuart, at Mitchell's Station, Va.

Nov. 15. Federal Cavalry repulsed at Marysville, East Tenn.

Nov. 16. Severe Engagement at Campbell's Station, East Tennessee. Burnside holds Longstreet in check all day.

Nov. 16, 17. Enemy shelling the Union position at Chattanooga. Very slight casualties.

Nov. 17. Capture of Arkansas Pass, Texas, by Gen. Banks. 100 prisoners and 3 guns taken.

Nov. 18. Severe engagement on the Kingston Road, a few miles from Knoxville, between Burnside and Longstreet. Losses about equal.

Nov. 18. Cavalry skirmish at Germanna Ford, on the Rapidan.

Nov. 19. Knoxville besieged. Heavy artillery firing upon the city.

Nov. 23-27. Gen. Bragg utterly defeated and driven from Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge and Ringold. Capture of 6450 prisoners, 48 cannon, and over 7000 stands of arms. Union loss 3200.

Nov. 23, 25. Successful cavalry fights in the Teche District, La. Capture of 100 prisoners.

Nov. 24. Capture of 62 guerillas near Washington, N. C.

Nov. 25. Longstreet repulsed at Knoxville.

Nov. 27. Enemy defeated at Jones' Cross Roads, Va., by the 3d Corps of Gen. Meade's army.

Nov. 27. Successful Cavalry raid to Cleveland, Tenn. Destruction of the railroad, munitions of war, &c.

Nov. 30. Longstreet severely repulsed at Knoxville, with loss of 1000 killed, wounded and captured.

Nov. 1-30. More or less continuous land and naval bombardment of Sumter and the other Forts of Charleston Harbor, interspersed occasionally with throwing shells into the city, from Gillmore's batteries.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## Review of Events.

NUMBER FIVE.

The storm of war for this year is well nigh over. The events of the past month have nearly closed the campaign of eighteen hundred and sixty-three, and, thank Heaven, the nation is victorious.

In the early part of the month General Sherman was ordered to abandon the reconstruction of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, and report to Gen. Thomas at Chattanooga. By sending Gen. Longstreet with a very large detachment into East Tennessee. Gen. Bragg had already committed the military blunder of dividing his army in the face of an active and energetic opponent, with whom it was not safe to trifle. Taking prompt advantage of this blunder, and being now re-enforced by the arrival of Sherman, Gen. Grant at once assumed the offensive.

It may not be inappropriate to give a brief description of the historic field on which the great struggle took place. Standing in front of the town of Chattanooga and looking to the southwest the eye rests upon the bold, abrupt steep of Lookout Mountain, twenty-four hundred feet high. Following the view to the left, in the valley at the base of the mountain, there runs a small stream called Chattanooga Creek, separating Lookout from Missionary Ridge. This ridge lies directly in front of our point of observation

and sweeps around to the east and northeast in a succession of steep and high hills, till it reaches the Tennessee River.

Along this extended line, from Lookout Mountain on the southwest to the termination of Missionary Ridge on the northeast, lay the Confederate army, forming the arc of a circle of which the center is Chattanooga. The military vice of this position was this: It was far too much extended to admit of a successful defense against a superior enemy. Its only redeeming feature was its natural strength, running, as it did, along the summits of mountains, very difficult of ascent and easily swept by artillery. Yet this could not compensate for the radical error of thinness of line, resulting from an excessive extension of an inferior force.

Upon this weakness of the enemy, the plan of attack seems to have been based. His right and left wings were to be simultaneously engaged, whereby he would be compelled to maintain his extended line, upon the center of which, at the appropriate time, the main body of the national army was to be hurled.

To execute this plan, it was necessary that a position should be gained which would be within striking distance of the Rebel center. This was effected on the 23d of November, by the seizure of Orchard Knob—a range of hills intermediate between Chattanooga and Missionary Ridge. On the next day Gen. Hooker stormed and secured a strong position, far up on the north slope of Lookout Mountain, while Gen. Sherman, crossing the Tennessee above Chattanooga, carried and held several important points along the northeastern extremity of Missionary Ridge. Communications were also opened between our center, at Orchard Knob, and these generals. On the morning of the 25th it was discovered that the rebel left had evacuated Lookout Mountain. With his characteristic audacity, Hooker at once gave pursuit, and sweeping down the eastern slope of Lookout again encountered the enemy along the southerly portions of Missionary Ridge. Meanwhile on our extreme left, Gen. Sherman made two unsuccessful assaults upon the Rebel position. It then became evident that Bragg had weakened his center in order to re-enforce his right. The propitious moment had now arrived. The corps of Gran-





gef and Palmer, composing the whole of the old Army of the Cumberland, were ordered to advance from Orchard Knob, directly upon the Rebel center. No such grand assault has heretofore been made by the National army on any battle-field of the war. Straight up the steep, precipitous heights of Missionary Ridge went those magnificent columns, and scaled the summit. The center broken, the whole Rebel line at once gave away in great confusion and consternation. Rapid pursuit converted their retreat into an utter rout. On the 27th Bragg, with his shattered remnants, endeavored to make a stand at Ringold. But Hooker soon drove him from this position by storm, though not without severe loss to himself. Here the battle ended. Thus was the army of Gen. Bragg lifted from the immediate front of Chattanooga, and, defeated, disheartened and demoralized, hurled back upon Dalton with terrible loss of men, artillery and materials of war.

On the 14th ult. Gen. Longstreet crossed the Tennessee River at Loudon and advanced against Knoxville. The distance is only thirty-one miles. Yet so severely and constantly was he checked by Burnside, that it was not till the 19th that the city was regularly invested. When Longstreet heard of the stunning disaster which had befallen Bragg, seeing the impossibility of effecting a junction with his chief, and aware that the procrastination of a siege was extremely dangerous, he ordered an assault upon the national defenses. In this he suffered a severe and bloody repulse. He then abandoned the siege, and, passing by Knoxville, started on the double-quick for Western Virginia. So the purpose of driving the Union army out of East Tennessee, to which the Confederates had so seriously pledged themselves, "even if it should take every man in the Confederacy to do it," has most signally failed, and the whole of this important region is forever decided to remain in our possession.

In the early part of November, by an exceedingly rapid and brilliant movement, Gen. Meade re-transferred his front of operations to the line of the Rappahannock. The enemy were completely surprised, and such as were not captured fled in hot haste across the Rapidan, abandoning the extensive huts and cantonments, in which they had undoubtedly expected to winter. The Orange and Alexandria Railroad, which the Rebels had so thoroughly destroyed the previous month, was rebuilt as fast as possible, and then, taking ten days' rations, Gen. Meade threw his whole army across the Rapidan. The enemy fell back, skirmishing heavily, till he was found in an almost impregnable position on the left bank of Mine

Run, covered in front by an impassable swamp, and protected by earth-works, rifle-pits and abattis. A direct assault was deemed fool-hardy. It was then decided to attack and turn the right flank of the enemy, while at the same time their left flank was to be seriously engaged, and a formidable demonstration made upon their center. After one unfortunate postponement, owing to a failure of connection between some of the corps, the ball was opened on the morning of the 30th by vigorous artillery firing, continued for upwards of an hour. It was then silenced by order of Gen. Meade, and the whole army proceeded to withdraw across the Rapidan, to its original position.

The real cause of this retreat cannot as yet be asserted with positiveness. It was probably believed that the chances of success, in an assault upon the enemy's strong position, were extremely doubtful. Besides, the lateness of the season, the severity of the weather, the utterly precarious condition of the roads, the isolation of the army from its base, the difficulty of procuring supplies, and particularly of obtaining accommodations for the wounded, all these are strong grounds for justifying the conduct of Gen. Meade.

Operations in Charleston Harbor furnish no anticipations of a speedy reduction of the city. Fort Sumter has been most fearfully and thoroughly battered. In doing this Gen. Gillmore has accomplished all that is within his power. The task of destroying the interior defenses devolves upon the navy. But judging from the past, there is hardly any reason to expect that this will be resolutely attempted.

The formidable land and naval expedition which left New Orleans towards the end of October, proceeded safely to the mouth of the Rio Grande. Brownsville and other adjacent points were seized and occupied. The national power is thus re-established over this portion of Texas, a most extensive contraband commerce thoroughly destroyed, and a position gained for observing the operations of the French in Mexico. Aransas Pass, on the coast of the Gulf, one hundred miles north of Brownsville, has been captured, and a formidable expedition is said to be on foot which is to operate in Matagorda Bay. Meanwhile the National army has been withdrawn from the Teche District, having accomplished the object of distracting the attention of the rebels from the real points of attack. More full and accurate information, however, must be had before a correct understanding can be attained concerning the plans and operations of Gen. Banks.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## THE CONSTITUTION.

NUMBER FIVE.

The plan of these articles requires us to confine ourselves closely to the words of the Constitution in our efforts to find out what the meaning of the Constitution is. This plan is certainly an honest and safe one. Any other plan would lead us into historical or legal or philosophical discussions, which might be entertaining, but which would divert us from the object in view. Most certainly the best way to understand a thing is to look *into* it. Therefore we mean, throughout these articles, to stick closely to the words of the Constitution, and to bring your common sense constantly to bear on those words, so that you may all the while know for certain that you understand what we are talking about.

You have seen that the Constitution is not a "compact," and does not call itself a "compact;" but that it is a Constitution, and calls itself a Constitution and nothing else. You have seen, in its first sentence, that it does not profess to have been made by several different nations, but that it does profess to stand simply and only upon the will and by the authority of one "People" or nation, namely, "*the People of the United States.*" That this great, living, powerful, *one* Nation does exist, is a matter of simple eyesight to us all. From the mouth of this one Nation, and from no other source whatsoever, come all the words of the Constitution, beginning with the solemn form—"We, the People of the United States" &c., "do ordain and establish this Constitution." Thus you have seen that the Constitution, in origin, form and substance is *National*, and that the Government which it establishes is also *National*.

The powers of this National Government are, as they necessarily must be immense. They depend wholly on the words of the Constitution. In order to know what those powers are we must look at the words which declare them. And that is precisely what we propose to do. But before we do it, let us clear away a little rubbish.

Much is said about "sovereign States." We are told that Connecticut is a "sovereign State;" that South Carolina is a "sovereign State;" and so on. Perhaps you have been in the habit of using such language yourself—supposing it to be all right. If the Constitution uses such language, it *is* all right, of course; if not, not.





Now Connecticut is a "State," and so is South Carolina. The Constitution calls them so. But Connecticut is not a "sovereign" State; neither is South Carolina. The Constitution does not call them so. The Constitution says nothing about "sovereign States." All talk about the States as "sovereign States" is without any warrant whatever from the Constitution. The Constitution repeatedly speaks of "States," but never speaks of "sovereign States." It recognizes the States as important local divisions of the country, and their governments as important local authorities; but instead of leaving the States "sovereign," it takes pains, by most express words, to strip them of every essential attribute of "sovereignty," as you shall presently see.

A "sovereign State" has no legal superior; and has the right and power to do all those things which other free and "sovereign" States and Kingdoms may rightfully do. A "sovereign" State therefore can change its form of government at pleasure, as our States cannot do, but as France, for example, has often done. A "sovereign" State recognizes no master, and is controlled by no will except its own. A "sovereign" State therefore may, at pleasure, make treaties and alliances with other "sovereign" States. It may declare war and make peace. It may grant letters of marque and reprisal to privateers. It may coin money; emit bills of credit; and make anything, which it pleases to select, a legal tender in payment of debts. It may enact bankrupt laws and other laws impairing the obligation of contracts. It may grant titles of nobility. It may, without restraint, lay imposts and duties on imports and exports, putting the proceeds thereof into its own treasury. It may, without permission from anybody, lay duties of tonnage on shipping, keep troops and ships of war in time of peace, enter into agreements and compacts with other Powers, and engage in wars of offense and invasion as well as in wars of defense. Such powers, as everybody knows, are habitually exercised by all "sovereign" kings, princes, emperors, republics, and states of every description. Such powers are essential to the very idea of "sovereignty." Now what sort of a "sovereign" is that king or State who has lost all power to make a treaty or an alliance? What sort of "sovereign" is the monarch or State who cannot commission a privateer? What sort of a "sovereign" is the emperor, republic or

State, that is not at liberty to coin money or emit bills of credit; or make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts; or enact a law impairing the obligation of contracts? What sort of a "sovereign" is that State which has no power to lay whatever imposts or duties it pleases upon its own imports and exports? What sort of a "sovereign" is that nation or State, which cannot, without the consent of some superior authority, lay any duty of tonnage on ships; or keep troops or ships of war in time of peace; or enter into any agreement or compact (of even the most simple and harmless character) with any other nation or State? What sort of a "sovereign" moreover, is that king, emperor, republic, state or nation, which is not at liberty to exercise, without any restraint whatever, the right and power of making war and peace at pleasure?

Above all, what sort of a "sovereign" is that State which does not possess a single one of the "sovereign" powers just indicated?

If the States into which this country is divided were ever "sovereign," and independent of each other, (as perhaps in theory, though *never in fact*, they once were,) they lost their "sovereignty" forever at that moment when the Nation, by "ordaining and establishing" the Constitution over the whole "land," stripped those States forever of every one of those absolute powers which necessarily belong to "sovereigns."

See now how the Nation has forever taken away from the States every shadow of claim to "sovereignty." Section 10th of the 1st Article of the Constitution is as follows:

"No State shall enter into any treaty, alliance or confederation; grant letters of marque and reprisal; coin money; emit bills of credit; make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts; pass any bill of attainder, ex post facto law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts; or grant any title of nobility.

"No State shall, without the consent of the Congress, lay any imposts or duties on imports and exports, except what may be absolutely necessary for executing its inspection laws; and the net produce of all duties and imposts, laid by any State on imports or exports, shall be for the use of the treasury of the United States; and all such laws shall be subject to the revision and control of the Congress. No State shall, without the con-

sent of Congress, lay any duty of tonnage, keep troops or ships of war, in time of peace, enter into any agreement or compact with another State, or with a foreign power, or engage in war, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay."

No comment need be made on these plain words. They explain themselves. Consider them. Read them over and over. They are words of command—not words of agreement. No State shall do this—no State shall do that. These words are the imperative orders of a superior to inferiors—of the whole Nation, which is "sovereign," to the States which are *not* "sovereign." And as the Constitution in this same Article 1st, (and in other articles, as you will see hereafter,) gives to the National Government powers of "sovereignty" which this 10th section forever forbids the States to exercise, it is plain that the words of this 10th section amount in substance to this—No State shall hereafter be, or pretend to be, a "sovereign" State; for the essential powers of "sovereignty" are hereby expressly and forever taken away from all the States.

The use of the phrase "sovereign States" is dangerous, because secessionism is covered up by that phrase,—just as it is by the word "compact," as applied to the Constitution, and the words "Confederacy of States," as applied to the Nation. If Connecticut is truly a "sovereign" State, she is a nation, and an independent nation, and has a right to make war or change her own form of government, or secede from the Union, or do anything else which any other "sovereign" power may do. So may Rhode Island, South Carolina, or any of those other districts of our country which we call States. Therefore it is that secessionists and their friends talk so much about "sovereign" States, and the "sovereignty" of the States. All such talk is false, treacherous, dangerous, and revolutionary. It is directly contrary to the plain words of the Constitution, as you see. You do not need our help, nor the help of any lawyer, demagogue or scholar, to show you what is the meaning of the section above quoted. We therefore leave this point, with the statement (which we wish you to test by your own careful examination of the Constitution, taking nothing on trust from us,) that there is in this country no such thing as a "sovereign" State, except that great and sovereign Nation which "ordained





and established" the Constitution. Connecticut is not "sovereign;" South Carolina is not "sovereign;" New York is not "sovereign;" but the Nation is "sovereign," and there is no other "sovereign" between the Lakes and the Gulf.

Through the Constitution this "sovereign" Nation has given to the National Government certain vast and "sovereign" powers which the States are expressly forbidden to usurp, and which it is necessary that a National Government should exercise in order that the whole strength of the Nation may be made available for its aggrandizement and glory in time of peace and its defense in time of war. We shall next examine those words of the Constitution which give to the National Government those vast and necessary and "sovereign" powers.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

**Lieutenant Marvin Wait.**

MARVIN WAIT, the son of John T. Wait, was born at Norwich, January 21, 1843. He received a thorough academical education at the Free Academy in Norwich, and at the Williston Academy in East Hampton, Massachusetts, with the intention of preparing himself to pursue the profession of law. [The profession of his father, and also of his grandfather, Judge Marvin Wait, of New London, after whom he was named.] He made such proficiency in his studies, that he entered Union College, at Schenectady, in the fall of 1860. Possessing a vigorous mind and tenacious memory he made rapid progress in his collegiate course. He remained in college till near the close of the second term, Freshmore year, when, his health failing him, he returned home, and in March, 1861, went to Europe. He passed nearly five months in this tour, visiting Belgium, Holland, and the North of England. On his return from Europe he was very solicitous to enter the army, but was finally induced to resume his course in college in the Fall of 1861. But he was not willing to remain a mere spectator of the great struggle for national unity and life. His noble heart kindled with a manly unselfish desire to aid in defending and perpetuating our Republican Democracy. He remained but a short time in college, when he and several other students withdrew and entered the army. Immediately after returning home he enlisted as a private soldier in Captain Ward's Company, (D,) Eighth Regiment C. V. At Jamaica, Long Island, he was detailed to act as orderly for Colonel Harland. At Annapolis, Maryland, he was promoted

to be Second Lieutenant in Co. A, of his regiment, and was immediately detached as a "signal officer," in which capacity he distinguished himself for his readiness to acquire, and for the rapidity and correctness with which he discharged the duties of his appointment. "He served as a member of the 'signal corps' at the battle of Roanoke Island, on Burnside's flag-ship, and at the reduction of Fort Macon," in which engagement he was commended as follows, in the official report of Lieutenant Andrews:

"I was the only officer on Beaufort Station until the 27th inst., when Lieut. MARVIN WAIT reported for duty. My station was at a right angle with the line of fire, so that I was enabled to judge with accuracy the distance over or short a shot fell. The ten-inch shell were falling almost without exception more than three hundred yards beyond the Fort. Lieut. Wait and myself continued to signal to the officer in charge until the correct range was obtained. The eight-inch shell were falling short—we signaled to the officer in charge of that battery with the same effect. The same was the case with the battery of Parrott guns, which were too much elevated. From the position of our batteries, it was impossible for the officers in charge to see how their shots fell, but owing to observations made by Lieut. Wait and myself, and signaled to them from time to time, an accurate range was obtained by all the batteries, and was not lost during the day. After 12 M. every shot fired from our batteries fell in or on the fort. At 4 o'clock P. M. a white flag appeared upon the Fort. The proposition to surrender, and the reply, with terms of capitulation, were sent to and from Gen. Burnside, through this station, by Lieut. Wait and myself."\*

He served under Burnside during his whole campaign in North Carolina, winning everywhere the good opinions of his comrades and the praise of his superior officers. His versatile talents, his well-stored memory, his vivid imagination, ready command of language, pleasing manners, and frank, generous disposition, rendered him a favorite with the officers and men of his regiment. As an officer he was prompt, firm, fearless, and patriotic.

When a part of the 9th army corps under Gen. Burnside left North Carolina on July 6th, 1862, Lieut. Wait returned to his company, having been commissioned a short time before as First Lieutenant. He returned to Norwich a short time after with the body

\* The father of the deceased has in his possession a very beautiful "battle flag," awarded to his son by the head of the Signal Department for meritorious conduct in the reduction of Fort Macon.

of Lieut. BREED, who was detached from his regiment, (the 8th Connecticut Volunteers,) for service on the "signal corps," and who died at Newport News, Va., in the beginning of an honorable, valiant, patriotic career. Lieut. Wait rejoined his regiment at Fredericksburg just before it evacuated that place. He was ever found with his company at the post of duty and of danger in the arduous and eventful campaign in Maryland. He never required his men to endure hardships which he was unwilling to share, nor to face dangers in which he was afraid to participate. The firmness, intelligence, loyalty peculiar to the sons of New England, were strongly developed in his character, and exhibited in his army-life. He possessed those qualities which would have rendered him successful and celebrated in the profession for which he was preparing himself.

We will now briefly consider the closing scenes in his noble life.

During the terrible and mighty conflict at Antietam his courage, valor, and patriotism, reached their sad but sublime consummation. Here he wrote his claim to honor and gratitude with his own blood. He wrote so deeply and indelibly that the hand of time will never erase it. Being under fire on the morning of the 17th of September, a ball from a rebel battery struck in the midst of his company, killing three men and severely wounding another. Lieut. Wait was covered with blood and earth. This shot produced some confusion in the company, and several of the men commenced giving way. The brave fellow sprang to his feet amid a shower of bullets, and ordered every man back to his post in the most gallant manner. After this our regiment occupied a hill crest on the north side of the Antietam till nearly five o'clock P. M. We then crossed the historic stream preparatory to charging upon the enemy's right flank. As we ascended the precipitous ridge which skirts the Antietam on the south, I saw and saluted Lieut. Wait. As the company to which he belonged was next to the one on the extreme left, and my own next to the one on the extreme right flank, we seldom saw each other on the march. But as the regiment was here counter-marched, we passed each other. This took place less than an hour before he was killed. The expression which rested upon his countenance, and his whole manner, are indelibly fixed in my mind. The manly, heroic, determined fire of his eye, and the battle smile of loyalty which rested upon his youthful face told how sublime was his purpose, how great was his devotion to country. He comprehend the important and stupendous issues of the conflict. He gave all





that he could give to the cause of Justice, Law, and Liberty—his young and promising life. Permit me to briefly refer in this connection to the sanguinary and unsuccessful charge in which Lieut. Wait and hundreds of other Connecticut men fell bravely fighting. At half past five o'clock Rodman's division of the 9th corps was ordered to carry the enemy's position on their extreme right. We had to ascend several parallel ridges of considerable elevation before reaching the rebel lines. The enemy poured a furious and galling cross-fire upon us from two batteries as we were massed at the foot of the first ridge awaiting the disposition of our artillery. The enemy had all the advantage of position, and as their lines were hidden by the hill crests, we could not determine their real strength. After our batteries in advance engaged those of the enemy, we moved on the double quick over the first ridge, and took a position at the foot of the second. The advancing lines, which consisted of two brigades, here halted preparatory to making the final assault. The rebel host was but a few rods in advance. The 1st Brigade (Hawkins') was to charge; the 2d Brigade (Harland's) was to act as a reserve. The 6th and the 16th Connecticut were in the 2d Brigade. Beyond the crest which covered our lines was a slight depression or hollow, bounded by another gentle ridge in advance; then came an open lot, skirted by a cornfield to the left, toward the Antietam. On the opposite side of the open field, behind an embankment formed by the road which runs up to Sharpsburg was posted a rebel brigade. In the cornfield to the left was concealed another rebel brigade. These lines were strongly supported. Thus our slender line was exposed to a murderous fire on the front and on the flank. And it is well known that many of the regiments previously repulsed on the enemy's left were afterwards massed upon their right, to meet the very charge which we finally made. *Every one who confronted the rebels in the charge upon their right knows that we only failed for want of support.* As the first brigade became engaged with the enemy, a simultaneous flash of fire and roll of musketry with the terrific thunder of nearly three hundred pieces of artillery blazed and crashed from the right to the left of both armies, a distance of four miles. It was a scene sublimely and terribly grand. The first brigade was soon swept away by a withering fire. Our brigade was then ordered to advance into the harvest of death. On we pressed over the wounded, dying, dead, and halting within twenty rods of the enemy, poured upon their exultant masses a storm

of defiance and death. Shot, and shell, and musket balls hurtled, screamed and hissed through the air. The 16th Connecticut, which was next on our left, did all they could do, and that was little. Having entered the field but a few days before, unused to movements in line under fire, and becoming massed together within a few yards of a concealed foe, they were soon forced, broken and bleeding, back. (The men stood nobly and fought as well and as long as they could.) The 4th R. I. gave away for some reason best known by themselves.

It may seem like interested praise to some, but history permits me to say truthfully that the old Eighth seemed to be fired with immortal courage on the crimsoned heights of Antietam. Its record shows that one half its number there fell either killed or wounded. In vain this out-flanked, decimated regiment tried to roll back the living tide which set against them. Volley after volley they poured into the very front and face of the exultant enemy. Deeds of valor, unwavering courage, even desperation of purpose could not press back the foe. Among the bravest who there fought and fell was Lieut. Wait. "Just before he was wounded he was seen closing up the ranks of his company and dressing them in line as deliberately as though on dress parade." Capt. Coit, an accomplished officer and most reliable man wrote as follows, soon after the battle, concerning Lieut. Wait's death: "The Chaplain took Lieut. W. to a sheltered spot under the fence," (about five rods in rear of the line,) "and after looking at his wounds left him, telling him he would send an ambulance as soon as possible, supposing that we should be able to hold the field till reinforcements arrived to drive back the rebels. If Lieut. Wait had only left the battle of his own accord when first hit in the arm, all would have been well, but he bravely stood to encourage his men still further by his own example, and at last nobly fell pierced by bullet after bullet." Major Ward, of the 8th, wrote as follows to the afflicted parents: "When first wounded he was advised to leave but would not, and before leaving received three shots. I think, however, that his mortal wound was received while being taken to the rear. The loss of your son is a great one to the regiment. No officer could have been more popular, either with the men or with his brother officers. By his soldierly qualities, good spirits and easy manners he had endeared himself to every one in the least acquainted with him. He died in a good cause and like a brave man." Capt. Hoyt of Co. A, said in a letter to the parents of the deceased, "Lieut. Marvin Wait

fell at his post while urging on the men into that terrible storm of shot and shell. He was a brave, noble-hearted man, and highly esteemed by all who knew him." The unflinching hero was first wounded in the right arm, which was shattered. He then dropped his sword to his left hand; he was afterwards wounded in the left arm, in the leg, and in the abdomen. He was then assisted to leave the line by private King, who soon met Mr. Morris, the brave, indefatigable Chaplain of the 8th Regiment. The Chaplain then conducted Lieut. W. to the fence before alluded to, and private King returned to his company. Lieut. W.'s last words to private King were, "ARE WE WHIPPING THEM?" A braver man than Marvin Wait never confronted a foe; a more generous heart never beat; a more unselfish patriot never fell. Connecticut may well cherish and honor the memory of such sons.

Resolutions expressing the high esteem in which Lieut. Wait was held as an officer and companion, and tendering the highest regard and deepest sympathy to the family of the deceased, were adopted, after appropriate remarks, by the officers of the Eighth Regiment, at Pleasant Valley, Md., Oct. 10th, 1862.

MERIDEN, Conn.

J. E.

### The Song of the Shell.

BY J. WARREN NEWCOMB, JR.

Sullen, and strong, and thick, and tall,  
Rises the bastion's moated wall,  
The glacis is smooth and the ditch is deep,  
And the weary sentry may never sleep;  
Over the parapet, heavy and dun,  
Peers the mouth of the barbette gun.  
While lightnings flash and tempests glow  
From the gloomier casemates down below,  
Strong is the work and stout the wall,  
But before my song they must crumble and fall—  
Crumble away to a heap of stones,  
Mingled with fragments of dead men's bones,  
And red with the blood that flowed as they fell,  
Their requiem sung by the howling shell.

Flaunting, and boasting, and brisk, and gay,  
The streets of the city shine to-day.  
Forts without, an army within,  
To think of surrender were deadly sin;  
For the foe far over the wave abide,  
And no gun can reach o'er the flowing tide.  
They can't? Through the air with a rush and a yell,  
Comes the screech and the roar of the howling shell;  
And the populous city is all alive  
With the bees that are leaving the ancient hive;  
And the market-places are waste and bare,  
And the smoke hangs thick in the poisoned air;  
And the ruins alone shall remain to tell  
Where the hymn of destruction was sung by the shell.

Traitorous and bloodthirsty, mad with wrath,  
Charleston stands in the nation's path—  
Stands and flaunts a bloody rag,  
Insulting the stars on the dear old flag.  
But Sumter is crumbled and ground away,  
And Wagner and Grez are ours to-day,  
And over the water, on furious wings,  
The shell from the "Swamp Angel" flies and sings.  
It sings of the death of the traitorous town,  
It sings of red handed rebellion crushed down,  
Sharp are its cadences, harsh its song,  
It shrieks for the right, and it crushes the wrong;  
And never a blast shaking nethermost hell,  
Cried vengeance and wrath like the song of the shell.





List of members of the First Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, since become Officers in the United States service, comprising all changes by promotion, resignation, or death, to Oct. 17th, 1863.

NOTE.—The word "Resigned" denotes discharge for disability or resignation for other causes.

Former Company.	Former Rank.	NAME.	Present Regiment.	Present Rank.	Residence.	Remarks.
A.	Sergeant.	Ashmead, Austin T.	12th.	Captain.	Hartford.	Resigned.
A.	Private.	Avery, Charles	25th.	2d Lieutenant.	South Windsor.	
A. (Rifle.)	Private.	Abbott, Edward K.	12th.	Captain.	Norwich.	Resigned.
A. (Rifle.)	Private.	Allyn, Arthur W.	U. S. A.	1st Lieutenant.	Hartford.	
F.	Corporal.	Atwell, Seager S.	7th.	Captain.	Meriden.	
F. and S.	Colonel.	Burnham, George S.	22d.	Colonel.	Hartford.	
F. and S.	Adjutant.	Bacon, Theodore C.	U. S. A.	A. A. G.	New Haven.	
A.	Private.	Barnum, Joseph H.	16th.	Captain.	Hartford.	
A.	Private.	Brewster, Charles C.	10th.	Captain.	Hartford.	
A. (Rifle.)	Private.	Braley, Lester E.	12th.	Captain.	Windham.	
A. (Rifle.)	Private.	Bulkeley, Charles E.	1st Artillery.	Captain.	Hartford.	
A. (Rifle.)	Private.	Berry, William	12th.	2d Lieutenant.	Manchester.	
A. (Rifle.)	Private.	Bissell, Hiezekiah	25th.	1st Lieutenant.	East Windsor.	
B. (Rifle.)	Sergeant.	Bibel, Henry	6th.	Captain.	Bridgeport.	
F.	Captain.	Byxbee, Theodore	27th.	Major.	Meriden.	Resigned.
F.	Private.	Bull, E. Lewis	7th.	Adjutant.	Cromwell.	Died Oct. 20th, 1862.
G.	1st Sergeant.	Bingham, Thomas H.	29th.	Captain.	New Britain.	Resigned.
G.	Corporal.	Baggs, Israel C.	22d.	1st Lieutenant.	Hartford.	
A. (Rifle.)	Private.	Case, George R.	1st La. Col'd Reg.	Captain.	Hartford.	
F. and S.	Lieut. Colonel.	Chaffield, John L.	3d and 6th.	Colonel.	Waterbury.	} Died, Aug. 9th, 1863, of wounds received at Fort Wagner, July 18th, 1863.
A. (Rifle.)	Corporal.	Coit, George M.	10th.	Captain.	Hartford.	Resigned.
A. (Rifle.)	Sergeant.	Crane, John W.	N. Y. Vols.	Adjutant.	Hartford.	
B.	Captain.	Chapman, Justin H.	5th.	Captain.	Hartford.	} Lost a leg at the battle of Cedar Mountain, July 14th, 1862.
B.	Sergeant.	Clark, Samuel P.	U. S. N.		Hartford.	Captain of a gun on the Mohican.
B.	Private.	Corey, Samuel J.	7th.	1st Lieutenant.	Vernon.	Resigned.
C.	Sergeant.	Converse, Joseph H.	11th.	Major.	Stafford.	
D.	Captain.	Coon, Marcus	Harris Lt. Cav.	1st Lieutenant.	Waterbury.	
D.	1st Lieut.	Carpenter, Samuel W.	14th.	Captain.	Waterbury.	
D.	Private.	Clafee, Patrick T.	9th.	Adjutant.	Bridgeport.	Died Oct. 5th, 1862.
G.	Private.	Campbell, Frederick U.	11th.	1st Lieutenant.	New Britain.	Resigned.
F. and S.	Asst Surgeon	Dibble, Frederick L.	6th.	Surgeon.	New Haven.	
A.	Private.	Dana, Gustavus S.	6th.	1st Lieutenant.	Hartford.	
A. (Rifle.)	1st Lieut.	Drake, Albert W.	10th.	Colonel.	Hartford.	Died June 5th, 1862.
C.	Private.	Duncan, Robert T.	25th.	1st Lieutenant.	Simsbury.	
D.	Private.	Duryce, Redfield	6th.	Lieut. Colonel.	Waterbury.	
E.	Private.	Dunning, Joseph S.	7th.	1st Lieutenant.	Bethel.	Resigned.
A.	Private.	Eaton, Horatio D.	6th.	1st Lieutenant.	Hartford.	
	Reg. Com'sry.	Ely, William G.	18th.	Colonel.	Norwich.	
A. (Rifle.)	2d Lieut.	Francis, Daniel G.	7th.	Captain.	Hartford.	Resigned.
F.	Private.	Ford, Roger M.	8th.	Captain.	Meriden.	
H.	Captain.	Fitzgibbons, Richard	9th.	Lieut. Colonel.	Bridgeport.	
H.	Sergeant.	Fairchild, Frederick M.	9th.	1st Lieutenant.	Bridgeport.	Died opposite Vicksburg, July 21st, 1862.
A.	2d Lieut.	Gouge, George S.	16th.	1st Lieutenant.	Hartford.	Resigned.
A. (Rifle.)	Private.	Gardner, William	13th.	2d Lieutenant.	Hartford.	
A. (Rifle.)	Private.	Greenleaf, Charles H.	5th N. Y. Cav.	Lieutenant.	Hartford.	
C.	Private.	Griswold, John	11th.	Captain.	Old Lyme.	Killed at Antietam, Sept. 17th, 1862.
G.	Private.	Graham, James W.	9th.	1st Lieutenant.	Berlin.	
F. and S.	Quartermaster	Hodge, Justin	Col'd Regt., La.	Colonel.	Barkhamsted.	
F. and S.	Quartermaster	Hale, Morton F.	14th.	1st Lieutenant.	Norwich.	
A.	Private.	Hudson, Philip W.	10th.	Captain.	Manchester.	
A. (Rifle.)	Captain.	Hawley, Joseph R.	7th.	Colonel.	Hartford.	
A. (Rifle.)	Private.	Huntington, Robert R.	C. S. Marines.	2d Lieutenant.	Hartford.	
B.	Private.	Hill, Theron D.	10th.	2d Lieutenant.	Coventry.	Killed at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14th, 1862.
D.	Sergeant.	Hudson, Edward P.	6th.	Captain.	Waterbury.	
A. (Rifle.)	Private.	Hall, L. R.	Louisiana Reg.	Lieutenant.	New Britain.	
D.	Private.	Hazard, Robert G.	19th.	Asst. Surgeon.	New Haven.	Now belonging to Second Conn. Artillery.
E.	Private.	Hooton, Thomas	7th.	2d Lieutenant.	Norwalk.	Killed at James Island, June 14th, 1862.
H.	1st Lieut.	Hoyt, Henry M.	8th.	Captain.	Bridgeport.	
A.	Private.	Ives, Silliman B.	12th.	Adjutant.	Hartford.	Resigned.
	Band.	King, John P.	6th.	1st Lieutenant.	Hartford.	
B. (Rifle.)	Private.	Kost, Rudolph	6th.	2d Lieutenant.	Bridgeport.	
E.	Private.	Krazynske, Morris	11th.	2d Lieutenant.	Danbury.	
G.	Sergeant.	Kinlock, William G.	6th.	2d Lieutenant.	New Britain.	Resigned.
A.	Private.	Long, James F.	18th.	1st Lieutenant.	Windham.	
B. (Rifle.)	2d Lieut.	Louis, George	6th.	1st Lieutenant.	Bridgeport.	
F.	Private.	Loomis, Andrew W.	18th.	1st Lieutenant.	Tolland.	
H.	2d Lieut.	Lee, William A.	9th.	1st Lieutenant.	Bridgeport.	
A.	Corporal.	Marshall, Andrew	6th.	2d Lieutenant.	Hartford.	
A.	Private.	Martin, Charles T., Jr.	10th.	1st Lieutenant.	Hartford.	
A.	Private.	Merwin, Samuel T. C.	18th.	1st Lieutenant.	Norwich.	
A. (Rifle.)	Private.	Mills, Charles C.	7th.	Captain.	New Haven.	
A. (Rifle.)	Private.	Marsh, Wolcott P.	8th.	Captain.	Hartford.	Resigned.
A. (Rifle.)	Private.	McAuliffe, Frank	22d.	1st Lieutenant.	Hartford.	
B. (Rifle.)	Private.	Moegling, Adolph	11th.	2d Lieutenant.	Danbury.	Resigned.
D.	2d Lieut.	Morris, William E.	1st Cavalry.	1st Lieutenant.	Litchfield.	
E.	Sergeant.	Moegling, William C.	11th.	Lieut. Colonel.	Danbury.	
H.	Private.	McCarty, John J.	17th.	Captain.	Fairfield.	
A. (Rifle.)	Private.	Nichols, John C.	6th.	1st Lieutenant.	New Haven.	
H.	Private.	Nearing, Edwin H.	23d.	1st Lieutenant.	Danbury.	Resigned.





## LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE FIRST REGIMENT CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS WHO HAVE SINCE BECOME OFFICERS, &amp;c., (Continued.)

Former Company.	Former Rank.	NAME.	Present Regiment.	Present Rank.	Residence.	Remarks.
A.	Private.	Osborne, Frederick B.	6th.	1st Lieutenant.	New Haven.	
A.	Sergeant.	Prouty, Benjamin F.	6th.	Captain.	Hartford.	
A, (Rifle.)	Private.	Perkins, Joseph	1st Artillery.	Captain.	Hartford.	Since appointed Lt. Col. colored regiment U. S. A.
A, (Rifle.)	Private.	Perkins, Benjamin R.	U. S. A.	2d Lieutenant.	New London.	
F.	Private.	Pierce, Henry H.	1st Artillery.	Captain.	Hartford.	
H.	Corporal.	Payne, Addis E.	9th.	1st Lieutenant.	Norwich.	
A.	Private.	Robbins, Charles H.	U. S. A.	Lieutenant.	Hartford.	
A, (Rifle.)	Private.	Rogers, Robert B.	Louisiana Regt.	Adjutant.	Hartford.	
A, (Rifle.)	Private.	Roberts, Richard W.	28th.	Captain.	East Hartford.	
A, (Rifle.)	Private.	Root, E. Buell	22d.	Captain.	Hartford.	
B.	1st Lieut.	Rodman, Daniel C.	7th.	Lieut. Colonel.	Hartford.	
F. and S.	Major.	Speidal, John	6th.	Lieut. Colonel.	Bridgeport.	Lieutenant Colonel Invalid Corps.
B.	Private.	Smith, Henry A.	26th.	1st Lieutenant.	Montville.	
C.	Sergeant.	Scott, Andrew W.	8th.	1st Lieutenant.	Enfield.	Resigned.
D.	Corporal.	Snagg, Henry L.	14th.	1st Lieutenant.	Waterbury.	
E.	Private.	Skinner, Benjamin F.	7th.	Captain.	Danbury.	
F.	2d Lieut.	Sanford, Oliver S.	7th.	Major.	Meriden.	
H.	Sergeant.	Sherman, Philo B.	2d Lt. Battery.	2d Lieutenant.	Bridgeport.	
A.	Private.	Stuart George	U. S. A.	1st Lieutenant.	Sherman.	
A.	Private.	Toutellotte, Marshall I.	6th.	2d Lieutenant.	Putnam.	
F. and S.	Colonel.	Tyler, Daniel		Brig. Gen. Vols.	Norwich.	
G.	Corporal.	Tracey, John N.	6th.	Captain.	New Britain.	
A.	Private.	Wiley, Charles C.	10th.	1st Lieutenant.	Hartford.	Resigned.
A, (Rifle.)	Sergeant.	Welles, Henry A.	10th.	Captain.	Hartford.	Killed at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14th, 1862.
A, (Rifle.)	Private.	Waterman, Henry S.	U. S. A.	Lieutenant.	Hartford.	Resigned.
A, (Rifle.)	Private.	Watrous, William H.	24th.	2d Lieutenant.	Hartford.	
B.	Captain.	Wright, Ira	N. Y. Cavalry.		Hartford.	
B.	Sergeant.	Wilson, John H.	7th.	2d Lieutenant.	Hartford.	
B, (Rifle.)	Private.	Walter, Charles	17th.	Lieut. Colonel.	Bridgeport.	Killed at Fort Wagner, July 11th, 1863.
D.	Sergeant.	Wadhams, Luman	16th.	1st Lieutenant.	Litchfield.	Killed at Chancellorsville, May 2d, 1863.
D.	Corporal.	Wilcox, Jay P.	6th.	1st Lieutenant.	Waterbury.	Now belonging to Second Conn. Artillery.
H.	Sergeant.	West, Daniel J.	6th.	1st Lieutenant.	Bridgeport.	
	Hos. Steward.	Wilson, Henry L.	21st.	2d Lieutenant.	Plainfield.	
A, (Rifle.)	Private.	Weld, Charles T.	U. S. A.	1st Lieutenant.	Hartford.	} Died May 14th, 1863, from wounds received at Chancellorsville.
A, (Rifle.)	Sergeant.	Whittaker, Daniel	Harris Lt. Cav.	1st Lieutenant.	Ashford.	Killed battle Aldie, June 17, 1863.
A, (Rifle.)	Corporal.	Whittaker Edward W.	Harris Lt. Cav.	2d Lieutenant.	Ashford.	Appointed 1st Lieut. and A. D. C. Gen. Kilpatrick.
A, (Rifle.)	Private.	Woods, Edward P.	Mass. Volunt'rs.	Lieutenant.	Chicopee F. Ms.	Killed Port Hudson, while helping wounded officer.

Owing to the imperfect condition of the records of the three months' regiments, the above list may be incomplete, but even with the omissions which may have been made, the record is a noble one. Out of a small regiment of only seven hundred and eighty officers and men all told, no less than one hundred and sixteen have since been, or now are, in the service as officers—twenty-five Field and Staff and one Brigadier General. No mention is made of those occupying subordinate positions as non-commissioned officers and privates. Of these it is not too much to say that they will nearly exhaust the remaining numbers of the regiment. Those who have remained at home are the rare exceptions.

Many of the officers in the above list have distinguished themselves by coolness and bravery in action; many have been wounded—some severely; many have borne tedious and cruel imprisonment by a heartless and insulting foe, and some have joined the ranks of the grim captain, Death. They share in the glories, as they have braved the terrors, of almost every battle field reddened by the blood of the soldiers of the Union, and worthily represent a State whose volunteers have never brought dishonor on her fair fame.

## For the Connecticut War Record.

## The Three Months' Volunteers.

## Continued.

## THE SECOND REGIMENT.

Under the call of the President for seventy-five thousand three months' men, the quota of Connecticut was one regiment, but such was the earnestness of the people and so universal the desire to respond in person, that by the time the First Regiment had rendezvoused, another, the Second, was nearly ready to report. Two days from the muster in of the First several companies of the Second had arrived in New Haven. The same whole-souled, uncalculating patriotism which had created the First Regiment filled the ranks of the Second. Generous men contributed of their substance and purses, and considerate women of their handiwork for the volunteers' comfort and well-being. These gifts, whether of money or of articles of use, were well appreciated after the men had

left Connecticut and found themselves cut off from home privileges and conveniences.

As the companies arrived in New Haven, they were assigned quarters in the State House and other public and private buildings. At once they went to work. The time each day was devoted by the company officers to instruction in the facings and in marching, each man vying with the others in his efforts to acquire a knowledge of the first principles of the soldier's education. The interest manifested by all, both officers and privates, was commendable, and its results were very apparent when the regiment came into the field.

On Monday, the 6th of May, the regiment went into camp at Brewster Park in a rain which did not cease for twenty-four hours. Colonel Alfred H. Terry, of New Haven, who had been appointed to the command, here won the love and respect of the men for his untiring attention to their comfort and his abilities as an officer. Probably not

a man who served under him can be found who would speak of him in any other terms than those of warm regard and esteem.

May 7th the regiment was mustered into the service of the United States. The regiment was officered and the companies arranged in regimental line as follows, the commanders of companies in some instances drawing lots for position, their commissions bearing the same date:

## FIELD AND STAFF.

Alfred H. Terry, New Haven, Colonel.  
David Young, Norwich, Lieut. Colonel.  
Ledyard Colburn, Derby, Major.  
Charles L. Russell, Derby, Adjutant.  
Charles W. Allen, New Haven, Quartermaster.  
Archibald T. Douglas, New London, Surgeon.  
Francis Bacon, New Haven, Assistant Surgeon.  
Hemingway Smith, New Haven, Q. M. Sergeant.  
Henry F. Cowles, Norwich, Sergeant Major.  
Benjamin G. Loomis, New Hartford, Drum Major.

## COMPANY OFFICERS.

CO. A.—David Dickerson, Captain;  
James W. Douglass, First Lieut.;





- Isaac C. Gleason, Second Lieutenant, all of Middletown;
- CO. B.—Frank S. Chester, Captain;  
Thomas Scott, First Lieutenant;  
William A. Berry, Second Lieutenant, all of Norwich.
- CO. C.—Henry Penle, Captain;  
George W. Rogers, First Lieutenant;  
James J. McCord, Second Lieutenant, all of Norwich.
- CO. D.—George D. Russell, Captain;  
Sanford E. Chaffee, First Lieutenant;  
Azre Lamoureux, Second Lieutenant, all of Derby.
- CO. E.—Edwin C. Chapman, Captain;  
William Spittle, First Lieutenant;  
Hiram F. Chappell, Second Lieutenant, all of New London.
- CO. F.—Sherman T. Cook, Captain;  
Wheelock T. Batcheller, First Lieut.;  
Charles E. Palmer, Second Lieutenant, all of Winchester.
- CO. G.—E. Walter Osborn, Captain;  
Albert C. Stevens, First Lieutenant;  
George L. Northrop, Second Lieutenant, all of New Haven.
- CO. H.—James W. Gore, Captain;  
Jesse H. Lord, First Lieutenant;  
Charles H. Scott, Second Lieutenant, all of Hartford.
- CO. I.—Albert B. Downes, Captain;  
Oscar F. Merrill, First Lieutenant;  
John E. Durivage, Second Lieutenant, all of New Haven.
- CO. K.—Abram G. Kellogg, Captain;  
Charles W. Morse, First Lieutenant;  
Charles Warren, Second Lieutenant, all of New Hartford.

At this time only two companies were armed—the Grays, of New Haven, Captain Osborn, and one company from Norwich, Captain Frank S. Chester. Orders to move the next day were received on the evening of the 9th, and on the morning of the 10th the arms, Sharp's rifles, for eight companies, were distributed.

In the afternoon, at two o'clock, the regiment marched to the Green and received their colors, beautifully embroidered in silk, a gift from the ladies of New Haven. About dark the men marched to the head of Long Wharf and embarked on the steamer Cahawba, which sailed for Washington at about eleven o'clock that night. During the march the streets through which they passed were lined with crowds of people who, with hearty cheers and kind farewells, made the scene seem one of triumphant joy rather than of sadness.

The passage was pleasant, but few being afflicted with sea-sickness. Sunday morning Cape Charles, the northernmost point at the entrance of Chesapeake Bay, was sighted, and at half-past three o'clock the steamer came to anchor under the guns of Fortress Monroe, to obtain convoy up the Potomac. The Cumberland, afterward noted for firing her last shot at the Merrimac as she sunk at

her moorings, manned her yards and gave the regiment three cheers as the steamer rounded to. Just about the time Cape Charles came into sight, the cook's galley took fire, and for a while there was some danger of serious consequences, but the fire was extinguished so quietly that many on board were not aware of the accident. As the shores were occupied by the enemy, after divine service ball cartridges were dealt out, the companies assigned positions, three men stationed at each state room window, and a detail of sharpshooters from Co. H posted on the upper deck. The only evidence, however, of the enemy's proximity was the white tents of a rebel regiment on the Virginia shore. At half-past two o'clock on Monday morning, under convoy of the gunboat Powhattan, the Cahawba moved up the Potomac, arriving at Arsenal Wharf, Washington, on the morning of Tuesday, May 14th. As the steamer passed Alexandria, only four or five miles below Washington, the sentries of the rebels could be seen on the wharves, while groups of the armed traitors were visible in the streets. Their good behavior was insured by the contiguity of a gunboat anchored broadside to the town, with open ports, not more than pistol shot from the wharf. Before leaving the landing, Colonel Terry distributed to the officers and men nearly a thousand "Havelocks," presented by his sister and other ladies of New Haven. At one o'clock the regiment marched through the city to their camp-ground, near that of the First. The situation was a hillside, sloping to the west, covered with a growth of oaks, black gums, and cedars, the ground thick with underbrush and decayed leaves. Here the men slept without tents the first night. In a few days the leaves had been swept up and burned, the stumps removed, and the inequalities smoothed. The men built arches and arbors of the evergreens in front of the officers' tents, and floored them with the fragrant twigs, until the camp appeared like a pleasant picnic scene. From the day of arrival the regular routine of camp duty was inaugurated. Nine hours a day were devoted to drill. Feeling the need of music, the members of the regiment assessed themselves to pay the expense of a band, and early in June the Union City (Naugatuck) brass band arrived, and were welcomed with great demonstrations of pleasure. Social religious meetings were held every evening in the tents of the men composing the different companies, and on Sunday, services which nearly every man and officer in the regiment attended, were conducted by Rev. S. Herbert Lancey, a private in Co. A, subsequently appointed the Chaplain by the Secretary of

War. At these public exercises the band lent its aid to lead the vocal music, which was joined in by large numbers, making the scene one of great impressiveness.

Dress parade at the close of those pleasant early summer days, would almost, if not quite, reconcile one to the little annoyances inseparable from camp life. Then, the labor of the day being done, the men and officers were arrayed in their best, their arms and equipments resplendent in the slant rays of the setting sun. Pleasant was the music of the band as they marched down the line, playing some familiar piece suggestive of home. Across the valley, the long red lines of the 14th Brooklyn (N. Y.) Zouaves, with the glint of sunlight on their burnished bayonets, dazzled the sight, and the music of their band, softened and faded by distance, seemed like an echo.

The Third Regiment arrived and encamped with the First and Second, May 23d. Only eight days afterward, June 1st, the First moved over into Virginia. Daily expecting orders to follow them, the men of the Second waited impatiently. At length, on Sunday, June 16th, orders came, and at nine P. M. the work of packing up and striking tents began. Where they were to go none knew, unless it was the commander of the regiment. About thirty wagons, drawn by four mules each, were provided for the transport of tents and camp material. A guide was sent from Washington to lead the column. The night was cloudy, with occasional showers. To give light for the necessary work of moving, the men set fire to the dried cedars which had served as shades and ornaments. The effect was splendid. There was but little noise, for silence had been enjoined, and the figures of the men tugging away at bundles, packing and re-packing, hurrying hither and thither, and leaping over obstructions, with the images of the long-eared mules reflected on the white-covered wagons, which were alternately brilliant in the glare and darkened in the shadow, as the flames flashed up in wreathing spires or the smoke rolled in clouds of pitchy blackness, made altogether a scene of wildness fit for the pencil of Salvator Rosa. Like unsubstantial spectres rather than solid flesh and blood, the troops passed silently through the dark and quiet streets of the sleeping capital, the muffled tramp of the men and the hollow rumbling of the wagons the only tokens of the moving mass.

The road, after crossing Long Bridge, led through one of the earthworks which were then but unconnected links in the incomplete chain of fortifications that now environs





Washington. Through the gloom of night the huge guns looked like crouching lions to dispute the passage of pilgrims. Beyond this point the way was over miserable country roads past log cabins and sometimes dwellings of considerable pretense, all apparently deserted. The absence of all life, except occasionally a black gazing half-wonderingly on the line as it filed past, made the march seem peculiarly dreary. Just before daylight on Monday morning, the regiment arrived at Roach's Mills. After partaking of coffee provided by the men of the First, the work of establishing a camp was begun and carried on vigorously all day.

At night the two regiments had orders to march, in consequence of the attack on the Ohio Volunteers, and a train to take them to the scene of the slaughter arrived about midnight. Here they remained until the next day, June 18th, when they occupied Falls Church. The tents, provisions, and baggage had been left at Roach's Mills under a small guard, and were brought up the next day. That very evening (Wednesday, the 19th of June) Sergeant Austin G. Monroe of Co. B, and Corporal Charles E. Hawks of Co. D, were taken prisoners while supping at a house beyond our lines. This was the first casualty in the regiment—the first evidence that they were in the enemy's country. Only two days afterward Captain Kellogg, of Co. K, while out with his company on picket duty, was captured. This affair was misrepresented in the papers at the time. Reflections on Captain Kellogg's motives were made which were very unjust. From a military point of view he was censurable for leaving his command even for a few moments; but in escorting to their home two ladies who represented to him their fears of insult if unattended, he merely obeyed the promptings of a generous and chivalrous nature. Soon as his abduction was known, a detachment from the cavalry—which I have mentioned in the history of the First as being stationed with the two regiments—was sent out to overtake the enemy. From the camp of the Second they could be seen two miles away, scouring over a hill, each man strongly relieved against the crimson, sunset sky. The pursuit was ineffectual, however, and the officers and men sadly resigned themselves to the loss of a good man and efficient officer.

The situation of the two regiments while at this place was a dangerous one, as these casualties proved, and night after night the men expected to be awakened by the long roll and the news of the enemy's advance. In fact their position was so regarded in Washington, and on the afternoon of Satur-

day, June 22d, orders were received from Washington by telegraph, (a line of which following the road connected with that on the railroad,) to loosen tent-pins, pile the baggage in the tents and be ready to strike them and march at a given signal. Prisoners had been brought in that day who confirmed the information possessed by the War Department that the Connecticut troops were to be attacked that night. Happily for them, however, no attempt was made to dislodge them. On Monday morning, the 24th, the Third Connecticut arrived, and encamped near the two others.

July 1st, Captain Downes, of Co. I, resigned on account of ill health, and John E. Durivage, the Second Lieutenant, was promoted to be Captain, and Henry F. Cowles, Sergeant Major, appointed Second Lieutenant in his place. These were the only changes in officers during the term of service of the regiment, except the appointment by the Governor of Rev. Hiram Eddy, of Winchester, as Chaplain, who arrived while the regiment was at Falls Church, and was subsequently taken prisoner at Bull Run.

At the time of the move into Virginia Colonel Terry was left ill at the hospital, but after the regiment had been at Fall's Church a week or so he joined it, though still quite feeble. The occasion was made a season of rejoicing, and a new camp flag, generously provided and forwarded to the regiment by the Messrs. Trowbridge, of New Haven, and kept by the men for this occasion, was raised after dress parade, on the day of the Colonel's arrival, to the music of the band and the cheers of the assembled regiment. These demonstrations were rebuked by Gen. Tyler as improper "in the face of the enemy," a proceeding that created much ill feeling.

At this stage of the war, private property was sacredly respected, and the men lived in the midst of luxuries they were forbidden to share. A Mr. Taylor, who kept the Oak Hill Tavern, which was made the regimental head-quarters, refused to sell a single pig, fowl, or vegetable, and though the men longed for something different from plain camp fare, which did not include fresh vegetables, he never complained of having suffered the loss of a cent's worth of property. This respect for personal rights is a creditable feature in the history of the three Connecticut regiments, and in striking contrast to the conduct of those from some other States. On the march to Fairfax and Bull Run the man who acted as guide to General Tyler's division had his hen roosts robbed by the soldiers of another State on the first night after the departure from Fall's Church.

July 12th, while companies G and H were

out as advance pickets, three men of each company got lost in a dense forest, and while trying to find their way back, were surprised by mounted scouts of the enemy. Avoiding this danger by hiding for a while in a thicket, they approached a house to ascertain their whereabouts, and conjecturing that it was too far from their own camps to be the residence of those professing Union sentiments, they covered the cypher U. S., on their belt-plates, with their cap pouches, and went in. They represented themselves as Confederate soldiers, a deception assisted by the dress of the New Haven Grays, worn by three of them, which much resembled that of portions of the rebel army. Here they found the two Misses Scott, (who were recognized from having visited the Connecticut camps,) and a man calling himself their brother. Pretending that they wished concealment from the pursuit of Ohio troops, our Connecticut boys got the most accurate information of the location of the Federal pickets. This enabled them to find their way back, and, revealing their true character, they brought the three as prisoners into camp. In the meantime, the companies had returned with two other prisoners, and their regret at losing their own men was changed to gratification at the capture of the artful she rebels who had entrapped Captain Kellogg. But after being subjected to a very brief detention, the prisoners were released by order of Gen. Tyler.

DOMINUS.

*To be Continued.*

This brief tribute of *one* is the heartfelt sentiment of *thousands* of friends at home:

Truly as much honor is due to the brave boys sent forth from Connecticut as to any soldiers who have been or are fighting to sustain the liberty and Government of the United States.

Many are the hardships and fatigues cheerfully endured by our gallant Connecticut boys to sustain the right and suppress the wrong. When we recall to mind Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, and other great battles, none can deny that high honor and praise is due to the Connecticut regiments engaged at those places. Their manly and courageous deeds ought to be and will be handed down to our admiring posterity by the historian.

Yet many papers do not acknowledge half the honor due to Connecticut for the glorious deeds which she has been and is performing. Connecticut has to-day thousands of loyal hearts ready to approve and sustain a judicious and earnest effort to publish with justice and due praise the record of Connecticut and her gallant soldiers.

All honor to the courageous soldiers of our State. May God bless and keep them. However dark and dreary the times may appear, we may depend upon them for true hearts and brave deeds.

SEXUS.





## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### First Connecticut Artillery.

FORT RICHARDSON, VA.,  
November 28th, 1862. }

I believe you have already published the history of this regiment, (First Connecticut Artillery,) so far as it is contained in the reports of the Adjutant General of Connecticut, embracing the periods of time in which we were at Hagerstown and Williamsport, and in Gen. Banks' Division at Darnstown. With our first arrival at this point, where we were changed from Infantry to Heavy Artillery, about two years since, our participation in the Peninsula campaign, in which we had the siege train; also in the battles of the Peninsula after the evacuation of Yorktown, in which we used our thirty pound Parrott Rifle, and four and one-half inch Rodman Guns, all of which were successfully brought off by us, and some of which are now in the forts which this regiment garrisons.

It is also known to many of your readers, that immediately after the close of the Peninsula campaign, we were placed in the forts we now occupy, it being then supposed that Washington was threatened from this side by the enemy, the retreat of Gen. Pope having been made in rear of the forts now occupied by us. Since that time we have remained in this position, with the exception of Companies B and M, which were sent to the army of Gen. Burnside, opposite Fredericksburg, with two Batteries of eight four and one-half inch Rodman guns. Those companies have accompanied that army in all its changes and battles, including Gettysburg, and are still with the army of Gen. Meade. They received high praise for their conduct in the recent action near the Rappahannock, in which two Brigades of the enemy were taken prisoners. They are in the Reserve Artillery, commanded by Gen. R. O. Tyler, who formerly commanded this regiment.

After Gen. Tyler's promotion, Col. H. L. Abbot was appointed to the command of the regiment.

Col. Abbot is a graduate of West Point and was second in his class. He has, from the time he graduated, been constantly in the army, in the Topographical Engineer branch of the service. He was on the Staff of Gen. Dan Tyler in the first Bull Run battle, when he was wounded in the leg by the same ball

which killed his horse. His eminent scientific attainments fully qualify him for a Heavy Artillery command.

It seems now well understood that should a siege train become again necessary, it will be given to this regiment. Indeed, we have not unfrequently been called the siege train brigade.

Our time here has not been idly spent, but has been divided between thorough Infantry and Artillery drills, in Infantry, Brigade as well as Regimental and Company drills, in all which the regiment has attained creditable proficiency, having received much praise for its attainments in these respects by competent judges, which, we are all willing to believe, is merited.

Through the summer we have had a great deal of practice at firing, both from heavy guns and mortars, at targets, and in experiments made by orders of the Department at Washington, with elongated and other projectile, to test scientifically the depth of penetration, &c. These experiments have thus far been confined to this regiment, and have been very satisfactory. Accurate reports are made of all these firings, and with accompanying diagrams contribute to form a permanent and useful record in giving a more thorough knowledge and precision to the science of Heavy Artillery. One experiment suggested and tried by Col. Abbot was of an entirely new combination in a mortar projectile, which was very satisfactory, and promises to be quite useful.

Our present location is a very pleasant and healthful one. We have none sick in our hospital. Our men are cleanly in their persons, and soldierly in their appearance.

Of our old soldiers, those who came out with us, and have now less than one year to serve, nearly one hundred and fifty have reenlisted with us as veteran volunteers, and many new applications are daily made. We feel confident that a large majority of the regiment will remain with it until the close of the war.

But while we are doing so well here, our friends at home, who should long since have given us a sufficient number of recruits to fill up the regiment, seem to be idle or careless in the matter. We have endeavored to make a regiment of which the State might be justly proud, and think we have done so, and yet we now require six hundred men to fill our ranks, we having now but little over twelve hundred men.

We offer every inducement to all good soldiers who desire to enter the service. They will share with us a reputation which we have already won, and which is excelled by no other regiment in the service. The certainty that when we move from here we take the siege train, a most desirable position, an opportunity for thorough military instruction, which I do not think is equaled in any other regiment; the immediate wants of the Government, evinced by the large bounties offered; the prospects of speedy termination of the war, should those wants be rapidly supplied; our recent glorious victories, all seem enough to impel our young men at home to rapidly fill up the ranks of those regiments which have so faithfully served their country. Are our people at home doing their duty?

Yours, very truly,

NELSON L. WHITE,  
*Lieut. Col. 1st Conn. Artillery.*

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### First Connecticut Cavalry.

CAMP CHESEBROUGH, }  
BALTIMORE, Dec. 3d, 1862. }

#### PRESENTATIONS.

A few weeks ago the members of Co. F brought themselves into favorable notice by making handsome surprise presents to their commissioned officers. Second Lieutenant M. D. Upson, more recently First Lieutenant of Co. G. received at the hands of Sergeant Robert Smith, in behalf of Co. F, a beautiful sabre, with belt, sash, pistol and holster, valued together at sixty dollars. First Lieutenant Amos Clift was honored soon after, by the same generous men, with a similar token of respect and esteem—an elegant sabre, sash and belt worth seventy dollars. The same company presented to William E. Morris, their Captain, at the last pay day, a valuable sabre and belt. The sabre alone cost seventy-five dollars.

#### BOUND FOR CONNECTICUT.

An order has just been received by Capt. E. Colburn, directing him to report to the commanding officer of the Recruiting Department in Connecticut, with the following members of this regiment: Sergt. Wm. P. Fragansa, Co. A; B. F. Lindley, Co. B; Sergt. Frank Ross, Co. C; Sergt. Fred. Curtiss, Co. D; Sergt. Perry Tomlinson, Co. E; Sergt. Robert Smith, Co. F; and Sergt. H. B. Brockway, Co. G.

A few of our men have been on recruiting service in the State for several





months, under Capt. Geo. O. Marcy of Co. G.

#### NEW HORSES AND EQUIPMENTS.

When a number of men were detailed to go to Washington for horses to be issued to Co's F and G, it was easy to tell who were the old cavaliers. While the inexperienced were eager to commence their mounted service by riding forty miles "bare-back," and leading four or five other horses tied together by their necks with a rope, the more knowing ones winked at each other and said, "Deliver me!" Since the horses and equipments have come, the new riders have applied themselves to drilling, and made excellent improvement.

The weather in Baltimore has been balmy and delightful as May, and the men have not failed to improve and enjoy it.

#### REMOVAL FROM HARPER'S FERRY.

Our soldiers at the Ferry were completing their preparations for a comfortable stay during the winter, when orders came to break camp and remove to Charlestown, a few miles farther south. A cavalry brigade is now stationed at Charlestown, consisting of portions of the First New York, Twenty-first and Twenty-second Pennsylvania, Cole's Battalion of Maryland, and the First Connecticut.

Gen. Schenck having resigned his position as Major General Commanding the Middle Department, will soon leave this city to take his seat in Congress, and it is possible this cavalry may soon be ordered away. But, as soldiers, we have no abiding place, and no strong local attachments. Like the Irishman, when asked where he was from, "We're from every place but this, and will soon be from this."

#### A SKIRMISH.

The Connecticut boys performed well their part in the recent attack upon Gen. Imboden, in the Shenandoah Valley, led by Col. Boyd, commanding the cavalry brigade at Charlestown. In this expedition our men rode over the old battle grounds where the little Connecticut battalion fought so nobly under Gen. Fremont, eighteen months ago, and now a second time they smelled powder and saw blood flow in the streets of Mount Jackson. Soldiers have a strange passion for visiting old battle fields, the scenes of their daring and suffering. Events and associations throw a charm about

certain localities. Home is the most sacred spot on earth, and the least mention of home to the soldier, or the least message of affection from the loved ones there, brings the

———"Echoes that start  
When Memory plays an old tune on the heart."

But next to his own dear home, the last to be forgotten by the soldier, is the place where he faces danger, strikes a blow for his country, and wins the name of a hero.

#### GETTYSBURG.—GRAVES OF CONNECTICUT SOLDIERS.

Your correspondent and a few other members of this regiment were present at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg on the 19th of November. Portions of the ground are appropriated to the several States, and a large number of the patriot remains have been removed from different parts of the battle field and laid side by side in their last resting place. The spot is sacred to every loyal citizen of this Republic, but let the people of Connecticut remember that our own State has an interest in that consecrated ground which all her sons ought to cherish. As I wandered among the graves of the heroes after the crowd had dispersed, my eye fell upon a cluster of mounds, beneath which are sleeping a number of Connecticut soldiers who fell at the battle of Gettysburg. Those gallant men had been accustomed to expect a humble resting place at the close of life by the side of their fathers and mothers in their native State, but I deem it an honor, a glorious reward for their patriotic devotion, that they are buried in a National Cemetery, where grateful generations will read their names and bless their silent dust. That dedication marks a great day in our nation's history. Indeed, it seemed to me one of the grandest acts of our Government to bestow such distinguished honor upon the fallen heroes; and, yielding to the inspiration of the hour, I paused to repeat the words of Horatio Hale—meaningless words when I used to pronounce them at school in my boyhood, but full of beauty and tenderness now:

"Hallow ye the lonely grave,  
Make its caverns deep and wide;  
In the soil they died to save,  
Lay the brave men side by side.  
Side by side they fought and fell,  
Hand to hand they met the foe;  
Who has heard his grandsire tell  
Braver strife or deadlier blow?"

"Wake your mournful harmonies,  
Your tears of pity shed for them;  
Summer dew and sighing breeze  
Shall be wail and requiem.  
Pile the grave-mound broad and high,  
Where the martyr'd brethren sleep;  
It shall point the pilgrim's eye  
Here to bend—and here to weep."

ED. RINER.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### The Seventh Regiment.

In the letter published in the October Record, relative to the Seventh Connecticut on Morris Island, an error occurred, whether resulting from an omission on my part or on the part of the printer, I have not now the means of knowing.

In enumerating the batteries officered and manned by members of the Seventh Connecticut, the letter, as printed, fails to mention that a battery of three thirty pound Parrotts was commanded by Capt. Atwell, and manned from this regiment.

Since the date of that letter the number of casualties in the regiment has been considerably enlarged. A considerable number have been wounded by shells while in fatigue or on guard at the front. Thus far, however, none of these wounds have proved fatal.

I may add that the successive numbers of the Record are received with increasing favor among the members of this regiment.

DIXWELL.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### Nineteenth Regiment.

November has been a busy month with this regiment. Drill has been the duty morning, forenoon, and afternoon. The weekly routine has been, as far as circumstances would permit, our brigade drill, three battalion, five artillery, and four company drills. Occasionally there has been also regimental dress parade at headquarters. A portion of the evenings have likewise been employed—the non-commissioned officers reciting twice a week in heavy artillery, and the commissioned officers twice in Robert's Evolutions of the Line. Daily guard-mounting and dress parade have also had their place. What proficiency and military study will achieve for us in efficiency and reputation, it is determined shall be achieved. And it has already achieved considerable, as this one fact fully shows, that without any strategy or pleading we have been changed from an infantry to a heavy artillery regiment. Governor Buckingham is yet to designate the number of the regiment. It will probably be the Second Connecticut. Till thus designated, we keep to our old number, under





which we have secured so good a reputation at home and in the service. When it is remembered that we have been out but one year, and are not even a minimum infantry regiment, and are without a single West Point officer, we are assured our noiseless effort of study and drill has given a proficiency which must have impressed the minds of reviewing officers, to have secured this change. But be this as it may, we have honorably reached a position in the service which, though we had hoped for, we had hardly dared expect, and therein do rejoice.

During the month there have been two reviews—one of the regiment, by Colonel Abbott, acting Brigadier General, and one of the brigade by General Barry, chief of artillery. There has been also an inspection of these fortifications by Major General Anger, commanding the defenses of Washington. In each of these the regiment acquitted itself to the approbation of the reviewing and inspecting officers.

Three batteries have been finished—two during the month—within our lines, which are workmanlike, and stand ready for field batteries in case of need. May they never be needed; and may these forts never have occasion to open fire, for may our country's arms never meet with that reverse, a foe so near its capital. But should Lee be so unexpectedly successful, the target firing of October assures he would meet with some very sharp shooting from these fortifications.

The promotions in and from the regiment have been Major N. Smith to be Lieutenant Colonel, Captain James Hubbard to be Major, James M. Bradley to be First Lieutenant in colored troops.

Though the health of the regiment for the month has been generally quite encouraging, yet there have died Lieutenant Hiram D. Gaylord, of Norfolk, on the 18th inst.—the first officer the regiment has lost by death; William H. Norville, Co. C, 29th inst.; and Julius Winship, Harwinton, suddenly, 30th inst. Thus far, nearly every one of our dead have been sent home by the voluntary contributions of the companies.

Our Colonel has just been surprised by the presentation, mainly from the privates, of a splendid and valuable horse—one on which we are not ashamed to see him appear on any occasion. This renewed testimony of attachment was entirely unexpected, and called forth an expression of thanks which must have abundantly repaid the donors. At the organization of the regiment, the officers presented him with a like gift, which had become impaired greatly to his regret, for "Jim" was a "character" in the regiment. Now the men have stepped forward

with an open hand and willing heart and claimed their privilege to testify in a similar way their strong regard for our commanding officer. Colonel and regiment are tightly bound to each other, as various and repeated testimonials attest, and will long be remembered, even when home joys again gladden the heart.

It is not all work with us, but occasionally a little play, lest Jack should become a dull boy. On the evening of the Colonel's birthday, just past, the ladies of headquarters, not having succeeded to their minds in giving him the forty stripes save one due, planned to take him by surprise upon his return home. His way to his room was obstructed with rifled cannon and infernal machines of peculiar construction. But upon the first discharge, suspecting—the result of a ten years' matrimonial campaign—that the "old boy" was to pay, he held back and sent his two brave accompanying staff officers ahead to reconnoiter and draw the fire of the enemy, when, as they proceeded, charge after charge of pebbles, bayonets, etc., blazed down the stairs, and showers of beans pelted from above like terrific hail. And the brave advancing Lee found what his rebel namesake has found in his northward advances—"such getting up stairs I never did see." ii.

For the Connecticut War Record.

### The Twelfth Regiment.

NEW IBERIA, LA., Nov. 21st, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—The Twelfth find themselves, at this date, three miles below the town of New Iberia, on the Teche, encamped on an old cotton field. The men have shelter tents, (mere strips of cloth which they button together,) and the officers have "A" tents, about six feet square; but in your well furnished parlors in Connecticut you can scarcely conceive how we prize these little comforts. Almost six months we were—men and officers too—without any tents whatever, exposed to all kinds of hardship, making long marches, fighting hard battles, enduring heat, hunger, crowded on boats where all could not find room to lie down, drinking the most miserable water, from which even cattle at home would turn away in disgust, *always in front*, and subject to constant alarms, building railroads and bridges, and then, instead of a quiet camp in which to recruit our wasted energies, spending the worst season in the year, viz.: August and September, in one of the most unhealthy localities in Louisiana. Nearly all the regiment were sick at Brashear City, so that the fall campaign was entered with

less than two hundred men for duty, and with nearly three hundred in the various hospitals of the departments. We are one of those regiments that are *always kept at work*. Not an officer or man, except on sick leave or duty, has gone North this year. Surely the regiment must be valuable, or some of the *promised* furloughs would have been granted. As the Twelfth is a regiment that can be *depended upon*, they are always in the front. A year ago, at Labadaville, they were in the front; all winter on an outpost; at the destruction of the steamer Cotton; the battle of Bisland; all the long march to the Pine Woods on the Red River; forty-two days at Port Hudson; at Brashear; and now again, on this second sweep through Western Louisiana, we are in front. There is virtue in "staying by the staff;" there is also in going forth to battle. It may be worthy of praise to labor for one's country; it is much harder to *suffer* for it. Although the Twelfth is justly celebrated for its hardihood and endurance, yet *we are human*, and can be broken down by exposure *too prolonged*, and when the true merit of a regiment is estimated, those who have been *broken down for life* and unfitted for military duty by exposure and disease, must be remembered. We think the pale faces, the shaking forms, the wan and wasted bodies of the brave men who come around us in every hospital, tell as much what has been endured by the soldiers of the Twelfth Connecticut as the small line on dress parade; and the lengthening list of those whose "final statements" are made up forever, show us that we are not playing with disease, but fighting it.

Since September 17th, the Twelfth, still under the much loved Weitzel, have marched to Opelousas and Barry's Landing, where, after a ten days' sojourn, they returned to New Iberia, one hundred and eighty miles, besides counter-marches.

The weather is fine most of the time, and the men are in good health, and the occasional capture of a hundred rebels keeps them in good spirits.

If we ever get a "breathing spell," we have a better library than the rebels captured from us at Brashear, waiting for us at New Orleans, purchased by the regiment.

1st Lieut. Hendricks of Co. C, has recently been promoted to be Captain of Co. E, *vice* Capt. Byxbie, resigned, and private Henry Tuttle of Co. C, promoted





to be Quartermaster, *vice* C. V. R. Pond, resigned.

Adj. Geo. Harmount, promoted to be Lieutenant Colonel Third Louisiana Engineers; private S. G. Lewis, Co. B, to be Lieutenant in the First Regiment Corps de Afrique.

Perhaps we are too late for the December WAR RECORD. Our mails are slow. Yours truly,

J. H. B.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### The Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers.

In attempting a history of the Twenty-first Connecticut Volunteers, I am compelled to go back over a period of more than fourteen months, to the time of its organization at Norwich, Conn., in the month of August, 1863.

It is necessary to go back thus far, from the fact that, notwithstanding that there are many in its ranks and among its officers who are well able to write its history, yet for some unaccountable reason no one has ever taken it upon themselves to do so. And so we are today, after more than fourteen months of service, compelled to confess that we, as a regiment, are minus "our own correspondent." True, some few letters have struggled forth into the light and found their way into print, but they have been so few and fragmentary that they can hardly be said to form a very important record.

I have therefore consented at this late day to write out a few facts and incidents relating to the past and present of the Twenty-first Regiment, and in doing so shall very hastily and briefly review the first year of its service, without expecting to do justice to any part of it.

The Twenty-first Connecticut was organized at Norwich, Conn., during the month of August, 1863, and mustered into the service of the United States Sept. 5, and is composed, as it was, to a remarkable degree, of men of good moral character and high standing in society, men who, in tendering their services to their country, had done so from a firm conviction of duty. It was pronounced by all as one of the most promising regiments which the State had raised, and with the confidence of all those who had visited us while in camp at Norwich, as well as of those who had been instrumental in its formation, that it would prove an honor to the State, and aid very materially in sustaining the cause of liberty and humanity. It was ordered on board the cars at Norwich on the 11th day of September, and we, bidding adieu to our many friends, proceeded to the seat of war.

Sept. 13, arrived at Washington, D. C.  
Sept. 14, went into camp at East Capitol Hill.

Sept. 17, moved camp to Arlington Heights, Virginia.

Oct. 1, ordered to Frederick City, Md.

Oct. 2, ordered to Sandy Hook, Md.

Oct. 4, Left Sandy Hook for Sharpsburgh, Virginia.

Oct. 6, returned via Sandy Hook to Pleasant Valley, Maryland, and joined the 2d Brigade of the 3d Division of the 9th army corps, where we remained until the 28th day of October.

Oct. 28, left Pleasant Valley with the Army of the Potomac under Gen. McClellan, and crossed the Potomac at Berlin to "Forward on Richmond," via Fredericksburgh.

Oct. 30, left Lovettsville, arriving at Wheatland.

Nov. 1, left Wheatland, arriving at Unionville.

Nov. 3, left Unionville, arriving at Ashby's Gap.

Nov. 5, left Ashby's Gap, arriving at Oak Hill.

Nov. 6, left Oak Hill, arriving at Orleans.

Nov. 7, left Orleans, arriving at what was designated as camp near Warrenton, but afterwards most appropriately named "Camp Starvation," from the fact that our Commissary Department pretty much played out here, so much so that "Hard Tack" sold readily at twenty-five cents each, and scarcely anything could be procured for several days. While stopping here, we were one evening ordered about two miles in the direction of Waterloo, to sustain Pleasanton's Cavalry who had came up with the enemy and were being driven back. The rebels finding that Pleasanton was being re-enforced, fell back with a loss of some fifty head of cattle and some dozen prisoners. We remained under arms during the night, and as the enemy had fallen back, we returned to Camp Starvation.

Gen. Burnside having now been assigned to the command of the Army of the Potomac, we were again ordered forward, leaving Camp Starvation Nov. 15, arriving within ten miles of Fairfax, when Benjamin's Battery came upon a small force of the enemy. A slight skirmish ensued, in which the enemy fell back, three of their guns being silenced by the first round fired at a distance of one mile, and one at the second round, a distance of two miles.

Nov. 16, left camp near Fairfax, arriving at Warrenton Junction after a long march, in which we had gone nine miles out of our way.

Nov. 17, left camp at Warrenton Junction, arriving at Cedar Grove.

Nov. 18, left Cedar Grove, arriving within eight miles of Fredericksburgh.

Nov. 19, arrived at Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburgh, having in twelve days marched over 175 miles. Everybody is already well acquainted with the reason of the delay at Falmouth before the attack upon Fredericksburgh. pontoons failed to come up, which occasioned long delay, so that the rebels took possession of the Heights beyond the city, and rapidly fortified them. Thus, by the non arrival of the pontoons the delay was occasioned, which proved fatal to the object of the expedition.

Nov. 20, camps were laid out upon a very level portion of ground just in sight of the city. The Twenty-first had never yet received tents, not even shelter tents, and consequently had to construct rude and miserable shelters by the use of blankets, &c., as they had always done during the long march from Maryland to Fredericksburgh.

Nov. 21, a tremendous storm of rain fell and continued, without any relaxation, until the morning of the 23d. Our men laid down at night under their rudely constructed shelters to awake in the night to find the water rapidly rising around them, and pouring piteously down upon them.

In the morning it was nearly ankle deep, and the soil had become so soft and muddy that it was useless to attempt to lie down anywhere in the camp; and so the men, without shelter, passed two as miserable days as they had ever known, some standing with blankets over their heads as a protection to the merciless storm, while some walked back and forth through the mud and rain endeavoring to thus pass away the weary hours, while others sat silent upon their knapsacks, longing for the storm to pass by. And pass it did; but ere it had passed away, it had sown widely and freely the seeds of disease and death in many of the bravest and strongest in the regiment. After the storm the men were allowed to go away into the woods to dry themselves by fires made there, as the only place free from mud; and on the 27th day of November, while Thanksgiving was being celebrated in our native State, our boys were busy in moving camp to some more appropriate ground. The previous camp was ever afterwards known as "Camp Death," from the fact of many having lost their lives there from the effects of the storm, and been laid tenderly to rest beneath the unfriendly soil of Virginia.

The remainder of the month passed away while the regiment was daily perfecting itself in drill. December came with its cold





winds and storms, and was fast passing away, and no attack had yet been made upon the rebellious city, and some had come to doubt whether an attack would be made; but the morning of the 11th of December the roar of cannon rang out among the hills and valleys, rousing us from our slumbers, as the very earth trembled and shook. The storm had begun, and was now raging with steadily increasing fury. It was no mild warning of the elements, but a storm of "lead and iron hail," vomited forth from the mouths of hundreds of cannon on both sides of the river, and shaking the old hills with their thunders, as echo after echo came and went, telling the inhabitants for miles around that the battle of Fredericksburgh had opened, and was being waged with terrible energy.

The pontoon bridges were being built amid the deadly fire of the enemy, who were using their utmost endeavors to prevent their being thrown across to the opposite shore.

But brave hearts and steady and determined hands had begun the work and could not be deterred, though many perished in the work by the enemy's sharpshooters concealed in the buildings on the shore. Nobly they accomplished their work, and the crossing commenced, and regiments, brigades and divisions, with colors flying, and bristling bayonets reflecting the sunbeams from their glittering points, marched gallantly over into the traitorous city.

At the opening of the battle, the Twenty-first, with most of the other troops, were ordered under arms, and towards night of the first day of the battle were marched down near the river ready to cross. We did not, however, cross until the second day, (Friday,) when we marched over into the city just at night and stacked arms in the street, and slept in unoccupied buildings and stores. No infantry of any account had as yet been engaged, the battle thus far having been between artillery, the sharpshooters doing what little they could to help it along. On the morning of the 13th, the day which was to close on a dark and bloody field strewn with thousands of dead and dying, we were ordered down to the banks of the river where we lay during most of the day, the shot and shell of the enemy passing over us, and often exploding among us, and severely wounding several of our own men.

The battle had now commenced in earnest, and the rattle of musketry mingled with the roar of cannon, told that the impatient combatants were hotly contesting the ground, while the wounded and dying being borne to the rear and across the river, told that many a poor patriot was fighting his last fight. Night was now coming on, when we

were ordered to the front, and again marching up into the city we formed in line of battle and proceeded to the field, while the musket balls fell thickly among us, killing one man and wounding several. Arrived near the battle-field we were ordered to halt and lie down until wanted, to escape the musket balls which fell fast among us, and had just halted, when Col. Custis, of the 4th Rhode Island, immediately on our left, and in our brigade, (the 2d,) was shot from his horse, and his clarion voice hushed forever in the silence of death. The firing soon ceased as the darkness of night closed over the scene, and we lay upon the field until the next morning, when hostilities having for the present, at least, ceased, we returned to the city. It was expected that this day, (Sunday, the 14th,) would witness a still more desperate battle, it being the purpose of Gen. Burnside to charge the enemy's works, and, if possible, take them. The battle would be a desperate one, all knew it. The Twenty-first had been designated to lead the advance on the center. The attack was to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. Ten o'clock came and passed, and so did the day. No movements were made, the attack having been declared too hazardous to attempt. Monday the 15th passed, and as darkness came on we were ordered to the front, again expecting to attack the enemy's work under cover of the darkness. We marched out near the field of battle, and silently awaited the order to move on their works. After about two hours or more of waiting, we were ordered to march as silently as possible to the river, and now for the first time learned that a large portion of the army had recrossed while we had been making a show in front to deceive the enemy.

The 2d Brigade now recrossed, and we returned to our old camp worn and weary from the fatigues of the battle, while the nation mourned the failure to obtain the Heights, and the loss of many of its noblest and bravest sons.

DEL.

For the Connecticut War Record.

From the Eighth Regiment.

CAMP OF THE 8TH C. V.,  
November, 1863.

DEAR EDITOR:—Some of your many readers will like to know how the Eighth spent Thanksgiving Day. The night previous, an order was read on Dress Parade from Gen. Butler, stating that all duties that could be dispensed with on that day should be suspended. The day was a fine one and a pleasant one to us, for it carried us back in imagination to the pleasant firesides which we left behind us to go forth and battle for our

country's rights and liberty. It also carried us back to those days gone by, when we were wont to gather around the festive board which was loaded with the fattened poultry to celebrate Thanksgiving Day, and around which might be seen the smiling faces of friends near and dear to us. But then comes the saddening thought how many there are on this day whose hearts are torn with anguish as they look around the table and miss the familiar face of a father, son, brother or husband, who will never again fill their wonted places!

Some of the companies in the regiment were fortunate enough to have a *genuine* Thanksgiving supper. Company K was highly favored in that respect, and here let me express their thanks, through your columns, to Mr. Lemuel Curtis, of Meriden, for his generous and welcome gift of six turkeys. He will always be remembered by them for his untiring efforts to promote their comfort while on a visit amongst them. Thanks to the late visit of the Paymaster; some of the other companies were able to provide themselves with some of the luxuries that are not found in the Commissary Department, and which are to be found in the vicinity of Portsmouth and Norfolk. Some of the men passed the day agreeably by playing ball. About dark an order was given for the regiment to fall in. Immediately every one was on the qui vive. What does it mean? fell from every lip. Soon loud cheering was heard from the camp of the 15th Regiment, which is close by. The regiment was marched out on to the parade ground at a double quick step, and formed into a hollow square, and a dispatch was read. Great news from Chattanooga. Bragg's army defeated; 5000 prisoners taken. Probably one whole corps cut off by Hooker, &c. As soon as the despatch had been read, cheer after cheer rent the air, which was kept up at intervals till late in the evening. There is some excitement here about the re-enlistment of veteran troops. I think there are a good many who will re-enlist. We are quite comfortably situated here, as we have good log huts.

Our camp is graced with the presence of a few ladies, who have come on to visit their friends in the regiment. Their presence goes a great ways to cheer and enliven our somewhat monotonous life in camp. Our regimental band made their debut on dress parade this evening, and thanks to the untiring efforts of their leader, William Kerr, they are doing themselves credit. They have had many difficulties to overcome, but they have bravely surmounted them, and are now enjoying the benefits of it. We have lost one man by death since I last wrote you.





His name was Elihu Bissell of company B. His complaint was ulceration of the bowels. There are a goodly number of furloughs granted to the regiment now, and many are availing themselves of the chance to visit their friends at home. Capt. Hoyt is in command of the regiment at present, during the absence of Lieut. Col. Smith. Your paper is looked for here with a great deal of interest by the troops, as it is the only paper which gives us the condition and general news of our State troops in the field. The general health of the regiment is good, although the heavy rains which have commenced may occasion more or less sickness.

G. W. F.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### From the Sixteenth Regiment.

CAMP 16TH REGIMENT, CONN. VOLUNTEERS, }  
Near Portsmouth, Va., Nov. 27th, 1862. }

EDITOR WAR RECORD.—Was there ever such a Thanksgiving day? And of all places in the world, was there ever before such a thanksgiving in camp? I doubt it. Take my arm, dear Chaplain, now Editor of the War Record, and let us look into the company kitchens, as we stroll through camp. We have slept in each other's arms, under a piece of carpet, on the night after Antietam; we have hobnobbed many a time over hard tack and coffee sans sugar and milk, on the Virginia march. We know the fare of Falmouth's mud holes, and Fredericksburgh's streets. We can therefore appreciate what we shall see.

Here's Company F's kitchen. They have gone into chickens and geese, milk punch, too, turnips, onions, potatoes, pies and cakes with a rather compressed look about the edges. "Where do they come from, boys?" What, the pies and cakes? They come from old Connecticut! Yes, indeed. Mothers and sisters have packed them, in the far away homes, and here, with tender memories and a musty smell floating around them, they grace the thanksgiving feast of the soldier boys.

There's Company H. Four turkeys! Stick to the old style, boys! Twelve chickens attending the turkeys, as a staff attends general officers. Plum puddings, with no stint of plumbs, mince pies, too; and, oh goodness, a barrel of beer and several canteens of whiskey. Gloria in excelsis. Deo—"et Spiritus Frumenti militibus bone voluntatis," a mischievous friend suggests.

Turkeys and chickens also for Company I. Milk punch for them. Goodies from home. There never were such turkeys, so well done, so brown, so juicy,

so fat. There never was such milk punch. Mild as mother's milk, and sweet as a maiden's kiss, don't begin to describe it, and not a man intoxicated.

And so all round. Every company had a feast, and the boys on picket had little feasts on their own hook, and rivulets of milk punch, and beer, and whiskey, were diverted from the general stream, and found their way to those thirty throats out there; and there was wailing in the poultry yards.

And in the hospital, contrary to custom, according to which each patient receives his dinner, and eats it sitting on his bed, a table was laid, and such a spread! The time honored turkey, of course, and pudding, and all sorts of vegetables; porter to drink, milk punch afterwards, toasts and laughter, good stories. The sicker boys were kept up by pillows. Among them, two, who had just escaped from the jaws of death—a typhoid and a diphtheria case. Concerning the latter his father had telegraphed, "Send his body home." There he sat, pale, but beyond danger, giving thanks to Him who is above the stars, with his still living heart beating a *te deum laudamus*.

In the evening the band played several pieces with great success, and they manifested their delicacy and feeling by also serenading the hospital. This band has struggled long and arduously for existence. Each man has procured his instrument. In half hours stolen from the occupations of the day, they have practised their pieces. They begged and borrowed their music, and, as yet, they have no leader; still, some two weeks ago, they came out on parade, and, since then, have attended every parade and guard mounting, giving us very good music of the kind, and playing with a correctness that is truly surprising when we consider that no leader, and only a mutual agreement to keep time, sways the sounds of these thirteen instruments. They have the appreciation of the regiment and the gratitude of the officers. Adjutant J. B. Clapp, under whose protecting wings this band has been hatched from the unpromising eggs of a dilapidated drum corps, takes great credit unto himself, and looks consciously proud, whenever its strains are heard. The Adjutant holds his thanksgiving in "Whethersfieldcan groves," as some classic poet would say, but we cannot concede to him that he has passed a merrier day than we.

Note this fact. There was not a man intoxicated, not a man disorderly. This speaks for itself. When an extra issue of the Portsmouth Dominion came into camp late in the evening, bringing the news of Grant's recent success, cheer after cheer rent the air, closing the day in an appropriate manner.

Drills are to recommence next Monday. Lieut. Col. Burnham has been detailed on Court Martial, and consequently he will scarcely be able to drill the regiment in person. This is one of the disappointments in having an officer generally esteemed for his good sense, high honor, and just views. They make him preside at no end of Court Martials, and the regiment misses him. Our Quartermaster takes good care of us, and few troops are so well provided for the winter. Dr. Pease, the able Assistant Surgeon, has returned to the regiment. As for our Surgeon, he seems to have taken my former allusions to heart, and has reformed in many ways. Let us hope that he will succeed in his endeavors to improve. He needs it.

Good bye for the present, and believe me,

Yours truly, HORSE JOHN.

We regret to say that several communications arrived too late for insertion.

THE SPIRIT OF COLORED TROOPS.—The following is an extract from a letter written by a private of the 54th Massachusetts Regiment:

"I hear that my colored brethren have held a meeting in Boston to discuss our pay. We, as men, don't want any such thing. It is easy for men to talk, walking up and down Cambridge street. If they have any patriotism about them they will say to each other, 'men, let's go down into Egypt, shoulder to shoulder with our brethren who are toiling to secure our firesides.' We did not come to the rescue of our country for money. It was our duty to come, to rescue freedom, which was lost. We don't ask colored men to stay at home and grumble about our pay, but to come down here and see. Their talk seems to me like an empty cask, which makes more noise than a full one."

In your list of casualties, (November No.) at Bristow, in our regiment, I notice the omission of the name of Lieut. J. S. Scranton, of Madison, who was wounded by my side as we charged over the railroad, and is now at his home in Madison, recovering from his wound (in the foot), and we hope will soon be able to return to his regiment to serve as faithfully as an officer, as he has done for fifteen months as an enlisted man. S. F.

Since January 1862, one hundred and ten thousand men have been mustered into the United States service. Of these, sixty thousand were volunteers and fifty thousand were drafted. Forty thousand were colored.

Rev. Mr. Walker, of Putnam, has offered his services to Gov. Buckingham, in any capacity, under the new call for troops.

A war meeting was held in Brooklyn, and 14 volunteers secured. This number is more than half the quota of the town.





## REGIMENTAL.

## Locations of Regiments in the Connecticut Volunteer Force now in the Field.

1st Reg. Conn. Cav., Col. Wm. S. Fish, Baltimore, Md., Nov. 30, 1863.  
 1st Reg. Conn. Art., Col. Henry L. Abbott, Fort Richardson, Va., Nov. 30, 1863.  
 2nd Reg. Conn. Art., Col. E. S. Kellogg, Ellsworth, Va., Nov. 7, 1863.  
 5th Reg. Conn. Vols., Col. Warren W. Packer, Cowan, Tenn., Oct. 31, 1863.  
 6th Reg. Conn. Vols., Col. Redfield Duryee, Hilton Head, Oct. 1, 1863.  
 7th Reg. Conn. Vols., Col. Joseph R. Hawley, St. Helena Island, Nov. 19, 1863.  
 8th Reg. Conn. Vols., Col. J. E. Ward, Portsmouth, Va., Nov. 2, 1863.  
 9th Reg. Conn. Vols., Lieut.-Col. Richard Fitz Gibbons, commanding, New Orleans, La., Sept. 16, 1863.  
 10th Reg. Conn. Vols., Major E. S. Greely commanding, St. Augustine, Fla., Nov. 10, 1863.  
 11th Reg. Conn. Vols., Col. G. A. Steedman, Jr., Gloucester Point, Va., Nov. 18, 1863.  
 12th Reg. Conn. Vols., Lieut. Col. F. H. Peck commanding, near Patterson, La., Sept. 22, 1863.  
 13th Reg. Conn. Vols., Col. C. D. Blinn, Thibodeaux, La., Oct. 5, 1863.  
 14th Reg. Conn. Vols., Col. Theodore G. Ellis, near Warrentown, Va., Oct. 31, 1863.  
 15th Reg. Conn. Vols., Col. Charles L. Upham, Portsmouth, Va., Oct. 31, 1863.  
 16th Reg. Conn. Vols., Lieut. Col. John H. Burnham, near Portsmouth, Va., Nov. 1, 1863.  
 17th Reg. Conn. Vols., Col. Wm. H. Noble, Folly Island, S. C., Oct. 6, 1863.  
 18th Reg. Conn. Vols., Major Henry Peale, Martinsburg, Va., Nov. 1, 1863.  
 19th Reg. Conn. Vols.,—see 2nd Reg. Conn. Artillery.  
 20th Reg. Conn. Vols., Col. Sam. Ross, 12th Army Corps, Stevenson, Ala., via Nashville, Nov. 11, 1863.  
 21st Reg. Conn. Vols., Col. A. H. Dutton, Norfolk, Va., Oct. 31, 1863.  
 1st Light Battery, Capt. Alfred P. Rockwell, Folly Island, S. C., Oct. 31, 1863.  
 2nd Light Battery, Capt. John W. Sterling, Camp Barry, Washington, D. C., Oct. 31, 1863.  
 1st squad Cav., Harris Light Cavalry.

The following officers and men have been recently detached on recruiting service for their several regiments. These regiments are all in comfortable quarters, and will probably remain for the winter.

*Second Connecticut Light Battery.*—Capt. John W. Sterling; Sergt. Wm. J. Gould; Corp. Edw. A. Holt; Privates Wyllis H. Stillman, David Sterling. To be stationed at Bridgeport.

*Eighth Regiment.*—2d Lieut. Charles N. Irwin; Sergt. Samuel Lord, Co. A; Private Walter Smithson, B; Corp. Albert Seymour, C; Serg. Henry D. Rose, D; Serg. Seth E. Plumb, E; Serg. George A. Rouse, F; Corp. Charles H. Culver, G; Sergt. Jacob Bishop, H; Corp. Jos. B. Weed, I; Corp. Wm. Dudley, K.

*Eleventh Regiment.*—Lieut.-Colonel Moering, with Sergeants F. Blackman, Bush, John Adams, Smith, L. Gilbert, S. Bushnell, Burley, Butler, Humphrey, and Knowles H. Taylor.—Stationed in Hartford.

*Fifteenth Regiment.*—1st Lieut. Herman B. French; Sergt. Marcus M. Linsley, Co. A; Corp. Robert Agnew, B; Sergt. Robert Latta, C; Corp. Conrad Christmiller, D; Corp. Paul S. Allen, E; Private Edwin C. Pinks, F; Sergt. Joseph Kegelmeyer, G; Private George W. Sendecker, H; Sergt. Wm. H. Jones, I; Sergt. John H. Hall, K. To be stationed in New Haven.

*Sixteenth Regiment.*—Lieut. G. Miller; Sergts. Samuel M. Fenn, Wm. H. Relyea, Chas. A. Roys, Wm. P. Amidon, Merritt S. Strong; Corp. John Gemmill; Privates W. W. Case, John Good, B. C. Ray, Samuel Wetmore. Stationed at Hartford.

*Twenty-first Regiment.*—1st Lieut. John F. Trum-

bull; Sergt. Abner A. Revins; Corporals F. C. Buck, Wm. Gardner, Willis D. Rouse, C. J. Humphrey, Thomas M. Newbury; Privates Paul H. Hillard, Edward C. Arnold, L. M. Maynards. To be stationed at New London.

## PERSONAL.

## Appointments and Promotions in the Connecticut Volunteer Force during the month of November, 1863.

(OFFICIAL.)

1ST CAVALRY.—Corporal Allen F. Phillips, of Co. A, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. B, with rank from November 5, 1863, vice *Morsehouse*, promoted.

5TH REGIMENT.—1st Lieut. Edward K. Carley, of Co. A, to be Regimental Quartermaster, with the rank of 1st Lieut., from April 1, 1863, vice *Preston*, resigned.

2d Lieut. Edgar A. Stratton, of Co. A, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. A, with rank from Nov. 16, 1863, vice *Carley*, promoted.

1st Sergeant Addison M. Whitlock, of Co. A, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. A, with rank from Nov. 16, 1863, vice *Stratton*, promoted.

Sergeant Harlan P. Rugg, of Co. I, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. F, with rank from Nov. 16, 1863, vice *Carter*, promoted.

6TH REGIMENT.—Lieut. Col. Daniel C. Rodman, of the 7th Regiment, to be Colonel of the 6th Regiment, with rank from Nov. 9, 1863, vice *Chaffield*, deceased.

Quartermaster Sergeant Clovis E. Hammond, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. G, with rank from Oct. 20, 1863, vice *Fitch*, promoted.

Commissary Sergeant Dwight A. Woodruff, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. C, with rank from Sept. 22, 1863, vice *Pfaff*, dismissed.

1st Sergeant George Soder, of Co. H, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. F, with rank from Oct. 24, 1863, vice *Peck*, promoted.

Lieut. Col. Redfield Duryee, to be Colonel, with rank from Nov. 27, 1863, vice *Rodman*, who declines commission.

Major Lorenzo Meeker, to be Lieut. Col., with rank from Nov. 27, 1863, vice *Duryee*, promoted.

Captain Daniel Klein, of Co. C, to be Major, with rank from Nov. 27, 1863, vice *Meeker*, promoted.

3TH REGIMENT.—1st Lieut. Addis E. Payne, of Co. H, to be Captain of Co. F, with rank from Nov. 21, 1862, vice *Palmer*, resigned.

Sergeant Major Thomas L. Wilson, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. D, with rank from Nov. 21, 1863, vice *Cabill*, promoted.

1st Sergeant Thomas Connor, of Co. A, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. H, with rank from Nov. 21, 1863, vice *Curtis*, promoted.

13TH REGIMENT.—Lieut. Col. Charles D. Blinn, to be Colonel, with rank from Nov. 5, 1863, vice *Blegg*, promoted.

Major Homer B. Sprague, to be Lieut. Col., with rank from Nov. 5, 1863, vice *Blinn*, promoted.

Captain Apollon Comstock, of Co. B, to be Major, with rank from Nov. 5, 1863, vice *Sprague*, promoted.

1TH REGIMENT.—1st Lieut. James R. Nichols, of Co. K, to be Captain of Co. I, with rank from Nov. 5, 1863, vice *Bronson*, killed in action.

2d Lieut. Henry W. Washams, of Co. D, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. K, with rank from Nov. 5, 1863, vice *Nichols*, promoted.

2d Lieut. Frederick E. Shalk, of Co. A, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. F, with rank from Nov. 5, 1863, vice *Doten*, promoted.

Sergeant Edward W. Hart, of Co. G, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. A, with rank from Nov. 5, 1863, vice *Shalk*, promoted.

1st Sergeant George A. Stocking, of Co. C, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. D, with rank from Nov. 5, 1863, vice *Washams*, promoted.

1st Lieut. William H. Hawley, of Co. D, to be Captain of Co. K, with rank from Nov. 16, 1863, vice *Colt*, promoted.

2d Lieut. Norvell P. Rockwood, of Co. K, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. D, with rank from Nov. 16, 1863, vice *Hawley*, promoted.

Sergeant Lucius F. Norton, of Co. F, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. F, with rank from Nov. 16, 1863, vice *Tibbitts*, discharged.

Sergeant George H. Lillibridge, of Co. E, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. K, with rank from Nov. 16, 1863, vice *Rockwood*, promoted.

15TH REGIMENT.—1st Lieut. Medad D. Munson, of Co. K, to be Captain of Co. K, with rank from Oct. 30, 1863, vice *Stiles*, resigned.

1st Lieut. Robert O. Bradley, of Co. D, to be Captain of Co. H, with rank from Oct. 25, 1863, vice *Stevens*, resigned.

2d Lieut. Augustus P. Day, of Co. B, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. A, with rank from Oct. 20, 1863, vice *Anger*, promoted.

2d Lieut. Edwin W. Bishop, of Co. D, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. D, with rank from Oct. 20, 1863, vice *Bradley*, promoted.

2d Lieut. Solomon F. Linsley, of Co. K, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. K, with rank from Oct. 20, 1863, vice *Munson*, promoted.

Sergeant Major Charles F. Bowman, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. F, with rank from Oct. 20, 1863, vice *Levi*, deceased.

1st Sergeant Henry P. Johnson, of Co. G, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. D, with rank from Oct. 20, 1863, vice *Bishop*, promoted.

1st Sergeant Charles S. Gray, of Co. B, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. B, with rank from Oct. 20, 1863, vice *Day*, promoted.

16TH REGIMENT.—Sergeant Major Herbert Landon, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. D, with rank from Nov. 27, 1863, vice *Turner*, promoted.

1st Sergeant Bernard F. Blakeslee, of Co. A, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. G, with rank from Nov. 27, 1863, vice *Miller*, promoted.

19TH REGIMENT.—Major Nathaniel Smith, to be Lieut. Colonel, with rank from Nov. 5, 1863, vice *Kellogg*, promoted.

Captain James Hubbard, of Co. B, to be Major, with rank from Nov. 5, 1863, vice *Smith*, promoted.

1st Lieut. William H. Lewis, Jr., of Co. D, to be Captain of Co. B, with rank from Nov. 20, 1863, vice *Hubbard*, promoted.

2d Lieut. Chester D. Cleveland, of Co. E, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. D, with rank from Nov. 20, 1863, vice *Lewis*, promoted.

20TH REGIMENT.—Harvey S. Carpenter, of Tolland, to be 2d Asst. Surgeon, with rank from Nov. 18, 1863, vice *Jewett*, promoted.

## CASUALTIES.

## List of the Killed and Wounded

of the 18th Regiment C. V., during the battle of Winchester, June 13, 14 and 15, 1863.

(OFFICIAL.)

Co. A.—Killed—Privates James McCracken, Thomas F. Jones.

Co. C.—Killed—Privates Asher D. Holmes, Charles C. Noyes, Albert D. Woodmaney.

Co. F.—Killed—Private H. H. McCracken.

Co. F.—Killed—Captain Edward L. Porter;

Privates Charles Baldwin, Albert Burnett.

Co. G.—Killed—Sergeant Willard O. Parsons;

Privates Stephen H. Oatley, George W. Pickett, Wallace Smith.

Co. H.—Killed—Privates Earle Ashley, Charles A. Barber, Andrew M. Dilliber, Alfred E. Tracy,

Anson N. Fenton.

Co. K.—Killed—Musician Daniel G. Bennet;

Private Robert Sharkey.

Non-Commissioned Staff.—Wounded—Hospital Steward J. D. Ripley.

Co. A.—Wounded—Privates John Crawford, died July 2; Michael Hunley, Islay B. Martin, died July 2; Corporal Samuel D. Worden; Privates Daniel B. Sullivan, Albert H. Pitcher, Nelson C. Thompson, died June 30.

Co. B.—Wounded—Captain Thomas K. Bates;

Privates Richard Frazier, David M. Colvin.

Co. C.—Wounded—1st Lieut. S. T. C. Mervin.

Co. E.—Wounded—Privates Silas J. Alger, Geo. Bromley, Alfred J. Comstock, N. G. Franklin, Bernard Fitzpatrick, Marvin Fountellotte.





Co. F.—*Wounded*—Corporal George W. Blake; Privates David A. Botham, Daniel B. Church.  
 Co. G.—*Wounded*—Captain George W. Warner; Corporal Edwin S. Taber; Private Peter Bercume.  
 Co. H.—*Wounded*—Captain Charles D. Bowen; 1st Sergeant Wm. Carruthers; Privates George W. Bliven, Francis S. Harrington, Joseph Metcalf, George H. Wilbur, Emery D. Rogers, slightly.  
 Geo. D. Harris.  
 Co. K.—*Wounded*—Leonard Brown, Almond Bartlett, Dennison F. Jonlon, Charles Young. Taken prisoners, 514.

## RECAPITULATION.

*Killed*.—Officers, 1. Enlisted men, 20.  
*Wounded and Captured*.—Officers, 4. Enlisted men, 31.  
*Wounded, not Captured*.—Officers, 0. Enlisted men, 1.  
*Captured Uninjured*.—Officers, 21. Enlisted men, 487.  
*Missing*.—Officers, 0. Enlisted men, 2.  
*Total*.—Officers, 26. Enlisted men, 541.

## DIED.

At Bozrahville, Ct., October 1st, 1863, Corporal Moses Gay, of Co. G, 13th Regt., Conn. Vols.

The deceased was the eldest of three brothers in the same family, all of whom, of suitable age, enlisted in the U. S. service. Soon after the siege of Fort Hudson, in which his company and regiment participated, he was taken ill with chills and fever. Hoping to improve his health, he obtained a short furlough to visit home.

After a tedious voyage, he arrived Thursday, September 24th, but only to remain one short week with friends ere he was called away.

During his short illness he gave conclusive evidence of his earnestness and fidelity to the cause in which he had enlisted. In his last hours, after speaking of his wife and child, his mind reverted to his Captain and other members of his company.

Honest, intelligent, and upright, he had endeared himself both to friends at home and in his regiment. And to quote language used by several members of his company in letters written to his family—"Long will his memory be cherished in our midst."

At Beaufort, S. C., Oct. 24, Corporal Henry Perkins, 10th C. V., of Pequonnock. He was about 26 years of age.

At Vicksburg, Lieut. James Francis, of the 12th C. V. He was reported killed in a fight at Louisiana last Spring, but the report was founded on the fact that he was badly wounded. He came home quite unexpectedly to his friends, alive, but worn down with sickness, and staid there a few weeks to recruit. He left for his regiment before his health was sufficiently restored, and died on the way. He belonged in Berlin.

CAMP 15TH REGT. CONN. VOLS.,  
 PORTSMOUTH, NOV. 27, 1863.

At this camp, on the 28th day of September, Lieutenant Henry B. Levi, of Co. F, died of diphtheria.

A meeting of the officers was holden to pass resolutions appropriate to his memory, and the following were adopted:

WHEREAS it has pleased Almighty God in his infinite wisdom to remove from us by death Lieut. Henry B. Levi, and whereas he exhibited a character bright in its Christian virtue and noble in its manly generosity, a reputation won both in the discharge of his duties in camp and on the field, unsullied in its purity, and distinct in its prominence; and whereas, by his consistent and earnest friendship he gained the confidence and love of those with whom he was brought in daily contact; therefore,

*Resolved*, That in his death we have lost a staunch friend, a cheerful companion, and worthy brother; the service a honest, fearless, and talented officer, and the country an unswerving, devoted patriot.

*Resolved*, That we tender our heartfelt sympathies to the widow and family of the deceased in their affliction and sad bereavement.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased, and to the New Haven papers, *Westfield News Letter*, *CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD* and *Meriden Recorder*, for publication.

Lieut. JULIUS B. BISSELL, }  
 " ELI F. HENDRICKS, } Committee.  
 Lieut. WM. A. BOWNS, Secretary.

SERGEANT CHARLES HENRY SMITH.—Among those who have given their lives a sacrifice upon the altar of their country, none have left a brighter record than Sergeant Smith. At the call for three months' men, he was among the first to respond, and enlisted as a private from West Haven, in the New Haven Grays, Second Regiment. After his discharge, when the call came for "300,000 more," filled with patriotism and devotion to his country, he enlisted in the Twentieth Regiment, and held the position of Orderly Sergeant in his company. At the battle of Chancellorville, in April last, while in the faithful discharge of his duty, came the fatal ball which numbered him among the dead. Men who, like Sergeant Smith, have left everything dear to them on earth, not for honor, fame or riches, but solely to vindicate and uphold the integrity of our country, and to maintain the principles of freedom, deserve to stand high upon the record of the brave, and to have their example emulated by every lover of liberty.

## HOME DEPARTMENT.

For the Connecticut War Record.

## Our State Militia.

NUMBER TWO.

In a previous article we attempted to give some account of the expenses incurred and the labor performed by our volunteer militia. Now, that this labor is principally performed by men who need relaxation rather than added toil, and that these expenses are borne by those who can ill afford the outlay, we believe to be undeniably true. We have been at some pains to ascertain the actual state of the case, and feel fully warranted in asserting that there are very few men in our volunteer militia who can expend the sum necessary to provide themselves with a suitable uniform and bear their proportion of the required disbursements of their several companies without very considerable self-denial. Indeed there are not many to whom the loss of the earnings of four days in a year is not a positive inconvenience—an inconvenience so great, in fact, that we cannot conceal our surprise when we see so many consenting to submit to the unrewarded sacrifice. And our surprise is not diminished by the knowledge that from all these self-denials and expenses they can be relieved by the payment of a commutation tax of *one dollar* per year.

Behold, then, the result of recent legislative action with reference to a State militia. That the necessity of an efficient militia is acknowledged, is abundantly proved by the legislative labor which has

been devoted during the past two years to the consideration of the subject. That the assembled wisdom of the State has failed to examine the question with a sincere and intelligent determination to frame and pass a law which shall be both useful and equitable, is disgracefully apparent, in view of the provisions of the statute which has been enacted.

We are not speaking hastily or at random. The facts are patent to any man who will have the patience to consider the subject carefully. The duties of the militia are expensive and burdensome, the remuneration from the State does not begin to cover the necessary disbursements, the odium of being "only a home guard" is to be encountered; and from all this expense, burden, and odium, an easy escape is provided by the annual payment of *one dollar*.

What good reason can be urged for persistence in such a policy? Have the militia deserved this treatment at the hands of the Legislature? Have they ever disgraced their uniform or reflected discredit upon their State? Have they any cause to be ashamed of the part which they have borne in this war? No State can point to a prouder record of skill and courage since the first gun was fired at Fort Sumter, than the State of Connecticut. Did our militia contribute nothing to make up that brilliant record? Did not Gen. Terry, Col. Russell, Col. Chatfield, and a long list of other prominent officers, learn their first lessons of military experience in our volunteer militia service? Is such an education in the art of war less important than it was three years ago? Is a preparation for the duties of the field to be slighted when the government needs the services of all its able-bodied men skilled in the school of the soldier? Is there any true or wise economy in paying immense bounties to civilians who must commence a campaign as raw recruits, while all preparatory discipline in the militia service is practically discouraged?

There can be but one answer to these questions. Our sole safety for home defense, our main reliance for an efficient reserved force to swell the ranks of our armies in the field, is in a large, well equipped, properly compensated State militia. If there was any excuse for not appreciating the weight of these considerations three years since, no such excuse can be pleaded to-day. Every intelligent and loyal citizen in the State has been taught by recent events that





we have by no means reached the Millennium; that there are hostile and dangerous elements at home, and a formidable rebel force still in the field. We have also learned that sudden and spasmodic efforts to create an army out of raw material, are unsatisfactory and enormously expensive. We all understand that one great lesson of the day is this: Maintain a large and well disciplined militia ready for any emergency. Do not lose a moment in making adequate preparation for the future. Such preparation may involve considerable expense; but what of that? Does not ordinary prudence dictate that we should be willing to pay a large premium to be insured against immense loss? Have we not already bought our sad experience very dearly?

If in the spring of 1861 there had been in all the loyal States a sufficient and well-drilled militia, would Southern treason have dared to encounter the armed power of the North? Suppose the wise example of Massachusetts had been generally imitated by her sister States, how many months would have been needed to nip in the bud the foul conspiracy? To be sure, Massachusetts found that the sum annually paid for military expenses was large, and some of her citizens complained bitterly that in a time of profound peace it was a wanton waste of money; but did they regret the annual appropriation for the militia, when prompt to respond to the President's first call for troops, the loyal and gallant old Commonwealth sent her armed thousands to defend the nation's capital from rebel invasion?

And yet, in the face of all these undoubted facts and all this experience, in full view of what we have lost by previous inaction and apathy, what is the State of Connecticut virtually saying to her citizens and to the country? Simply this. We acknowledge the force of all these considerations. We appreciate the importance of a trained and effective militia. We are determined that our past mistakes shall not be repeated. And therefore—*what?* We will in every way encourage all wise and earnest efforts to create and sustain a militia force? We will annually appropriate a sum sufficient to insure the support of such an organization? Those citizens who wish their persons and their property protected, but yet are unwilling or are physically unable to bear arms, shall pay the reasonable expense of those who consent to afford such protection? Oh, no! Nothing of this kind is done.

The State, by the voice of its legislatures, invites her citizens to form themselves into companies, regiments, brigades, to spend their time and invest their money in so good a cause, to receive a miserably inadequate compensation, or to be free from all these burdens by paying *one dollar* a year to the State Treasury! Can any man in his senses believe that such a policy will accomplish the desired object? Ought we to be surprised at the present feeble and inefficient condition of our militia? Shall we 'rest satisfied with a system which leaves the State almost defenseless, or shall we resolve in earnest that our next legislature shall do justice to an organization, the success and strength of which are so essential to the honor and the welfare of Connecticut?

MILITIA.

WATERBURY, CONN., Nov. 23, 1863.

EDITOR CONN. WAR RECORD:—Allow me to thank you for your excellent article on the Conn. Militia last week; it is exactly to the point, although "the half is not told."

I think the estimate of expenses which the author made are much below rather than above the truth, as any one who has belonged to a company any length of time, and kept a *cash memorandum*, will tell you; besides, a man is liable to be taken from his family at any time for three months' service, for which he receives the extravagant sum of *Thirty-nine Dollars!!* I would respectfully propose through your paper that our next Legislature forms itself into a militia company under the present laws of the State, parade two or three times during the summer over dusty streets, between brick walls, with the thermometer at 90, attend all the regular parades, and, to cut matters short, spend in the aggregate some ten days' time in a year from thirty to fifty dollars in cash; very likely have to go when they must leave important business, and then receive from the State possibly ten dollars a year as an ample reward for their services.

It is possible after such experience that they would feel inclined to do us justice, if not, they had better continue their very remunerative employment until they find that brass buttons, striped pants, and Fourth of July parades, don't support a man's family, pay for shoe leather or sutler's bills.

I am, Sir,  
Yours very respectfully,

MILITAMAN.

HARTFORD, Dec. 2, 1863.

MR. EDITOR:—The article in your November number on the militia system, hits the nail on the head. Let me tell you the militia in the State are beginning to believe that the Legislature do not intend to do them justice. Why shouldn't they think so? Isn't it plain enough that it is a mean thing to make poor men do all the work, and spend all the money to protect the property of rich men.

If one of the militia is absent from regimental or brigade encampment, he is fined five dollars for every day he is absent. By paying a dollar a year, a man can get clear of the whole business.

How long do you suppose our volunteer militia will stand this sort of thing? I am glad that you are making a stir about it. I hope you will keep the ball moving until the people of Connecticut understand how shabbily they are treating their militia.

A VOLUNTEER IN THE MILITIA.

EDITOR WAR RECORD:—Whoever wrote the article about the militia in your last number, knew what he was writing about. But he didn't begin to tell how much we have to pay out more than we receive. He might have said that at the officer's drill in Hartford, last September, we had to spend \$1.75 a day for our meals alone, and our whole pay was only \$2.00 a day. I lost more than \$25 by my absence from my work four days, and my family and I have really needed that very money since that time.

When we went to Bridgeport to Brigade encampment, I lost a contract which would have given me a profit of between \$50 and \$75, and besides, I paid out every day at the encampment more than twice as much as the State paid me.

I should like to ask any man what encouragement there is to go into our volunteer militia under the present law. A man don't escape the draft. If he is earning good wages, he must lose a great deal of money every year, or else be heavily fined for absence from the weekly meetings of his company, and from the parades required by law, and besides this, he has to pay out more money than he can afford to, to keep his company in decent shape. It does seem to me that anybody can see that the whole business is an imposition on the militia.

### Recruiting in Connecticut.—Present and Prospective.

The results of the draft ordered under what is known as the Conscription Law, and completed within the last few weeks, having proved insufficient to fill the required number of our depleted battalions and regiments, the President made an appeal to the patriotism of the people, asking three hundred thousand additional men, and offering pecuniary inducements in the form of bounties, such as never before were paid by any government. Neither of these facts—the failure of obtaining men enough under the draft, nor the offer of large bounties—necessarily argue a lack of patriotism or a dread of the exposures and perils of the camp and field, but rather prove that the industrial interests of the North generally have not been materially injured by two and a half years of war on a scale which for numbers engaged, territory involved, and issues at stake, has no parallel in history.

It must be considered that for generations we have been *par excellence* an industrial people, and that the war, instead of prostrating the manufactures of the North, has greatly stimulated many important branches of business. Labor now finds it has a money value far beyond that which it possessed three years ago, and it seems but just that if "the laborer is worthy of his hire," the Government as well as individuals should recognize the fact.

Immediately after the issue of the President's proclamation, the Governor called an extra session of the Legislature to take some measures to answer the requisition and fill our State quota. Much difficulty had been caused and some dissatisfaction expressed at the action of towns offering bounties, each trying to outdo the other in a spirit of emulation and jealousy. To remedy this the Legislature voted a bounty of three hundred dollars to each recruit, white or colored, who should enlist on or before January 5th, 1864, at the same time prohibiting towns from making any appropriations for volunteers. The law giving a bounty of thirty dollars per year additional, and assistance





to families of volunteers was left in force. The United States Government had established the pay of colored soldiers at only ten dollars per month, charging them for regular issues of clothing. In the law authorizing the raising of colored regiments and batteries, the Legislature made an additional appropriation to colored volunteers of three dollars per month pay and three and a half dollars per month for clothing. This, so far as our State is concerned, places the white and colored volunteer on the same footing in regard to pay. Some towns having appropriated money to aid drafted men, and there being disputes as to the legality of such action, the Legislature directed the Selectmen of such towns to call meetings on the third Monday of January, 1864, to give the citizens an opportunity to vote to confirm or condemn the previous vote of the town.

After the adjournment of the Legislature, meetings were held in the cities and towns, at which addresses were given, setting forth the necessity of immediate action, and appeals made to the unflinching patriotism of the people. At first the results of Legislative action and of these meetings were meagre and unsatisfactory, but the prospect is improving, and if the full State quota is not obtained by the 5th of January, there is reason to believe that the number to be drafted (if a draft is ordered) will be materially reduced.

The premiums paid to recruiting agents have called out many who otherwise would have taken no part in the great business of filling our quota. The personal exertions thus brought into the work will have a very beneficial effect.

The appointment of selectmen as recruiting agents does not seem to have produced, thus far, very beneficial results. They place the business of raising the men for their quotas in the hands of an agent who makes application to brokers, generally out of the State, who pursue a course anything but honorable, deceiving the volunteer, and pocketing a good share of the bounties which belong exclusively to the recruit. A fund, in some instances, is raised by subscription in the town desirous to fill its quota, which is used to pay the recruiting agent an *ad captandam* price, the men being obtained in New York and other places where the amount of bounties is less than is paid here.

In Hartford, not much interest is manifested by the citizens in the business of procuring recruits. A Union meeting has been held, but it has not produced any marked effect. The recruiting agents here are the only ones who seem to take much interest in filling the quota. Some of the towns in Hartford and Tolland counties, are making efforts to procure men by means of agents and extra pecuniary inducements, Stafford, Glastenbury, and Marlborough having made unsuccessful endeavors to fill their quotas by means of agents. The town of Canton, or rather citizens of that town, offer the recruiting agent one hundred dollars extra per man.

Meetings have been held in New London and Windham counties, but the men do not come.

In the counties of Fairfield and Litchfield not more than half a dozen men had been reported, November 30th, at the Provost Marshal's office as volunteers. In this district some of the recruiting agents have become discouraged at their want of success, and have resorted to brokers, who, by unfair representations, defraud the men out of a portion of their bounties. This state of things is much to be regretted.

New Haven is making great exertions to raise a colored regiment and a company for the First Connecticut Cavalry, which promises well. Already (December 1st) thirty white and sixty colored recruits have been sworn in at the Provost Marshal's office. Great additions are being made daily to this number. The example of New Haven is worthy of all praise, and should be followed by every city and town in the State. Her prominent citizens have not been content with merely calling and attending Union meetings, where speeches and music appealed to the reason and the emotions, but have taken a personal interest in the matter, and by individual exertions

are nobly laboring to place their town beyond the risks of a draft. The influence of New Haven is felt beyond her own limits, and other towns in the vicinity are making strenuous efforts to answer the requirements of the Government.

Reenlistments of men belonging to regiments in the field are proceeding at an encouraging rate. Of the First Connecticut Artillery, one hundred and sixty men have been reported as having reenlisted. Private letters from that regiment and from the Fifth represent a still more favorable state of affairs. A question has been raised whether these reenlistments can count on the State quota, but it would seem they must be accredited on the present quota, for when men reenlist they are mustered out (their unexpired term of service being given them.) These men are entitled to all the bounties given to any raw recruit.

On the whole, though the present aspect of the recruiting service is not so encouraging as could be desired, there is a prospect of improvement. As the day draws near for a draft, it is probable that the number of volunteers offering will be increased, but with all the calculations which may be made upon the approach of winter and the cessation of agricultural and some other departments of labor, it is exceedingly doubtful if the quota of this State can be filled unless the people themselves, and especially citizens of influence and means, take hold of the work and aid recruiting agents, who are honestly trying to assist all classes of our citizens by reducing the number to be drafted.

DOMESTIC.

### The Business of To-day.

The preceding article is a statement carefully prepared by a recruiting officer of what had been accomplished up to Nov. 30th, towards raising the quota of our State by volunteering.

It is obvious to all that the main part of the work was at that time yet to be done. Let no one, however, despond, or suppose for a moment that the month has been lost or that the effort to raise the quota is a failure. The month of November was one of preparation—of experiment and systemization. The requisition of the Government, the impending draft which is the alternative—the quota of each town and the limits of town action are now clearly defined and well understood.

The towns have been trying various methods for obtaining recruits. Few have succeeded well with the enlistment brokers. The brokers are very likely to swindle both towns and recruits and satisfy neither. Some towns have succeeded better by sending trusty agents from their own town or vicinity to gather recruits from other States. But the method most available and in the end most successful is to encourage and co-operate with the regularly authorized enlisting officers, in our cities and towns.

They work earnestly, persistently, and honorably, and will in the end accomplish much. Let them be cheerfully sustained by public favor and furnished with means to pay the necessary expenses of recruiting, and the State will not fail to send her 5,000 men to the field.

Most of the towns have, however, now decided what course to adopt, and are pushing the matter vigorously. This is proved by the fact that the rate of enlistments since Dec. 1st has rapidly increased. Let every town decide at once on some method of raising her quota, come up to the work heartily, and our quota will be raised—the demand upon our patriotic State met in the most honorable and economical manner.

The effort must be energetic, united and persistent. Let us understand this. Every man and woman must do what they can by stirring or persuasive words and by pecuniary inducements.

And why will not the people work manfully together?

Patriotism demands that our quota be filled. The national authorities offer to us the chance of obtaining twelve thousand men by draft for the fact of five thousand volunteers to be raised by the 5th of January next. The offer is a good one for the nation as well as for ourselves.

Men now are worth much more than men months hence. Let the spring campaign begin early, with full ranks, and no rebel army can resist the onward march of our invincible hosts to easy victory. Full ranks gained by prompt action now will diminish the expenditure both of men and of money. Shall we not furnish the men?

Patriotism as an enthusiastic exclamatory impulse may have disappeared, but stronger to-day, we firmly believe, than ever before, in the hearts of the American people, lives patriotism as a vital, invincible and practical principle, stimulating to measureless toil and self-sacrifice.

Patriotism, however, speaks one voice with self-interest. Both alike demand that our quota be raised. The speedy termination of this expensive and sanguinary conflict will incalculably enhance the welfare and prosperity of the whole people, rich and poor; and as the best means to that most important end the raising of our quota becomes a most imperative duty.

Besides this we must raise our quota or incur a draft. There is no alternative. The men must be furnished. Let us face the stern necessity of the hour. Every good citizen must desire to avert the suspense, the heart-burnings, the turbulence, the many cases of peculiar hardship which attend the tedious but relentless progress of a draft.

Then too the cumbrous machinery of a draft kept in motion for a long period, at great expense, renders this method really much less economical than the payment of large bounties to volunteers.

But not merely the general advantage but individual self-interest should impel us all to vigorous exertion. Every man knows that if the quota be not raised he must take the chances of a draft. The popular clamor against the three hundred dollar exemption clause of the so-called conscription act has been so great that it will doubtless be repealed or raised to a sum which few can command.

The drafted man can obtain none of the large bounties offered to volunteers. No man is certain that work will continue plenty and wages high. If indeed the war shall be prolonged by failure to raise our quota may we not expect scarcity of work and diminution of wages with still further advance of prices?

Who then, can say, if we do not raise our quota, that he, if drafted, will be able to remain at home, however necessary it may be; or if not drafted that he is certain of employment and wages adequate to support himself and his family?

These may not be pleasant words, but this is a time, not for fancies, but for realities.

But on the other hand, if we raise our quota we shall be relieved of all these risks; increased confidence in the government will stimulate enterprise, augment business, make work plenty and wages high, while the prospect of the speedy close of the war will tend to keep articles in market from further advancement in price.

Those who now enter the army will receive large bounties—money in hand to ensure the support of their families, or to lay aside and accumulate to a sum sufficient, on their return, to purchase a small home or to commence business.

There is now every reason, if we fill our quota, to believe that the time of service will be short and the danger of losing life or limb very small.

We shall have an army large enough to overwhelm the enemy without long, stubborn and doubtful conflicts.

It is certain that the hardships incurred by the troops in the early part of the war will not now be experienced. The Commissary and Medical Departments are now well organized and efficient. Food in all the camps is abundant and of first rate quality; shelter is commodious and comfortable; teams now transport rations and ammunition; "Eight days' rations and sixty rounds" are no longer carried by the men themselves; spacious hospitals are built and well supplied at all convenient points; medical stores are abundant, and promptly furnished; in short, the Government now provides for its defenders, in sickness and in health, far better than any nation does or ever has done. To enlist now is, at a small risk, to do a noble and profitable thing both for a man's self





and for his country. How plain is the dictate of patriotism and self-interest; how plain then the duty of every one who can enter the army to enlist; how manifest the duty of all to promote enlistments by voice and purse, by every respectable means. Honor, duty, and self-interest combine to stimulate us to prompt, united and strenuous exertion. Let each man and woman say to-day, I will do my part.

### Colored Troops.

Three classes of people object to the enlistment of colored troops:—first, the rebels; secondly, the friends of the rebels; thirdly, a class of men who are neither rebels nor friends of rebels, but who honestly doubt the wisdom of the policy which the Government has adopted on this subject. To this last class we wish to say a few words.

*We go for killing as many rebels as possible in the quickest possible time, so that this accursed rebellion may be put down without delay.* This business of killing rebels (always, of course, according to the laws of war,) is the exact work which our white soldiers are set to do. They must continue the work until the rebels disperse and give up their rebellion. In order that they may do the work thoroughly, our soldiers are well supplied with bayonets, muskets and other instruments of death. The work is bloody and disagreeable, but it must be done. When the Rebels accept the President's offer of pardon, and stop killing our brave boys, our brave boys will have no further occasion to kill them, and will gladly give up the business. Meanwhile, if black men are able and willing to help our white soldiers *kill the rebels*, we are willing and anxious that black men should have a chance to do it. The more they help us the sooner the work will be finished. The more rebels they kill the fewer rebels there will be left for our white soldiers to kill; and, (what is quite as important,) the fewer rebels there will be to kill our white soldiers.

Now will the blacks fight? That is the main question, after all—*will they fight?*

Whatever doubts may have existed on this point, it seems now to be settled that they *will* fight.

We do not say that they will fight as well as white men. We express no opinion, one way or the other, on this point. But we do say—and the fact seems generally conceded—that whenever they have been put into battle they have fought, and fought well. They hate the rebels, and are very fond of killing them, and are good at the business.

But it has been suggested that the white soldier will feel degraded if we send black soldiers to help him. Nothing would induce us for one moment to consent to anything which would degrade our white soldiers or wound their pride. Here then is a simple question of fact. Do the white soldiers in fact feel degraded by the employment of black soldiers to help them? Does this outcry against black troops come from our white soldiers? Does it not come chiefly from traitors who hate the white soldiers as well as the black and who desire nothing so much as the disgrace and defeat of our armies and the triumph of the rebellion? We deny that our white soldiers are unwilling to be relieved, reinforced and helped by black troops. The fact is far otherwise. Our white soldiers have been, all the while, and are now, far in advance of public opinion at the North, on this subject, as on many others. They are not such fools as Northern demagogues take them to be; and when they come home they will prove it to the entire satisfaction of even those demagogues themselves. The truth is that our white soldiers are intelligent and in earnest. They mean to put down the rebellion; and they want all the help they can get. They doubtless have their prejudices against intimate social connection with a different race of men; but, being brave themselves, they, like all other brave men, respect courage wherever found. If the black soldier will fight, the white soldier will respect him. Thus far the black soldier *has* fought, and therefore the universal testimony of the army is that he deserves respect. We take it as a fact, now fully settled, that our white soldiers have come to the conclu-

sion that you cannot put a black man to better use than to set him to killing rebels.

These remarks apply to blacks at the South as well as at the North. There are special reasons however, why the enlistment of black regiments at the North should be encouraged.

*First*, The colored men have no right to be exempt from the duty of defending their country. They were born here. They enjoy most of the blessings of our institutions. There is no reason why they should be permitted to throw the burden of the national defense entirely upon the whites. To their honor it must be said that they manifest no unwillingness to do their duty in this respect.

*Secondly*, We want fresh troops immediately. Enlistments among colored men will be rapid, because they have not, until now, been drawn upon at all.

*Thirdly*, Skilled mechanics and workmen cannot well be spared from our factories and workshops. The colored men, as a class, are not mechanics. Every enlisted colored man, therefore, who is not a skilled mechanic relieves some skilled white mechanic from a part of his liability to be drafted into the army. It is therefore very important for manufacturers and mechanics at the North to encourage the enlistment of colored troops.

*Fourthly*, For certain kinds of military service in the malarious districts of the South, the physical constitution of the black man especially fits him; while the exposure incident to such service is deadly to the white man.

*Fifthly*, Black soldiers marching through districts abounding in black slaves will secure the confidence of the slaves more readily than white men could do. Therefore our colored regiments will be able to keep their ranks constantly full with new recruits; and will greatly aid in organizing the loyal black part of the southern people to help us fight and put down the rebellious white men who now infest that part of our country.

Men who are really anxious to put down the rebellion have generally yielded their doubts already to the force of these and similar considerations. Hence it is that the common sense of the people and of the army cordially supports the policy of using black troops wherever they can be effectively employed. We cannot hope to change the opinions or to stop the loud outcries of the rebels and their friends against this policy. The fact that they protest so furiously against it, is an additional reason, and one of the strongest reasons why all good men should favor it. These traitors are now driven into a close corner. They see that if the Government can only get men enough, whether white or black, and get them quickly, to reinforce fully our victorious armies, the rebellion will soon be crushed. Their prophecies and their hopes have proved false. They are desperate. They will appeal to every prejudice, they will resort to every device, to save their perishing cause. But they will fail, as they have invariably failed in all their treasonable tricks and schemes. Their only stock in trade now is the miserable, "played out" cry of "nigger, nigger." But one thing is certain—and all true soldiers will say so—that every drop of the blood of a black soldier who fights bravely for the old flag, is worth more than all the blood of all the rebels at the South and all the traitors at the North put together.

Mr. Jesse H. Lord, formerly Lieutenant in the Second Connecticut Regiment, and author of the thorough and well written history of "The Three Months' Volunteers" which appears in our columns, has decided again to enter the service of his country. He is now enlisting men for the 1st Connecticut Cavalry, in Union Hall Building, Hartford, Conn. As a noble man and an accomplished officer every one must wish him success, safety and honor.

Men who enlist with him will be treated honorably, kindly and fairly.

BACK NUMBERS—Back numbers which have been lost, may be replaced by sending to "THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD, New Haven, Conn."

## THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

DECEMBER, 1863.

\* \* All communications should be addressed to "THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD."

"Let us twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heart-strings, and, looking upon our homes, and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battle-fields of our fathers, let us resolve that, come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the Stars and Stripes."—JOSEPH HOLT.

The increasing favor with which each successive Number of the War Record is received, is both gratifying and encouraging. The Editor trusts that his generous patrons will find reason to commend the December Number as they did the November Number for marked improvement in arrangement and quality of matter. He will labor with unabated energy and enthusiasm to attain the high ideal which he has formed for his important work.

We cordially invite suggestions and criticisms from those who earnestly desire to see the War Record complete and worthy of our noble soldiers.

Excess of matter has compelled us to defer several communications of value.

Some subscribers may fail to receive the War Record regularly. Let such inform us immediately, and we will do all that we can to repair past and prevent future delays or losses.

The attention of our readers is respectfully invited to the advertisement of Messrs. S. M. Ward & Co., which will be found in another part of this paper. We are personally acquainted with the members of this firm, and can vouch for their responsibility in all business arrangements which they may make, as we have a thorough knowledge of their mercantile integrity, and their full ability to meet all obligations. This notice, of course, is intended for such of our readers as have no acquaintance with this firm; to all who know them, no recommendation will be necessary.

## THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD,

A MONTHLY JOURNAL,

Established to collect and preserve, in a permanent form, for perpetual remembrance, the record of the services of Connecticut, in the present great struggle for the Union and Nationality, will contain, monthly, fresh and regular correspondence from all Connecticut regiments, and a sketch of what we at home are doing for the war and our gallant soldiers.

It will also contain, in successive numbers, an accurate history of

EVERY CONNECTICUT REGIMENT, from the beginning, and as a whole, will comprise a complete and authentic record of the important services in this gigantic struggle, of the heroic soldiers and the noble people of our gallant State. *This work, no History of the war, and no other publication is doing, or can do.*

Every intelligent citizen of Connecticut should obtain the War Record for personal and preservation.

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# THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

PECK, WHITE & PECK, }  
Publishers.

NEW HAVEN, JANUARY, 1864.

{ VOL. I. No. 6.  
{ \$1 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## Record of Events.

Nov. 30. Capture of Port Caballo, Matagorda Bay, Tex.

Dec. 2. Fighting between Foster's and Longstreet's cavalry, at Walker's Ford, East Tenn.

Dec. 3. Siege of Knoxville abandoned by Longstreet.

Dec. 6. Sinking of the Monitor Weehawken off Morris Island, S. C.

Dec. 6. Repulse of the rebels at Moscow, Tenn.

Dec. 7. Capture of the Chesapeake off Cape Cod, by the rebel pirates.

Dec. 7. Occupation of Elizabeth City by Gen. Wild's colored brigade.

Dec. 10. Immense destruction of salt works at Lake Ocala, Fla.

Dec. 11. Explosion of a magazine in Fort Sumter, killing and wounding 40.

Dec. 13. Repulse of the rebel cavalry at Catlett's Station, Va.

Dec. 14. Brilliant expedition under Gen. Wistar to Charles City Court House, Va.

Dec. 14. Indecisive battle at Bean Station. Rebel loss 800. Union loss not known.

Dec. 16. Brilliant raid, by Gen. Averill, to Salem, Va. Destruction of a large quantity of military stores.

Dec. 17. Recapture of the Chesapeake in Sambro Harbor, Nova Scotia.

Dec. 20. Raid of Federal cavalry from Fort Smith, Ark., to the Red River.

Dec. 20. Successful expedition up the Shenandoah Valley. Capture of 100 prisoners.

Dec. 22. Successful cavalry raid to Luray, Va.

Dec. 25. 130 shells thrown into the city of Charleston, and a successful naval engagement at Stono Inlet, S. C.

Dec. 28. Gen. Wheeler's rebel cavalry defeated at Charleston, Tenn.

Dec. 28. Rebel cavalry repulsed at Cleveland, Tenn.

Dec. 31. Successful skirmish near Washington, N. C.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## Review of Events.

NUMBER SIX.

The military events of the past month, as compared with those of the preceding month, are of a very inferior rank, both in their actual proportions and in their strategical bearings. Of these, however, the most important is the halt of Gen. Longstreet in the Virginia and East Tennessee valley. When the advance of Sherman's columns compelled him to abandon the siege of Knoxville, he passed rapidly by that city, in retreat, closely pursued in the rear, and harassed on his left flank by a Union force, marching down from Cumberland Gap. But when the Confederate commander reached Rogersville, he faced about and gave battle to his pursuers; and ever since then, his command has remained there, subsisting itself upon the country, and doggedly refusing to retire.

Throughout the whole theatre of operations, cavalry raids, for the last month, have been remarkably numerous, and some of them very brilliant. Foremost among these in daring and importance, was the raid of Averill against the Virginia and East Tennessee Railroad at Salem. Five bridges, a large number of cars and an immense quantity of military stores were burnt, and fifteen miles of the railroad thoroughly destroyed.

On his return, no less than seven different rebel commands were on the road to intercept him; but by dodging some, fighting some and out-marching others, he succeeded in bringing his little army safely off, having inflicted irreparable loss upon the enemy.

Early on the morning of the 25th ult. Gen. Gilmore opened some of his heavy batteries upon Charleston, by way of enlivening the Christmas celebrations of those "fire-eating" citizens. Portions of the city were fired and continued burning for some time, though the extent of the damage is not known.

In the Department of the Gulf there has been considerable activity along the coast of Texas. But, with these exceptions, the hard-worked and fatigued soldiers have everywhere gone into winter quarters, and are engaged in making themselves as comfortable as possible. The present winter does not seem likely to give occasion for the occurrence of any of those great battles, such as

Fort Donelson, Murfreesboro and Fredericksburg, which have marked those of the two last years; and unless the desperate exigencies of the Confederacy force them to initiate some aggressive movement, there is no doubt that our armies will be allowed to enjoy that rest which their arduous and successful labors so richly deserve. Meanwhile, the work of reorganization, by the re-enlistment of veterans, and by recruiting, goes successfully forward, and in all probability the army will be able to take the field next spring, relatively stronger than it ever has been before.

But while the army is thus recuperating itself, great care and caution should be exercised to guard against surprise. A strong and desperate foe, driven to the wall, needs careful watching. Eternal vigilance is the price of security. The victories of Trenton and Princeton relieved the despondency of the darkest days of the Revolution, and put new life into a despairing country. In a military view, the Confederate leaders may resolve to emulate such a precedent, though their treason would dishonor such an emulation.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## The Battle of Gettysburgh.

The secrecy which necessarily attends all military movements of any magnitude, and the infinite variety of circumstances by which they are complicated, will always render cotemporaneous accounts imperfect and unsatisfactory. Particularly is this true of the great Rebel campaign of last summer, in Maryland and Pennsylvania, the object of which at the time was enveloped in the most complete mystery and obscurity.

But it may now be learned from Gen. Lee's official report, that this wonderful campaign had no definite object, to which it was thoroughly consecrated; but that essentially it was a *grand military experiment*, to see if Gen. Hooker, by being betrayed into a false step, would not expose the army of the Potomac to ruin and the city of Washington to capture. Read the language of that report: "*It was thought that the corresponding movement on the part of the enemy, to which those contemplated by us would probably give rise, might offer a fair opportunity to strike a blow at the army then commanded by Gen. Hooker.*"





But "in vain the net is spread in sight of any bird." A brief *resumé* will show that the operations of Gen. Hooker were directly different from those anticipated and desired by the Rebel commander. The Confederate army broke camp at Fredericksburgh on the 3d of June, and on the 8th the corps of Longstreet and Ewell, and the cavalry under Stuart, were concentrated at Culpepper Court House, leaving the command of Hill at Fredericksburgh, as a corps of observation. On the 10th Ewell left Culpepper, for the Shenandoah Valley, from which, on the 14th, he routed the National force under Milroy, and drove it across the Potomac. But neither Longstreet or Hill had stirred from their positions at Culpepper and Fredericksburgh; and the army of the Potomac had not moved from Falmouth. The Confederate army was thus stretched along a line of over one hundred miles, while its old antagonist was concentrated on its extreme right wing. Such had been the Confederate move.

Now what was that "corresponding movement" of Gen. Hooker, which Lee had anticipated from this strategy, and which was to offer a fair opportunity to strike a blow at the National army. Only three plans were open to the election of the Union commander—to bring on an engagement if possible with the rebel right—to fall back towards Washington or to march against Longstreet at Culpepper. But the first could not have been reasonably expected, since its disadvantages were too palpable. It would involve the loss of Washington, and would place two-thirds of the rebel army in the rear of the army of the Potomac, while engaged in fruitlessly chasing the other third. The second plan—the one actually adopted—offered no favorable opportunity for attack, and therefore the third and last must have been that in which his wily adversary thought to entrap Hooker.

This view gathers confirmation from the next futile stratagem of Lee. When it was found that Hooker cautiously kept near his base, then with a view to draw him therefrom, Longstreet's corps was pushed along the *east side* of the Blue Ridge—inviting attack, since thus it was apparently isolated from the other portions of the Rebel army. If only this little bit of strategy had succeeded, and Hooker had left his base to attack Longstreet, very likely Lee would have made a swinging movement by his left flank and thrown Ewell against Washington.

One other plan of deceiving the Union Commander remained. Ewell was ordered across the Potomac, with instructions to throw light, movable columns of men into the Cumberland Valley, who should magnify

themselves as much as possible, so as to create the belief that the whole Confederate army was already on its northward march. This belief, if entertained, would cause a withdrawal of the National army from Virginia, to repel this supposed invasion, and would uncover the way for Lee, operating by his right flank, to plant himself directly in front of Washington.

But Gen. Hooker was not deceived by these numerous strategical artifices, and obstinately persisted, despite the wishes of Lee, in covering the approaches to the National Capital, and in holding his army directly opposite the main body of the enemy. And so all the astute calculations of the Rebel General were completely foiled.

But by this time Ewell had advanced so far into Pennsylvania, that it was necessary for the remainder of the Confederate army to be within supporting distance. Accordingly, on the 24th of June, Longstreet and Hill crossed the Potomac, above Harper's Ferry, and by the 27th, encamped near Chambersburgh, Ewell being at Carlisle. But this invasion of Pennsylvania was not undertaken for the purpose of drawing the Union army away from its base, and bringing on a general battle, unless it should be necessary. The evidence of Lee's official report is conclusive. Speaking of the reasons of the battle of Gettysburgh, it says: "It had not been intended to fight a general battle, at such a distance from our base, unless attacked by the enemy." Disappointed already in his efforts to betray the Union commander into a false step, Gen. Lee seems now to have been actuated by the inferior motives of invasion and plunder.

As soon as it was known that the main body of the enemy had entered Maryland, Gen. Hooker crossed the Potomac, at Edward's Ferry, and on the 28th, arrived at Frederick. Gen. Stuart, commanding the Rebel cavalry, in endeavoring to impede the passage of the river, was thrown off to the right of the Army of the Potomac, and was therefore compelled to ride around the whole extent of the Union lines in order to rejoin Lee. This famous circuit was no cause of boasting to Gen. Stuart, since it deprived his chief of all reliable means of obtaining intelligence of the situation of the Federal army, from the time he left the Potomac, till the commencement of the battle of Gettysburgh: and to no extent more than this does Gen. Lee ascribe the cause of the failure of his campaign.

Anticipating, however, the operations of the Army of the Potomac, Lee had judiciously ordered Ewell to send strong detachments eastward from Carlisle, so as to oblige

the Union Commander to cover the approaches to Baltimore, and prevent him from marching against his own line of retreat to Williamsport. Lee then began to make preparations for an advance upon Harrisburgh; but upon the night of the 29th, he received information through a scout, that the Union army had entered Maryland, and that its advance had reached South Mountain, and thus endangered his line of operations. Accordingly the movement against Harrisburgh was arrested, and the entire Confederate army ordered to concentrate at Gettysburgh, prepared to grasp the communications of the Union Commander with Baltimore and Washington, should that officer attempt to seize his own with the Potomac.

This information, so far as it concerned a supposed advance of the National army toward Williamsport, was entirely incorrect. That army under command of Gen. Meade, (Hooker having been relieved at his own request, on account of Halleck's refusal to concur with his order for the evacuation of Harper's Ferry,) left Frederick on the 29th, marching north, under orders to find and fight the enemy. On the 30th, Gen. Buford, skirmishing with his Cavalry, beyond Gettysburgh, discovered the enemy approaching in force, and immediately sent word of this fact to Gen. Meade, who accordingly directed Gen. Reynolds with the first and eleventh corps to advance and occupy the town. About ten o'clock on the morning of the 1st of July, Reynolds arrived at Gettysburgh, where he found Buford warmly engaged with the confederate advance, which he was checking in the most gallant manner. Reynolds at once threw the most advanced division of the first corps against the enemy and sent off orders for the eleventh, under Howard, to come on as fast as possible. Soon after making his dispositions for the battle, the brave Reynolds fell mortally wounded, and the command then devolved upon Gen. Howard. At first the success of our arms was decisive. The enemy were driven back and several hundred prisoners captured. But between 1 and 2 P. M. two divisions of Ewell's corps arrived on the field, and were at once deployed on our right flank. Thus outnumbered and outflanked, Gen. Howard withdrew to the heights south of Gettysburgh, though not without considerable loss in prisoners. About 7 P. M. the twelfth and part of the third corps arrived and were at once posted along the heights. Thus closed the first day of the great battle of Gettysburgh—a battle which was to roll back the tide of Rebel invasion, never to return.





Gen. Lee had intended, as has been seen, to avoid a general engagement; but finding himself suddenly confronted face to face with his old enemy, and it being a matter of difficulty to withdraw in safety, with his large trains of plunder or to obtain forage and provisions while encamped so near the main body of our army, and moreover, flushed with the success of the day, and elated with the hope of defeating Gen. Meade, he determined to renew the battle on the next day. Accordingly a prompt concentration of his forces was ordered, and before the close of the afternoon of the 1st of July, his entire army, save a single division, was collected on the heights north of Gettysburgh.

Meanwhile only about a mile from Lee's position lay but one-half of the Federal army, and the greater portion of even that had been thoroughly fatigued by the engagement of the day. All night long did this inequality continue. Day dawned, the sun rose and was nearly three hours high, and no re-enforcements had reached the Federal position. Had the Rebel assault been made at daybreak, the result would probably have been anything else than a victory to the National cause. At 7 A. M. the second and fifth corps arrived. Still the army was not all up. The gallant sixth was not present. The forenoon wore away, and now the sun had passed the meridian, and two o'clock in the afternoon had arrived, before the columns of the sixth corps made their appearance on the field. Still the enemy had not attacked. However the army of the Potomac is now entirely concentrated and we may breathe easier, thanking Heaven that Stuart rode around our lines, and thus deprived his chief of the means of ascertaining our position.

At one o'clock on the morning of the 2d Gen. Meade reached the field, and as soon as it was light, commenced making his arrangements for the battle. The heights to the south of Gettysburgh form a position, in its general outline, resembling a horse-shoe, with its toe resting on Cemetery Ridge, directly opposite the town, and the heel opening southward. On the front and right of this position the ground is very elevated and finely adapted for defense, while on the left, for some distance from the front, it is considerably lower, till it comes to a ridge of greater height, known as Round Top. On this irregular line Gen. Meade drew up his army; the twelfth corps on the right, then the first, and then the eleventh, which held the front on Cemetery Ridge. On the continuation of this ridge to the left, the second and third corps were directed to form. Pending the arrival of the sixth, the fifth was the reserve, when it was ordered to the

extreme left, and the sixth became the reserve.

About 3 P. M. Gen. Meade rode out to the left, to post the fifth corps. He found that Sickles, commanding the third corps, mistaking the nature of his orders, and for the purpose of occupying more elevated ground, was in the act of advancing half a mile beyond the line of the second corps, on the prolongation of which it had been designed that he should rest. While Gen. Meade was explaining this mistake to him and discussing the propriety of withdrawing, the enemy made a fierce and terrible assault upon the front and flanks of this very corps, which, however, received it with great firmness and resolution. A portion of the second corps moved rapidly forward and covered the right of the third, while its left was equally protected by the fifth, which, after a gallant and bloody struggle, seized Round Top hill and firmly held it. Notwithstanding the obstinate resistance of the third, yet its advanced position rendering it liable to be outflanked. Gen. Birney, now in command, (Sickles having been severely wounded,) was advised to fall back and reform on the line originally intended. This was successfully accomplished, and the mistake of Sickles, which, in the opinion of Halleck, came very near being fatal, was thus corrected. All the assaults of the enemy in this part of the field were repulsed with terrible slaughter, and he retired about sunset in great confusion and disorder. About 8 P. M. a furious attack was made upon the eleventh corps, on Cemetery Hill, but was gallantly and successfully resisted. The necessity of re-enforcing the left had so weakened our extreme right, that Ewell had succeeded in occupying a portion of our line, in this direction, which was the only compensation to the enemy for his terrible losses during the day.

On the morning of the 3d—the last and great day of the battle,—Gen. Geary, who had marched from the centre to the right during the previous night, was attacked by the enemy, at early dawn. However, he soon succeeded in driving him back and in ousting him from that part of the field, which he had won the day before. The battle then surged along this part of the line, with great fury, the enemy being uniformly repulsed, till 11 A. M., when it ceased, and over the whole field everything was ominously silent for two hours. The soldiers ate their dinners and rested, pondering what the issue might be. At 1 P. M. two signal guns, from the Rebel line, broke the silence, and were at once followed by the roar of one hundred and twenty-five cannon, massed in position against our left centre. Our own

batteries responded, and for over two hours there was the grandest artillery prelude ever heard on this continent. Shot and shell rushed, whistled, shrieked and moaned, and the very air seemed alive with the flying projectiles. At length our guns ceased to reply, and the artillery roar slackened. Then followed the grand assault of the Rebels. In it was one half of their whole army. On they came, with a heavy line of skirmishers in front, and two complete lines of battle. They were received principally by the second corps, which behaved with magnificent courage. Re-enforcements were rapidly sent to its support, and all our available artillery was converged upon the advancing enemy. Their first line seemed to sink in the earth, but with the madness of desperation on they rushed.

Now they had reached our guns, and were in the act of turning them against us, when a determined charge recovered them. For several hours, division after division was hurled against the firm and solid lines of our army only to be dashed back with slaughter and confusion. Finally the sullen roar of battle rolled off to the southwest, and the enemy withdrew repulsed and defeated.

Thus closed the terrible battle of Gettysburgh. The pride and power of the Rebel invasion were thoroughly broken by the invincible valor and obstinate bravery of the fatigued and hard-marched veterans of the army of the Potomac.

Gen. Lee made good his retreat to Williamsport, though with great loss of plunder, and constantly harassed by the National cavalry. Gen. Meade arrived before Williamsport on the 12th of July. After a thorough examination and a lengthy consultation it was resolved to attack the enemy in his chosen position, on the 14th. But having extemporized a bridge across the Potomac, for the transportation of his trains, and the river being now fordable, Gen. Lee retreated to the south side on the night of the 13th, and thus terminated in failure his wonderful campaign of just forty days' duration.

Capt. Jepson recently enlisted a man for the 10th Regiment, whose father and two brothers were among the killed in the bloody conflict of Antietam. He was the sole remaining member of the family, and "he was going now," he said, "to do what he could to avenge their death."

REINSTATED.—President Lincoln has authorized the re-appointment of Assistant Surgeon L. H. Pease, 10th Regt. Conn. Vols., recently dismissed by a special order of the war department with no assigned cause. It was conclusively shown that he was a competent and faithful officer, and that he discharged his duties satisfactorily.

POSTAGE.—Postage on the WAR RECORD is only one cent a month.





*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### The Three Months' Volunteers.

*Continued.*

My last chapter left the Second Regiment encamped at Falls Church. Early in July it was brigaded with two other Connecticut regiments and the Second Maine, the whole placed under the command of Col. Erasmus D. Keyes, of the 11th Regular Infantry, as Brigadier General. Eight companies of the regiment having the Sharps rifle, one of the most effective if not the very best weapon ever invented, General Keyes had them drill daily as skirmishers. The roughest ground was selected for the purpose, and the men were taught to move by the sound of the bugle. This exercise was but a preparation for the "grand movement" talked about in camp, and discussed in the public prints.

On the 16th, at three P. M., the regiment leaving the camp standing, occupied only by a few servants and ailing men, marched out and led the advance of the brigade and the whole division toward Vienna. With music from the bands, for three or four miles the march was a holiday parade. The broad, blue line, miles in length, splendid with glistening bayonets and gorgeous with banners gaily fluttering in the soft summer breeze, could be seen contrasting with the yellow road and the verdurous forest. Women and children came to the doors and gates, and the few laborers in the fields stood with open mouths and staring eyes as the procession filed past. That portion of Virginia was not then the wilderness it has since become. Pleasant orchards, well kept gardens and fruitful fields of grain were not impossible sights. The demon of war had not yet driven out the husbandman, and taken up his abode in desolate dwellings overlooking ruined lands. The march was a gala excursion, not lacking even the admiration of woman to give zest to its enjoyment.

Two hours thus passed, when the bands were hushed and skirmishers thrown out. Advanced at least half a mile from the column, they spread themselves over the fields and through the woods, each man some twenty paces from his fellow in the open ground, but in the forest reducing this to six or eight. Thus they move forward, rifle at "trail arms" or in the best position for immediate use, keeping their dress as nearly as possible, thus sweeping a wide belt on either side the road. The Generals, Colonels, a guide and two buglers keep in the road abreast the long, waving lines of skirmishers, and by the bugle blasts direct the extended wings in their curvings to correspond with the sinuosities of the road. Now these on

the right of the road are seen far away on the "run," while near the path the men "rest in place," quietly waiting. Presently the same movement is repeated by those on the left. Thus, walking leisurely through fields nearly level, covered with the crawling blackberry vines whose ripe clusters, luscious and abundant, stain the boots a deep crimson, emblematic of the horrible dye which perhaps awaits the wearers further on; or toiling slowly over the yielding ridges of some newly ploughed hillside, or wading through morasses of tangled reeds and grasses covering slimy, liquid mud, or creeping through the thick underbrush of forests, or wading, waist deep, through brooks and pools, or leaping fences, stepping carefully through gardens of kitchen vegetables, passing through rows of tall corn, and occasionally exploring a dwelling which stands in their path, the men move forward like an army of locusts or the progress of resistless fate. Every eye and ear being strained to catch the first indication of an enemy's presence the labor is exhausting, but its danger and excitement makes it perfectly fascinating. Such is skirmishing.

Thus the flankers pressed forward from five o'clock until about ten at night, the column slowly winding through by-roads, until the order to halt found the main body at the little hamlet of Flint Hill, and the skirmishers more than half a mile farther on, to where the road passing through a dark forest was blockaded by felled trees. While waiting here to be relieved by the pickets, the men of Co. H, who rested by the side of the road, detected two horsemen approaching from the direction of the rebel camps. They were halted and their pass required by Capt. Gore. They said they had a pass from a Col. Gardner. When told it was valueless one of them asked his captors who they were. "Federal soldiers," was the reply. Turning to his companion he said with an imprecation, "By — Jim, we've got into the wrong pew." Surrendering their arms, they were escorted to headquarters and placed under guard in a small log house.

In regular ranks lay the sleeping men on the damp earth, each with his blanket over him, and his musket like a bride lying sheltered by his side. The night was clear, but the dews were heavy, and toward morning the fences were laid under contribution for fuel, and huge fires blazed in every direction, surrounded by shivering soldiers.

At five o'clock in the morning the division resumed its march, halting near Centreville at four P. M. Reaching the village the next day, they went into bivouac and remained until Sunday the 21st. At two o'clock A. M.

on that day they started for the field of battle, but, delayed by the columns of Heintzelman and Hunter, they did not come under fire until about ten A. M. The part taken by the Second in the day's work has already been detailed in the sketch of the First Regiment, published in the November number of the War Record. General Keyes in his report of the battle says: "I also observed throughout the day the gallantry and excellent conduct of Col. Terry's Second Regiment, Connecticut volunteers, from whom I received most zealous assistance." "At one time a portion of his regiment did great execution with their rifles from a point of our line which was thin, and where a few of our men were a little tardy in moving forward." He also calls attention to the coolness, activity and discretion of Lieut. Col. Young and Major Colburn. "The latter, with the Adjutant of the regiment, Lieut. Charles L. Russell, showed conspicuous gallantry in defending their regimental colors during the retreat this side of Bull Run against a charge of cavalry." Col. Terry also commends "the devotion of Doctors Douglass and Bacon to the wounded while under the hottest fire of artillery." Private Arnold Leach, of Co. B, (since a Captain in the 6th Regiment, now in the Invalid Corps,) is also highly praised "for having spiked three abandoned guns with a ramrod, and then bringing away two abandoned muskets."

Throughout the whole day these earnest men upheld the honor of the State whose revolutionary Governor, for his valuable services and counsels, won from the father of his country the endearing title of "Brother Jonathan."

The last to leave the bloody and disastrous field, which was done in perfect order, the regiment, after a short rest at Centreville, marched in the darkness of night back to their camp, and for two successive days worked in a furious storm, saving all the property belonging to six different organizations, including their own, and then, and not till then, marched into the fortifications about Washington, where they arrived on the evening of Tuesday, the 23d of July. The next day the regiment went into camp at Meridian Hill, Washington, and on Friday, the 2d of August, after depositing their arms at the Arsenal, started for New York by railroad, where they arrived on Sunday, the 4th. Monday morning, Aug. 5th, the regiment arrived in New Haven on the steamers *Champion* and *Traveler*. Here they were received by an escort composed of the Second Company Horse Guards, Second Company Foot Guards, the Emmett Guards and the Veteran Grays, and after marching





through the principal streets which were lined with enthusiastic crowds, were assigned rooms in the State House, and then furnished

with refreshments at National Hall, where a welcoming address was made by Governor Buckingham, the reply being made by Col.

Terry. On the 7th of August the regiment was mustered out and paid off.

DOMINUS.

List of members of the Second Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, since become Officers in the United States service, with changes by promotion, resignation, or death, to Oct. 17th, 1863.

NOTE.—"Resigned" denotes discharge for disability or resignation for other causes.

Former Company.	Former Rank.	NAME.	Present Regiment.	Present Rank.	Residence.	Remarks.
T.	Private.	Appelham, Hiram	8th.	Lieut. Colonel.	Groton.	Resigned.
G.	Private.	Atwater, Howell	1st Cavalry.	Captain.	New Haven.	
F. and S.	Asst. Surg.	Bacon, Francis	7th.	Surgeon.	New Haven.	Now Brigade Surgeon.
A.	Sergeant.	Baldwin, Charles O.	13th.	2d Lieutenant.	Middletown.	Resigned.
A.	Private.	Broatch; John C.	13th.	Captain.	Middletown.	
A.	Private.	Bingham, Levi C.	8th.	2d Lieutenant.	Meriden.	
B.	2d Lieut.	Berry, William A.	N. Y. Battery.	Captain.	Norwich.	
D.	Private.	Bray, Morris P.	11th.	Captain.	Derby.	Resigned.
D.	Private.	Barker, Charles E.	7th.	2d Lieutenant.	Derby.	
E.	Corporal.	Boss, Robert M.	U. S. Navy.		New London.	
E.	Private.	Brown, George H.	10th.	2d Lieutenant.	New London.	
E.	Private.	Barnum, Samuel C.	11th.	1st Lieutenant.	Norfolk.	
E.	Private.	Briggs, Charles H.	1st Cavalry.	2d Lieutenant.	New London.	
F.	1st Lieut.	Batcheller, Wheelock T.	28th.	Lieut. Colonel.	Winchester.	
F.	Private.	Brown, William H.	1st Artillery.	1st Lieutenant.	New Haven.	
G.	Private.	Bostwick, Richard S.	27th.	Colonel.	New Haven.	
G.	Private.	Burritt, Newell F.	15th.	2d Lieutenant.	New Haven.	
H.	Private.	Boardman, Lemuel H.	22d.	1st Lieutenant.	Hartford.	
H.	Private.	Bronson, Theodore G.	Illinois Regt.	Lieut. Colonel.	New Britain.	
H.	Private.	Bruns, Harry	16th.	2d Lieutenant.	Bristol.	
K.	Sergeant.	Brown, Francis T.	11th.	Captain.	Winchester.	
K.	Private.	Burnside, Robert H.	8th.	2d Lieutenant.	New Hartford.	Resigned.
F. and S.	Major.	Colburn, Ledyard	12th.	Colonel.	Derby.	
F. and S.	Sergt. Major.	Cowles, Henry F.	18th.	1st Lieutenant.	Norwich.	
B.	Corporal.	Converse, Chester W.	La. Col'd Reg't.	2d Lieutenant.	Norwich.	
A.	Private.	Carroll, John	9th.	1st Lieutenant.	New Haven.	
B.	Private.	Coit, James B.	14th.	Major.	Norwich.	
D.	1st Lieut.	Chaffee, Sanford E.	20th.	Captain.	Derby.	
E.	2d Lieut.	Chappell, Hiram F.	12th.	Captain.	New London.	
E.	Private.	Chitty, Henry E.	10th.	2d Lieutenant.	New London.	
E.	Private.	Chipman, Elisha B.	21st.	2d Lieutenant.	New London.	
F.	Sergeant.	Coe, James N.	2d Artillery.	2d Lieutenant.	Winchester.	Appointed Captain 14th R. I. Colored Artillery.
F.	Private.	Coe, Daniel S.	7th.	2d Lieutenant.	Winchester.	
F.	Private.	Cleveland, Chester D.	2d Artillery.	2d Lieutenant.	Barkhamsted.	
G.	Corporal.	Cornwall, Charles W.	12th.	1st Lieutenant.	New Haven.	Died June 7th, 1862.
G.	Private.	Chapman, Frank M.	27th.	1st Lieutenant.	New Haven.	
G.	Private.	Chapman, Jedediah, Jr.	27th.	Captain.	New Haven.	
G.	Private.	Coburn, James H.	27th.	Major.	New Haven.	
G.	Private.	Clark, Sidney E.	12th.	Captain.	New Haven.	
G.	Private.	Charney, William	7th.	1st Lieutenant.	New Haven.	Resigned. Now 2d Lieutenant in 1st Artillery.
H.	Sergeant.	Carr, William E.	La. Col'd Regt.	Captain.	Hartford.	
K.	Private.	Cone, William H.	8th.	2d Lieutenant.	New Hartford.	Resigned.
F. and S.	Surgeon.	Douglass, Archibald T.	10th.	Surgeon.	New London.	Resigned.
A.	Captain.	Dickerson, David	21st.	Captain.	Middletown.	Resigned.
B.	Corporal.	Dennis, Gorham	7th.	2d Lieutenant.	Norwich.	Resigned.
B.	Private.	Daniels, John L.	11th.	1st Lieutenant.	Franklin.	Resigned.
D.	Private.	Dyer, Charles B.	1st Cavalry.	1st Lieutenant.	New Haven.	
I.	Captain.	Durivage, John E.	135th N. Y. Vols	2d Lieutenant.	New Haven.	
K.	Private.	Dempsey, Robert	7th.	1st Lieutenant.	Winchester.	
D.	Private.	Engles, James S.	19th.	Captain.	Derby.	
G.	Private.	Edwards, George P.	21st.	1st Lieutenant.	New Haven.	
D.	1st Sergeant.	Foley, James	20th.	1st Lieutenant.	Derby.	
A.	2d Lieut.	Gleason, Isaac C.	24th.	Captain.	Middletown.	
D.	Private.	Griffiths, David N.	20th.	2d Lieutenant.	Derby.	Killed at Chancellorsville, May 3d, 1863.
G.	Private.	Gardiner, James M.	La. Col'd Regt.	2d Lieutenant.	New Haven.	
C.	Corporal.	Higgins, James D.	18th.	2d Lieutenant.	Norwich.	
D.	Corporal.	Hawkins, Frank	10th.	1st Lieutenant.	Derby.	
D.	Private.	Hickerson, Francis G.	10th.	2d Lieutenant.	Derby.	
F.	Sergeant.	Hosford, Charles L.	11th.	Captain.	Winchester.	Resigned.
F.	Private.	Hosford, Benjamin F.	2d Artillery.	1st Lieutenant.	Winchester.	
G.	Sergeant.	Hendricks, Albert C.	12th.	1st Lieutenant.	New Haven.	
G.	Private.	Hitchcock, Edwin S.	7th.	Captain.	New Haven.	Killed at James Island, June 14th, 1862.
K.	Private.	Horn, Samuel B.	11th.	2d Lieutenant.	Winchester.	
E.	Private.	Jeffery, Frank C.	21st.	Adjutant.	New London.	
G.	Private.	Johnson, William H.	8th.	2d Lieutenant.	Meriden.	Died April 6th, 1862.
H.	Private.	Kennedy, Michael	9th.	1st Lieutenant.	New Haven.	Resigned.
E.	Private.	Kelley, John	26th.	2d Lieutenant.	New London.	
I.	1st Sergeant.	Keeler, Chauncey H.	7th.	2d Lieutenant.	New Haven.	
A.	Priv. and Chap.	Lancey, S. Herbert	Staff Gen. Ewen		Middletown.	
A.	Private.	Lucas, Walter M.	14th.	Captain.	Middletown.	
B.	Corporal.	Lawler, Thomas C.	9th.	1st Lieutenant.	Norwich.	Resigned.
B.	Private.	Leach, Arnold	6th.	Captain.	Putnam.	Resigned, and appointed in the Invalid Corps.
C.	Sergeant.	Lilley, John	18th.	2d Lieutenant.	Preston.	
E.	Sergeant.	Leggett, Robert	10th.	Lieut. Colonel.	New London.	Lost a leg at Fort Wagner, July 26th, 1863.
E.	Corporal.	Lee, Henry	14th.	Captain.	New London.	





## LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE SECOND REGIMENT CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS WHO HAVE SINCE BECOME OFFICERS, &amp;c., (Continued.)

Former Company.	Former Rank.	NAME.	Present Regiment.	Present Rank.	Residence.	Remarks.
E.	Private.	Latham, James H.	21st.	Captain.	Groton.	
E.	Private.	Latham, William W.	21st.	1st Lieutenant.	Groton.	
G.	Private.	Lewis, Jared E.	11th.	Captain.	New Haven.	
A.	Sergeant.	Mather, Charles M.	21st.	1st Lieutenant.	Middletown.	Resigned.
B.	1st Sergeant.	McKeag, Francis	18th.	2d Lieutenant.	Norwich.	
B.	Private.	Morrison, John H.	18th.	1st Lieutenant.	Norwich.	
C.	2d Lieut.	McCord, James J.	18th.	Captain.	Norwich.	
C.	Private.	Maples, James S.	26th.	2d Lieutenant.	Norwich.	Resigned to receive promotion.
G.	Sergeant.	Merwin, Henry C.	27th.	Lieut. Colonel.	New Haven.	Killed at Gettysburg, July 2d, 1863.
G.	Private.	McCoy, William R.	26th Mass. Vols.	1st Lieutenant.	New Haven.	
I.	Corporal.	Mallory, George N.	10th.	1st Lieutenant.	New Haven.	
G.	Sergeant.	Morse, William W.	29th.	Captain.	New Haven.	
K.	1st Lieut.	Morse, Charles W.	16th.	Captain.	Canton.	
C.	Private.	Nash, Eugene S.	La. Col'd Regt.	1st Lieutenant.	Norwich.	
K.	Sergeant.	Newman, Caleb P.	28th.	1st Lieutenant.	Winchester.	
B.	Captain.	Osborn, E. Walter	15th.	Major.	New Haven.	
G.	Private.	Phillips, William E.	7th.	1st Lieutenant.	Woodstock.	
C.	Captain.	Peale, Henry	18th.	Major.	Norwich.	
E.	Private.	Perkins, William W.	10th.	1st Lieutenant.	New London.	Killed at Kingston, N. C., Dec. 14th, 1862.
F.	2d Lieut.	Palmer, Charles E.	7th.	Captain.	Winchester.	Died July 7th, 1862.
G.	Corporal.	Peterson, George F.	27th.	Adjutant.	New Haven.	
G.	Private.	Pierpont, James M.	11th.	Captain.	Morris.	Resigned.
G.	Private.	Peck, Henry B.	15th.	Captain.	New Haven.	Died January 30th, 1863.
H.	Private.	Phelps, John W.	12th.	2d Lieutenant.	Simsbury.	
E.	Private.	Quinn, Horace F.	10th.	Captain.	New London.	
F. and S.	Adjutant.	Russell, Charles L.	10th.	Colonel.	Derby.	Killed at Roanoke Island, Feb. 8th, 1862.
A.	Corporal.	Russell, Robert	14th.	2d Lieutenant.	Middletown.	
C.	Private.	Roath, Warrington D.	U. S. Navy.		Preston.	
E.	Private.	Rawson, William S.	27th.	2d Lieutenant.	New Haven.	
E.	Private.	Rathburn, John A.	8th.	2d Lieutenant.	Groton.	
B.	1st Lieut.	Scott, Thomas	N. Y. Battery.	2d Lieutenant.	Norwich.	
D.	Private.	Sherman, George W.	20th.	2d Lieutenant.	Derby.	
E.	1st Lieut.	Spittle, William	21st.	Captain.	New London.	
E.	Sergeant.	Strickland, Joseph	15th.	1st Lieutenant.	New London.	{ Wounded at Irish Bend. Killed at Port Hud- son, June 14th, 1863.
E.	Private.	Smith, Jabez S.	26th.	Captain.	Groton.	
E.	Private.	Smith, Hezekiah B., Jr.	1st Lt. Battery.	2d Lieutenant.	New London.	
F.	1st Sergeant.	Skinner, Jeffrey	2d Artillery.	Captain.	Winchester.	
G.	Sergeant.	Sanger, George D.	7th.	2d Lieutenant.	New Haven.	Resigned.
G.	Private.	Smith, Frank H.	27th.	1st Lieutenant.	New Haven.	
G.	Private.	Sprague, De Witt C.	27th.	Captain.	New Haven.	Resigned.
H.	2d Lieut.	Scott, Charles H.	4th N. Y. Batt'y.	2d Lieutenant.	Hartford.	Now Captain in a New York Engineer Corps.
H.	Private.	Sherman, Charles E.	La. Col'd Regt.	Adjutant.	Hartford.	
F. and S.	Colonel.	Terry, Alfred H.		Brig. Gen. Vols.	New Haven.	
B.	Private.	Tingley, John H.	1st Artillery.	2d Lieutenant.	Norwich.	Resigned.
B.	Private.	Tourtellotte, Jerome	7th.	Captain.	Putnam.	
B.	Private.	Tiffany, Martin V. B.	18th.	2d Lieutenant.	Norwich.	
D.	Private.	Tomlinson, Mark	10th.	1st Lieutenant.	Derby.	
E.	Private.	Tracy, George H.	U. S. A.	1st Lieutenant.	New London.	
G.	Private.	Treadway, Frederick S.	27th.	Ass't. Surgeon.	New Haven.	Resigned.
G.	Private.	Townsend, Jeremiah	7th.	1st Lieutenant.	New Haven.	
G.	Private.	Thompson, Jason D.	1st Cavalry.	1st Lieutenant.	East Haven.	
H.	Corporal.	Upson, Hiram, Jr.	7th.	Acting 2d Lieut.	New Britain.	Killed at James Island, June 14th, 1862.
B.	Private.	Warner, George W.	11th.	2d Lieutenant.	Woodstock.	Resigned.
E.	Private.	Williams, George M.	1st Artillery.	2d Lieutenant.	New London.	
E.	Private.	Webb, William M.	10th.	1st Lieutenant.	New London.	
F.	Sergeant.	Wheelock, Lucien B.	28th.	Captain.	Winchester.	

To the above list of one hundred and thirty-one names which glorify the little regiment of which they once formed a part, continual additions by promotions are being made. There is scarcely one regiment from our State in the field, but contains many of the Second Connecticut boys, who, by a faithful discharge of duty in subordinate positions, reflect honor on themselves which the possession of shoulder straps could not magnify. But, aside from the fact that nearly all of the regiment have been again in the field, or still are there, in some capacity, it is eminently creditable to the regiment that more than one man in every six has become a commissioned officer, nineteen of whom are Field and Staff Officers, and one of whom—Terry—is a Brigadier General.

### Brig. Gen. Henry W. Birge.

By the kindness of Capt. James McCord, Co. F, 13th C. V., we are furnished with a description of the magnificent and well deserved testimonial of respect to Gen. Birge, from his own gallant regiment.

The sword is gotten up by Tomes, Son & Melvain. The blade is polished from the middle guard; above it is etched in gold with flecked design; centered with the letters U. S., and toward the hilt are a stand of colors. The grip is of raised leaf points in silver and gold. In the centre is an enameled star diamond, with crossed band of pearls. On the guard are three amethysts, and surmounting the hilt there is another in sunken settings. The scabbard is of solid silver,

plated in gold; springing out beneath the shell-terminated base of the hilt, is a figure of St. Michael in the act of striking off the chains of the oppressor. On the middle band is the monogram U. S. interwoven in diamonds. At the point of the scabbard, inclosing a sprig of the olive branch, there is an erled tip scarped in fancy outline. A belt of Russian leather, embroidered in bullion; a General's sash of the finest yellow sewing silk; an elegant gold sword knot, epaulets with heavy line gold border, and silver star in centre; and spurs of the eagle-head pattern complete this elegant outfit, which is inclosed in a handsome box lined with satin and velvet. The whole cost \$400, and is a gift from the officers and enlisted men of the whole Thirteenth Connecticut Volunteers.

We need only add the tribute of the Boston Journal, to a man whom Connecticut will delight to honor:

"In my previous letters I have had occasion to make frequent mention of Col. H. W. Birge of the 13th Connecticut. It was he who fought his Brigade so bravely at Irish Bend last spring; it was he who commanded the glorious ten hundred 'stormers' of Port Hudson. He has been in command of a Brigade for nearly a year, and has just received the badge of merit which the good soldier honors—the star of the Brigadier General. None can wear it more deservedly or with better taste. Gen. Birge is now in command of the Lafourche and Terrebonne districts, and has his headquarters at Thibodaux."





## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## From the Fourteenth Regiment.

CAMP NEAR STEVENSBURGH, VA.

DEAR RECORD:—Did you ever see a big camp unroof itself and get into marching order in about five minutes' time; doff its white canvas in early morning, as 'twere a night cap; take in its sail by magic, like a great ship fearing a gale? Of course you have, times and again, for you are an old veteran; but all your readers perhaps have not. If they had been here on this muddy plain this morning at break of day, they might have seen it done in a pouring rain.

At two this A. M. we were all roused from our comfortable slumbers, with the pleasant order to get our breakfasts, pack up our traps, and be ready to march at break of day. "To hear is to obey," under the sway of military authority, in this republican land, as well as under an Oriental despotism. So, though the rain came down in a steady, persevering, business-like way, as if its day's work were laid out before it, and couldn't be postponed or interrupted for all the armies on the planet, when the time came, and the bugle sounded, down came the houses, and were soon folded up all dripping and heavy on the men's backs. Grumbling, but on the whole good naturedly as all things of late are done in the Army of the Potomac, the boys were getting into line, ready for a hard, slippery, soaking march, no tent in the regiment left standing, save that of your humble servant, as chance was, when an aid came dashing up to the Colonel, and informed him that the order to march was countermanded. With a rousing cheer all along our lines, off come the dripping packs, and on go the roofs to the houses again; c

like magic spreads her sails again, and we, not move, but stop. The soldier, unlike the sailor, furls his canvas when he moves, and spreads it when he stops. Woe, this morning, to the improvident boys who, in the thought of departure, have piled their cracker-box, chairs and stools, and their sapling bedsteads into the big fire-places, and burned their pork-barrel chimneys, and in many cases the whole walls and frames of their houses, just to laugh at the bonfire. The laugh was on the other side of their mouth when the word was stay, and they had to go to work again in the rain to rebuild their houses out of the ruins. And great was the self-congratulation of your correspondent that he was the only one in the regiment who hadn't even the trouble of putting on his roof again, but could go about among the builders and insinuate that

he had been in the secret all along, and would have been happy to have informed his brother officers and soldiers sooner, only for "reasons of state" and "military necessity." Short work though was it with our veterans to straighten out camp, and make themselves comfortable again.

Last Fall we let ourselves suffer, shivering in comfortless tents, and waiting for permission to go into winter quarters till the winter months had well nigh disappeared. But now learning wisdom from experience, we build winter quarters immediately at every stopping place, whether for three days or for months. It is surprising to see how quickly our boys will make themselves comfortable. In one day, six men with a hatchet or axe, and an hour's loan of the company spade, will build themselves a handsome and comfortable first-class, brown-front, mud, log residence, with all the modern soldier conveniences, turf-chimney included. Log walls three or four feet high, plastered up with mud; four pieces of shelter tent, buttoned together over a sapling ridge-pole seven feet high on two forked stakes, constituting the roof, and two more buttoning in to fill up the gable ends; this is the house nine feet by six, amply large for a half dozen soldiers. The door and chimney are side by side on the same end, the latter built now usually of turf laid up in a square or circular form, with two or three stakes driven in to keep it steady, and a pork barrel set on the top to finish out the flue; the former (the door) not being built at all, but *left*, and a rubber blanket hung over, perhaps, to keep out the air. Inside, across one end, two and one half feet high, a bunk of cedar poles or pine will be laid across wide enough for three men to occupy for a couch, and below on the ground, but kept from contact with the earth by saplings laid on the ground and covered over with cedar boughs, is room for the other three. Thus, more than half of the front end of the room is left free to serve as a parlor and drawing room; and still the sleeping apartments (in both stories) are ample, rifles, equipments, are slung under the ridge-poles, knapsacks clucked under the bunks. A cracker box holds the crockery and loose provisions of the party. Two of them get the wood and water, one cooks, another washes the dishes, while the other two are most likely on guard or picket duty. I am most happy to announce to you that the eight days' ration nuisance, and sixty or eighty rounds of cartridge nuisance, so much and so justly complained of by the soldiers, have been at last abated. Orders have come down that henceforth a five days' maximum of rations only shall be carried on the backs

of the soldiers, and only forty rounds of cartridges, (just what the cartridge boxes are made to hold.) Whether to give the credit of this eminently sensible proceeding to Gen. Meade or to the War Department, I do not know; but millions of soldiers' blessings will be on his head who ordered the curtailment.

The private soldier is the basis of our army, the pillar of our country's defense. God bless every man that seeks to make his burdens less, every officer, high and low, who gives his first and chiefest attention to make those under his command as comfortable as possible. If there is any man in this world whom I respect, whom I especially honor, for whose patriotism I have a sincere reverence, it is the man who, from a simple sense of duty, without the inducement of the dignity and emoluments of office, has subjected himself to the hardships and dangers of a private soldier's life, and done his duty in the ranks in his country's defense. The people, the sturdy, liberty-loving common people of these Northern States, saw the meaning of the great rebellion against our Democratic government, (the people's government,) and rose in their might to put it down, and defend the institutions that were most emphatically their own. And it is the people rushing to arms and bravely fighting in the ranks who have brought us such a measure of success in the field, bearing all the losses and waste resulting from blunders of incompetent commanders, persevering against every discouragement, never wavering in the great object set before them. And it is the people, bearing every burden of taxation and the loss of productive labor, the common people of our land, undismayed by the cost of the war in treasure and the blood of their sons, (no house from which there is not one dead,) who, in the recent elections and every way in which their will can be made known, are still showing themselves resolute as ever to finish up the work they set before them, and bring our government and free institutions unscathed out of their fiery trial. The nations of the earth laughed us to scorn and said, "America is broken in pieces;" but the sturdy northern people said, "wait and see." England said, "we won't lend these foolish Yankees money, and they can't carry on the war a year." The people said, "we will furnish the two or three millions a day that are needed for this affair, and here is the gold for the five or six hundred millions of Railway and U. S. Bonds that John Bull holds of ours, if he is afraid of our credit, and wishes to put our obligations on the market." And the war still continues on as grand a scale as ever, and America has purchased





back those bonds, and owes other countries less at this hour than ever before since our colonial days. Against traitors South and traitors North, disregarding sneers and evil prophecies, and threats of intervention abroad, through severe defeats and disappointments, against all manner of trickery and coalitions, the will of the American people and their good right hands, the valor of the men and the patient self-sacrifice of the women, the steady, persevering, irresistible determination of the people, has carried on this war, and is going to finish it honorably and successfully, and woe to him who this gainsays. He cannot stand before the American people. And proud is the record of any private soldier who has done his humble duty to defend in the field the principles of freedom and good government, instilled into him from his brave and pious ancestors. Noble the death of him that hath died in such a cause and from such motives! Noble your Record of the faithful deeds and service of Connecticut's sons in the cause! Ever may they be in the van of those who from such generous principles act, suffer, and, if need be, die.

Yours truly, S. F.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### Eleventh Connecticut Volunteers.

GLoucester Point, Va., }  
December, 1862. }

November brought us no move of camp, a good deal of quiet, with very little idleness. We were glad not to move, for Fort Keyes, which we found filthy and malarious, by the change of season and an efficient system of policing, has become both healthy and neat. Our quiet has been disturbed by neither fright, nor raid, nor battle. Dress Parade and Guard Mounting are all we have seen of the "Pomp and circumstance of War." Yet Dress Parade, with us, if one so lately from civil life may express an opinion, attracts much interest and commendation too, and requires not a little preparation. Many of our men appear at parade in coats bright in color, neat and tidy, and yet they are the very coats they wore from Connecticut two years ago. Yesterday was pay day, and the settlement of the year's clothing account told of a great saving in clothes and a consequent increase of pay. One officer expressed for thirty men, thirteen hundred and twenty-nine dollars.

We had but little idleness in the month past, for the work of a regiment falls upon one reduced to a third of its number, and besides the usual routine of duty here

and in Yorktown, our old and leaky tents have been patched and fixed into very comfortable winter quarters, and Winter came punctually, with a freeze and snap on the first of December. If we are to be frozen in and hibernate, we are willing it should be here.

The place is not gay, and would be far from attraction or even tolerable, were it not for the noble York River, here narrowed from two miles to one, to ease and accommodate a crazy old Ferry Boat, (the Winmissimet,) which *usually*, once in an hour, works and puffs its way across, with hitch and tremor, much as an old man walks. In truth, this is an out of the way, fever smitten spot, once fertile, but now neglected and abandoned, except by a scanty sprinkling of poor whites and the new born national Freemen, huddled in one Slab Richmond—a place all unknown to Fame.

The quiet of the place makes more attractive our Library Box, now filled again, and piles of Magazines, and will send more men to a Reading Room just going up, which is also to be used for evening meetings. For books, magazines and papers, the gifts of friends at home, we feel and express thanks. We are encouraged too, to ask for other things.

Thanksgiving is past. We rejoiced at the victory before Chattanooga, if not at festive boards and family reunions. But the Christmas holidays are close at hand. At that time, turkey and cranberry sauce are relished in Connecticut. Apples are good in long winter evenings. The shucks of nuts burn prettily in the fire; their meat has a good flavor. Connecticut soldiers would enjoy these good things in Virginia or Southward. I suggest to true and liberal men and women and children, that such things be freely sent, and I suggest it more freely, because I know that, while the true soldier finds his whole heart in this service, and is willing to serve either for the war or for death, many in coming from home did vastly more than those at home can do, by any benefactions to us.

DE F.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### The Sixteenth Regiment.

CAMP SIXTEENTH CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS, }  
PORTSMOUTH, Va., Dec. 7th, 1862. }

Although one correspondent may be sufficient to keep the readers of the RECORD posted as to the condition of our regiment, an extra letter may not perhaps be unacceptable.

We still remain at Gettysville, (near Portsmouth,) as this vicinity is called, in honor of Brig. Gen. Geo. W. Getty, commanding our division, enjoying ourselves and living as comfortably as we are able. By dint of industry and perseverance we have fitted up our quarters in quite respectable condition, showing conclusively that Yankee soldiers can and will live comfortably, even though necessarily deprived of many advantages. Most of the men have by this time completed their buildings, and are now enjoying the fruits of their labor, though it is uncertain how long we shall be permitted to do so. Rumors have circulated of a move to Texas or Charleston, but they are doubtless like most army rumors, without foundation.

Having finished work on the line of defense, we have resumed the business of perfecting our soldierly qualities. Soldiers cannot be made effective without a certain degree of proficiency in drill, especially the evolutions of the line. Our experience at Antietam, where we were brought in deadly conflict with a subtle foe, without any preparation, demonstrate this fact quite clearly, at least to our own minds. It was a dear lesson to us, and I am glad to say that we have applied ourselves so diligently to perfecting our drill that we compare favorably with other regiments, especially in the manual of arms. For brigade drill we change places with the Tenth New Hampshire, they drilling with our brigade, (Gen. Harland's,) and we in theirs, (Col. Steer's,) as the distance from our own brigade renders it inconvenient to drill with it.

A detachment of the Sixteenth is now at home recruiting, for we greatly need an increase of numbers. Instead of the long line which we used to make, we can bring out for parade hardly enough for two good companies.

Besides drilling and camp guard, we are also engaged in picket duty, remaining out four days at a time, at Deep Creek and Bowers' Hill, alternately. We have also two or three stationary picket posts.

Thanksgiving Day—the old New England day—has come and gone, and so far as we could, we celebrated it in a manner in good keeping with the Yankee custom. Several companies had their turkeys, chickens, geese, and other luxuries, with which they made merry. Our officers kindly allowed us the day to ourselves. Kind Providence has granted us many assurances of his favor, and has kept us from dangers seen and unseen.





Let us not add unthankfulness to the list of our failings and shortcomings.

A few days since we were cheered by the arrival of a package of RECORDS, to most of us the first receipt. We have already learned to look forward to their arrival with pleasure. Much profit and pleasure is anticipated from their perusal.

ADELPHI.

### From the Second Light Battery.

CAMP BARRY, WASHINGTON, D. C., }  
December, 1863. }

Nothing of special interest has occurred in the battery during the past month. We have had the usual weekly inspections, and there have been two grand reviews of all the batteries in the camp. There have been but few drills, and these have been confined to batteries recently organized. All the available force not necessary for the ordinary guard duty, has been directed towards making our camp convenient and comfortable for the winter. Commodious barracks have been erected for the men, and stables for the horses; and together with the new headquarters for the commander of the post, the new guard-house, new roads and wells, we have as fresh an appearance as new recruits.

In addition, we have new guns and caissons. We formerly had the James' rifle, but are now furnished with the ordnance gun, known as the three-inch rifle. They are of wrought iron, and have an extreme range of three and one-half miles. They are ten-pounders, and are generally used in the army of the Potomac where light field-pieces are required.

One of our guns was sent for a few days ago for the purpose of making an experiment. A gentleman who has been in the army, conceived the idea that branches of trees, (for instance,) were sufficient to divert the direction of a cannon ball. He had provided a plate of wrought-iron, one-half of an inch in thickness, and had placed it upon an axis so that it inclined somewhat less than forty five degrees to the horizon. The surface of this plate which was exposed to the fire was well greased, and fire was opened on it at two hundred yards' distance. The second shot hit the target and knocked a hole through it, at the same time demonstrating to the experimenter that his theory of diverting projectiles by inclined planes was erroneous.

The recent inducements to volunteers will soon fill up the battery to its required number. Lieut. Hotchkiss, with a non-

commissioned officer, has been absent for some months recruiting, and lately with considerable success. He has recently been joined by Capt. A. Sterling and two non-commissioned officers and two privates. There has been but little sickness in our battery during the past month, and that not of a serious nature, and those who have been in hospitals are returning to duty.

UNION.

For the Connecticut War Record.

### Eighth Connecticut Volunteers.

CAMP NEAR PORTSMOUTH, }  
December, 1863. }

DEAR FRIEND AND EDITOR:—Having a few leisure moments, I propose to give you an outline of an incident which occurred in our regiment yesterday. You are aware that there has been an addition made to our regiment in the shape of conscripts. Quite a number of them have deserted, and it was found necessary to have an example made of some of them, to put a stop to it. Therefore, two of them who had deserted twice and were caught again, were sentenced to be shot, and the sentence was carried out yesterday. At 9 A. M., the regiments of this brigade were formed on their respective parade grounds and marched to an open field near Fort Reno.

A hollow square was then formed, and the men then rested on their guns to await the arrival of the prisoners, with their escort. At half-past nine the funeral escort started from the brigade headquarters, the band playing a dirge. The band was followed by a detail of eight men, carrying the coffins on stretchers, followed by a section of the Provost Guard.

Next came two carriages containing the prisoners and their spiritual advisers. The procession was closed by a section of the Provost Guard. As the escort entered the square a solemn silence prevailed. After the escort had marched around the square, the prisoners were taken out of the carriages and led up in front of the detail that were to execute them. After the priests (for they were Catholics) had shrived them, they were made to kneel in front of their coffins, and bandages put over their eyes. Soon the fatal order was given to fire, and their souls passed into eternity. It was an impressive scene, and it is to be hoped that it will be a solemn warning to those that would desert their country's cause.

The health of the regiment is good, thanks to our worthy Dr. Stocking. There has been a number of promotions in the regiment. Orderly Sergeant Irwin, of Co. I, has been promoted to Second Lieutenant of Co. E.

Private Fred. Gallup, of Co. D, has been promoted to Commissary Sergeant, and is worthy of his appointment, for he has done his duty faithfully and is always at his post. Our camp presents a picturesque view of a village. Log huts are rising, as if by magic, and a great deal of ingenuity is displayed in trying to make them comfortable.

Yours, truly, G. W. F.

For the Connecticut War Record.

### Fifth Connecticut Volunteers.

MR. EDITOR:—Over a thousand miles of railroad travel, through each of which were scattered little incidents, both sad and amusing, the telling of which will probably serve to while away many an hour hereafter which otherwise might hang heavily, finds the Fifth in Tennessee, which fact is owing probably to the extreme generosity of our Uncle, who, thinking that two years of continuous pedestrianism should be amply sufficient to render our organization thoroughly familiar with all the "pikes," mud roads, bridges and cross cuts in Maryland and Virginia, has kindly transferred us from the worn out and fenceless surface of the "Old Dominion" to enjoy the newer scenery of the "western section," and, if inclination leads, to cultivate the acquaintance of the fairer portion of the inhabitants thereof. We would here suggest to any "Veteran Volunteer" who shall elect to become a member of the Fifth, that he invest a reasonable amount of his unknown hundreds in *snuff*, *yellow snuff*, for with a few pounds of this article and no other capital than his "shape" a young man can walk into any conceivable amount of young affections without difficulty for the simple reason that the young ladies all "dip," and snuff is scarce—for further particulars see "Webster."

The location of the regiment is at present very agreeable, being on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, near Cumberland tunnel, the safety of which is entrusted to its care. Col. Packer is in command of the Post.

We have just entered upon the 29th month of our time, and in common with the others of "our call" begin to look forward to the time when we shall doff the dark and sky blue and don the appointments of the civilian—as we shall do unless the "8402" should lead us from our present determination, which latter is very improbable in the case of your correspondent. Not that we have ceased to be patriotic, but then, if we should all





enlist again and so go toward filling up the present call for three hundred thousand, it would debar a great many of those at home from the privilege of enlisting and becoming veterans, and it is fine to be a veteran.

There is one point to which I wish to call your attention:

Among those who responded to the first call for three hundred thousand were many men of family, mechanics and otherwise, who by industry and economy had succeeded in laying by a small amount of this world's goods; and many of them had, with a provident eye to the future, purchased small residences for the comfort of themselves and families. These men volunteered for their country, and yet the State has, by paying tremendous bounties, doubled and trebled the taxes upon the property of these men; thus, not only accepting their services, but absolutely compelling them to contribute, in addition to their time, health, and perhaps lives, *money* to assist in buying into the field the laggards at home. Now is the State intending that these men shall lose this additional tax, or is she willing to grant the *property holding* volunteers such a *bonus* as shall relieve them from the burden of this additional taxation. It is an open question, but there is a question of justice involved which should be looked to. The writer owns not a square inch of ground, and his friends always used to say he never would, so his motive in writing is not selfishness, but justice. "CO. A."

#### From the Sixteenth Regiment.

CAMP 16TH CONN. VOLS., }  
Jan. 1, 1863. }

EDITORS WAR RECORD:—I wouldn't say so. Indeed I wouldn't. But all the world will bear me out. The batteries in our vicinity, the regiments in our brigade, and the very portly gentleman who came down on part of the State of Connecticut to investigate the state of the soldiers, all agree that we have the finest Regiment Hospital in this Department. Pine logs, hewed smooth on all four sides, placed symmetrically upon each other, with a floor of boards, roofed with pine slats, with a ceiling of tent flies. Four windows during the day. A coal oil lamp at night. A fire in the chimney both day and night. Two doors, and a turret from which floats a red flag with a white 16 on it. Flag made out of a pair of red flannel drawers. Queer seam in the center, but no matter.

Fourteen beds inside. White blankets, white sheets, white pillowcases. Patients have oysters, chocolate, butter, milk. Had a turkey New Year's day. Think being sick is next thing to Paradise. Sometimes it is.

Hospital just finished before Christmas. Ladies got together on the last day. Thirteen ladies in camp. Went to stringing up evergreens. Ingenious gent manufactured flowers. Materials: lint and red flannel. Hung them up. Round wreaths and square wreaths. Loops and ends. Things by courtesy called stars. Lint and red flannel flowers looked splendidly. Officers went about borrowing flags. Toted the big flags of the 8th and 15th down here. Also the brigade flag and our own. Draped them round the walls. Fiddlers arrived at nine in the evening. Brass instruments did the heavy. Ladies on their muscle as regards dress. Hair done up wonderful. Miles of ribbons.

Fiddles begin. *Tom, tom*, goes the brass thing. Are you engaged, Mrs. —? Very happy! thank you! And away, in whirls more or less artistic, goes private and officer, drummer and major, matrons and—no, not a single miss! and all to celebrate the housewarming of our hospital.

So much for sick bodies. And now for sick souls. We've also built a chapel. A nice tight house, floored, and warmed, with benches, and a real pulpit. None of the make believe things, that go for pulpits in the army generally. No pork barrel with a blanket thrown over. No masked hard bread box. Couldn't think of it! A real pulpit. Queer shaped things have been in the hands of the ladies for days. They've covered them with purple and fine linen. They turn out to be reading desks, lamp stands, stools to kneel on. And, moreover the ladies have been impracticable of late, as far as whist parties are concerned. Had to practice singing. Belong to the choir. Going to blaze out next Sunday at the dedication of the chapel. So we are going to worship in style, and nothing less. You may smile at our pine slat chapel and extemporized choir. Smile on. I have bowed in every grand church, from the incense clouded altars of St. Peter's, to the music reverberating aisles of St. Paul's, and I vow, I can worship in this homely little chapel, with as much reverence as in any of these.

Col. Beach has returned, and the boys received him with three cheers. Bowed, with his moustache in smiles. Serenade in the evening. Grand enthusiasm. Everything spontaneous, and all previous feelings turned into one gush of affectionate recognition. He is at present in command of the brigade, Gen. Harland being on some Military Com-

mission. He is delighted with the regiment. Compliments Lieut. Col. Burnham on his work, and with justice. For, nobler and manlier officers than he, I know but two, and one of these is dead.

We have been drilling for some time. But at present we have a dirty job on our hands,—repairing the road to Portsmouth. However, our boys keep neat and clean, and above all, in good spirits. They have earned quite a reputation for picket service. One day, the officer of the day neglected to send the countersign to the pickets. Night came. Pickets instructed to pass no one. No countersign known. By and bye officer of the day appears. Halted. "Friend with the countersign." "No one passes here." Officer angry. Insists on passing. No go. Pricks his horse on. Corporal commanding three men, charges bayonets on him. Officer gives in, and requests that they send for their officers. They do so. Captain appears, after one hour and a half, from the headquarters of the pickets, and passes officer of the day, who steams with anger. Boys did their duty. Obeyed their orders.

A Temperance Society has been started. Great division among the members. Is cider an intoxicating drink or not? Discussions without end. Loth to give up cider. Pleasant memories associated with it. Winter evenings, and laughing Misses. Chaplain raises the banner against cider. Marshals his clan. Opponents raise their voices. Their tongues are a thousand, their tastes are one. Don't know how it will end.

Men well fed at present. Nice beef. Good bread. Plenty of potatoes and onions. Every man's breath smells of the latter. Would think you were in Wethersfield. Extra fare for holidays. Buy turkeys and geese. Boxes come from home. Cakes and jellies. Potted things. Oh, my! nice warm presents. The home thinks of us. God bless the home, and give it a happy New Year.

With affectionate wishes, yours,  
HORSE JOHN.

For the Connecticut War Record.

#### From the 2d Connecticut Light Battery.

CAMP BARRY, WASHINGTON, D. C., }  
December 31st, 1863. }

The past two months have furnished very little of interest worthy of special mention in connection with the history of the battery, notwithstanding it requires as much patience and self-denial to be a good soldier when there is a lull in the operations of the army, as it requires courage and self-reliance to be a successful one in time of battle. Those who perform the arduous labors of the camp, or pine and perish in the hospital, are no





less co-laborers in extinguishing treason than those who yield their life-blood to quench its lurid flame amid the clash of arms.

For the past month we have been in barracks for the first time since we entered the service. It is worthy of remark in this connection that we have not now a single man on the sick list of those who have been with us since we have occupied our barracks. During the past month Lieut. Hotchkiss has returned to the battery, and is now in command in the absence of Capt. Sterling. Lieut. Hotchkiss brought with him seven new recruits who have been assigned to detachments, and who are already well advanced in the routine of duty. The place for new recruits is with old organizations, where they are at once absorbed, and become readily efficient soldiers.

Capt. Sterling, together with Sergeants Wm. J. Gould and Henry R. Chaffee, Corporal E. A. Holste, and Privates Wyllis Stillman and David Sterling, are at present detached for recruiting service, and stationed at Bridgeport. When the time arrives for the opening of the Spring campaign, the battery promises to have its complement of members. We have the usual amount of brigade drills, inspections and reviews, and are otherwise quietly passing the winter without the exposure, privation and sickness, which almost invariably attend the vicissitudes of camp life.

UNION.

#### From the Eleventh Regiment.

11th CONN. VOLS.,  
GLOUCESTER, VA., Dec. 31. }

Life and things at Fort Keyes have passed for another month, much as before. It is not well to burden your columns with experiences which are common to the army everywhere, nor to add much to our last letter, still waiting to be published.

The 16th of December is memorable here, on account of the explosion at Yorktown. From the days of Cornwallis, old, unfortunate Yorktown, has not known such a cannonading. McClellan, with 101 siege guns, did not do what a spark from a hospital chimney only sufficed to accomplish. Then it was all preparation and no go off, save the going off of the rebels. Now it was all go off and no preparation.

Early in the evening we saw the fire from the Gloucester side. It steadily burned its way, spreading as it went, and after an hour or so, a premonitory flash was followed by bursting shell. The batteries then opened, and were kept playing till the fires were quenched by a rain storm the next day. Like some grand 4th of July display, these loaded sky rockets cleaved the air, burning

often in colored light and tracing curves, we thought perhaps of death, certainly of beauty. Soon followed the first two of the four great explosions. A column of fire and smoke mounted heavenward, wonderful in size and grandeur. It rolled its folds, dark yet luminous, sideways and upwards, till it seemed to half reach the clouds starting from its base, and using this as the background of the scene, scores of shells were tracing their terrible parabolas in lines of fire. They had not reached the earth, when a second explosion followed brighter and grander than the first. It was a volcano scene, such as is seldom witnessed by man. As the smoke rolled away fire darted here and there, like lightning running on the ground. It was the bursting of what the explosion had scattered far and wide, and so the lesser displays went on, till at midnight, and especially at four o'clock, an earthquake shock was repeated, scattering a brick building to the four winds. For the most part, we were lookers on, at a safe distance. But some of our regiment are daily detailed for the guard at General Wistar's Head Quarters. Two of that guard, Adelbut Spencer, Co. II, and Charles Cady, Co. F, were early in the evening stationed to watch a jeweler's shop, almost within scorching distance of the fire. They were not relieved, and amid showers of brick and bursting bombs from the several explosions of that long night, they stood at their post, Romans in modern times.

H. S. DE F.

#### From the Eighth C. V.

*Extract from a letter of the Chaplain to the Editor.*

The health of the regiment is remarkable. Only two men in their beds in the hospital, and they are disabled rather than sick. One was accidentally shot, not seriously, and the other is suffering from a large abscess. Since I have been here the camp has been all alive with the idea of reenlisting. If any one at home has believed that the old soldiers are ready to give up this contest, such an one should have been in this camp for two days past. Almost every able bodied man in the regiment, after the experience of some of the hardest of campaigning, as you know, is ready to bind himself for another three years, if necessary to end this wicked war. It was found that of these men now on the ground, there were two hundred and seventy-seven who had served from the commencement of the regimental service. Only such as these, or at least such as had served two years, were allowed to enter the veteran corps, and two hundred and seventy-four names were enrolled. A very few could

not pass examination, but two hundred and sixty-four have passed and been sworn in.

To-morrow the mustering officer is expected, and this number, perhaps even a few more, will be in for the second term. Let any other regiment do better if they can. We believe that the Eighth regiment at present is unrivaled.

With such a spirit in our army our country will stand. It is a pledge of God's favor. I rejoice to be in the midst of such patriotic devotion.

I have already met with some interesting cases of religious inquiry. We hope for God's favor and enlistments under Jesus.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### From the Twelfth C. V.

NEW IBERIA, LA.,  
December 21st, 1863. }

MR. EDITOR:—Those who believe we have no cold weather in this part of the country, ought to have been here the past month. Ice has formed more than one night half an inch thick. But it is not the cold that we suffer from so much as the dampness; at sundown the air seems filled with moisture; one's clothes get wet; if we lie down our blankets are very damp and remain so all night, and living in the thinnest canvas without fires, sleeping on the ground, how can we expect to keep warm? Then when a heavy rain comes, and we get wet through, and a cold wind follows blowing for a week right out of the North, why should we not shiver? But, you say, build chimneys, make yourselves fireplaces, keep warm. We have moved six times and no transportation is furnished for fireplaces. We congratulate ourselves that it will not be cold always.

The Twelfth increase weekly in men for duty. The hardihood of the men will not allow them to stay sick long. They come back to us from the hospitals of New Orleans, and only a very few are on our morning sick report. Drill, picket and guard duty command our attention. Every forage train goes with a strong guard, every steamboat in its long passage down the Teche, loaded down with cotton, sugar and molasses, has a guard, for we live in a country where people can be citizens or soldiers as suits their convenience, and every feeble band of men away from our lines get gobbled.

Three of the Twelfth, guarding plantations, were carried captive by the enemy a few weeks since, but were recently exchanged. They were treated as well as could be expected.

We have been paid off this month; for some who have been wounded and furloughed, it was the first payment in several





months. Adams' Express Agent was on the ground and took for friends at home a very large proportion of the money paid. Quite a number who had come to the regiment since muster-day were obliged to wait for their pay till next pay-day. The rules regarding mustering officers, too, caused some confusion. Some Lieutenants, from the blunders of the mustering officers, were counted as nothing for months, neither getting pay as soldiers nor as officers, yet doing duty all the time. In fact, the duties of the Paymaster are getting so complicated that it is almost impossible to be just. Some remedy will have to be devised which will simplify the matter.

Our favorite, Gen. Weitzel, has gone north, and we fear Gen. Butler has an eye on him, and we shall see him no more. The regiment turned out to salute him en masse as he rode away, and many were the blessings from honest hearts that attended him. He was much affected at their expressions and rode in silence several miles, then turning to his Adjutant, said, "I must come back, I cannot leave those men."

Gen. Emory, a veteran soldier, takes his place in command of the 1st Division, 19th Corps.

Lt. Col. Peck, of the Twelfth, is at present in command of the 3d Brigade, and Capt. G. E. Clark in command of the regiment.

Pay-day reminds us that we have good soldiers who enlisted in the Twelfth Louisiana, who neither draw the State bounty of thirty dollars a year, nor get any aid from Connecticut for their families. This we think is a great injustice to them, as long as they help make up the quota from Connecticut. We have also men whose families reside in other states than Connecticut, who get no aid for them. The State cannot afford to be small about these things; let her be generous.

Our last move was in a most terrible storm, such a rain as is never seen in New England. The men had just formed in line on the new ground, when a most terrible crash almost leveled them, the lightning striking two mules of a team of four, as the goods were being unloaded, killing them instantly and severely injuring a colored driver, also stunning several men who were near. The rain poured down in torrents, so that at 9 o'clock the camp was reported by Capt. Dickinson, Officer of the Day, to be "from two inches to a foot under water." Next day we moved again.

Thanksgiving day was observed by us, our Adjutant General profanely ordering divine service at 11 A. M., and an extra ration of whiskey for the men. Christmas

is near, which we hope to enjoy, remembering friends at home, and being remembered as we were last year of them, by receiving a large mail. Soldiers appreciate letters and will enjoy the War Record when it comes.

Yours, monthly,

J. H. B.

We are happy to present a graphic letter from Major MAHER. It forms an interesting chapter in the history of the 24th C. V.

### Twenty-fourth Connecticut Volunteers.

PORT HUDSON, La.,  
July 11th, 1863.

THOS. R. TROWBRIDGE, Esq.:

DEAR SIR:—Since I had the honor of writing to you from Opelousas, our regiment has participated in all the movements of the 19th Army Corps, and of which you no doubt read in the newspapers. The country we passed through in going to Alexandria, was the finest I ever saw. For days we saw nothing but immense fields of corn and sugar cane; very little cotton appeared to be raised, the Planters turning their whole attention to the raising of corn and sugar, principally corn. We saw but very few of the white male population until we reached Alexandria. I suppose that all the able-bodied men were either conscripted or took to the woods on our approach. The negroes hailed us with delight, with exclamations of "bless the Lord, the day has come at last," they frequently joined the regiment by the dozen, and often carried the musket for the tired soldier. I should have stated that we averaged nearly twenty-five miles a day marching, starting every morning about four, and resting ten minutes every hour until we reached a good place to camp for the night, always looking out to camp near a Bayou if possible, so that the men might have plenty of water. The officers and men were in the lightest possible marching order, having left our camp and garrison equipage, company and regimental books, officers' clothing, and, in fact, everything that could possibly be spared, at Bayou Beauf, by order of Gen. Grover. Rather unpleasant news has just reached us that the rebels captured everything left there. By the operation, I lose all my clothing except what I have on my back, but it don't concern me in the least. Had they taken wages and all, I would not give up the glorious privilege I had in participating in the reduction of this rebel stronghold to save them. The rebels by that move, and the planting of batteries on the banks of the Mississippi so as to cut off our supplies from New Orleans, thought that the Union army would be obliged to raise the siege of Port Hudson, but in that they were mistaken, as time proved.

The head of the army reached some thirty-five miles above Alexandria, in the direction of Shreveport, (rebel capital) when orders were given to retrace our steps. This strategic movement, taken in connection with Gen. Grant's move on Jackson, Miss., whereby the garrison at Port Hudson was considerably reduced, must live forever in history. Then commenced a quick and rapid coiling of the "Anaconda" around the throat of rebellion in the Mississippi, that was surely to choke him before he knew what Gen. Banks was up to. We marched to Cheneyville,

across the country to Simmesport, sailed up the Atchafalaya to Red River, down the Red to the Mississippi to Bayou Sara, then marched to St. Francisville to the Junction of the Bayou Sara and Clinton roads, where a meeting of the Union Generals and Col. Grierson took place, and where all the arrangements were completed.

Next day, May 24th, Grover's Division advanced by the Clinton road towards Port Hudson, our regiment being in the advance; when we approached the first belt of woods the regiment was deployed as skirmishers, with the exception of two Companies, which were kept on the road by Gen. Grover as a reserve; the Col. took one side, while the Lieut. Col. took the other side of the road, the reserve being under my command. We felt our way cautiously through a dense wood, filled with deep ravines and underbrush, and met with no opposition until we reached their first rifle pits, (and of which there is a good representation in Harper's weekly for June 27th,) when the rebels fired two volleys at us, hurting no one; we fired a couple of shot at them from a twelve-pounder, and before the rebels knew we had given the order to double quick, we were in their works. The rebels, I suppose, thought discretion the better part of valor, for they left in a hurry by one of the numerous passages which they knew, and of which we are thoroughly posted now; they also left their canteens, corn bread and other rebel delicacies. We did not stop at the rifle pits, but pushed right on to the clearing up of the woods and in sight of the fortifications, and within rifle shot. Up to this point, on that day, we lost none killed. The rebels opened on us an enfilading fire of grape and canister from the fort, while the sharpshooters, with Mississippi sporting rifles, opened on us from a house about five hundred yards distant. After getting a couple of field pieces in position, the house was set on fire by a few shells, and the sharpshooters put *hors du combat*. It was at this point that Gen. Grover's horse was shot from under him. I never saw a man take it more coolly than did the General. It was a pretty close shave for his life. Early next morning, Gen. Banks and Gen. Grover were to the front, seeing for themselves the situation of affairs, and at nine o'clock we were relieved by the 25th C. V., who took our place. After a rest of twelve hours our regiment was ordered to the front again, and remained there seven days without being relieved; when we got relieved we got a rest of several days, doing only slight fatigue duty. On Sunday, June 14th, we were ordered to sling our guns on our shoulders and carry cotton bags to fill up the enemy's ditch, so that the troops might get over the parapet more easily. It was arranged that three regiments were to precede ours so as to keep down the enemy while we approached the works. The plan was not exactly carried out, because the troops had to advance by the flank through a ravine, and it was found almost impossible to get over the fallen timber and underbrush, while the fire of the enemy was terrific, men falling on every side. But before the enemy were aware of it we scaled the brow of a hill less than a hundred feet from their strongest point and, making a breastwork of our cotton bags, opened a brisk fire on them, so that they were obliged to keep their heads down behind their works.

On this day there were many acts of individual heroism. One of the men whom I enlisted, named P. H. Gafney, left a sick bed (if the ground can be





called a b-d) that morning to go with us; when we got ready to fire he had six men loading for him while he fired, and to fill up the intervals he took out his pipe and smoked. There was another man named "Warner," from Cronwell, whom I admired very much for his courage and coolness. After firing he always took a look to see whom he hit. After the surrender, the First Mississippi regiment, who were opposed to us, said they were at Fort Donaldson, at the battle of Shiloh and other battles, and that they had never seen a thing so daring done as the 24th C. V. did in making a breastwork right under their noses, and had it not been for the planting of the cotton bags that a man would never have come out of the ravines alive, as they (rebs) had nothing to do but shoot every one that approached their works. After dark, that day, all the regiments were recalled but ours, the Aids not coming to us with any orders, so at night we entrenched ourselves by covering the cotton bags with earth, and by morning we had a very respectable fortification which the boys called Port Mansfield. So well done was it, that our General thought the rebels had constructed a new work during the night, and had given orders to one of our batteries to shell us, until fortunately the man at the lookout discovered our blue jackets. We stopped at this place until Port Hudson surrendered, and three days afterwards, (July 11th.) We have been at the siege of Port Hudson forty-seven days, thirty-three of them our regiment has been under fire, and twenty-five days out of the thirty-three, we have been less than a hundred feet from their works, and fired, on an average, not less than four thousand rounds of cartridges per day. Our men behaved splendidly, not a man flinching from his post except from sheer exhaustion. In fact, all our Connecticut troops have done nobly before Port Hudson. They seemed to be at the front all the time. From this little earthwork the covered approaches to the woods were dug and the parallels were made, also the zig zag approach right into the enemy's ditch, and we had on the morning of July 8th a mine forty-two feet long under the enemy's works, suitable to contain four hundred pounds of powder, and we were ready to blow them sky high if they had not surrendered.

For several days previous to the surrender, Gen. Banks might have taken Port Hudson but he did not want to sacrifice life when the same thing could be accomplished by waiting a few days longer. I admire Gen. Banks very much for his prudence in keeping his plans to himself, and also for his looking for himself at the situation of affairs. He was in our works early in the morning, middle of the day, late in the evening, and frequently at midnight, encouraging the men to persevere, and success would crown our efforts.

I see in late Northern newspapers greatly exaggerated accounts of the loss the Negro troops sustained before Port Hudson; that they went into the fight nine hundred strong, and that only three hundred returned to tell the tale. Now the truth is, the First and Third Colored regiments, together, were thirteen hundred strong, and were posted on our extreme right, and in the three charges they made they lost twenty-eight killed and one hundred and fifty-three wounded; enough to be sure, but not so many as some white regiments lost with half their number of men. The Second Negro regiment, which gets all the credit for what the First and Third did, are, this mo-

ment, at Ship Island, and have been during the siege of Port Hudson. There is no disputing the fact that the Negro troops did good service around Port Hudson, and whatever objections there had previously been, I heard no one object to them there. It is not reasonable to suppose that field hands, taken right from a plantation, can be made soldiers in a day. I have not the least doubt that after drilling a proper length of time they can be made very creditable soldiers.

Let me reiterate my former wish that this foul rebellion may be crushed before my term of service expires. My faith in the ability and justice of the North has never faltered.

Thanking you, my dear Sir, for the great interest you have taken in my Battalion, I hope God will long preserve you to enjoy your family and country.

Your Obedient Servant,  
PATRICK MAHER,  
Major 24th C. V.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*  
**From the Tenth Regiment.**

St. AUGUSTINE, Fla.,  
Dec. 2d, 1863. }

MESSES. EDITORS:—I have to-day had the privilege of perusing the third number of your paper, and as you do not appear to be posted in the late movements of our regiment, I have concluded to write you a few lines regarding them and our present whereabouts, which will probably be acceptable to some of the many friends of the regiment at home.

The Tenth Regiment had become so thoroughly used up by the arduous duties imposed upon it at St. Helena, Seabrook, James and Morris Islands, that recuperation to both officers and men was absolutely necessary, so towards the last of October we were ordered to this place for that purpose.

During the night of October 25th, the right wing of the regiment, with all the sick of the regiment, and its own baggage, embarked on the steamer Monahasset, which left soon after for Hilton Head. Next afternoon, the left wing, with its baggage, followed, aboard the steamer Canonicus—both boats safely arriving at the Head after a trip of six or seven hours. At the Head, the left wing with its baggage was transferred to the steamer Escort. At 5 P. M. of the 27th, both boats left the Head for the South, our band on board the Escort playing many lively airs while running down the harbor. At daylight the next morning we were off Fernandina, and as the wind and sea were unfavorable to crossing the very peculiar and dangerous bar at St. Augustine, the pilots ran the boats up the Amelia river and anchored in front of the new town, where we lay until 2 A. M. of the 31st.

This four days' delay at Fernandina, though tedious, gave us an opportunity to see the place, while a spirit of sociability and good feeling was cultivated between our officers and those of the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, which now garrison the place; and our splendid band was a famous auxiliary to special invitations. Many of us, also, had an opportunity to ride on the Florida Railway, which, by the way, our people are tearing up for use to better advantage elsewhere. The new town of Fernandina has several fine houses of recent construction, and it is laid out with broad streets, (now well covered with grass

and rank weeds,) in anticipation of large commercial enterprise and trade, while the old town, (said to be the second town settled in the United States,) is anything but interesting to the visitor, unless he be an antiquarian. Fort Clinch, which commands the harbor, is garrisoned by two companies of the Ninety-seventh Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, and appears to be kept in excellent condition.

At 2 A. M. of the 31st our boats up anchors and run out for St. Augustine, and the weather now being very favorable, we make the bar at 8 A. M., and at 11 A. M., the tide having risen to a convenient height, we cross by means of the Roundabout Channel into the harbor, the Twenty-fourth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers (which preceded us three weeks) honoring us with a salute of thirteen guns as we passed Fort Marion. Making the wharf, we were disembarked, and after a few preliminary arrangements were marched to a vacant lot about a quarter of a mile north of the town, where our camp was quickly formed and tents pitched, the companies assembled for the regular two months' muster, and the men ready for supper by sundown. We have now been here thirty-two days, and feel established, and for a sick regiment perform quite an amount of duty: Brigade drill three times a week, battalion drill once a day, and company drill ditto; besides which our regiment furnishes a picket guard every other day, hospital and camp guard every day. Our men, nevertheless, improve rapidly. We have about one hundred and thirty sick. On picket days every second man is on duty, on other days every fourth man.

The climate here is said to be very salubrious and equable, but since our arrival it has been the very reverse of the latter good quality. For instance: Nov. 10th, very cold wind, thermometer 40° at 6 P. M.; next morning at 6 o'clock, 36°; Nov. 14th, 86° at noon, in the shade; Nov. 30th, 76° in the shade, at noon; Dec. 1st, I had no opportunity to observe the thermometer, but ice was formed, in exposed places, one-fourth of an inch thick at daylight in the morning, and it was very cold all day and the following night. Thus you will observe that we are here subjected to as great variations of temperature as in Connecticut, although the cold is never so severe. The hottest weather of summer is said to be 96° Fahrenheit, and the mean temperature of the year about 76° Fahrenheit. Snow has been known to fall once during the life of "the oldest inhabitant." So that we if we spend the winter here our opportunities for sleigh riding and skating are liable to be quite limited.

Yours, OPTICUS.

There are from four to five hundred letters belonging to members of the nine months' regiments, at the Adjutant General's office in Hartford. If a member of any of these regiments has failed to receive letters of value which were sent to him, he would do well to look among these for the missing epistles.

A man named Tucker enlisted in New Haven recently, who has been seven years in the navy, and was on the San Jacinto at the time of the Trent affair.

☞ Duty of the day—to fill up Connecticut Regiments.





## HOME DEPARTMENT.

## Our State Militia.

NUMBER THREE.

In previous articles we have considered the necessity of giving increased encouragement to our State Militia. We have endeavored to prove that this necessity is imperative, and that without such increased encouragement we shall soon have no militia organization worth preserving. Now, if the facts which we have stated are correct, and if the inferences which we have drawn from these facts are legitimate, it is obvious that there must be grave, inherent defects in the present militia system. It is, at any rate, absolutely certain that the active militia force in the State is contemptibly small. Nominally, there are eight militia regiments in Connecticut. Of these regiments, the 1st has five companies, the 2d has six companies, the 3d has three companies, the 4th two companies, the 5th, 6th and 7th have one company each, and the 8th has nine companies. These, with two light batteries, constitute the whole nominal militia force of Connecticut. Of these eight regiments, only three have field officers, while there is not a single Brigadier General in the State. Of the twenty-eight companies included in these eight regiments, a considerable portion are practically defunct, and should be disbanded at once.

But further, we doubt if more than two of these militia companies can show an effective force of more than fifty men each. In a word, we do not believe that we have in the State six hundred men who could be relied upon for active military duty as members of militia companies. This is, in our view, a very humiliating confession, but it is high time that the facts in the case were generally understood. We cannot see that anything is to be gained by suppressing or ignoring the present condition of our militia organization. Indeed, we cannot doubt that one reason why our Legislature has hitherto shown so much apathy in reference to this whole matter, has been because it does not appreciate the actual state of the militia of Connecticut.

Now there is no manner of doubt that under a wise and fostering system of legislation upon this subject, we might easily have eight full regiments, forming two brigades, and constituting in the whole, one division. The State of Connecticut ought to be satisfied with nothing less than this. Indeed, excepting the consideration of measures for re-enforcing our armies in the field, there is no inquiry which can occupy the

time, and engross the earnest attention of our Legislature, of so much importance as this very subject of an efficient State Militia. Whether we look upon the militia as a force needed for home defense, or for the prompt suppression of riots, or as the best school for acquiring that military education and discipline which are so imperatively called for in the volunteer army of the United States, the whole subject is one of pre-eminence and controlling interest.

Let us then consider what plan can be adopted, which gives the fairest promise of success in so desirable an enterprise. There are two modes of raising our militia force to the requisite number,—by drafting and by volunteers.

We shall devote no time to an examination of the policy of requiring all the able-bodied men in the State, within certain ages, to do military duty. Thoroughly and inexorably carried out, such a system might have decided advantages over every other system that could be devised, but no sensible man who has given any thought to the matter, believes that this is practicable.

Let us then briefly consider the policy of a draft as a mode of filling up the ranks of our militia. We say in the outset that we do not believe that the object at which we are aiming can be accomplished in this way. Our reasons for this view are as follows:

In the first place, a draft is a tedious, expensive, unpopular and unsatisfactory expedient. It can only work to any advantage where the need of men is most urgent and immediate, and the power directing it is ample, resolute and effective. The existing necessity must be apparent, and must be, also, a continuing necessity, for public opinion will hardly approve a draft under any other state of things.

Then again, a great deal of expensive machinery is necessary to make a draft effective. There must be enrollment lists carefully made and carefully connected, there must be a board to hear and decide cases of men claiming exemption, there must be medical examinations, and many other unavoidable details, before the draft can be properly said to be completed.

But when all this has been done, the real business has only been commenced. The men who have been drafted must be organized into companies, regiments and brigades. Nor is this all; the militia so organized must be compelled to perfect themselves in drill and discipline. It is not too much to presume that men called against their will to perform an uncompensated service, will manifest very little alacrity in preparation for that service. There must be, then,

a code of rules punishing those who neglect their military duties. Attempts to enforce these rules will lead to endless and expensive litigation. And, meanwhile, there will be wanting that evident and immediate necessity for a State Militia, which would materially aid in the enforcement of the required provisions. Public opinion will not appreciate the importance of keeping up a system which mainly contemplates the cure of a coming evil, because public opinion deals with existing facts, and postpones, until the actual crisis, the measures to be adopted for meeting that crisis. However much we may regret this, our regret furnishes no excuse for shutting our eyes to the fact. Any legislative action which has not the cordial support of public sentiment is, practically, a dead letter, and merely encumbers the statute book with inoperative provisions. Our "Maine Law" is a conclusive illustration of the truth of this position.

Our State Militia must then be raised by some means which shall avoid the objections which can be urged against a draft. Some plan must be provided which shall give us a sufficient militia force, effective for active duty and ready for immediate service.

We shall endeavor in a subsequent article to indicate the system which in our judgment ought to be adopted. MILITIA.

## What a Citizen Thinks.

MR. EDITOR.—I am not a member of the State Militia and have never been. But I am a citizen of Connecticut, jealous of her fair fame, and anxious that an enlightened and liberal policy should characterize all her legislation. I am also a property holder, and desire to be protected in the enjoyment of all my civil rights. I am perfectly willing to pay my proportion of the expenses incurred in affording this protection. I only ask that no short-sighted and niggardly economy shall limit the appropriation to an insufficient amount, and that no wasteful extravagance shall squander the sums raised by a State tax.

Now what measures should be adopted to insure adequate protection to the lives and property of all the inhabitants of the State? Take, for instance, the city of New Haven, where I reside. What force is relied on to preserve the peace, suppress riots, and generally to secure every citizen in the quiet enjoyment of his rights? We have a body of nineteen policemen and fifteen supernumeraries, who may be called on when occasion requires. Is this a sufficient safeguard in a city of nearly 50,000 inhabitants? Certainly not. But then I shall be told we have several militia companies, whose active assistance can be depended on if any disturbance or danger arises too formidable to be controlled by the police. Now, Sir, this brings me to the exact inquiry I wish to make. Granting that we do rely on our militia as a reserved force, available in case of need; granting that we live from day to day in greater safety and security because of the existence in this very city of these





militia companies; is it not perfectly clear that their importance as a useful and even necessary organization, should be suitably recognized?

Is it not, also, equally clear that to maintain an effective militia organization, and to put and keep each of these companies in a proper condition for immediate service, requires the expenditure of large sums of money? Do we not know that under the present militia system these expenses are borne almost entirely by the members of the militia themselves, by the very men in fact on whom we are relying for protection? To be sure, the State appropriates a certain sum every year for militia expenses. But, as has already been abundantly demonstrated in the columns of the War Record, the appropriation falls very far short of the amount of money required. And, moreover, the members of the militia, having been first taxed to pay their proportion of the moneys so appropriated, are obliged to make up, from their own slender purses, the immense deficit which remains.

Can such a policy be defended for one moment? Can we in honor and justice do anything less than provide for the payment of all reasonable expenses incurred by the militia in perfecting and maintaining their organization? Can any property holder and tax payer in the State reasonably object to such an arrangement? Will any man ask that his property shall be protected at the expense of poor men whose interest in the preservation of peace and good order cannot be compared to his? For my own part, I confess, that I think Connecticut manifests an unaccountable indifference to the just claims of her militia. I sometimes fear that we shall never be taught what is our duty in this respect, until some wide-spread and destructive riot shall demonstrate the necessity of a more liberal policy than we are now pursuing. I rejoice that you are calling public attention to this all important subject. I trust enough interest may be awakened by a free discussion of the question to lead to some essential change in the existing militia system. I believe with Governor Seymour of New York in his recent message, that "a well regulated militia is necessary to the security of a free State," and that "the events of the past year show that neglect of this truth has exposed us to dangers of invasion, to the disgrace of riots, and to the hazard of still greater calamities." And I further believe that we ought not to expect protection from the militia unless we are willing to pay them a fair compensation for their services.

NEW HAVEN, Jan. 6, 1864.

CITIZEN.

EDITOR CONN. WAR RECORD:—Allow me to express my cordial approval of the views expressed by "Militia," in his articles in the November and December numbers of your valuable journal. I hope the members of the Connecticut Militia are doing what they can to aid you in your praiseworthy efforts to give to the public reliable information upon this important subject. Connecticut has too long neglected to treat this matter with the serious attention which it demands. There has been for years a growing disposition to slight the claims of a State Militia, and to save a few dollars for the current year, without reflecting that the wisest economy is to provide for the future as soon as it is made apparent that such provision for coming troubles is called for.

It is, I should think, sufficiently evident that some change in our Militia system is necessary.

Whatever the cause may be, any one can see that we have not to-day such a Militia force as we should have. I hope the subject will be fully discussed in the columns of the War Record, and that you will receive sufficient encouragement from our Militia to justify you in continuing a "Home Department."

Please put me down for five additional copies, which I will endeavor to distribute in quarters where information on this question is most needed.

A FRIEND TO THE MILITIA.

Mr. Editor:—I am not in the habit of writing for a paper, but I have a few things that I want to say about the condition of our Militia, and you must excuse me if what I say isn't as well written as the rest of your paper. I thank you very much for giving the Militia a fair chance to be heard. I have long thought that we should have had a good Militia law, if we had an opportunity to let people know how hard it was to get men to join Militia Companies when it was so expensive. Poor men can't afford to serve the State for almost nothing, and pay all their own bills besides. It is too much to ask of men who have as much as they can do to make both ends meet any way, and then to be laughed at for staying at home, makes it a little too hard. Give us decent pay for what we do, and save us from being out of pocket at the end of the year, and you can have as large a Militia force as you need. If you are not willing to do as much as this, you may as well give up the whole thing. I believe if the facts are known the matter will be arranged somehow, and we shall have a Militia force in Connecticut that the State won't be ashamed of.

A PRIVATE IN THE CONN. MILITIA.

### Meriden Militia Company.

The last meeting of Infantry Company I, 2d Regiment, 2d Brigade, C. M. (Meriden), was one of unusual interest and enthusiasm. The two principal causes of this enthusiasm were, first: The assurance that the Company will soon receive a very neat and substantial uniform, and also requisite arms and equipments from the State. The second reason for the interest is the belief that our Legislature will act upon the wise and important suggestions of your contributor "Militia," and place their domestic force upon an honorable and permanent footing. Our militia force has been so imperfectly organized, and so grossly neglected by the people and the Legislature, that many of our wealthiest and most influential citizens will do nothing to give it interest and character. They say a "militia force will amount to nothing," and are willing to rely on extemporized "Home Guards" in any emergency which may demand military force. All such talk is the veriest nonsense. Our "Home Guard" companies which were heartily organized to meet an emergency, were composed, it is true, of our best, bravest, and most reliable citizens, yet they could not have been generally relied upon to successfully cope with armed and infuriated mobs. In saying this, I do not underestimate and undervalue in the least the courage and patriotism of our loyal citizens. Courage and patriotism without thorough organization and discipline, are of little avail when bayonet must oppose bayonet. Those who have handled troops on the battle-field, know how all-important and difficult is the discipline. Fight-

ing with arms is a profession, and it cannot be done successfully without, patient long-continued preparation. It is almost useless to put arms into the hands of men who cannot march well in line, by flank, in column; who hardly know how to load and fire a musket. One badly-executed movement under fire may produce utter demoralization and rout.

You might as well put "Wall-street brokers" upon farms, and expect them to succeed in agricultural pursuits without any instruction; or sailors into our workshops, and expect them to successfully fabricate, without any previous knowledge of the business, as to take men from diversified professions, on a day's notice, and expect them to fight well and successfully. It cannot be done.

But I will close by some further allusion to our Meriden Company. We now number sixty muskets. Some of our citizens have contributed liberally to uniform the Company, but were there as much interest as the object is entitled to, funds would be forthwith advanced to uniform a maximum company. Worthy young men are ready to come forward and enroll their names, but they are unable to meet the expense of procuring their uniforms, except in a few cases; and this ought not to be demanded of them. They give their time that they may be prepared to defend the persons and property of rich men—yes, nobler and better, to defend the State and the National Government. Are we so devoid of martial spirit, so blind to our highest interest, that we will not fortify our laws, institutions, liberties, with a well-disciplined, ever vigilant, ever ready militia force? How slow are men to break through material greed and gains, and learn the lessons of history! Were all of our wealthy men of the same mind and heart of the Messrs. Parkers, of our town, who have given one-seventh of all that has been raised for the Company, our militia system would no longer be a shadowy, inefficient thing. Some, of ample means, are withholding their aid and asking, "What will it amount to?" If they cannot answer that question satisfactorily, after two years of bloody, wasting rebellion—after mob excitements and barbarities surpassing the atrocities and crimes of the "Age of Reason"—their perception must be very obtuse, their public spirit very sickly, their benevolence very "pinched and poor," or their loyalty exceedingly doubtful.

Meriden, Nov. 20, 1863.

PLAINVILLE, CONN., NOV. 2, 1863.

Editors Connecticut War Record:

Rev. Moses Smith, Pastor of the Congressional Church in this village, having been drafted, has entered the United States service as a soldier.

At the Sunday School of his church, 279 being present, on the Sunday he took his leave of us for the Conscript camp in New Haven, the following Resolutions were passed unanimously:

Whereas, Our beloved Pastor, Rev. Moses Smith, who for four years past has been most indefatigable in his efforts to interest and advance this Sunday School, and to whose prayers and labors very much of the prosperity and success of this beloved institution is to be attributed, has, in the wisdom of our heavenly Father, been called to leave us for a time and enter upon a most self-denying and hazardous mission—that of aiding in the suppression of a terrible rebellion against our beloved government, and establishing a permanent





and righteous peace in our now distracted country, and, whereas, like a true Christian patriot he has resolved to respond to the call thus made and devote his life and energies to that service so long as his help is needed; therefore,

*Resolved*, That we as a Sunday School do deeply sympathize with him in the labors and sacrifices he is thus to assume.

*Resolved*, That we hereby extend to him our most grateful acknowledgments and heartfelt thanks for all he has been permitted to do for this Sunday School during the years he has been with us.

*Resolved*, That we will daily and very earnestly remember him at the throne of grace, beseeching our heavenly Father to protect him amid all the dangers to which he may be exposed, make him a great blessing to those with whom he may be called to associate in his new field of effort, and in his own good time permit him to return to us in health and vigor, prepared to resume his labors of love among us.

### OUR VETERANS.

#### The Reception of the 8th and 11th Regiments.

We have delayed our January No. for some days for the purpose of recording the return and reception of these gallant veteran volunteers.

They were expected on Saturday, the 9th of January, and from that day until Friday, the 15th, the whole population were on tip-toe with expectation.

The people had seen the three and nine months' troops return ragged, haggard and uncontrollable—and many remembering that these boys had seen twenty-seven months' service, expected to behold a horrid crew.

But when they saw the clean, strong, sturdy, keen-eyed veterans of the two battalions moving, as one man, with firm and elastic step, their wonder and admiration were unbounded. Can it be, was the frequent exclamation, that these men are the battle-scarred heroes of six or seven fierce fights, and twice that number of skirmishes? Can it be that these men have, on weary feet, traversed North Carolina, Maryland and Virginia,—that these men have slept on the bare frozen ground—stood guard for twenty-four hours at a time in snow and mud almost fathomless, subsisting meanwhile, on "salt-horse and hard-take" alone? Indeed, it seemed hardly possible.

But firmly, sternly, grandly, and proudly they march by. Ah! these are no holiday soldiers—these are patriot veterans—valiant and noble as were ever marshaled. Proud, too, were the people of New Haven, and proud the people of Hartford, to welcome and bless such men as our country's defenders.

And richly do these regiments deserve welcome and blessing. Let us review briefly their history.

The record of the Eighth is unsurpassed. At the battles of Roanoke and Newbern they were present, and did their duty promptly and well. For five long weeks they toiled day and night at the siege of Fort Macon—the capture of which, though at the time crowded out of notice by the important events then rapidly transpiring at the West, was no small achievement. Next, they were a part of the advance guard in the pursuit of Lee in September, 1862, from Frederick City to Antietam. They were also present, and under fire for hours in the sharp and decisive battle and splendid victory of South Mountain; and on the

Wednesday following they faced the enemy on the sanguinary field of Antietam. In that engagement they were under fire almost incessantly from sunrise to sunset. Posted on the extreme left, the brigade was ordered, towards night, to advance to a position commanding Sharpsburg and the roads to the river. It advanced under a terrible fire. The other regiments broke and retired in disorder and dismay; but in splendid line, *alone*, the sturdy Eighth went on. They receive the fire of three batteries, and five times their own number of infantry, both in front and in flank. Right on they move. Every man knows the case is hopeless. But the Eighth obeys orders. They reach the point to which they are sent. They remain there. *Half* the men who started with them are killed or wounded, but they hold their ground. At last comes the order to retire. The Eighth, cool, as before impetuous, faces into column and retires in good order. Regular officers, who served on the Peninsula, have said in the writer's hearing, that they had never seen a regiment advance more steadily and bravely, and never a regiment retire from a situation so critical with equal coolness and good order.

Previous to the first battle of Fredericksburg the regiment was stationed behind the Lacey House, a large mansion directly in front of the city, and within easy rifle range of the rebels. On the first day of the battle the regiment had present but one hundred and sixty effective men; of these, one hundred volunteered for the hazardous task of laying down the pontoon bridges, after the engineers had tried in vain. Few of the band expected to return. Fortunately, our losses at this point were less than we expected; but the bravery of the men was no less conspicuous and praiseworthy. The regiment was not again called into close action during the battle.

At the siege of Suffolk, at which the perfection of incompetency was displayed, the 8th had opportunity, with the 89th New York, to perform the only brilliant exploit of the siege. Two hundred men, in the face of thousands of rebels, crossed the river Nansemond and stormed Fort Hunger, capturing five fine brass guns and one hundred and thirty-eight prisoners. The force was maneuvered handsomely and the work done in less than fifteen minutes. Accordingly the loss was only about twenty men of the whole force. No better proof could be afforded of gallantry and efficiency than to accomplish such a task with so little loss. Had the force been hindered five minutes, by any of those delays which happen to undisciplined or excitable men, the expedition would have failed. Since the siege of Suffolk the Eighth has, with other troops, been stationed at and near Portsmouth, occupied with fatigue work on the fortifications, and with drill and picket duty. Whenever the chance is offered they will add to their well earned laurels.

The record of the Eleventh C. V. is one of high and stainless honor, and, though less brilliant than that of the Eighth, it is less brilliant only for lack of opportunity to do dashing deeds.

In severe toil, in patient endurance, in sturdy valor, their history is equally creditable, and, in fact, almost identical with that of the Eighth. No harder, braver, or better disciplined regiment, ever went from our State. At the bridge over Antietam creek, at the cost of a splendid Colonel and more than one hundred and fifty men, they proved their mettle beyond cavil. At Newbern,

at South Mountain, at Fredericksburg, at the siege of Suffolk they did their duty with alacrity and unflinching courage. In picket and skirmish duty they are unsurpassed. The boys of the "bully Eighth" look upon them as right worthy compatriots, and no two bodies of men ever cherished for each other more profound respect and sincere friendship than the sturdy veterans of these two gallant regiments.

Well might the heart of every patriotic man and woman who looked on these sun-browned and battle-tried veterans, thrill with just pride and intense enthusiasm.

These brave and hardy patriots are welcome, heartily welcome. No reception, no festivity can adequately express the feelings of our people. They rejoice, yes, they are grateful for this visit. Coming among us, pledged for another three years, if need be, to maintain the Constitution and the Union—their influence will be most happy and excellent. Their presence shames and silences every rebel—gladdens every loyal heart. Already the people who have looked on these sturdy fellows—safely past a fiery trial of battle and hardship—and who have heard their strong, cheerful words—feel two-fold pride and faith in our splendid Nation and her matchless defenders—and renewed conviction of the sure and swift coming doom of this groundless rebellion.

The almost unanimous re-enlistment of our veterans throughout the country is a certain harbinger of speedy triumph and peace.

They will recruit their decimated ranks, they will go forth again to make short work with the failing and disheartened armies of the rebels, and at no distant day—having saved the nation, having conquered a lasting peace—will return to a second reception—a grand, glorious, and heart-warming reception.

The receptions were not unworthy the veterans. Although the day was damp and cold, men and women thronged the streets of New Haven and Hartford to give cordial greeting to the returning braves.

The time which they could spend in New Haven was limited. The regiments marched from the wharf almost directly to Music Hall, partook of a bountiful collation, and returned to the wharf to take the cars.

The waving of handkerchiefs, the boom of cannon, the merry peal of bells, the enthusiasm of the people, were the sole welcome.

His Excellency, Mayor Tyler, and others, were ready and anxious to utter grateful words of heartfelt affection and honor; but "the boys" had had no breakfast, and with praiseworthy regard to the state of the case, the speakers merely said, "Eat hearty, boys, and welcome."

The escort line was the following, commanded by Lieut. Col. Merwin:

Invalid Corps, four Companies,

Lieut. Col. Speidel.

A Company from the Hospital.

The Young Grays, Capt. Geo. L. Northrop.

A Company from Russell's School.

The Light Guards, Capt. Bunce.

Major General Russell, attended by Major Wayland, Major Basserman, and others of his Staff.

Mayor and Council in carriages.

Brigadier Gen. Harland and Staff.

11th C. V.—8th C. V.

The veterans were received with great enthusiasm at Hartford. The national colors were every-





where flung to the breeze. Houses and stores were handsomely decorated. Every loyal citizen seemed eager to do honor to these splendid Union men.

The escort line was formed on High street, and the line of march taken up as follows:

Marshal,

Col. George S. Burnham.

Aid,

Aid,

Lieut. John S. Ives. Lieut. Col. D. A. Root.

First Company Governor's Horse Guard,

Major James Waters.

First Company Governor's Foot Guard,

Major L. E. Hunt.

Battalion of Invalid Corps,

Major George A. Washburn.

Hartford City Guard,

Captain John K. Williams.

Then came the honored veterans, as follows:

Brigadier-General Edward Harland and Staff.

Eighth Regiment, Conn. Vols.—301 men, Col.

John E. Ward.

Eleventh Regiment, Conn. Vols.—298 men, Col.

G. A. Stedman.

The order of procession was up High street to Main, down Main to the State House, where they were received by the Legislature and State Officers, and welcomed by the Governor. They then marched to the South Green, up Main again, around the State House and down Asylum street to Allyn Hall.

Nine large tables, bountifully loaded with substantial refreshments, filled the main floor of Allyn Hall, and four tables were arranged upon the stage. The hall was beautifully trimmed with flags, and the dress circle festooned with red, white and blue, and the war-worn banners of various Connecticut regiments. Over the stage, in large letters, were the words, "WELCOME, VETERANS."

Around the dress circle, interspersed with the battle-stained colors, were the historic names, "Antietam," "Roanoke Island," "Gettysburg," "Nansemond," "Fort Macon," "Dismal Swamp," "West Branch," "South Mountain," "Newbern," "Fort Huger," "Fredericksburg."

The galleries were reserved for the ladies, and filled hours before the regiments arrived. A private box was also reserved for the Governor and his family.

A large covered sleigh was provided for the invalids of the two regiments.

The speech of Governor Buckingham, at the State House, was substantially as follows:

*General Harland, and Officers and Men of the Eighth and Eleventh Regiments:* In behalf of the General Assembly, and the citizens of Connecticut, I greet you with a cordial welcome—not as long lost prodigals who have neglected their duty to themselves and their homes; but as devoted sons who have gone in their manhood from parental roofs, and, after achieving brilliant success through heroic deeds and sacrifices, return crowned with glory to receive the blessings of parents and friends.

I remember the time, not long in the past, when a certain race of men declared to the world that from the corner-stone of human bondage they would erect a government of their own in defiance of law and Constitutional obligations, and that they raised armies to carry out their bold declaration, though the land should be deluged in blood; I remember that they, in their madness, fired upon the old flag of their country as it waved over Fort Sumter; and that as true men, fired with the zeal and patriotism which should animate every true American heart, while on their

way to defend the Capitol of the nation, they were shot down in the streets of Baltimore by an infuriated mob, stimulated to bloody deeds by the desire to overthrow Liberty that Slavery might live. Then it was that you stepped out from your workshops and fields of labor, and, bidding adieu for the time being to peaceful pursuits and the enjoyments of home, buckled on the armor of brave men, and marched to distant fields to defend the National life from the assaults of a wicked and desperate foe. I remember—and the people of Connecticut remember—your full ranks, as you stood shoulder to shoulder, two thousand strong, when leaving the borders of the State; and since that time watchful eyes and prayerful hearts have not lost sight of you. Through all the vicissitudes and dangers of the battle-field, you have been watched with eager anxiety. We remember, when with the indomitable Burnside, you landed on the sands of Roanoke Island, through the battling waves of Hatteras, to the securing of a foothold in the old North State. We remember you at Newbern, at South Mountain, and at other fields where your valor has been displayed with untold honor to yourselves and your native State. At Antietam, where your gallant Colonel Kingsbury laid down his life; where the intrepid Griswold led the way across that fatal bridge and died heroically; where the brave Lieut. Wait would not leave his post, though wounded mortally; we remember you with particular devotion. It is in that record that we find the names of sixty-nine of your numbers who knew how sweet it was to die for their country, and of over two hundred more who died in defense of Liberty. And we owe you, who stood on their side, a debt of gratitude which we can never repay. We would have your names inscribed on the finest marble and granite; but if that cannot be you may rest assured that engraved on the brightest pages of history the names of the Nation's defenders will ever warm the gratitude of those who shall read hereafter the history of this rebellion.

Though your flags come back tattered and torn, they are crowned with glory, and will ever stand with the names of bloody battle-fields which are inscribed upon them, as faithful witnesses of your struggles in defense of Constitutional Liberty.

I feel grateful to God that you are here; that you come to us with such a noble record. Your re-enlistment is evidence that you first entered the service of your country from motives of patriotism, and are ready to fight on, giving your lives if need be, to the maintenance of those principles which lie close to the heart of every true lover of his country. So long as our hearts continue to beat true to Liberty, so long will they cherish with gratitude the services of the Eighth and Eleventh Connecticut regiments.

After all had secured their places at the table, Rowland Swift, Esq., the presiding officer, made an excellent reception speech, as follows:

#### MR. SWIFT'S SPEECH.

By appointment of the Citizens' Committee, it devolves upon me to preside here for this glorious and happy hour, but I cannot hope, welcome veterans, in any adequate manner to express the glad emotions that swell the hearts of this multitude, which wait to do you honor.

Our wildest notes of welcome have fallen upon your ears from without; the happy, eager throng who have envied your way hither I regret must be for the most part excluded from this scene; the children who have crowded the line of your march to shout their greetings and drop their joyful tears, have turned their reluctant steps homeward again, and we have called you to this house of festival, not to weary you with our congratulations, but to tender you our most speedy and substantial cheer. Around you, soldiers, hang the insignia of war, borne over many a well-fought field, where soldiers of your own dear commonwealth immortalized themselves; and while we look upon them and venerate them, we turn with proud satisfaction to behold these worn and faded banners which you have brought hither with you. Scorching in the flame of some fiery fields, rent in the sharp conflict of historic battles, spotted it may

be with the blood of those who bore them amid the murderous storm, I thank God, and you, their brave defenders, that these war-worn flags are safe, and no lusting rebel has ever laid his foul grasp upon them!

A few short, eventful months ago, you will remember, brethren, as you marched away, we gathered upon our streets to bid you God speed on your journey. We did not forget you when to our disturbed homes came the sounds of the conflict where your souls were tried; we counted with saddened hearts and honored with our honest tears the names of your heroic companions who fell where you triumphed; and as we sorrowed at your sacrifices, we gloried too in your patriotism and your victories, we cherished the record of your deeds and waited till we might award you our praises for what you had wrought for us; but oh with what expressions shall we meet you at length as you come back to us wearing this fresh coronal glory, that you have been among the very first and the most unanimous to re-devote yourselves to the cause, precious to every one of us, and honored in the old world! Let me only, in the name of the citizens of Hartford, assure you of their heartiest sympathy, their most cordial welcome; and point you to the sensible tokens thereof which willing hands have prepared for you. And now, gratefully remembering the favor of the Almighty One who has preserved you and returned you thus far on your homeward way, I invite your attention while we seek the Divine blessing upon your repast.

Rev. Dr. Hawes here stepped forward and offered a fervent prayer.

Mr. Swift then remarked: "Boys, you have shown us what you can do for your country, now let us see what you can do for yourselves." [Laughter.] And the boys satisfied both themselves and the lookers on that they were men of might no less at table than in battle.

The repast concluded, they gave three hearty cheers for the ladies present, for the Soldiers' Aid Society, and for other deserving persons.

Leaving the hall, they were marched to their temporary quarters in two or three public halls, where they spent the night, and after breakfasting at Allyn Hall, began to disperse to their homes. And then, sweetest of all, comes the tender and blissful reception of fathers, sons, brothers, husbands and lovers in a thousand happy homes. God bless our manly veterans!

### The Returning Veterans.

The commissioned officers of the Eighth and Eleventh C. V., are as follows:—

#### EIGHTH REGIMENT.

John E. Ward, Colonel.

Wm. M. Pratt, Adjutant.

Melancthon Storrs, Surgeon.

S. Stocking, Asst.

W. Bigelow, " "

A. M. Dougherty, Quartermaster.

Co. A.—Capt. H. M. Hoyt; 2d Lieut. Samuel S. Foss.

Co. B.—Lieut. A. M. Morgan, Co. F, acting Captain.

Co. C.—1st Lieut. Rathbun, Co. E, acting Captain; 2d Lieut. Geo. Stevens.

Co. D.—Capt. James R. Moore; 2d Lieut. Amos Keables.

Co. E.—Capt. Thomas D. Sheffield.

Co. F.—Capt. Henry C. Hall; 2d Lieut. Anthony R. Canfield.

Co. G.—Capt. R. M. Ford; 1st Lieut. Levi C. Bingham; 2d Lieut. John S. Lane.

Co. H.—Capt. Elam T. Goodrich; 1st Lieut. Thomas H. Weed; 2d Lieut. John Merriam.

Co. I.—Capt. Wm. I. Roberts; 2d Lieut. Irwin Hall.

Co. K.—Capt. John McCall; 2d Lieut. John Vore.





## ELEVENTH REGIMENT.

Griffin A. Stedman, Colonel.  
J. H. Converse, Major.  
S. C. Barnum, Adjutant.  
James B. Whitecomb, Surgeon.  
Dwight Satterlee, Asst.  
H. S. DeForest, Chaplain.  
A. Davis, Quartermaster.  
Co. A.—Capt. R. H. Rice; 2d Lieut. S. D. Horne.  
Co. B.—Capt. Charles Warren; 1st Lieut. Hartwell Cady.  
Co. C.—Capt. Schoener.  
Co. D.—Capt. Joseph H. Nickerson; 2d Lieut. Morris Kraszynski.  
Co. E.—Capt. Brown; 2d Lieut. James E. Fuller.

Co. F.—Capt. John Kies; 2d Lieut. Horton.  
Co. G.—1st Lieut. Amos T. Allen.  
Co. H.—Capt. H. J. McDonald.  
Co. I.—Capt. Wm. H. Sackett; 2d Lieut. John H. Sniffins.  
Co. K.—1st Lieut. J. Randolph Kerr.  
Quite a number of commissioned officers of both regiments were already home on recruiting service, and are not included in the above.

The Eighth brings home three hundred and one men, and left behind in camp twenty able-bodied men who have not reenlisted. The Eleventh brings two hundred and ninety-eight, leaving in camp between forty and fifty.

## PERSONAL.

## CHANGES

*In the Connecticut Volunteer force for the month of December, 1863.*

## PROMOTIONS.

## 29TH REGIMENT.

Dec. 1.—Eugene S. Bissell, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Nov. 30, 1863, to fill an original vacancy.

## 1ST ARTILLERY.

Dec. 2.—2d Lieut. Paul Harwood, of Co. H, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. A, with rank from Nov. 27, 1863, vice Burton, promoted.

Jeremiah C. Morton to be 1st Assistant Surgeon with rank from Dec. 1, 1863, vice Bunce, resigned.

## 18TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Wm. L. Spaulding, of Co. D, to be Captain of Co. B, with rank from Nov. 30, 1863, vice Bates, resigned.

2d Lieut. Noadiah P. Johnson, of Co. D, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. D, with rank from Nov. 30, 1863, vice Spaulding, promoted.

1st Sergt. Franklin B. Bixby, of Co. D, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. D, with rank from Nov. 30, 1863, vice Johnson, promoted.

## 5TH REGIMENT.

Dec. 4.—Rev. Moses Smith, of Plainville, to be chaplain, with rank from December 1, 1863, vice Morris, resigned.

## 7TH REGIMENT.

Dec. 5.—1st Lieut. John Thompson, of Co. I, to be Captain of Co. B, with rank from Dec. 1, 1863, vice Burdick, killed in battle.

2d Lieut. John Van Keuren, of Co. A, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. I, with rank from Dec. 1, 1863, vice Thompson, promoted.

Sergt. Major Raphael Gilbert to be 2d Lieut. of Co. B, with rank from Dec. 1, 1863, vice Wilson, killed in battle.

Commissary Sergt. Wm. H. Augur to be 2d Lieut. of Co. K, with rank from Dec. 1, 1863, vice Greene, promoted.

Sergt. John B. Young, of Co. I, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. D, with rank from Dec. 1, 1863, vice Wildman, promoted.

1st Sergt. Byron Bradford, of Co. K, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. A, with rank from Dec. 1, 1863, vice Van Keuren, promoted.

## 10TH REGIMENT.

Thomas R. Worsley to be 2d Lieut. of Co. E, with rank from Dec. 4, 1863, vice Case, promoted.

## 29TH REGIMENT.

Dec. 7th.—Charles L. Norton, of Farmington,

to be Captain, with rank from Dec. 5, 1863, to fill an original vacancy.

## 12TH REGIMENT.

Dec. 9.—1st Lieut. James E. Smith, of Co. D, to be adjutant, with the rank of 1st Lieut. from Sept. 23, 1863, vice Harmount, discharged to accept promotion.

2d Lieut. Francis Smith, of Co. B, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. H, with rank from Dec. 9, 1863, vice Hanks, discharged to accept promotion.

1st Sergt. George M. Benton, of Co. B, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. B, with rank from Dec. 9, 1863, vice F. Smith, promoted.

## 13TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Perry Averill, of Co. D, to be Captain of Co. C, with rank from Dec. 9, 1863, vice Averill, promoted.

2d Lieut. Louis Meisner, of Co. I, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. D, with rank from Dec. 9, 1863, vice Averill, promoted.

Sergt. Major Frederick N. Stanley to be 2d Lieut. of Co. I, with rank from Dec. 9, 1863.

## 29TH REGIMENT.

Dec. 14.—Private James C. Sweetland, 1st Artillery, to be 1st Lieut. with rank from Dec. 8, 1863, to fill an original vacancy.

Sergt. Gad N. Smith, 2d Artillery, to be 2d Lieut. with rank from Dec. 8, 1863, to fill an original vacancy.

Sergt. D. Mortimer Lee, 1st Artillery to be 2d Lieut. with rank from Dec. 8, 1863, to fill an original vacancy.

Sergt. John Bishop, Jr., 1st Artillery, to be 2d Lieut. with rank from Dec. 8, 1863, to fill an original vacancy.

Private Edward Coe, 2d Artillery, to be 2d Lieut. with rank from Dec. 8, 1863, to fill an original vacancy.

Priv. Jabez A. Traer, 21st Conn. Vols., to be 2d Lieut. with rank from Dec. 8, 1863, to fill an original vacancy.

Corp. Wm. H. Bevin, 21st Conn. Vols., to be 2d Lieut. with rank from Dec. 8, 1863, to fill an original vacancy.

Private Ransom Kenyon, 21st Conn. Vols., to be 2d Lieut. with rank from Dec. 8, 1863, to fill an original vacancy.

## 1ST CAVALRY.

Dec. 16.—1st Lieut. John B. Morehouse of Co. B, to be Capt. of Co. H, with rank from Dec. 15, 1863, to fill an original vacancy.

## 1ST ARTILLERY.

Dec. 16.—1st Lieut. Wilbur Fosborne, of Co. C, to be Capt. of Co. L, with rank from Dec. 15, 1863, vice Perkins, resigned.

1st Lieut. Samuel P. Hatfield, of Co. I, to be Captain of Co. G, with rank from Dec. 15, 1863, vice Harmon, resigned.

## 16TH REGIMENT.

Wait R. Griswold, of Durham, to be 2d Assistant Surgeon, with rank from Dec. 15, 1863, vice Pease, discharged to accept promotion.

## 1ST ARTILLERY.

Dec. 21.—2d Lieut. Geo. M. Williams, of Co. D, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. A, with rank from Dec. 18, 1863, vice Burton, promoted.

2d Lieut. Robert A. Sedgwick, of Co. I, to be 1st Lieut. of Co. F, with rank from Dec. 18, 1863, vice E. B. Smith, resigned.

1st Sergt. John O'Brien, of Co. F, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. G, with rank from Dec. 18, 1863, vice H. A. Pratt, promoted.

Sergt. Thomas D. Cashin, of Co. C, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. L, with rank from Dec. 18, 1863, vice Charney, resigned.

1st Sergt. John Odell of Co. D, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. E, with rank from Dec. 18, 1863, vice Harwood, promoted.

1st Sergt. Alfred L. Morgan, of Co. H, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. H, with rank from Dec. 18, 1863, vice Gilbert, promoted.

1st Sergt. Geo. F. Bill, of Co. A, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. I, with rank from Dec. 18, 1863, vice Faxon, promoted.

## 29TH REGIMENT.

Dec. 26.—Sergt. David Torrance, of Co. A, 18th Reg. Conn. Vols., to be Captain, with rank from Dec. 25th, 1863, to fill an original vacancy.

## HONORABLY DISCHARGED.

2d Lieut. Wm. H. Noyes, 5th Conn. Vols., to date Nov. 10, 1863.

1st Lieut. George H. Hanks, 12th C. V., to date Sept. 2, 1863, to enable him to accept promotion. Chaplain W. K. Hall, 17th C. V., to date Nov. 6, 1863.

1st Lieut. S. E. Blinn, 17th C. V., to date Nov. 13, 1863.

1st Lieut. W. H. Stowe, 6th Reg., to date Nov. 10, 1863.

Chaplain D. Henry Miller, 15th Reg., to date Dec. 1, 1863.

Capt. Sanford E. Chaffee, 20th Reg., Nov. 13, 1863.

Captain Joseph Perkins, 1st Artillery, to date Dec. 3, 1863.

Capt. George M. Harmon, 1st Art., to date Dec. 7, 1863.

Asst. Surgeon Henry A. Hoyt, 1st Art. to date Dec. 7, 1863.

Capt. J. H. Rockwood, 1st Art., to date Dec. 12, 1863, he having accepted an appointment in U. S. colored troops.

Capt. James B. Burbank, 20th Conn. Vols., to date Dec. 17, 1863.

1st Lieut. Daniel W. Mead, 17th Conn. Vols., Dec. 26, 1863.

## DISMISSED.

Capt. James L. Townsend, 14th Conn. Vols., for absence without leave, after his discharge from hospital, and attempting to leave the City of Washington, to go North, dressed in citizens clothes, he denying at the time that he was an officer.

Capt. John McQuhae, 17th Conn. Vols., for absence without authority, and attempting to leave the city of Washington in citizens clothes, without a satisfactory reason therefor.

Capt. Samuel H. Davis, 14th C. V., to date Dec. 7, 1863.

## DISCHARGED.

Capt. J. J. McCarty, 17th Conn. Vols.

The Location of Connecticut Regiments is the same as last month—except that the 8th and 11th are now in Connecticut.

## MILITARY ITEMS.

Sergeant Chas. H. Simmons of the 11th C. V., is promoted to a 2d Lieutenant.

First Sergeant C. F. Harwood of Co. F, 15th C. V., promoted to be Sergeant Major, vice Bowman, promoted.

Capt. H. P. Gates, Assistant Adjutant General on the Staff of Gen. Harland, has resigned on account of ill health.

Adjutant Wm. M. Pratt of the 8th C. V., is now Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

Rev. D. Henry Miller, has resigned his position as Chaplain of the 15th C. V. He will be settled as Pastor of a Baptist Church in Trenton, N. J.

Rev. J. C. Wightman, late Chaplain of the 24th Connecticut Regiment, has become Pastor of the First Baptist Church in New London.

Rev. Theodore J. Holmes, Pastor of the Congregational Church, East Hartford, tendered his resignation to his charge, for the purpose of enlisting in the army for the war. He has been detailed as Chaplain for the camp at New Haven.

Silliman B. Ives, formerly Adjutant of the 12th Regiment, has received an appointment on Gen. Butler's staff.

Alfred L. Morgan, son of Zadock Morgan, of Middletown, has been appointed 2d Lieutenant of Co. H, First Connecticut Artillery.

Among the volunteers at the Provost Marshal's Office last week, were a son of the Rev. Dr. Nadall, of the First Methodist Church, and a son of Dr. Wm. B. Casey, of Prospect Hill. These young gentlemen voluntarily relinquish all the comforts of luxurious homes from a pure sense of duty.—*New Haven Courier.*

Capt. A. D. Hopkins of Naugatuck, of Co. H, 23d Regiment, captured by the rebels at Brashear City, La., has been heard from. He was at Camp Ford, Smith County, Texas, Oct. 17th.

The first Connecticut blood let in this war by the enemy's bullets, was furnished by George H.





Bugbee, of the Hartford Light Guard, in the 1st Regiment, C. V., Col. Burnham. He was wounded in the shoulder during a reconnaissance from Arlington to Vienna.—*Hartford Post*.

Capt. Jepson has been relieved from recruiting service in New Haven, and ordered to Fort Trumbull, to command the volunteer recruits at that post.

Mayor Tyler of New Haven, has enlisted by proxy, being too old to go himself. He sends a stalwart man in his stead.

Sergeant George Torrey and Corporal Anson Withey, of the 18th Regiment, have been appointed Captains in the 10th United States Regiment of colored troops.

John Bishop, Jr., and D. Mortimer Lee, of New London, Sergeants in the First Connecticut Artillery, have been appointed 2d Lieutenants in the 29th (Colored) C. V.

Richard M. Clarke of New Haven, has been appointed Provost Marshal of the 2d District, vice Col. B. S. Pardee, resigned. Col. Pardee takes command of the 29th (Colored) Regiment.

George H. Burnham of Norwich, Captain of Co. B, Armory Guards, has received and accepted a commission from Gov. Smith of Rhode Island, as Captain in the Heavy Artillery Regiment (colored) now being raised in that State.

Douglass Bushnell, a native of New London, was killed in the battle of Chattanooga. He was Major of the 13th Michigan Regiment.

Rev. Jacob Eaton of Meriden, has been invited to become the Chaplain of the 29th (Colored) Regiment.

Sergeant Major Charles E. Sherman, of the 12th Regiment, has been promoted to be Adjutant in Col. George H. Hanks' Colored Regiment.

Capt. Joseph Perkins, of the First Connecticut Heavy Artillery, has been appointed Lieutenant Colonel of the Nineteenth Regiment, colored troops.

Charles L. Norton of Farmington, has been appointed Captain in the 29th C. V., with rank from Dec. 5th, 1863. This Regiment has now nearly the maximum of men.

Private Nathaniel N. Hubbard, Company I, 21st Regiment, C. V., has received an appointment as 1st Lieutenant, Co. B, 6th Regiment U. S. Colored Troops, now stationed at Yorktown.

Sergeant Aaron S. Dutton of the 21st C. V., is promoted to be 2d Lieutenant.

LIEUT. S. S. STREYNS.—The remains of this gallant officer were taken to Danbury, instead of Bridgeport, as originally designed. Lieut. Stevens, at the time of his death, was Acting Assistant Adjutant-General on Gen. Seymour's staff, a post which he filled with marked ability. He was a young man, highly esteemed by all who knew him. Having made military matters a study for many years, his services to the government, and especially to the Regiment to which he was attached, were very valuable. He was killed by a grape shot on the night of the 18th of July, in the assault on Battery Wagner.

A handsome free stone monument has been erected in Bristol, to the memory of Capt. Manross, of the 16th C. V., killed in the battle of Antietam. It bears the following inscription:

"Erected by Co. K, 16th Conn. Vols., in memory of their gallant and beloved Captain."

Capt. M. was a Professor at Amherst College, a splendid soldier and a true man.

## DIED.

Died of chronic diarrhea, in the Regimental Hospital, near Portsmouth, Va., Nov. 24th, Elihu Bissell, Co. B, 8th C. V., aged 23 years. He belonged in Windsor, Conn.

In the Hospital, near Alexandria, Va., Nov. 30th, Julius Winslow of Harwinton. The funeral was attended at the Congregational Church, and a sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Richards of Litchfield.

At the Hospital in Annapolis, Dec. 17th, John W. Crabtree, of the 7th C. V. He was one of the prisoners almost literally starved to death in Richmond.

In Hospital, at Stevenson, Ala., Dec. 3d, Grove L. Bell, aged 20, son of Edwin Bell, Esq., of Portland, and a member of Co. D, 20th Regiment, C. V.

Of Chronic Diarrhea, Nov. 22d, Albert Benson, of Co. K, 7th Regiment.

Died, suddenly, of inflammation of the bowels, at the Parole Camp, Annapolis, Md., Dec. 14th, Corporal Joseph Russell. He was in Co. A, 7th Regiment, and was captured at the assault on Fort Wagner last July.

Albert E. Barnes, Co. G, 7th Regiment, died in Hospital at Hilton Head, Dec. 22d.

The funeral of Wm. W. House, Jr., of the 25th Regiment, was attended at the Centre Church, Hartford, by a very large audience, including a number of his comrades in the Regiment. Rev. Dr. Hawes, Rev. Mr. Calkins, and Rev. Mr. Oviatt, former Chaplain of the 25th, took part in the services.

The body of the late Lieut. D. P. Dewey, of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, C. V., killed in the battle of Irish Bend, arrived in Hartford, Monday, Jan. 4th. He was an able officer and an accomplished gentleman.

The funeral of Capt. Edward L. Porter, of the 18th Connecticut Regiment, killed at Winchester, Virginia, June 15th, took place at New London, on Tuesday, the 25th of November.

The remains of Corporal James E. Wheeler, of Co. A, Twenty-fifth Regiment, C. V., were received at North Stonington, Dec. 17th, and, amid many demonstrations of respect and affection, committed to the grave in the family cemetery.

Edward C. Blakeslee, son of Mr. R. Blakeslee, Jr., of New Haven, who fell at the storming of Fort Wagner, on the 8th of August last, was buried, with appropriate Church solemnities, in the cemetery at Plymouth. He was the second son whom his father had given to his country, and both were among the bravest and best who have fallen in defense of their country's liberties. Edward was a member of Colonel Hawley's Regiment, the 7th; he had fought in four well-contested battles, was beloved of his comrades for his generous and courageous nature, and his body was by them sent home to be buried in the family lot. His age, when he fell, was twenty. Green grow the turf above him!—*Litchfield Enquirer*.

Killed, in the fierce assault on Fort Wagner, Wm. M. Reeves, of Co. I, 7th C. V., a native of Suffield, and 22 years of age.

He was reported among the missing after that most gallant but unavailing charge, but the report was a mistake.

Mr. Reeves was of noble stock. His great grandfather served in the revolution, and his grandfather in the last war.

His patriotic father expresses his own feelings in the brave words ascribed to the stern old Roman:

"Thanks to the Gods! my boy has done his duty. Welcome, my son! I there set him down, my friends, Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure The bloody corpse, and count those glorious wounds. How beautiful is death when earned by virtue! Who would not be that youth? What pity 'tis That we can die but once to save our country! Why sits this sadness on your brow, my friends? I should have blushed if Cato's house had stood Secure, and flourished in a civil war."

At Camp, near Stevensburg, Va., Jan. 3d, 1864, Second Lieutenant Edward W. Hart, Co. E, 14th Connecticut Volunteers, aged —.

MRS. S. E. BROWN.—Again the old 14th mourns the loss of one of its best and noblest officers. As it was my fortune to be associated and intimately acquainted with the deceased, I cannot refrain from writing a few lines, expressive of the feeling of his regiment towards him.

Lieut. Hart was from Madison, in our State, son of one of its most prominent citizens. Responding to the President's call in 1862, he enlisted as private in Co. G, 14th Conn. Vols.; was made a corporal and mustered into the United States service as such, Aug. 23d, 1862. He left the State with his regiment Aug. 25th, and has since followed the fortunes of the noble, ill-starred regiment to which he was attached, accompanying it in all its long and weary marches, and its many blood-stained battle fields. Fredericksburg, Chancell-

lorsville, Gettysburg, Bristoe Station, Auburn and Mine Run, all bear witness to his valor.

He was made Sergeant Feb. 4th, 1863, and Second Lieutenant in October of the same year. His promotion should and would have been more prompt, save for an unfortunate circumstance (in which he had no part) which prejudiced the former Colonel of his regiment most unjustly against the Madison Company. The present Colonel, however, appreciated the merits of the Company, and immediately commissioned Sergeant Hart as Second Lieutenant, from which he was soon to be made a First Lieutenant.

It was my fortune to command the Company to which he belonged, for several months, and I can most heartily say of him that he was ever brave, prompt and faithful—doing his duty as a true soldier, and seeing God as a true Christian. Especially did I note his gallant conduct at Chancellorsville, where he rendered most efficient service.

I saw him last on New Year's Day, when I found him in camp hospital sick with diphtheria. I said to him, "Well, Eddy, I hope you will be at home soon." He replied, "I do not think I shall ever be able to reach Connecticut." I did not then dream that he was so near the "Home" for which he was so well prepared, and which he so soon reached. Two days after he was dead. He will be sadly missed by his old and his new Company, and the officers of his regiment. But his relatives may rest assured that, while his memory will remain green in our hearts forever, we know that his soul is with the God to whom he clung amid all temptations. And so we drop a tear on the grave of

"The youngest, the noblest, the bravest of us all."

H. P. G. 14TH C. V.

## New Haven Courier.

HEADQUARTERS BUCKINGHAM LEGION,  
20TH CONN. VOLS., INFANTRY,  
STEVENS, ALA., Dec. 20th, 1862.

## ORDERS No. 37.

It becomes the painful duty of the Colonel commanding, to announce the death of 1st Lieutenant Edward A. Doolittle. He died at three o'clock this morning, of typhoid fever, after a short but severe illness.

Lieutenant Doolittle entered the military service as an enlisted soldier. He was first commissioned as 2d Lieutenant of Company I, and subsequently promoted for efficiency and good conduct, to the grade of 1st Lieutenant of Company K. He enjoyed the confidence and esteem of his superior officers, and commanded the respect and obedience of those under his command.

When this Regiment was assigned to duty at this post, he was selected by the Colonel commanding to command the Convalescent Camp—a very arduous duty—in which he contracted the disease of which he died.

He was in every battle, reconnaissance, scout, campaign and march in which this Regiment participated. His personal gallantry at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg forms a proud memoir in our history.

The gallant officer, the generous and unflinching friend and companion of our battles, toils and deprivations, having escaped death on many a battle field, has yielded up life by disease!

Men of the 20th! imitate the history of the gallant dead!

The following proceedings of the officers of our Regiment, on this lamentable event, will be made a perpetual record in orders.

WHEREAS:—In obedience to the summons of our Great Commander, our brother officer, 1st Lieutenant Edward A. Doolittle, of Co. "K," 20th Connecticut Volunteers, has left the field of his earthly services and sacrifices, therefore, *Resolved*, That we deeply feel and lament the loss of Lieutenant Doolittle, and pay cheerful tribute to the many noble attributes of character which he possessed. Noble without ostentation, faithful beyond any influence of fear or favor, and patriotic without desire of praise, he had endeared himself to us all.

*Resolved*, That we tender to the afflicted relatives of the deceased our most sincere sympathies, with the assurance that we will cherish his memory, and prize his example, so long as we live to prosecute the cause in which he sacrificed his life.

By order of

Colonel SAMUEL ROSS,  
Commanding Reg't.  
HORACE G. H. FARR,  
1st Lt. and Adj't., 20th C. V. I.





☞ A brave mother sends us the following tribute to one of the five sons she has sent into the army.

The spirit of the boy is manifest from his own words, penned a short time before he was killed. "There is to be, I suppose, no more rest for soldiers till this rebellion is crushed. It may be that many will fall in the coming struggle, I may be one—but if I fall, I shall die sustaining the honor of my country and a righteous cause."

#### ON THE DEATH OF WALSTEIN GOODYEAR.

*Written to his Mother.*

For his country's good,  
Freely he has given  
Up his life on earth,  
For a life in Heaven.

Though his form is lying  
In the quiet grave,  
Yet with God he liveth  
Who his spirit gave.

Friends his grave have strewed  
With the sweet fresh flowers—  
Friendship's last sweet tribute  
In this world of ours.

In the Saviour's presence,  
High in glory now,  
He is singing praises  
Where the Seraphs bow.

Robes of white all spotless—  
Crowns of gold are his—  
Lyres of Heavenly sweetness  
In that Home of bliss.

Mother! shall we meet him  
In that Home above?  
He is waiting for thee—  
For a Mother's love.

DAVID.

#### From the Seventeenth Regiment.

FOLLY ISLAND, S. C.,  
Nov. 10th, 1863.

#### To the Citizens of Fairfield County:—

The constant movement of our regiment after the battle of Gettysburg, on long and weary marches, our reduced and enfeebled condition, and continued work on arrival here, have delayed an appropriate call on you to join with us in publicly expressing our sense of the great common bereavement which came upon the regiment and the county, in the loss on that field of Lieut. Col. DOUGLASS FOWLER of Norwalk, and Capt. JAMES E. MOORE of Danbury.

They both fell in the fight of the first day. The one gallantly leading his company, and the other the regiment, into an unequal contest with the overpowering forces of the enemy. Both were instantly killed.

The body of Capt. Moore was found by his brother and borne to his home; that of our brave Lieut. Col. could not be recognized among the masses of the buried slain.

The patriotism and gallantry of both had been tried on many a battle field. Capt. Moore was a Standard Bearer in the war with Mexico, and bore the banner of his country to her capital on the outbreak of the rebellion. Both led companies of Volunteers in the three months' service, and fought at the first battle of Bull Run with distinguished gallantry.

Capt. Fowler afterwards enlisted a company and joined the Expedition of Burnside into Roanoke Sound, and was in many of the battles under that gallant leader. Receiving an honorable discharge he returned home.

When the call was made by the President for the first three hundred thousand Volunteers, they both recruited companies, Capt. Moore from Danbury, and Col. Fowler from Norwalk, and joined this regiment. As Captains of companies, both faithfully executed their duties, and were marked and prominent among the officers of the regiment.

At the battle of Chancellorsville they both bore themselves with distinguished bravery; but though in situations of great peril they escaped unhurt.

Capt. Fowler's connection with that fight deserves, however, more particular notice. When we were ordered to march, he had just recovered from severe illness. But his feeble health he would not allow as a reason for remaining in the rear. Unable to walk, he was borne for many days in an ambulance toward the battle field. There, at the head of his company, he held with them and the regiment a most exposed and dangerous position, until long after the retreat of the other regiments of the Brigade.

Soon after the battle Capt. Fowler was promoted to the Lieutenant Colonelcy of the Regiment, made vacant by the instant death of the lamented WALTERS, who fell only a few paces in rear of the position occupied by the company of Capt. Fowler. In the absence of Col. NOBLE, home wounded from Chancellorsville, Lieut. Col. FOWLER commanded the regiment from his appointment, till he fell at its head, leading them with distinguished courage and coolness amid terrific carnage and fire.

This is the Military History of these two fallen heroes. Connecticut, on all her lofty record in this war, can point to none more deserving of a memory embalmed in the hearts of her people. Tried, and bravely serving, in many conflicts, ever ready at the call of their country, flinching from no duty or danger, Fairfield County may proudly point to them as pattern soldiers.

We know, brethren of Fairfield County, that no words from us are needed to rouse in your bosoms the ready tribute of esteem and gratitude to these two soldiers who came out so lately from their homes on this lofty mission. The vast assemblage, the imposing ceremonies attending the obsequies of that gallant soldier of two wars, whose body was so fortunately found, marked with emphatic expression the sentiments of regret and admiration of his fellow citizens in Danbury. They were noted by us with exulting pride. We felt them as a like honorable to his townsmen, a just tribute to the memory of the gallant dead, and a feeling utterance of a whole community, of earnest interest in those who face the perils of our vocation.

Could the anxious search of that committee of his citizens, so promptly and feelingly sent out to look for the remains of Col. FOWLER, have been equally fortunate, we know that the people of Norwalk would have been forward to honor the remains of that other fallen comrade with no less marked and distinguished expressions of her admiration and esteem. He was not forgotten. That earnest people who sent to this regiment two fine full companies, and so many others to different commands, does not forget her sons.

To us who have come out to the battle-fields of our country to die, if needs be, unmourned, it is a precious feeling that the people at home do not forget us while living, or when we fall. It is a glorious privilege to fight for a great and righteous purpose, without any other hope than its success. But it is, at the same time, sweet to know, that whether we survive or perish, those for whom we peril our lives value our work of hardship and danger.

Brethren around the firesides at home, we leave the memories of all our brave dead in your hands. We have yet a great work to do in the field. When in the ranks of the gallant, battle torn and weary army of the Potomac, we feel that no dishonor fell from us on the unblemished record of our State and Country. We are now here in another field, hoping we may still so bear ourselves in beating back the rebellion from this place of its birth, that we may yet more deserve the welcome approval of our people. Exposure and the battle-field may sweep many of us away. We ask of you always to preserve green the memory of those of us who die deserving well of their country.

With great respect in behalf of the Officers of the 17th Regiment Connecticut Volunteers,

W. H. NOBLE, *Colonel.*  
A. H. WILCOXSON, *Lieut. Colonel.*  
HENRY ALLEN, *Captain Co. F.*

## THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

JANUARY, 1864.

\* \* All communications should be addressed to "THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD," New Haven, Conn.

"We are fighting not for an Administration—little souls talk of parties, or presidents, or administrations now; not for the negro, though his emancipation is the Godlike work of making four millions of men; not for the restoration of our whole government, though that will make all tyrants of Europe tremble; but for the world. This contest is not between the North and the South merely, it is between freedom and despotism, between Satan and God."—*Moses Smith, Chaplain 8th C. V.*

☞ We issue the January number of the War Record with much satisfaction and pleasure.

We can but feel that it is approaching the ideal which we had formed at the outset. The generous support of the people, and the encouraging letters which we receive from all quarters, will stimulate us to increased exertion in our noble work.

We cordially thank our unknown friend and co-worker who sends us from Norwich several corrections of our list of Army Officers from the 2d Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers, and also for the valuable aid which his list of Officers of the Third will afford to the diligent and able author of the history of the Three Months' Volunteers.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a number of letters of soldiers sent us by their friends. We regret to postpone the publication of several, but hope to make room for them in our next number.

## THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD,

A MONTHLY JOURNAL,

Established to collect and preserve, in a permanent form, for perpetual remembrance, the record of the services of Connecticut, in the present great struggle for the Union and Nationality, will contain, monthly, fresh and regular correspondence from all Connecticut regiments, and a sketch of what we at home are doing for the war and our gallant soldiers.

It will also contain, in successive numbers, an accurate history of

EVERY CONNECTICUT REGIMENT, from the beginning, and as a whole, will comprise a complete and authentic record of the important services in this gigantic struggle, of the heroic soldiers and the noble people of our gallant State. *This work, no History of the war, and no other publication is doing, or can do.*

Every intelligent citizen of Connecticut should obtain the War Record for perusal and preservation.

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# THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

PECK, WHITE & PECK, }  
Publishers.

NEW HAVEN, FEBRUARY, 1864.

{ VOL. I. No. 7.  
{ \$1 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## Record of Events.

Dec. 29. Slight naval engagement in Matagorda Bay, Texas.

Dec. 30. Successful cavalry skirmish near Washington, N. C.

Dec. 30. Capture of a squad of the 10th Conn. at St. Augustine, Fla.

Jan. 1. Capture of 35 guerrillas near Haymarket, Va.

Jan. 3. 280 National soldiers overpowered and captured at Jonesville, West Va.

Jan. 8. Repulse of the enemy from Petersburg, West Virginia. Failure of the rebel raid in the Shenandoah Valley.

Jan. 10. Gallant Repulse of Moseby in Loudon Co., Va., by Major Cole.

Jan. 13. A national force sent from Brownsville, Texas, to Matamoras, to protect United States citizens and their property.

Jan. 14. Federal raid into Richmond and Westmoreland Counties, Va. Capture of the rebel Gen. Vance and 150 prisoners near Temsville, East Tenn. Repulse of the Confederate cavalry at Bealton, Va.

Jan. 15. Heavy skirmishing between Foster's and Longstreet's cavalry at Dandridge, East Tenn. Repulse of guerrillas at Culpeper, Va.

Jan. 25. Federal raid up the James River. Destruction of large quantities of provisions. Repulse of the Confederate cavalry at Athens, Ala.

Jan. 27. Enemy's cavalry defeated at Fair Gardens, East Tenn. Capture of two guns and 100 prisoners. Rebel cavalry repulsed at Florence, Ala.

Jan. 28. Reconnoissance of Gen. Palmer to Tunnel Hill, Ga. Capture of a company of Rebel cavalry. Mysterious withdrawal of Gen. Johnston.

Jan. 29. Capture of 150 National soldiers at Scottsville, Ky., by guerrillas. Repulse of the enemy at Tracy City, Tenn., by a company of the 20th Conn.

Jan. 30. Severe fighting below Williamsport, Md. Part of a Federal supply train captured. Evacuation of Petersburg, West Va., by the National forces.

Jan. 1-30. Continued and gradual bombardment of Charleston by Gen. Gillmore.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## Review of Events.

NUMBER SEVEN.

Let no one suppose that the war is nearly ended or that the military strength of the rebellion is thoroughly broken. Much, indeed, has been accomplished. The loyalty of Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri, is now no longer doubtful. Elections under the authority of the United States have been ordered in Louisiana and Arkansas, and these States are contributing largely in filling up the ranks of the National army. Arkansas alone, since the occupation of Little Rock, last September, has furnished six thousand men. The loyalists of Texas, as far as is possible, are enrolling themselves on the side of the Union. Fifty thousand negroes have been armed, organized and sworn into the service, and Port Hudson, Fort Wagner and Moscow have triumphantly proved their manhood and valor. The strength, numerical and moral, of the National army, is far greater than that of the Confederates, and the loyal heart of the North beats high with hope, confidence and courage. On the other hand, the resources of the South are seriously impaired, their currency worthless, their railroads worn out, and their population exhausted by three successive conscriptions.

But one looks in vain for any diminution in the spirit or resolution of the Confederate leaders. Not one word of compromise or surrender has passed their lips, and the virus of treason still fills their hearts. The Confederate Congress has voted to retain for the whole war all their soldiers, whose terms of enlistment would soon expire, whether they will or no, and also to sweep into the army every white male person capable of bearing arms, whether he has furnished a substitute or not. This vote wants but the sanction of President Davis to become law. Let no one beguile himself with the belief that these despotic measures are the signs of weakness and desperation alone. They are also the marks of a wonderful determination, and success would amply justify them.

Nor is it the right of any man to assert that brilliant and sagacious combinations on the part of the Confederate generals may not succeed in postponing the triumph of the Union for another year. One thing is certain: After three years of war—a war of

unequaled magnitude and carnage in the annals of modern history—it is found that the Confederate leaders have not only not lost hope or courage, but that they actually propose to take the initiative and open the next campaign. The mysterious disappearance of Gen. Johnston from the front of Chattanooga, the establishment of Longstreet in Eastern Tennessee on the left flank of Gen. Grant's army, his reported reinforcement and advance towards Knoxville, the great activity of the Confederate cavalry along the Blue Ridge—all these movements indicate an intention to re-commence hostilities, and he mistakes them greatly who thinks them to mean despair or irresolution.

What may be the strategical plan which comprehends these various operations is not known to us, nor is it proposed to indulge in theories. Time will soon give the solution.

Meanwhile Gen. Grant has not been idle. He has just finished a complete survey of his vast department. His cavalry have been constantly active and always victorious. Railroad communications have been opened from Nashville through to Chattanooga and greater facilities are thus open for establishing at the latter place an extensive depot of supplies and materials of war.

Besides it is gratifying to know that the earnestness of the General Government does not abate. Every possible effort is made to obtain recruits and especially to secure the re-enlistment of the veteran soldiers, and thus far these efforts have been remarkably successful. Moreover, a draft for a half a million of men, under a new and more stringent conscription law, is put down for the next tenth of March, to fill up all deficiencies. The National army will thus take the field next Spring under very favorable auspices, and the campaigns of eighteen hundred and sixty-four should be final and decisive, and should establish the supremacy of the Union over the entire Confederacy.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## The Twelfth---(Regimental History.)

Early in the Fall of '61 Gen. Butler, authorized to receive one regiment from each New England State except Rhode Island, persuaded his old friend, Henry C. Deming, Mayor of Hartford, to accept the Colonelcy





of the "Charter Oak Regiment," afterwards the Twelfth from Connecticut, and papers authorizing it were issued from the State Government, so that by the last of September several recruiting offices were opened in different parts of the State. The object of the expedition then fitting out by Gen. Butler proved to be the capture of New Orleans, the most noted city in the limits of the rebellion.

The "Pine Tree State," the "Granite State," the "Green Mountain Boys," the "Bay State," and the "Charter Oak," were to be the names of the several regiments. The "Colt Guards," Co. A, and the "Deming Guards," Co. C, were recruited in Hartford. The "Peck Rifles," Co. B, the "Bushnell Rifles," Co. F, and the "Putnam Guards," Co. I, were from New Haven. The "Lyon Rifles," Co. G, from Willimantic; the "Colburn Guards" from Collinsville, now Co. H; Co. E from Norwalk, Co. K from Stonington, and Co. D from New London, had no other title, unless the latter were "New London County Blues." Co. A, with a dozen men, put up the first tent on a pleasant side hill, owned by Mr. Hamilton, two miles east of Hartford, Nov. 18, and all but two companies were on the ground and mustered into the United States service by Lieut. Chamberlain, 14th U. S. Infantry, between the 18th and 20th of November. The first dress parade was held on the 1st of December. Guards were posted and all the details of camp life immediately entered into. Co. K came into camp last, Dec. 2d, with forty men; Co. B brought seventy-five, Co. F sixty-five. Capt. Braley, Co. G, recruited more than a company and turned over some of his men to fill up others. Col. Deming presented Capt. Braley a sword in appreciation of his energy in enlisting men.

The winter of '61 and '62, it will be remembered, was exceedingly cold and icy, but these soldiers went into their tents and lived there all winter in spite of cold, snow, or ice. The camp was named after Connecticut's noble son, Gen. Lyon, and was very finely located. A broad field on the Southwest gave ample ground for drill, and hardly a day passed without the regular company and battalion drills and dress parade. If there was snow it could be trod down, and on the ice men learned to stand and to march. No regiment has left Conn. so well drilled as the Twelfth. Lieut. Col. Colburn was enthusiastic in the drill. His experience in the State Militia, and as Major of the 2d Conn. Vols.—three months—fitted him well for his post. Sometimes he was so engaged as not to hear the recall. The men usually heard it.

With Christmas came turkeys issued by the Commissary, and turkeys given by the Soldiers' Aid Society of Hartford. So the men enjoyed it.

Night before New Years was one of the coldest on record. "Do you remember it?" was asked of a Lieut. two years after. "I guess I do," he replied, "I was officer of the guard that night, and forty five out of sixty-six of our tents blew down and we had to take refuge in a barn." The tents were of the best kind, Sibley—James' patent—each containing a neat sheet-iron stove. Gen. Butler inspected the regiment and Gov. Buckingham and Staff reviewed it in January. Unlike other State Regiments the Twelfth was equipped through Gen. Butler by the United States. The dress parades attracted considerable attention, and often the parade ground was thronged with spectators. The regiment attended church in Hartford, one stormy Sunday afternoon. It escorted the Eleventh to the depot when they left the State. The officers were invited to a reception at Col. Deming's House in Hartford, and Co. H were treated to a sleigh ride and supper by the people of Collinsville. The measles prevailed extensively in the regiment during the winter, and the patients were admitted to the Hartford Hospital until it was full. Only two deaths occurred. While in Camp Lyon we were paid off by the State, and Gen. Butler advanced one month's pay on account of the U. S. The officers were mustered into the United States service on the 1st of January, 1862, and were paid up to that time. About the 1st of February the Chaplains' Commission presented the Twelfth with a chapel tent, which was used while the regiment was at Camp Lyon for its legitimate purpose. A singing school and Lyceum were established.

On the 24th of February we received orders to march, and Sunday night, Feb. 26th, the last dress parade was held in Camp Lyon, at which the Chaplain commended the regiment and country in peril to the mercy of Almighty God.

The following is a list of the officers of the Twelfth on leaving Hartford:

Col. Henry C. Deming, Hartford.  
Lieut. Col. Ledyard Colburn, Derby.  
Major F. H. Peck, New Haven.  
Surgeon Wm. R. Brownell, Hartford.  
1st Asst. Surg. M. C. Leavenworth, Waterbury.  
2d Asst. Surg. John Welch, Winsted.  
Chaplain Jos. H. Bradford, New Haven.  
Adjutant Silliman B. Ives, Hartford.  
Quartermaster C. V. R. Pond, Hartford.  
Co. A—Capt. Geo. M. Lewis, Hartford.  
1st Lieut. John Brennan, Hartford.  
2d Lieut. Wm. S. Bulkley, Hartford.  
Co. B—Capt. S. H. Grannis, New Haven.  
1st Lieut. Chas. O'Neil, New Haven.

2d Lieut. George A. Haimount, New Haven.

Co. C—Capt. L. A. Dickason, Hartford.  
1st Lieut. A. C. Hendricks, New Haven.  
2d Lieut. H. S. Taintor, Hartford.

Co. D—Capt. Nathan Frankau, New London.  
1st Lieut. H. F. Chappel, New London.  
2d Lieut. Geo. D. Potter, New London.

Co. E—Capt. S. D. Rysbee, Norwalk.  
1st Lieut. Gilbert Bogart, Norwalk.  
2d Lieut. Ed. Nearing, Brookfield.

Co. F—Capt. S. E. Clark, New Haven.  
1st Lieut. J. P. Lowell, New Haven.  
2d Lieut. Theodore Clark, New Haven.

Co. G—Capt. L. E. Braley, Willimantic.  
1st Lieut. Dwight McCall, Natic.  
2d Lieut. John Hurlbut, Winsted.

Co. H—Capt. Joseph Toy, Collinsville.  
1st Lieut. A. T. Ashmead, Hartford.  
2d Lieut. Geo. H. Hanks, Collinsville.

Co. I—Capt. J. W. DeForrest, New Haven.  
1st Lieut. Chas. Cornwall, New Haven.  
2d Lieut. Stephen Ball, New Haven.

Co. K—Capt. E. K. Abbott, Norwich.  
1st Lieut. Jos. D. Roach, Stonington.  
2d Lieut. Stanton Allen, Stonington.

Hospital Steward, Ed. A. Freeman, Hartford, Co. C.

Drum Major, Leonard B. Farren, New Haven, Co. B.

Q. M. Serg. Geo. D. McClellan, New Haven, Co. D.

Com. Serg. Solomon Hinsdale, Winsted, Co. G.  
Serg. Major J. L. Francis, Hartford, Co. C.

Monday morning, Feb. 27, was rainy. About eight inches of new snow lay on the ground, making the traveling anything but pleasant. The Colt Band attended the regiment to the depot, where two trains of cars were waiting to convey them to New Haven, and thence on the "Elm City" they took that cold sail down to New York. Running alongside the steamer Fulton, Capt. J. A. Watton, on which already were six companies of the Thirteenth Maine. We were transferred on board, and found, in the crowded hold, a refuge from the cold. We were delayed a few days for ammunition. Lieut. Hanks, Co. H, was detailed to bring on those who were sick in hospitals, and any stragglers that might be found. March 1st half a foot of snow lay on our decks, and the fog was very thick, but it lifted about noon, and our noble steamer bore away down the harbor and soon we were far at sea. To many of us this was an untried life, and there was something fearful in the thought that only a plank separated sixteen hundred souls from death on that one vessel. We scarcely saw a sail in the whole passage of eight days to Ship Island, Miss. On the sabbath services were held on the quarter deck. It was a beautiful day we were off the coast of Florida. Saturday morning a little after daylight we could discern the sand banks in the distance, and in a short time dropped anchor near the shore and saw the long line





of men, curious for news, who came down to the shore to greet us. There was no wharf, and we disembarked in small boats. Co. C were detailed to "break out" the cargo, and the balance of the regiment pitched camp in the sand. Not a board for buildings or floors was to be had, and we camped up the island about a mile, carrying all our luggage and stores through the sand.

We were the fifth regiment on the island. Gen. Phelps was in command, living in a small tent like a true soldier. If it was hard drilling in the snow and ice of Camp Lyon, it was much harder in the sand of Ship Island. All our supplies were brought up from the fort, about a mile, by the men, and wood was obtained by sending a fatigue party to the other end of the island, some four miles, who, having cut the trees and dragged them into the water, tied them together and then dragged them down, walking in the water often up to their arms. A party of half a dozen one day under Lieut. McCall, attempting to drag a raft attached to a boat, were driven by one of those sudden squalls across the sound to near Mississippi City. A small gunboat was sent to their rescue and brought them back next day safe. Water was obtained by digging about three feet in the sand, changing the well once in three weeks. There was nothing whatever to eat on the island except army rations. An expedition to Horn Island promised fresh beef, but the cattle captured were so poor that we could not eat the meat, hungry as we were.

A grand review was held on the island in April, at which sixteen regiments of infantry, besides batteries and cavalry, were present. The Twelfth was complimented on its appearance and marching. The drum corps too was one of the best on the island. The force under Gen. Butler was all from New England, except three western regiments.

April 12th the news came that the fleet were bombarding the forts on the Mississippi river, and orders for us to embark on board the ship E. Wilder Farley, to be towed to the scene of conflict. The regiment never looked better than when marching down the coast that morning to take the boat. We had not lost a man, and left only ten sick in the hospital. It was the work of a few moments to get on board the Farley, and next day we entered the Mississippi, whose water, although very muddy, was welcome to us to drink. We sailed up very near to the gunboats and witnessed the first day's bombardment and the burning of the magazine inside Fort Jackson, but being ordered further down the river, lay at the head of the passes nearly two weeks. The river was very high, the

current at least four miles an hour. One night, about midnight, all were startled by a terrible smashing noise, and the ship careened so as to throw men out of their berths. When order was restored we found the ship had been struck by a sunken gunboat, and the wonder was it did not sink us. A few nights after a burning vessel was seen coming down, and a fire guard was organized. We were anchored in a sail vessel and could do very little if the fire came near us. Fortunately it struck against the opposite bank and burned to the water's edge.

Commodore Farragut passed the forts with his fleet and went on up to New Orleans, and on Monday, April 28, the forts surrendered. We were towed up by the gunboat Jackson and Col. Deming was placed in command of Fort Jackson, but orders being changed we went on up to New Orleans, were the first regiment to ascend the river, and were at New Orleans *fourteen hours before any other troops arrived*. Gen. Butler came and several regiments landed at once. Not a vessel was at the wharves, the cotton and sugar had been burned and many of the wharves also. Our first night in the city was spent on the wharf opposite the "Mississippi Warehouse." We received the first good mail since leaving home, May 2d. Encamped in Lafayette square, used City Hall for a hospital, remaining there about four days. The excitement in the city was intense. The vilest abuse from females and children was heaped upon us especially, when, on the evening of the first Sabbath, we sang "Star Spangled Banner" and "America" to the crowd in the streets. The clergyman who preached that morning in Dr. Palmer's church, opposite the square, used these words in his prayer: "Why, Oh! Lord, hast Thou sent our enemies to our shores to desolate our land and fill our streets with blood." Monday afternoon we took the steamer Mississippi and went up to Camp Parapet, twelve miles, by water. The guns had been spiked and gun carriages burned, it was said, by the women of the neighborhood. We encamped on the left, next the river. Gen. Phelps' quarters were just on our right, and here we remained six months. Co. A were sent to Jefferson City in June, Capt. Lewis acting as Provost Marshal, and returned Sept. 29. Co. F went to Lake Pontchartrain, June 15, with seventy men, and returned, Aug. 6, with only fifteen for duty. Capt. Clark was Provost Marshal there. Co. D was for several weeks provost guard at Carrollton; Capt. Frankau Provost Marshal. Col. Deming was sent to Washington with despatches by Gen. Butler on our arrival in New Orleans. Lieut. Col.

Colburn was in command of the regiment all summer. He mounted the guns along the parapet, thoroughly policed the camp, which was in a very filthy condition. Company drills every morning and brigade drills in the afternoon kept the regiment in a high state of discipline. They were thoroughly exercised in light and heavy artillery drill, and we felt sure if the rebels visited us we should give them a warm reception. Our dress parades were often visited by friends of Gen. Phelps and were pronounced by him to excel any he had ever seen in the regular army. A detail of ten men one night assisted in the capture of the "Laurel Hill," the largest boat at New Orleans, and one that has been of very great service to the Government. The river was very high and a crevasse at Jefferson City threatened to swamp us, but by vigorous exertion it was stopped.

2nd Asst. Surgeon J. R. Cammings arrived in June to take the place of Surgeon John Welch, who died at Ship Island on board the Fulton. In June we were paid off up to April 30. As the result of having money numerous sutler shops sprung up, and too great indulgence in intoxicating drinks brought a large number of men into the guard house. As there was no tent for that purpose the chapel tent was used, as it had been on Ship Island, and used up in that service. For religious services it was occupied at Camp Parapet only one week. Major Peck, in command of Co's. B, C, H and K, made an expedition to Manchac Pass, destroyed both railroad bridges and visited quite a number of towns on the Lake and on the coast. On Sunday they landed below Covington and marched through the sand, dragging two pieces of the 2d Light Battery, Capt. Holcomb. It was exceedingly hot, being the last of July, and as they reached the high ground of Covington they found springs of purer water than they had seen for many a long day. Too great indulgence in the water proved disastrous, and two men were sun struck and died on board the "Grey Cloud," on which the troops made the expedition. They returned to Hickock's landing, where they put on shore the bodies of the two men, who were conveyed to Camp Parapet and buried. After coaling they pursued their course, visiting Pass Christian, but found no enemy. They gained valuable information from prisoners. These four companies were first under fire on the Grey Cloud, but behaved themselves manfully. A volley was poured into them just as they were leaving the landing below Covington, but our gallant boys, seizing their pieces, stood up to the work and returned





their fire with a will. Descending the river Capt. Holcomb with his 12-pdrs. kept the banks clear a mile or two ahead. The expedition reached Camp Parapet on its return Saturday night.

As we were on the outer defenses of New Orleans we were subject to occasional alarms, and more than one dark night the long roll summoned the Twelfth to their places. Sick men would jump up, and, seizing their pieces, would stagger out to the parade.

The negroes by hundreds came into our camp, and here we saw the first negroes drilled as soldiers, but as Gen. Phelps and Gen. Butler did not agree on that question, Gen. Phelps chose to resign. The evening before his departure the officers of his command, the 12th C. V., 15th Me. and 8th N. H., with a band from the 9th C. V., serenaded the General, and heard a few touching farewell words from a man who was willing to sacrifice his commission for principle. No commander was more thoroughly respected by his soldiers than Gen. Phelps, and he had scarcely left the department before the work he had commenced was carried on by Gen. Butler, and the very negroes that were drilled at Camp Parapet were enlisted in the 1st, 2d and 3d La. National Guards.

Camp Parapet was terribly muddy, and in the months of July, August and September, typhoid fever told fearfully upon us. We sometimes had one hundred in the hospital at once. Two lamented officers, Capt. Toy, Co. H, and Lieut. Chas. Cornwall, Provost Marshal on Gen. Phelps' staff, died in June, and our little neat enclosure, containing nearly seventy graves, each resting place marked by a substantial head-board, told how sadly we suffered. Surgeon Brownell was detached on Gen. Butler's staff, and afterwards in St. James Hospital. Surgeons Leavenworth and Cummings attended morning call, and Dr. Fletcher, of Co. I, detailed as nurse, attended the hospital. No man in the regiment worked more faithfully than he on the meagre pay of an extra duty man.

On Sunday, Sept. 26, we received orders to move next morning for Camp Kearney, below Carrollton, and before night our tents were up in the new place, and we were in the Reserve Brigade under Gen. Weitzel.

Camp Kearney was a very pleasant place, about a mile below Carrollton. A dry, level plain for drill and a fine grove in the rear for shade. Major Peck was detailed on Court Marshals most of the time we were at Camp Kearney, and Col. Deming, who had been in command of the regiment about three weeks since his second return from the North, was detailed as Mayor of New Orleans, which position he held until Jan. 31, '63,

when his resignation from the service was accepted. We were three weeks at Camp Kearney. While there Gen. Butler reviewed the Reserve Brigade at New Orleans, the force marching out and back about fifteen miles. The Twelfth were complimented for their marching and they came into camp as briskly as they went out. Oct. 22 found us on board transports bound up the river. We sailed quietly during the night, and landed, at day break, four miles below Donaldsonville. It was very windy, and with one hundred rounds of cartridges which the men carried with their knapsacks the morning march was severe. The few rebels fired and run. The Twelfth occupied the Catholic Church—it was exceedingly cold. Next day they marched all day with overcoats on. The cavalry skirmished a little, but the fight was reserved for Tuesday, Oct. 25. We had been marching all the morning on the left, the baggage train in front of us. About ten o'clock we received orders to prepare for battle, the regiment was drawn up in line, and unslinging knapsacks they piled them near the road, and forward we went at almost double-quick. We heard the cannon ahead and soon met wounded men being brought to the rear. We crossed the bayou and formed line of battle in a field on the right. The rebels in about equal numbers to our own were posted on a plantation road with swamp on their rear and thick woods on their right. The shell came whistling over our heads, one striking in the water very near the flat-boat on which we walked over Bayou LaFourche. The Eighth New Hampshire, somewhat in disorder, were on the left, the Twelfth on the right, the Thirteenth Ct. in reserve a little to the rear. The brunt of the battle came on the Twelfth. On they marched, only stopping to straighten up the line until they found where the enemy lay, in a ditch where they had a full view of our advancing line for at least six hundred yards. The command "fire" was given, and our noble boys poured into them such repeated volleys and advanced so rapidly that the rebels did not wait for them, but fled, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands, also about one hundred and eighty prisoners. The Twelfth fired at will advancing, and from eight to twelve rounds each. The Thirteenth fired, without orders, one round. As our line was so straight and we advanced so rapidly our loss was not large, considering the terrible musketry and artillery fire to which we were exposed. Our loss was two killed and twelve wounded. The color bearer was wounded in the mouth. Several of the wounds were very severe. The whole time we were under fire was one hour and

twenty minutes from the time when we crossed the bayou till our boys with a cheer jumped upon the fence near the last ditch, and seized the rebels prostrate as prisoners. The battle was finely planned and as finely executed, and the experience we gained, finding it safest and best to rush right on the enemy, was of lasting benefit to us. Cold and hungry the Twelfth lay on the ground where they had won so splendid a victory that very cold night. The metal of the regiment had been tried and was not found wanting. The superior discipline and drill of the Twelfth showed very plainly; the line was straight and they knew no duty but to go ahead, straight on. The officers, from the Colonel down, were perfectly cool, and of course the men were. If the courage displayed that day by the Twelfth had been shown oftener in our battles, this war would be short. The battle of Labadieville was decisive. The rebels fled from the whole country of LaFourche, and west as far as Brashear City.

*(To be continued.)*

### The Three Months' Regiments.

(SUPPLEMENT.)

The history of the Third Regiment is unavoidably postponed until next month. We present a few supplementary matters.

An anonymous correspondent from Norwich, who manifests a great deal of interest in the articles on the three months' regiments which we have published, sends us a letter.

We feel grateful for his contribution, and desire to thank him for his "labor of love." His corrections and additions will be found to be valuable. We placed them in the hands of Lieut. Lord, the author of the articles on the three months' campaign, who thus replies:

"My most sincere thanks are due your correspondent, whose modesty, equaling his industry, withholds him from accepting the credit that is clearly his due. I have found his lists of officers to be invaluable in enabling me to perfect what would otherwise have been crude and unfinished. I have availed myself largely of the results of his labors, and am not willing to assume credit for the research and industry that clearly belongs to him.

"The list of additional names of officers from the First Regiment I beg you will publish, and also his corrections of errors in my own list. These errors were unavoidable, owing to the similarity of names, and in some cases their defective orthography."

NORWICH, Jan. 7th, 1864.

Editor Connecticut War Record:

DEAR SIR:—I note four errors in your list of officers published in your last number. Capt. John Griswold, (Eleventh Regiment,) and Lieuts. Smith, Henry A. (Twenty-sixth,) Tourtelotte, Marshall I. (Sixth,) Wilson, Henry L. (Twenty-first,) were not members of the First Regiment.

Of these, Capt. Griswold, however, deserves more than a passing mention. Grandson and great-





grandson of our former Governors Griswold, he was at the breaking out of the war engaged in business in the Pacific, but at once gave it up and came home overland to offer his services to Gov. Buckingham in any capacity. He first received a commission to recruit, and later one as Captain in the Eleventh Regiment, (Co. I.) He led his company at Roanoke, Newbern, and all the battles in which his regiment was engaged, till finally, at Antietam, he received his mortal wound while cheering on his men. He was honest in the belief—

*"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,"*

so much so, that when lying in hospital after the battle, hearing some one near him regret his hard fate and hope he might yet survive, he expressed himself as perfectly satisfied, and as desiring no nobler death than that of a soldier.

I send herewith lists of officers who have re-entered the service from the Second and Third Regiments, also one of officers from the First additional to those published by you. These lists are, I believe, as accurate as they can be made without access to the Adjutant-General's office. You will make such use of them as you see fit.

By my count we have (now or lately) in service (officers and enlisted men) from the First, 495; Second, 452; Third, 451;—in all 1,398 out of 2,340—this without counting those enlisted out of the State or since the raising of the nine months' men.

I notice, by the way, that of the above number (1,398) only 157 are nine months' men—going to show that they were not led by a love of filthy lucre in re-enlisting.

Former Company.	Former Rank.	NAME.	Present Regiment.	Present Rank.	Residence.	Remarks.
A, (Rifle.)	Private.	Billings, Henry R.	20th.	1st Lieutenant.	Hartford.	
A.	Private.	Chamberlin, Sam D.	16th.	1st Lieutenant.	Hartford.	
F.	Private.	Gilbert, Raphael	7th.	2d Lieutenant.	Cromwell.	
G.	Private.	Jones, Devereux	1st Louisiana.	2d Lieutenant.	New Britain.	
E.	Sergeant.	Knox, Andrew	1st Artillery.	1st Lieutenant.	Danbury.	
D.	Private.	Lord, Frederick C.	New York Regt	2d Lieutenant.	Waterbury.	
H.	Private.	Lewis, B. G.	6th.	2d Lieutenant.	Bridgeport.	
A, (Rifle.)	Private.	Lyon, Edwin L.	U. S. A.	2d Lieutenant.	Hartford.	
D.	Private.	Martinson, Augustus	New York Regt.	2d Lieutenant.	Waterbury.	Killed in action.
H.	Private.	Mayne, Geo. A.	1st Louisiana.	2d Lieutenant.	Bridgeport.	
H.	Private.	Nearing, Fred E.	8th.	2d Lieutenant.	Brookfield.	
C.	Private.	Phelps, Horace E.	12th.	2d Lieutenant.	Windsor Locks.	
F. and S.	Surgeon.	Stearns, Henry P.	U. S. A.	B. Surgeon.	Hartford.	
F. and S.	Sergt. Major.	Spalding, John L.	Mass. Regiment.	Captain.	Norwich.	Resigned.
E.	Private.	Stevens, Geo. M.	8th.	2d Lieutenant.	Saybrook.	
G.	Private.	Smith, Jas. T.	1st Louisiana.	2d Lieutenant.	Hartford.	
B, (Rifle.)	Private.	Schlacter, Friedrich	11th.	1st Lieutenant.	New Haven.	
B, (Rifle.)	Private.	Soder, George	6th.	1st Lieutenant.	Bridgeport.	
F. and S.	Q. M. Sergt.	Williams, Isaac V. B.	6th.	Quartermaster.	Preston.	Resigned.
C.	2d Lieut.	White, Geo. M.	15th.	Captain.	New Haven.	
F.	Sergeant.	Wright, Frank B.	27th.	2d Lieutenant.	Meriden.	

#### Editor of the Connecticut War Record:

Sir:—In your list of promotions in the First Regiment, there is one bright name omitted. Augustus Martinson of Plymouth, was a private in the Waterbury company, Capt. Chatfield, First Regiment. He entered the Connecticut Squadron, Harris Light Cavalry, in August, 1861. In December, 1862, he was promoted to Lieutenant, and was killed June 17th, 1863, at the battle of Aldie, Virginia.

Yours, with respect, W. W. B.

Sergeant Joseph Converse of the First, now the accomplished Major of the Eleventh Regiment, is accredited to the town of Stafford, but belongs in Windsor Locks.

#### The Conscript Camp, Fair Haven.

"Conscript" is hardly the adjective to be applied to this camp, as there are no conscripts here. "United States Rendezvous," as it is sometimes called, is a truer designation.

The camp embraces, all together, 1517 men, with 53 officers, all under command of Brig. Gen. Hunt.

The following is a list of Detached Officers now on duty at this camp:

Capt. WILLIAM B. SEARS, 2d Rhode Island Infantry, Commandant of the Camp.

Capt. Lester E. Bradley, 12th Connecticut, Provost Marshal.

Capt. Ezra Sprague, 20th Connecticut, Post Treasurer.

Lieut. James N. Coe, 2d Connecticut Artillery, Post Adjutant.

Lieut. J. G. Saunders, 35th Ohio, Assistant Quartermaster.

Capt. Arnold Wyman, 1st Rhode Island Cavalry.

Capt. Charles N. Coit, 8th Connecticut.

Capt. George E. Hutchison, 10th Ohio Cavalry.

Capt. William Spittle, 21st Connecticut.

Capt. William R. Saunders, 5th Rhode Island Artillery.

Capt. George N. Bliss, 1st Rhode Island Cavalry.

Capt. Marcus Waterbury, 17th Connecticut.

Capt. Jacob Rogers, 1st Connecticut Cavalry.

Lieut. John E. Doolittle, 20th Connecticut.

Lieut. John Stottler, 6th Connecticut.

Lieut. Michael Kennedy, 9th Connecticut.

Lieut. Frank Wells, 13th Connecticut.

Lieut. H. B. French, 15th Connecticut.

Lieut. Theodore Gray, 17th Connecticut.

Lieut. Elisha B. Chipman, 21st Connecticut.

Lieut. Winthrop A. Moore, 7th Rhode Island.

Lieut. George W. Darling, 1st Rhode Island Cavalry.

Lieut. Richard Rich, Battery C, 1st Rhode Island Artillery.

The officers not fully occupied here are, with sixty-six non-commissioned officers and privates, constantly engaged in escorting detachments of recruits to the various Connecticut regiments in the several military departments.

#### INVALID CORPS.

There are four companies of the Third Regiment of the Invalid Corps, numbering 293 men. The other companies of this regiment are, two at Hartford, Conn., and four at Washington. In the absence of Col. F. D. Sewall, the detachment here is commanded by Lieut. Col. John Speidel. The men of this corps represent many different regiments from all parts of the land. Disabled in the service by wounds or disease, they are organized to perform such duty as they are able to. They are commanded by officers who, like themselves, have been scarred by the fortunes of war, and are thus unfitted for field duty, but who stand ready for any service which it is in their power to render the Government.

#### RECRUITS.

In the second story of this large building are the white recruits, numbering at present only one

hundred and ninety-two. Several hundred of this class are sent to their respective regiments every week.

The method of replenishing the army, employed so extensively of late—leaving the whole business in the hands of unprincipled speculators—though it has brought us many valuable recruits, has infested our camp with crowds of the vilest men—professional pickpockets and gamblers from New York and elsewhere; men who have enlisted for the express purpose, after securing the bounty, of stealing all within their reach, winning all they can with gambling tools, and then deserting at the earliest opportunity. It is a rare thing now, if it ever occurs, to have a squad of men leave for the field without suffering loss, greater or less, on the way. In one respect, though, this class of men have been the innocent occasion of much good. Some weeks since an order was published confiscating all money found on gambling boards. The amount raised in this way, together with the confiscated bounty money of deserters, is made to constitute a special Post Fund for improvements about the camp. But though this incidental good has resulted from the rotten element referred to, it is most devoutly to be hoped that no more of this sort of recruits will be sent here to poison our camp, and to the army, to rob and pollute our brothers who have through three weary years borne the burden of the war. We hope the new call will be answered by a different class of men—men like those who went a year and two years ago, and when the war began—men who are not bought. It cannot be that the patriotism of the young men of the loyal States is quite worn out.

#### THE TWENTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

The larger proportion of soldiers now in camp here are in the colored regiments—the Twenty-





ninth and Thirtieth. Recruiting of the Twenty-ninth was begun in November last, under the supervision of Col. Benj. S. Pardee, who has been specially active and efficient in organizing and filling the regiment. It now numbers nine hundred and sixty-nine officers and men. About five hundred of the men are from Connecticut; the rest represent almost every loyal State and several States at the South. A considerable number are refugees from from bondage. The regiment attracts general attention for its fine soldierly appearance, and is as noble a body of troops as have been gathered during the war. They have clear views of their own concerning the issues of the war; the most of them have sacrificed comfortable homes to enlist, solely from a conviction of duty to aid in saving the country and in liberating their race from slavery. Some of them have children and wives now in bondage, whom they hope to see one of these days enjoying the blessings of freedom, won, in part, by their sacrifice. All who have any acquaintance with the regiment, are confident it will do effective service in the field.

The Twenty-ninth has a corps of officers, passed through the fiery ordeal at Washington, of which any regiment might be proud. Several are yet to be appointed for the line, and none of the field officers have yet been appointed. Capt. Chas. L. Norton, commanding the regiment, and to whom is specially due the credit of its present fine condition in discipline and drill, has been promoted to the command of a colored regiment in Louisiana. His removal from the Twenty-ninth will be deeply regretted not only by the officers and men of his regiment, but by all who came in contact with him at the camp.

#### OFFICERS OF THE TWENTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

Capt. Charles L. Norton—just relieved.  
Capt. H. C. Ward, commanding Regiment.  
Capt. David Torrance.  
Capt. Fred. E. Camp.  
Capt. Wm. J. Ross.  
Capt. E. W. Bacon.  
Capt. E. A. Thorp.  
Lieut. John L. Spalding, Acting Adjutant.  
Lieut. James C. Sweetland.  
Lieut. G. W. Stewart.  
Lieut. Thomas McKinley.  
Lieut. John Bishop.  
Lieut. D. Mortimer Lee.  
Lieut. Edward Coe.  
Lieut. William H. Bevin.  
Lieut. E. S. Bristol.  
Lieut. Ransom Kenyon.  
Lieut. J. A. Tracy.  
Lieut. Joel W. Hyde.  
Lieut. James R. McDonough.  
Lieut. S. G. Bennett.  
Lieut. E. P. Rogers.

#### NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergeant-Major—Horace N. London.  
Quartermaster Sergeant—Daniel S. Lathrop.  
Commissary Sergeant—Joseph Cassell.  
Hospital Steward—

#### COMPANY A.

Sergeants—George Green, Jacob Kellis, James V. Cromwell, Loyd Fuller.  
Corporals—Nelson Howard, James Whitfield, William N. Martin, Needham Simmonds, Charles Bentley, Ferdinand Fromville, Thomas Griffing, John Jackson.

#### COMPANY B.

Sergeants—Jeremiah Kelley, Charles Richards, Miles Jackson, William Ricks.  
Corporals—Cornelius Nash, James H. Green, James Smith, George B. Thomas, Abram Johnson, Isaac Garull, Henry West, William Pine.

#### COMPANY C.

Sergeants—Archie Hurd, Jr., Samuel Jones, George Phillips, William Dixon, Josiah Starr.  
Corporals—Henry Mitchell, Andrew Nash, Emson Brown, George W. Richards, Thomas Davis, Lewis Starr.

#### COMPANY D.

Sergeants—Jacob F. Spencer, Thos. M. Thompson, Chauncey Richmond, Shadwick Morris, Allen Garver.  
Corporals—Samuel Howard, Hiram L. Brown, Junius McIntire, George T. Porter, Charles H. Coe, John Weston, James Drake, John Stevens.

#### COMPANY E.

Sergeants—Loyd G. Seymour, Alexander H. Newton, Henry H. Williams, Benjamin Thompson, Samuel R. Brown.  
Corporals—Cornelius S. Gross, Christopher Porter, Charles A. Porter, Thomas H. Paul, Alfred Powers, Charles H. Weeden, Geo. H. Latimore, Geo. Henduck.

#### COMPANY F.

Sergeants—John Session, Geo. H. May, John L. Maston, Thos. Cooper, George E. Carpenter.  
Corporals—Geo. Sprywood, Edward Voorbies, James Prime, Almon Wheeler, Henry H. Fitch, Henry Robberts, Richard R. Watson.

#### COMPANY G.

Sergeants—Wm. H. Jeffry, James A. Payne, Joseph Haynes, Cornelius Strong, Matthias Blake.  
Corporals—Wm. H. Freeman, Geo. Freeman, Geo. Young, Joseph Butler, Joshua Hodge, Allen Banks, Lewis Hazzard.

#### COMPANY H.

Sergeants—Daniel A. Peek, John W. Hall, Solomon N. Howard, Geo. E. Brown, Jacob Vanderpool.

Corporals—Samuel Place, Wm. N. Sidney, John H. Addams, James Smith, Cesar Hall, Jacob Thompson, Edward Ditermus, Jacob Young.

#### COMPANY I.

Sergeants—Ira P. Layton, Wm. Hancock, Fleetwood Anthony, W. E. L. Morrison.  
Corporals—Horace Freeman, Geo. Gibson, Wm. H. Terryck, Amos C. Brewster, Simon Green, Josiah Geiger, James W. Brewster.

#### COMPANY K.

Sergeants—John J. Sawyer, Wm. Sinclair, Samuel Costello, Henry Somerlot, Richard M. Cox.

Corporals—Morton V. Talman, Albert D. White, Jerome B. Nallis, DeWitt Harrison, Joseph J. Reed, Samuel Duncan, Thomas Blackson, Lewis A. Cleggett.

#### THE THIRTIETH REGIMENT.

The Thirtieth Regiment was begun a month ago, and numbers at present two hundred and nine men. It is commanded by Lieut. N. Willey. Lieut. Willey and Lieut. O. C. Case are the only commissioned officers yet appointed for this regiment. It is receiving fresh accessions all the while, and promises to equal, before long, the Twenty-ninth in size and efficiency.

The special attention devoted by the War Department to officering these colored regiments, encourages the belief that they may be designed to constitute a part of the regular army.

#### THE SANITARY CONDITION

of the camp is, in general, good. The hospital used both for the white and colored men—though many of the latter have recently been sent to Knight Hospital—is under the direction of the Post Surgeon, Dr. Blake, who is always attentive, kind, and skillful, and is assisted by accomplished nurses. The room is comfortable, and it is doubtful if anywhere in the army the sick are more faithfully attended to. Dr. Fisher of Norwich, late Surgeon of the Twenty-ninth, was obliged to leave on account of ill health, and is relieved by Dr. Stephenson of Boston.

Under the energetic supervision of Captain Sears, the present efficient commander of the Post, the special Post fund above mentioned, is being expended very judiciously. Valuable improvements are inaugurated and are being vigorously prosecuted.

A raised walk of plank has been built on the lower side of the camp, for the camp-guard, which makes their beat dry and comfortable. A large quantity of oyster shells are being brought to fill up the low ground and make it everywhere level and dry. Other repairs and improvements are begun, which will render the rendezvous a much more comfortable place of abode. Capt. Sears, as well as Gen. Hunt, have, we can but feel, been unjustly censured in regard to the cook-room of the Invalid Corps. It is true that the room was far from being neat and agreeable. Yet, under the circumstances, it was as good as could be provided. The room was too small—but it was the *only one* available. The cooking ranges and utensils were as many and as large as could be used conveniently in the space. The camp, at that time, was a mass of well poached mud—and to keep a floor trodden by hundreds of feet fresh from the outside, in any tolerable state of cleanliness, was simply impossible. The improvements now in process in the camp, already render it possible to make the cook room neater and more comfortable. The men who eat there no longer complain. They say that the food is ample and well cooked, that the room is kept in good order, and that they are satisfied.

The inspection of last Saturday is an event well worthy of mention. The whole garrison was called out and formed in line. A thorough examination of arms, equipments, and clothing followed. A neater and better display is rarely seen. The inspection of quarters was very satisfactory. I have never seen barracks where equal neatness and order were exhibited.

In fact, everything about the rendezvous gives gratifying indications of energetic and progressive management.

#### THE CHAPEL.

About two months ago a Chapel was erected near the main entrance. It was built not by the Government, but entirely by the contributions of individuals anxious for the soldiers' good.

Though designed especially for Sabbath services it is made useful in other ways. It is opened during the day as a quiet place, where men can come to read and write. Desks are provided for writing, and about a dozen newspapers are kept on file. A library is also started. The building is in use every evening for concerts, exhibitions, lectures, prayer-meetings, singing schools and other gatherings, secular and religious, to draw the soldiers away from their barracks. Two evenings in the week a reading school is held, where one hundred and fifty of the colored men are learning to read. The teachers in this school are fifteen gentlemen from the Theological Seminary, and the College at New Haven, who have, at a great deal of personal sacrifice, volunteered for this special service. Through influences started from this building, and by other means employed, much is being done to counteract the demoralizing tendency of camp life—much to make better men, and therefore better soldiers.

There is much which Christian liberality and sympathy can yet furnish to aid in this good work.





## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

*For the Connecticut War Record.***The Second Connecticut Artillery.**

Jan. 5th, 1864.

Garrison life, so far from the scene of contest as the defenses of Washington, can note but few stirring or strange events.

As with November, so with December; drill and study have occupied the time, and the routine of the one month has been nearly that of the other. In this we have been neither behind nor before the age, as possibly some may have thought when in your last they read that we were studying Roberts' Evolutions of the Line. If my pen did not write, the types should have read—for have types any right to promulgate error?—that the non-commissioned officers were studying Roberts' Hand-book of Artillery, and that the commissioned officers were studying Casey's Tactics, Evolutions of the Line, (brigade.) I know the printer's rule is to follow his copy though it is out of the window; but error had better go out the window, copy and all, than into print.

Our new numerical designation, consequent upon our change from infantry to artillery, as expected, is the Second Connecticut. Many were somewhat reluctant to part with the old number, nineteen, for as was remarked, it had been to us a fortunate number from the first. However, since men and regiments are greatly the architects of their fortune, we hope and intend to make our present designation equally if not more fortunate.

During a night some while since, private C. U. Jackson of Co. H, of New Milford, one of the hospital guard, perceived an unusual fire in the valley, half or three-quarters of a mile distant. Suspecting all was not right, he stealthily and alone reconnoitered, and found one of the bridges of the Alexandria and Orange Railroad on fire. After kindling a fire on the track to arrest the trains, he applied himself to save the bridge. As he had nothing but his shoe to dip with, he off with it and went to work. Still the fire made headway; so he off with his overcoat, and by splashing it into the stream and then upon the fire, he succeeded in extinguishing it, to the ruin, however, of his coat. His deed came to the knowledge of the Secretary of War; he inquired, and being certified of its truth, rewarded Jackson with a

furlough of ten days. The fire is supposed to have been the work of guerrillas.

The horse which is said to have led the famous charge of Gen. Fremont's body-guard upon Springfield, Mo., has been purchased by Maj. Hubbard, and is one object of interest and beauty among us.

A Band has lately been started among us, which is nearly filled up, and has made very rapid progress under the instructions of Philip Stoball of Co. E. It almost nightly entertains us with music.

H.

Jan. 29, 1864.

Receiving, allotting, and especially drilling recruits, have broken the monotony of garrison life among us the past month. Some seven hundred have been added to the regiment during that time. Two new companies are now to be formed to fill the regiment up to eighteen hundred. Should any city, town or county of our State furnish the requisite number of men for one or both, they will be allowed their own officers. This is the only Connecticut artillery regiment which can offer a like inducement. As we have received a larger accession of recruits than any other regiment from the State, we have evidence of the most convincing character that we are known and appreciated—an appreciation we purpose to be worthy of to the end. This purpose is evinced in the number of hours (five) given daily to drill; and very encouraging is the improvement of the recruits, manifest at the weekly inspection, that we shall soon show the same proficiency as in former months.

For a while after the organization of the regiment, some of the baser sort deserted, and already a few of the recruits have shown themselves to be mere "bounty jumpers." On one occasion, when the regiment was assembling to drum one out of camp for desertion, some soldiers from the front were heard to say one to the other, that any one who would desert from such a regiment deserved his punishment. The mass of the new men, it is believed from appearances, will be good and faithful soldiers. Should deserters who have received the present liberal bounties be arrested, but little mercy will probably be shown them—at least such seems to be the existing feeling. Accordingly numerous executions may be expected. May our regiment be saved the necessity of witnessing such a scene among us.

During the month new and very comfortable barracks have been built at each of our fortifications, and soon the men will be well housed.

Edward Coe, a private of Co. A, after examination has been promoted to office in the U. S. colored troops.

There have died from the regiment during January, Charles L. Thomas, Co. I, on the 17th; Sergt. Matthew H. Huxley of Goshen, Co. C, 27th inst., and Julius Woodford of Winsted, Co. E, 29th inst. Seemingly from exposure before arriving, a number of new recruits have sickened and filled the hospital, but none have as yet died.

The religious meetings at the different posts have considerably increased in attendance and interest of late.

A flag staff, towering better than seventy feet, of tasty workmanship and rig, has been erected at Fort Williams, and last month one was erected at our new headquarters.

H.

*For the Connecticut War Record.***First Connecticut Cavalry.**

BALTIMORE, Jan 4th, 1864.

## ANOTHER RAID

From Harper's Ferry, in the direction of Staunton, has been reported in the papers. It occurred simultaneously and in connection with the late movement by Gen. Averill, and by occupying the attention of the rebel forces in the Shenandoah Valley, it aided in no small degree the accomplishment of his daring and renowned exploits. The force engaged in this expedition, comprising cavalry, artillery and infantry, the greater part of the First Division, Department of West Virginia, was under the command of Col. Wells of the Thirty-fourth Massachusetts, and Co. B of the First Connecticut Cavalry acted as his body-guard. Companies A and E were attached to the cavalry brigade under Col. Boyd, and took the advance. I am not prepared to give a detailed account of the part which our boys performed in this difficult and dangerous expedition, but I am faithfully informed that the little fragment of Connecticut Cavalry faltered not during the fifteen days and nights of constant toil and severe exposure, and when they returned to their camp weary, cold, wet and hungry, it was with the glorious satisfaction that they had done their duty in another movement against the enemy, and endured its privations and dangers with a noble fortitude.

Very strong indications appear that the rebels, provoked at the bold and successful invasion by our troops, intend to repay the visit, and are marching towards Charlestown and Harper's Ferry. Our boys are under marching orders, prepared to welcome them. The event will doubtless transpire very soon.

## THE PRISONERS OF WAR.

We learn by recent letters from Libby Prison and Belle Island, that Maj. Farnsworth and his boys are well. We are making arrangements to forward a large box of provisions to our unfortunate comrades, as a token of our regard and sympathy. It is possible that some of them were included in the recent exchange, but we have no assurance that such is the case. At last accounts the list of prisoners from our regiment was as follows: Major Chas. Farnsworth; Ser-





geants W. Ferris and F. Monroe; Corporals Bradley, Phelps and Rutter; Privates A. M. Christie, E. Bishop, T. Holt, T. Carver, P. Clarey, E. Warren, J. Miller, D. Miller, J. Loof, F. Huntley, and Gutterman.

#### VETERANS AND RECRUITS.

The United States may depend upon this regiment for three years more of service. Many members of the original battalion have reenlisted as veterans, and the recruits are enlisted for three years, so that the number of men to be mustered out of service next October, if the war continues beyond that time, will be very small.

Our number has increased to ten companies of volunteers, and still they come. The new recruits furnish nearly all the names for our sick list, on account, as we suppose, of the sudden change in their manner of living, as well as necessary and unnecessary exposures.

Our friends have some curiosity to know how the Southern recruits conduct themselves among us. Two or three have deserted, and one or two others, under some provocation, have exhibited remains of their old rebellion, and their speech has betrayed them, but we have not been able to detect such a spirit in many instances. Yesterday a Tennessean, after expressing some doubt of the genuine loyalty of one of his comrades, said, "I think he and all of us poor rebels ought to be mighty thankful to Uncle Sam for allowing us to leave our prison and enter the ranks of his old soldiers." Most of these men I honor and respect. When I consider the tender connections which some of them have severed, I cannot regard them as sane and sensible men and doubt their professions of loyalty. Their attachments to home and kindred are very strong, but they have come over to us, bidding farewell to their homes and their loved ones,

"It may be for years,  
And it may be forever."

Now and then the Connecticut soldier obtains a furlough, and a few hours' ride brings him to his father's door; but the Union soldier whose home is in North Carolina, Texas, or Alabama, is obliged to forego that pleasure. The mail comes every day to camp and makes our Northern boys clap their hands for joy, but no letters come for the poor refugees and deserters. A young soldier whose friends are in Alabama, saw his comrade reading a letter from his home the other

day, and turning to me with an anxious look, he said: "How I wish I could hear from my mother!"

#### PERSONAL ITEMS.

A change having taken place in the command of this Department early in December, Col. Fish resigned his position as Military Provost Marshal of Baltimore and took command of the regiment. He remained with us one day only, and was reappointed Provost Marshal under Gen. Lockwood, the new commander. The Colonel is regarded by the Union people of this city as "the right man in the right place." He pursues an uncompromising and consistent course in dealing with the rebels of Baltimore, and performs the various duties of his office with extraordinary promptness and ability.

Capt. French and Adj. Walker have been relieved from duty at the Provost Marshal's office and have returned to their respective positions in the regiment. Capt. Marcy and Lieut. Backus are employed in their stead. Capt. French and Adj. Walker have borne an honorable part in conducting the military affairs of this city during the past eventful year, the former having acted as Provost Marshal for considerable time in the absence of Col. Fish.

Capt. Morehouse was greeted with three rousing cheers the other morning as he took command of his company. The Captain has been employed in charge of military prisoners in connection with the Provost Marshal's department since his return from Richmond.

Maj. Blakeslee and Capt. Rogers came to Baltimore with recruits, a few days since, and hastened back to Connecticut for more men, I suppose.

Daniel B. Winchester of Co. A, was killed at Charlestown, Va., on the 7th of December, by the falling of a tree upon the tent in which he was sitting. A huge limb of a tree struck him on the head, and he survived the blow only a few hours.

Another member of Co. A, Sergt. W. P. Tragansa, (erroneously printed Frangansa in the December number of the War Record,) died in the Jarvis U. S. Hospital of Baltimore, on the 21st of December. His fellow soldiers procured a good coffin and sent the body home to Connecticut.

#### RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

The Regimental Church which we formed more than two years ago, still

exists and prospers. Many of those who were members at first are not with us now. Some have gone to their rest. Many others, on account of sickness, have been discharged and returned to their homes. I think of some of our praying company standing this dreary night at some picket post in the Shenandoah Valley, and others stretched upon the sands of Belle Island and dreaming of homes they perhaps will never see again. Those there are who commenced their army life with pious principles and good resolutions, and have fallen from their integrity; but while some have faltered many others have come forward to take their places. A neat little Chapel which is built by contributions from the officers and soldiers of the regiment will soon be completed. Then we shall have a convenient and permanent place of worship.

A deeply affecting scene transpired during our religious service three Sabbaths ago. After an excellent sermon by Chaplain De La Matyr of the Eighth New York Artillery, we engaged in celebrating the Lord's Supper. Invitation was given to all the friends of the Saviour present to join in the solemn Sacrament, and a goodly number came forward and bowed at the rough benches in the presence of their comrades. There were pious veterans whom the Lord of Hosts had defended in many a battle and shielded in many a fierce temptation. Others knelt by their side who had lately volunteered for Christ, and some who had recently abandoned a course of rebellion against the highest human and divine authority. Such seasons are peculiarly interesting in the army because they come not often, and they are so unlike the common scenes of soldier life. We rejoice to know that the crucified Redeemer who endured unmitigated cruelty at the hands of soldiers in the days of his flesh, now listens to the voice of prayer and Christian song as it ascends from many thousand camps along the lines of our great, loyal army. Eighteen centuries ago the Saviour wore a crown of thorns; soldiers plaited it and placed it on his brow. He listened to the most provoking insult; soldiers' lips uttered the impious mockery. Blow after blow sent color to his pale cheek; it was a soldier's hand that smote him. His garments lay at the foot of the cross, and while he was dying, while the mother of our Lord was standing by, soldiers cast lots for his raiment. When he hung





dead upon the cross a glittering weapon pierced his side; it was a soldier's spear. A strong guard was stationed around the tomb and vainly strove to hold the buried Redeemer there; those heaven-defying men were soldiers in the Roman army. But that day has passed, and the time has come when throngs of soldiers come and worship at the feet of Him whom soldiers crucified.

ED. RINER.

*For the Connecticut War Record.***From the Seventh Regiment.**

ST. HELENA ISLAND, JANUARY, 1864.

Let me make haste to correct an error for which I know not whether some lapse of my pen or of your types was responsible. In the enumeration of the batteries manned by members of our regiment on Morris Island during the operations of the siege, there was no mention made of a battery of three thirty-pounder rifles commanded by Capt. S. S. Atwell of Co. C, and manned by our men. Some of the most accurate shooting was done from this battery. This would make in all seven batteries entrusted either wholly or in part to our officers and men.

My last communication brought the history of the Seventh Connecticut up to about the close of September. There was not a great deal of startling or interesting incident in the weeks succeeding the evacuation of Forts Gregg and Wagner. But the labor of conducting the siege was by no means diminished, nor were the perils lessened. The toil and the exposure involved in the reconstruction of the forts just named, and in the erection of other forts on the island, were perhaps as great as had been endured at any period of the operations. All of these toils, with the various hardships and privations to which the men were subject, greatly reduced the strength of the regiment, so that at one time out of six hundred and seventy-nine men and officers in camp not less than two hundred and forty-four were upon the sick list.

In this connection I may mention a circumstance which speaks for the spirit of the regiment. Immediately after the fall of the forts (Sept. 7th) the sick list of the regiment increased. This effect, incomprehensible at first sight, was due to the fact that many men, really sick and hardly able to go on duty, had concealed their illness and had omitted to apply to the Surgeon lest they should be put on the sick list and thus deprived

of the honor of bearing a part in manning the batteries and urging forward the siege of Charleston.

About the middle of October the regiment received orders to embark for St. Helena Island. The object of this movement was two-fold; to afford the wearied men a change of location and an opportunity for rest and reinvigoration, and also to enable them to perfect themselves in the use of a new arm and in a new class of duties. Of the precise nature of these and of other facts of interest and importance relating to the regiment and its movements, it will perhaps best accord with military propriety not to speak at present in detail. Perhaps in this I err on the side of excessive caution. But it is quite impossible for one who has not remarked it personally, to conceive of the evil that is done and of the obstacles interposed to our military progress by the injudicious and premature publication of items of military intelligence. To cite one instance of this: After our occupation of Wagner and Gregg, the enemy maintained a moderate cannonading against our men engaged on those works. This cannonade of course hindered our men in their labor, and caused some casualties. After a week or so appeared this item in one of the New York papers, communicated by some rabid correspondent or reporter: "Our men still are at work on Cummings Point, though much endangered by the fire from Fort Johnson and Sullivan's Island." This item was eagerly republished in the Charleston papers, and upon the day succeeding its appearance in them a most furious shelling was maintained all day upon our men who were on fatigue, and many casualties occurred and some lives were lost. For all these casualties, and for the interruption to our progress, the injudicious communicativeness of the reporter was responsible. Possibly he would have written with less freedom had he been expecting to be in the trenches himself to perceive the effect of his paragraph.

It was upon the 16th of October that we quitted Morris Island, a spot which had become the centre of interest and expectation to the whole nation, which had been to the regiment a scene of hardship, peril and triumph, and whose sands covered the remains of some of the bravest and noblest of our number. The events of our lives while upon that barren sand bar will certainly never be forgotten by any who participated in them.

Just before we left Morris Island, fourteen of the enlisted men received furloughs to return home for thirty days. Among these fourteen were the three who had recently escaped from imprisonment in Richmond, whose safe return to our lines was chronicled in your October number. The remainder received furloughs as an award for meritorious services rendered in the field during the siege.

On the evening of the 16th we arrived at St. Helena. This island lies on Port Royal harbor, nearly opposite Hilton Head. The water along the shore is very bold, and a wharf three hundred feet long gives accommodation at low tide to vessels drawing eighteen feet. No one can enter the magnificent harbor of Port Royal (the best on the coast south of Hampton Roads) and examine its capabilities without receiving a lesson upon the blighting influence of slavery. Here is an unequalled harbor, giving admittance to the largest vessels that float, while on the inland side the inlets afford passage for light draft steamers; here is a cluster of islands, having had the monopoly of the long staple cotton, and yet how has slavery succeeded in rendering all these advantages of no avail! Under the inspiration of liberty these waters would have reflected the flags of every nation, and these shores would have been lined with wharfs on which the wealth of remote continents would have been gladly exchanged for the products of the Sea Islands and of the Uplands.

After remaining in camp for two weeks, the regiment received orders to start at once for Folly Island, in light marching order, leaving behind knapsacks, tents, the sick, and all save the necessities of daily life. They remained bivouaced on Folly Island for about two weeks, (having an opportunity once during that period to repair to the camp on St. Helena for a change of clothes,) all the while expecting from hour to hour to be summoned to an assault more desperate than had been recorded in the annals of the war. But without being called to this attempt, the regiment returned to their encampment on St. Helena, where we still remain.

During the bivouac upon Folly, there was opportunity for remarking the capacity to provide for themselves which the men have acquired during the experience of two years' service. Without tents, or floors, or stoves, or camp equipage, they yet succeeded in making themselves





comfortable, and met every privation with lighthearted cheerfulness.

On the same day that the regiment returned to St. Helena, a body of one hundred and sixteen men, the fruit of the draft, arrived to recruit the ranks reduced by battle and disease to less than the minimum. This welcome reinforcement brought up the number to about nine hundred and sixty. These men, whatever the antecedents of some of them, are settling down into good and faithful soldiers. Indeed, experience seems to show that although all men do not by any means make *equally* good soldiers, yet a competent commander can make good soldiers out of anything.

So on St. Helena we remain at present. Of what changes, of what movements, of what perils, of what losses, another letter may tell you, who can say?

Mindful of our New England origin, we celebrated to the best of our ability the day set apart by national and State authority for Thanksgiving. Divine service was held in the forenoon, under the open air. The proclamations of the President and of Gov. Buckingham were read, excellent singing was provided by the Glee Club, and some of the mercies of the year were recounted and made the occasion of thanksgiving and praise. Each of the companies sat down to as good a dinner as the island could furnish, in which the beef of the West, the apples of New England, and the oranges and sweet potatoes of South Carolina united to remind the sons of Connecticut of the good cheer with which the festival has always been celebrated.

There has just transpired among us an event almost without a parallel. I believe, in the history of the war: a promotion declined. Lieut. Col. D. C. Rodman received from his Excellency Gov. Buckingham a commission as Colonel of the Sixth Connecticut. He declined the offered advancement on the ground that in view of his long continued connection with the Seventh he thought that he could serve the country most effectively by remaining with them, and also that in view of his yet unhealed wound, he felt that his health was hardly adequate to the cares and labors which the proposed position would involve. This decision on his part has enhanced the regard in which he is held by all of his comrades in arms, and has reminded them that valor and modesty are near of kin.

Within the past week a feeling of sad-

ness has pervaded many hearts among us on account of the death of one of our most esteemed and beloved comrades, Frederick O. Bulkley of Co. C. He was from Avon, and joined the regiment a year ago last October. During the year that he passed among us, his purity of character, his conscientiousness in the discharge of every duty, and his elevated religious principle, gained universal regard and esteem. The exposures of Morris Island proved too severe for him, and in September he was prostrated by gastric fever, which was succeeded, as almost any severe attack of whatever kind is liable to be, by diarrhea. Under this he gradually sunk till the afternoon of Thursday, the 26th, (Thanksgiving day,) when he died. During his entire sickness he was exceedingly patient, but as he approached the close he was pervaded by a peace more complete and perfect than I had ever witnessed. He had felt an intense longing to see his widowed mother once more. "Pray," he said, "that I may live to see my mother again. I must see my mother. The sight of her would be an inspiration to me." But this longing ceased to trouble him, and he was able to say, "I am perfectly content. It is all well." When I had prayed with him, two days before his death, he added the prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," &c., repeating those sweet lines, and adding, "how often my mother has taught me to repeat that verse." He had intended, if he survived the war, to devote himself to the ministry of the Gospel. He was certainly one of the most pure-minded, lovely, Christian young men I ever saw. In view of his death, we feel anew, as we have done so often before, the hardship and inhumanity (not intentional, of course, but real) of the regulations (from whomever they proceed) which hinder the removal of such cases of disease to the North in time to afford them relief and recovery. According to all human appearance Bulkley might have been saved by a timely removal to a Northern climate. I hope that all who are interested in the welfare of our Connecticut soldiers will never cease to press the matter till a stop shall be put to the needless sacrifice of our men from diseases which are incurable here, but which readily yield to treatment at the North.

Also, on Saturday, November 21st, died in the General Hospital at Hilton Head, Private A. Benson, Co. K, a worthy man and faithful soldier. Indeed the

Windham County boys rarely fail to be worthy men and good soldiers.

During the bivouac on Folly, and since our return to St. Helena, the religious meetings have been of peculiar interest and solemnity, and a number have expressed a resolve to lead a Christian life. Will not all the good throughout our State pray that the erring among us may be reclaimed, and that morality and piety may prevail in our ranks.

DIXWELL.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## Twenty-First Connecticut Volunteers.

### CHAPTER SECOND.

The smoke of the battle rose slowly up from the hard-fought field of Fredericksburg, revealing to the contending armies "the mighty wreck of ruin they had wrought."

The wounded and dying were conveyed to northern hospitals, there to receive the kind care and sympathy of friends, and the dead were laid tenderly to rest beneath the unfriendly soil of old Virginia.

Quietly the "Grand Army" settled down once more, upon the banks of the Rappahannock, and daily drills became the order of the day.

We of the 21st were with the 25th New Jersey, the 18th New Hampshire, and the 4th Rhode Island, formed into a new brigade, under command of Col. Arthur H. Dutton, of the 21st C. V., and designated the 3d Brigade, of the 3d Division, of the 9th Army Corps; thus leaving the regiment in command of Lieut. Col. Burpee. Gen. Burnside having determined upon again attacking the enemy's works, marching orders were again issued to the army, and the troops which were to act upon the extreme right, had moved several miles up the river, when a severe storm came on, lasting several days, and so completely softening the ground as to render it utterly impossible to move artillery and it was with great difficulty that infantry could be made of any advantage. Consequently, the attack was abandoned, and, worn out and exhausted, the troops again returned to camp, and once more rested from their labors.

Gen. Burnside was now, by his own request, relieved from the command of the army by Gen. Hooker, and "all was quiet along the lines" once more. And thus quietly the time passed on, with only the old daily routine of duty; and nothing of importance to vary the sameness of our soldier-life, except that now and then the muffled drum sounded out the departure of a comrade to another life. Marching orders, however, soon startled us from the comparative





quiet into which we had settled; and on the 7th day of February, the 9th Army Corps bade adieu to the "Grand Army of the Potomac," and proceeded to Aquia Creek, with orders to report to Gen. Dix, at Fort-ress Monroe.

We arrived by railroad at Aquia Creek on the evening of the 7th, and embarked on board transports, where we remained until noon of the 8th. Precisely at 12 M. the signal for our departure sounded, and the anchors were weighed, and the steamers turned their prows to the winding channel and steamed gracefully down the peaceful Potomac to the Chesapeake, and thence to Fort Monroe, where we arrived on the morning of the 9th, and reported for orders. At about noon, orders were received to proceed to Newport News, Va., where we disembarked and pitched our tents.

Here we passed another month of daily drilling, with nothing transpiring worthy of record, until on the 13th of March we left Newport News, Va., on board transports, and proceeded to Norfolk, Va., and thence by railroad to Suffolk, Va., arriving there the evening of the same day, and encamping near the city. Here the programme was very materially changed, and instead of daily drills with the musket we were exercised in the use of the "Shovel and the Hoe," and other agricultural implements, in the handling of which we soon became so well skilled that we could perform almost any exercise, in a style to honor a native of the Emerald Isle. This fact may account for our soon being ordered about six miles below Suffolk upon the Nansemond river to build a fort. Here we laid out a splendid camp, and much Yankee ingenuity was displayed in the construction of rustic seats and chairs, and other articles of furniture for camp use. We also laid out a fort, called Fort Connecticut, and worked upon it daily until it was nearly completed, when the siege of Suffolk having commenced, we left our fort, yet unfinished, on the 11th day of April, and proceeded to the defense of the city. Here we were for a day or two lying idle, without shelter or food, after which we were placed on the banks of the Nansemond in the rifle-pits to do "picket duty," where we remained without relief for 12 days. At the time of our going on duty there, picket firing was carried on with much zest, and some of our men were wounded by the rebel pickets, and it was considered at least imprudent for a person to expose himself unnecessarily to their fire. After a day or two, however, they seemed to abandon the practice by mutual agreement, and soon began to converse together. Each day they

became more and more familiar, and might often be seen conversing together from the banks of the river, and in some instances they swam the river and shook hands, and after a friendly chat together would return to their camps, with a more friendly feeling towards the "nasty Yankees," who in many instances supplied them with "*good old plug*," which they had long been without. This friendly intercourse and converse was however, soon forbidden by the commanders of both parties, and during the latter part of our duty there, they held only stolen interviews, which were quite frequent.

At the expiration of twelve days in the rifle-pits, we were called upon to take part in the advance determined upon by the commanding general.

By the plan of attack or advance proposed, Gen. Getty with a heavy force was to cross the river at Suffolk or a little below the city, while Col. Dutton with his Brigade (excepting the Twenty-First C. V.) were to cross at the same time several miles below at "Reed's Ferry," and the Twenty-First, under command of Maj. H. B. Crosby, were to cross still further down the river at "Sleepy Hole," and the whole force to press their way into the enemy's country.

Accompanying the Twenty-First was one section of a Wisconsin Battery and twelve mounted riflemen from the First New York.

We left camp at 11 P. M., and marched to "Sleepy Hole," where we crossed the river at the appointed hour (3 o'clock A. M.) on board the gunboat "Stepping Stones." Arrived on the opposite side of the river, we halted for daylight, and for rest, as we had marched very fast. Daylight came, and sending out skirmishers in the front, we began slowly to push into the enemy's country, intending to keep within supporting distance of the forces next on our left under Col. Dutton.

We pushed steadily and carefully along for one or two hours before we came upon any obstacles, when the skirmishers came upon the village of "Chuckatuck," where we were informed by the people that there were rebel cavalry ahead.

Still onward we went through the village, and just beyond it we were startled by rapid firing by the line of skirmishers and mounted riflemen. The regiment was immediately formed in line of battle, and the cannon trained on the roads. The firing soon ceasing the riflemen returned, and reported one of their number killed and one wounded, they having come suddenly upon a squad of rebel cavalrymen in ambush, who discharged their pieces and fled.

We halted to bury the killed and attend

to the wounded, and still moved on, expecting soon to come up with a larger force. We proceeded some distance farther, and finding no force, proceeded to form a junction with Col. Dutton's force, whom we now supposed to be on our left, but who had been unable to hold his position after crossing the river and had been compelled to fall back, and the same was the case with all of the force before named. None had effected a crossing and held their position but the Twenty-First C. V., and they were now alone and unsupported six miles in the enemy's country, endeavoring and expecting to make a junction with the 3d Brigade. Had they known their position and the danger they were in they would have succeeded but poorly in the assault soon to be made against them, and towards which they were, now unconsciously marching, for having arrived near the point where we had expected to join the Brigade, we were suddenly saluted with a sharp fire from the enemy, and though it came upon us unexpectedly and from a concealed foe, no one seemed surprised, and the men moved up splendidly to the support of the skirmishers, who were holding their ground in good style. The enemy being under cover of the woods, their number could not be very correctly estimated. One of the cannon was moved into position, and commenced shelling the woods, while four companies of the regiment with the skirmishers, poured a rapid fire into the rebel ambush, and, with such effect, that in a very short time, they finding their position growing uncomfortably warm, began to show themselves, and intimate by waving of handkerchiefs and other signs, their willingness to surrender. Some 18 thus came forward and gave themselves up, and the remainder, (about 20 more,) made good their escape.

Our loss was one man killed and two wounded. The enemy were closely followed, but succeeded in swimming a creek and escaping. The prisoners stated that they were completely taken by surprise, not expecting that we were on their side of the river. We now fell back to the banks of the river near Reed's Ferry, and throwing up rifle-pits in our front to protect us in case of an attack, we encamped for the night, the gunboats coming up and taking position so as to aid us in holding our position until we could recross the river. We remained here unmolested by the enemy until the evening of the next day, when we recrossed on the gunboats and returned to camp, feeling that we had at least accomplished our part of the expedition.

(To be continued.)

Against passion we must oppose reason.





*For the Connecticut War Record.*

**From the Tenth Regiment.**

CAMP TENTH REGIMENT CONN. VOLS., }  
St AUGUSTINE, FLA., Dec. 22, 1863. }

MESSRS. EDITORS:—

Our regiment is still quietly encamped here, and the men are rapidly improving in health, every day adding several to the ranks who have for some time been under the doctor's care. While we remain here, however, we shall not be able to relate to you anything of very thrilling interest in the way of brilliant achievements, daring exploits, and hair breadth escapes, for we are pretty snugly esconced out of harm's way just now. In fact, I may say that our position and condition are, in many respects, just the opposite to what they were throughout the spring and summer of last year.

But the arrival of a steamer, which is almost a weekly occurrence, is a subject of great interest and much importance to us. While rough weather prevails we do not look for an arrival, but should it be delayed one, two or three days after good weather has set in, our anxiety increases in proportion to the delay. On the 10th ult. the steamer "Maple Leaf" arrived, bringing our commander, Col. Otis, who had for some months previous been on detached service commanding the U. S. rendezvous at New Haven. The joyous feelings resulting from this happy reunion, were made manifest at the first dress parade. Ah! Messrs. Editors, I wish you could have witnessed that parade. It was—well, I will not try to describe it, or you will be putting yourselves to the trouble of coming to see us on parade, and so long a trip might be too expensive for *Editors*. But there was more joy in store for us, for, behold, on the 14th, the Steamer Cosmopolitan arrived and restored to us our beloved Chaplain, the Rev. H. C. Trumbull. Of course the officers, and all the men who could obtain leave from camp, were at the wharf to welcome him. We were all glad and happy to see him again with us, and especially to see him looking so much better than we had expected after so long and bitter experience in rebellion. On Saturday last he favored us, as well as many civilians and officers from other regiments, with an outdoor oration, in front of our Regimental Hospital, which was a recital of his experience from the time of capture on Morris Island to his liberation at Fortress Monroe. We who have never been in rebel jails, can sympathize with, but can never realize the suffering which the treatment he received must have occasioned. The indignities were entirely unnecessary, and probably harder to be borne than the miserable and mean

tions served, though in contemplating the latter, we are happy to remember that we have a Chaplain whose gastronomic propensities were never such as to superinduce corporosity, while natural science has lost nothing from a compulsory study of one of its most beautiful (!) branches—Entomology, which seems to have been presented in such vast fields for observation as to preclude the possibility of neglect.

The oration concluded, the Chaplain was presented with a Field Glass, and an elegant silver mounted Sword, the contributions of the rank and file of the regiment. The presentation was made by our esteemed Hospital Steward, Mr. Kellogg, accompanied by a thrilling address, which was replied to in eloquent and affectionate terms by the Chaplain.

On the 17th, the Steamer "Mapleleaf," after a trip to Hilton Head, again returned, bringing the U. S. Paymaster, who favored the regiments with two months pay, including the 31st of October. This was a very agreeable and welcome visit, and we hope the echoes of Major Porter's stentorian tones may be heard round many a Connecticut fireside this winter.

We are now anxiously awaiting the arrival of another steamer. The latest papers we have seen were of the 6th, and we would like to hear from other parts occasionally.

Before closing this letter let me make a few remarks on the zoology of this District. The horse is here represented by a tribe of marsh ponies, of diminutive size and dejected appearance, and of a semi-amphibious nature. They may be seen in squads standing deep in the water during a whole tide, motionless, contemplating the scene in a most grave and meditative manner. The cattle are wild and brought in after being run down by mounted men sent out for that purpose. They are small, but produce good beef unless the steaks are taken off very close to the horns, which too often happens.

Game is abundant in the marshes, and now and then, by the energy of the medical department, rare specimens find their way into town. But only very occasionally snakes are abundant enough to please the most fastidious. One of our men a short time since succeeded in taking from one hole, a possum, two skunks, and a rattlesnake. We have reason to believe that Messrs. Possum and Skunks were consigned to the spit, while his Snakeship remains a member of Company B, and has not yet paid the penalty for being found in such odoriferous company.

ORRIS.

Gen. Butler's mother intended him for a Baptist minister.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

**From the Fifteenth Regiment.**

CAMP 15TH CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS, }  
PLYMOUTH, N. C., Jan. 25, 1864. }

On Thursday morning, the 21st inst., the 15th broke camp at Portsmouth, Va., our supposed destination being Newbern, N. C. On the evening of the 21st we embarked on board the steamer S. R. Spaulding, with four companies of the Sixteenth, the other six companies having preceded us in a smaller steamer. We rounded Hatteras at 5 P. M., on the 22d, in calm, fine weather, and on the following morning landed at Morehead City. Taking the cars there, after a ride of about thirty-five miles, through a very desolate looking country, we arrived at Newbern at 6 P. M. For about half an hour we had the pleasure of congratulating each other on the good fortune of being located so splendidly, but we soon found out that we had still to travel. At 9 P. M. the same evening, six companies embarked on board one steamer, the Thos. Collyer, and the remainder with the horses, &c., on board the Pilot Boy. We arrived at Plymouth at 6 P. M., on the 24th, and remained on board all night. Disembarking on the following morning; after the necessary delay in getting the baggage ashore, the camp was laid out, and at the time your correspondent pens this short communication, 1 P. M., we are again encamped, all tents being pitched, some even already stockaded. There are three regiments here, the One Hundred and First and One Hundred and Third Penn., and Eighty-Fifth N. Y., and two companies cavalry. The majority expect to leave here in a few days, having re-enlisted. I believe that accounts for our transfer to this point.

MASKERY.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

**From the Ninth Regiment.**

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

I have been somewhat delayed in writing to you about the Ninth Regiment Conn. Vols., in consequence of waiting for a decided disposition of the different regiments in the lately contemplated, but most successful expedition into Texas, the regiment then being under marching orders, and not knowing what day we might start, or in what direction. But while Brig. Gen. Weitzel and others made certain movements through the Teché country and thereabouts, threatening Texas by land, Maj. Gen. Banks, with his main force, undertook an expedition and effected a landing without difficulty in the neighborhood of Brownsville, the success and importance of which movement will be more properly and vividly set forth by other





correspondents, or at another time. The Ninth, meanwhile, were assigned to a brigade under command of Col. Cahill, acting as military commandant of New Orleans. The regiment is therefore disposed in various places throughout the defenses at Lakeport, Proctorville, Chalmette, U. S. Barracks, La Fayette Square, (the Headquarters, but with small representation, of the regiment,) and Company Canal, on the Opelousas railroad; these separated stations, together with a large number gone North with rebel prisoners, and a portion in Texas as Field Signal Corps, spread the regiment over a wide field, so that though not with the advance in Texas, yet the Ninth are doing equally as important service in and about the city they helped to take and are now helping to hold, for there are many deluded rebels, both male and female, who still persistently believe that New Orleans is to be retaken and ruled by *their Nero* in place of *our Butler*.

Occasionally an expedition is made into adjacent rebeldom which, though not showing any great public benefit upon its face yet is of advantage, in keeping the men active, in annoying the enemy and in compelling them to keep up their coast guard, as has been the case in three different raids lately made by Capt. Sawyer, of Co. H, and his men, into Pass Christian, Bay St. Louis, in which, though he lost three captured and four wounded, (but which latter were afterwards gallantly recovered,) he inflicted some severe punishment upon the rebels, and has kept up along the shore of Mississippi Sound the reputation which the Ninth acquired in these parts in April, 1862. We therefore have but little of interest except our daily routine of duty, perhaps monotonous, though serviceable, yet affording no particular information to our friends at home, except the assurance of our continued health and triumph over rebeldom.

MANCHAC.

## PERSONAL.

### Promotions. (OFFICIAL.)

Jan. 4.—Dr. N. A. Fisher of Norwich, appointed Surgeon 29th Conn. Vols.

#### 1ST CAVALRY.

Jan. 6.—2d Lieut. Coley James, to be 1st Lieutenant, with rank from Jan. 2d, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Private Addison G. Warner, to be Captain, with rank from Jan. 2d, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Private James McKane, to be 1st Lieutenant, with rank from Jan. 2d, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Jan. 7.—Thos. L. Porter of Farmington, to be Acting Quartermaster 29th C. V., (colored.)

#### 1ST ARTILLERY.

Jan. 7.—Sergt. Philip Manix of Co. K, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Dec. 18th, 1863, vice Post, resigned.

#### 16TH REGIMENT.

Jan. 9.—1st Lieut. M. C. Turner, to be Captain, with rank from Jan. 5th, 1864, vice Tennant, deceased.

#### 29TH REGIMENT.

Thos. McKinley of the 1st Artillery, to be 2d Lieutenant, with rank from Jan. 7th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Newton Willey of South Windsor, to be 2d Lieutenant, with rank from Jan. 7th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

#### 1ST REGIMENT RIFLEMEN.

Jan. 9.—Wm. S. Rowland, to be Colonel, with rank from Jan. 7th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

#### 1ST CAVALRY.

Jan. 11.—Assistant Surgeon Geo. A. Hurlburt, 1st Light Battery, to be Surgeon of the 1st Cavalry, with rank from Jan. 9th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Jan. 12.—1st Lieut. Joseph Backus, to be Captain, with rank from Jan. 12th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

1st Sergt. James R. Straut of Co. G, to be 2d Lieutenant, with rank from Jan. 12th, 1864, original vacancy.

1st Sergt. Levi E. Tyler of Co. C, to be 2d Lieutenant of Co. L, with rank from Jan. 12th, 1864, original vacancy.

#### 29TH REGIMENT.

Joel W. Hyde of Greenwich, to be 2d Lieutenant, with rank from Jan. 11th, 1864, vice Willey, transferred to the 30th Regt.

#### 18TH REGIMENT.

Jan. 20.—Wm. C. Walker of Putnam, to be Chaplain, with rank from Jan. 19th, 1864, vice Cooper, resigned.

#### 29TH REGIMENT.

Frederick E. Camp of Middletown, to be Captain, with rank from Jan. 19th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

#### 1ST CAVALRY.

Jan. 21.—Henry S. Phillips of Norwich, to be 2d Lieutenant, with rank from Jan. 20th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

#### 29TH REGIMENT.

Edward W. Bacon of New Haven, to be Captain, with rank from Jan. 20th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Thos. G. Bennett of New Haven, to be 1st Lieutenant, with rank from Jan. 20th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

#### 1ST CAVALRY.

Jan. 22.—James W. Gore of Hartford, to be 1st Lieutenant, with rank from Jan. 21st, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

#### 6TH REGIMENT.

Jan. 22.—2d Lieut. Martin Stottler, to be 1st Lieutenant, with rank from Jan. 19th, 1864, vice Stowe, resigned.

Quartermaster-Sergeant Wm. F. Bradley, to be 2d Lieutenant, with rank from Jan. 19th, 1864, vice Stottler, promoted.

#### 17TH REGIMENT.

Jan. 23.—2d Assistant Surgeon Elijah Gregory, to be 1st Assistant Surgeon, with rank from Jan. 22d, 1864, vice McEwen, resigned.

Henry S. Turrell of New Milford, to be 2d Assistant Surgeon, with rank from Jan. 22d, 1864, vice Gregory, promoted.

#### 11TH REGIMENT.

G. Berry Reynolds of Sprague, to be 2d Assistant Surgeon, with rank from Jan. 22d, 1864, vice Carpenter, transferred.

#### 29TH REGIMENT.

Jan. 26.—Henry C. Ward of Hartford, to be Captain, with rank from Jan. 25th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Orrin L. Case of Canton, to be 2d Lieutenant, with rank from Jan. 25th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Private Wm. C. Williams, Co. C, 16th Regt., to be 2d Lieutenant, with rank from Jan. 25th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Jan. 27.—Corp. Edwin A. Thorp, Co. E, 15th Conn., to be Captain, with rank from Jan. 26th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Gordon W. Stewart, to be 1st Lieutenant, with rank from Jan. 26th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

#### 20TH REGIMENT.

2d Lieut. Henry Lewis, to be 1st Lieutenant, with rank from Jan. 26th, 1864, vice Doolittle, deceased.

#### 21ST REGIMENT.

Sergt. Major Luther N. Curtis, to be 1st Lieutenant, with rank from Jan. 26th, 1864, vice Shepard, resigned.

#### 2d ARTILLERY.

Com. Sergt. Franklin J. Candee, to be 2d Lieutenant, with rank from Jan. 26th, 1864, vice Gaylord, deceased.

1st Sergt. Daniel E. Marsh, to be 2d Lieutenant, with rank from Jan. 26th, 1864, vice Cleaveland, promoted.

1st Sergt. Warren Alford, to be 2d Lieutenant, with rank from Jan. 26th, 1864, vice Shumway, promoted.

#### 30TH REGIMENT.

Jan. 29.—C. V. R. Creed of New Haven, is appointed Acting Surgeon of the 30th Regt. Conn. Vols., (colored.)

#### 13TH REGIMENT.

Jan. 30.—1st Lieut. Frank Welles, to be Captain, with rank from Jan. 29th, 1864, vice Grosvenor, promoted.

2d Lieut. John C. Kinney, to be 1st Lieutenant, with rank from Jan. 29th, 1864, vice Welles, promoted.

Sergt. John M. Lyman of Co. C, to be 2d Lieutenant, with rank from Jan. 29th, 1864, vice Kinney, promoted.

#### RESIGNATIONS.

1st Lieut. Wm. S. Knapp, 17th Regt., Dec. 1st, 1863.

Capt. W. M. Grosvenor, 13th Conn., Oct. 29th, 1863, to enable him to accept a commission as Colonel of the 2d Regt. Corps d'Afrique.

Assistant Surgeon E. M. Pease, 16th Conn., Nov. 30th, 1863, to accept promotion.

Surgeon Robert Hubbard, 17th Conn., Dec. 28th, 1863. Cause—disability.

Quartermaster J. B. Bromley, 13th Regt., Dec. 29th, 1863.

2d Lieut. Andrew Cole, 9th Regt., Dec. 30th, 1863.

Assistant Surgeon Geo. W. Avery, 9th Regt., Dec. 10th, 1863, to accept promotion.

1st Lieut. F. B. Hawley, 14th Regt., Jan. 20th, 1864.

2d Lieut. Chas. Daniels, 13th Regt., Jan. 8th, 1864.

Surgeon N. A. Fisher, 29th Regt., Jan. 29th, 1864.

H. C. Ward has resigned his position as A. A. G. of Connecticut, and gone into the 29th Regt., (colored,) as Captain.

#### DISMISSED.

1st Lieut. Chas. W. Galpin, 14th Regt., Dec. 2d, 1863. Cashed out.

2d Lieut. George W. Sherman, 20th Regt., Jan. 18th, 1864. Dishonorably discharged.

#### HARTFORD, Jan. 23d, 1864.

[Special Order, No. 11.]

The commission issued to Sergt. Gad N. Smith, 2d Conn. Artillery, as 2d Lieut. in the 29th Regt. Conn. Vols., (colored,) is hereby revoked, he having declined the appointment.

#### ITEMS.

So much of Special Order No. 27, Jan. 17th, 1863, from the War Department, as dismissed 1st Lieut. Wm. R. Harcourt, has been revoked, and he has been honorably discharged, as of the above date.

Jan. 25th, 1864.

The order dismissing Capt. Joseph Jordan, 21st Conn. Vols., has been revoked, and he having tendered his resignation, is honorably discharged, as of the date of the above mentioned order.





Capt. Charles L. Norton of Farmington, has been appointed Colonel of the Fourth Engineer Corps, Corps d'Afrique.

Sergeant Amos R. Ladd of Norwich, a member of Co. F, Thirtieth Regiment, has received a 2d Lieutenant's commission in the First Louisiana, (colored) regiment.

Dr. Hubbard (formerly of the 17th C. V.) has resigned his position as Medical Director of the 11th Corps, on account of ill health. He retires from service with the hearty god wishes of many friends in the army.

Edwin A. Thorpe, a member of Co. E, 15th C. V., has recently received an appointment from the Military Board, as a Captain in the 29th C. V.

Orrin L. Case of Canton, and private Wm. C. Williams of Co. C, 16th C. V. have been appointed 2d Lieutenants in the 30th (colored) Regiment.

Wm. J. Ross of Greenville, a corporal in Co. A, 18th Regiment, has been appointed a Captain in the 29th Regiment.

Rev. H. L. Wayland has resigned his position as Chaplain of the 7th C. V. Private affairs compel him reluctantly to this step. He has served twenty-eight months faithfully and nobly. The sincere esteem and affection of the regiment finds a most gratifying practical expression in the gift of an elegant silver pitcher and a purse of money. The handsome testimonial is thus acknowledged:

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 26th, 1864.

The undersigned has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of an elegant silver pitcher, bearing the inscription: "To the Rev. H. L. Wayland, from his friends in the ranks of the 7th Conn. Vols." For this unexpected and most welcome token of regard from his comrades in arms, as well as for the handsome purse of money presented by members of Companies C, D, and I, the undersigned begs leave to return his most grateful thanks.

H. L. WAYLAND.

Mr. Jesse H. Lord of Hartford, received a commission as First Lieutenant in the First Connecticut Cavalry, and joined his regiment at Baltimore a few days since. He has labored diligently for some months in recruiting a company for that fine regiment, and has secured a large number of excellent men.

His conduct as a recruiting officer has been honorable and worthy of all praise, and his success is the just reward of honest, efficient work. As the able author of the history of the "Three Months' Volunteers," published in our columns, he will be remembered by our readers with interest and high esteem. As a true gentleman and a sincere patriot, we heartily wish him happiness, success, and honor.

Col John A. Nelson of Hartford, of the 16th colored infantry, has been removed by Gen. Butler from his position for injuring recruiting among the negroes by impressment.

The Rev. T. J. Holmes, pastor of the Congregational Church, sent in his resignation Nov. 22d, announcing his determination to "go to the war." The Church was somewhat surprised by the act, as they had looked on him as their settled pastor. They declined accepting his resignation, but instead, granted him a leave of absence with a salary of five hundred dollars. He accordingly enlisted as a private, was uniformed, and went into camp in New Haven. On Sunday, Dec. 20th, he returned and preached his farewell sermon, in which he expressed his view of the war, and declared himself actuated, in the course he had taken, by motives of Christian duty. His departure was regretted by many of his people, who had become much attached to him, and whose best wishes and prayers will follow him wherever his duty calls.

*The Elm Leaf.*

IMPROMPTU PRESENTATION.—Co. H of the 7th Regiment, were conducted to the store of Knivals & Co., on Wednesday evening, to make some purchases, and after transacting their business surprised their officers by a presentation to Capt. J. B. Dennis of a silver pitcher, and Lieut. E. S. Mar-

ble a sword, sash and belt. Capt. Dennis managed to thank the boys for himself and wife, but Lieut. Marble was struck "all of a heap," and was unable to give expression to his feelings at this mark of the respect and confidence of his men. The affair was wholly impromptu, and made a pleasant incident that will long be remembered by those who participated in it.—*New Haven Register.*

Lieut. H. R. Billings, Co. A, 20th Regiment, has been presented with a valuable sword. It is the gift of eighteen of his friends at Sharps' factory, where he was formerly a workman. It was forwarded to Cowan, Tenn., where he is now stationed.

Frederick E. Camp of Middletown, who went out with the 24th Regiment, has received a commission as Captain in the 29th (colored) Regiment.

Sergt. Henry P. Johnston of Co. G, 15th Regiment, has been promoted to be Lieutenant in Co. D. He has received a sword, sash, belt, and field-glass from his friends and college classmates, and also a valuable testimonial from Co. G. Lieut. Johnson was a graduate of the class of 1862, at Yale, beloved and honored by all. He enlisted as a private immediately after taking his degree. He has proved himself brave, faithful, and thoroughly competent for the position which his merits alone have won for him.

Brig. Gen. O. S. Ferry of Connecticut, succeeds Gen. Cadwallader as Military Commander of the city of Philadelphia.

Lieut. Col. Rodman of the 7th Regiment is home on recruiting service. He has declined the Colonelcy of the 6th Regiment. His health has not been good since his return to his regiment.

Lieut. J. Dean of Co. F, 2d Conn. Artillery, has been presented by his company with a beautiful sword and sash, at a cost of seventy dollars, as a testimonial of their sincere regard.

Maj. A. C. Brady of the 17th Regiment, a very gallant officer, who was wounded severely at Gettysburg, has been appointed Major in the Invalid Corps.

Capt. Thomas K. Bates of Danielsonville, of the 18th Regiment, has been honorably discharged on account of wounds received.

Col. Wm. Whistler, who was the oldest army officer in the United States, except Gen. Scott, died at his residence in Cincinnati, on Friday morning, at a very advanced age. Deceased had been on the retired list for a number of years.

## REGIMENTAL.

The Twelfth Regiment is under command of Lieut. Col. F. H. Peck, Captain Clark acting as Major. The regiment forms a part of the 2d brigade, 1st division, 19th army corps.

The Fifteenth and Sixteenth Regiments are now at Plymouth, N. C. They were ordered there to take the places of some veteran regiments who are about to go home on furlough. It is not expected that they will be permanently located there. Letters should be directed (via Newbern.)

The First Conn. Cavalry is now filled to its maximum, and all detachments on recruiting service are ordered to report to their regiment. Connecticut may well be proud of her cavalry.

The location of Regiments, except those who have returned home, and the Fifteenth and Sixteenth, remain unchanged.

Lieut. Col. Wilcoxson of the Seventeenth, wants musicians to form a brass band for his regiment.

Seven hundred men have enlisted in the Second Conn. Artillery since Dec. 1st.

We are glad to give the following appeal further circulation. A number of subscriptions have been already handed in from Hartford, New Haven, and Bridgeport.

[From the Bridgeport Standard.]

Sr. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Jan. 23d, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—The soldiers of the veteran Tenth need a new Chapel Tent. They had one, which, like many of their old comrades, was long since worn out in hard service. It was a comfort to them while it lasted, as a gathering place for Sabbath services and evening prayer meeting, and as their library and reading room. They want another just like it. Will not some of the generous Bridgeport citizens provide funds for the purpose? If so, let them forward their contributions to S. D. Pardee, Esq., New Haven, and thus do something more for the brave men who are doing so much for them.

Respectfully yours,

H. CLAY TRUMBULL,  
Chaplain 10th C. V.

Wm. H. Bacon, Henry Wilson, George Smith, Osceola Pochahontas, James Shay, Wm. McDonald, and James Robinson, deserters from the rebel army, came to New Haven on the 7th, and enlisted in the First Conn. Cavalry.

The Fifteenth and Sixteenth regiments have been ordered to Plymouth, N. C. The Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth and Eleventh are in the State. The Tenth and Twelfth are no doubt on the way home. The Ninth and Thirteenth are said to form a part of the expedition against Mobile. It is hardly probable however.

A part of the Twentieth regiment on a remote guard-post, at Tracy City, Tenn., was suddenly attacked, but defended the stockade with great bravery. Private Knowles was killed. Capt. Upson, commanding the post, was reported mortally wounded. He was shot twice after he was entrapped and had surrendered. Later reports give us hopes that the wound of Capt. Upson is less severe. He is a brave, efficient, and manly officer.

The Twenty-First C. V. had a brisk skirmish near Smithfield, on the Chickatuck river.

The Fifteenth C. V. has made a successful reconnaissance from Plymouth.

The Fourteenth C. V. suffered severely in the recent movement of the Army of the Potomac. The old Fourteenth fights with a vengeance whenever it meets the enemy.

Satisfactory details have not up to time of going to press been received concerning any of the above events.

## CASUALTIES.

### DIED.

At the Regimental Hospital at St. Augustine, Fla., of chronic diarrhea, Jerry Kane of Co. A, 10th C. V., aged 26.

In camp, at Portsmouth, Va., Jan. 6th, of typhoid fever, the wife of Dr. H. V. C. Holcombe, Surgeon of the 15th C. V.

Dec. 22d, at the Hospital of the 10th C. V., at St. Augustine, Fla., Sergt. William N. Salter of Co. F, of Greenwich, Conn. Measures were taken to send his body home to his friends for interment.

On the 11th inst., Mr. C. Jewell, formerly a member of the 18th C. V.

The New York Herald publishes a list of the names of Union prisoners who died in Richmond from Oct. 1st to Dec. 31st. Among them are the following soldiers from Connecticut: Sixth Regiment—Corp. George Ketterer, Co. H, Dec. 28th; P. Deary, Co. I, Nov. 12th; W. Abbott, Co. I, Nov. 27th. Seventh—W. P. Bates, Co. D, Oct. 17th. Fourteenth—D. Goodwin, Co. I, Nov. 8th; O. C. Pritchett, Co. K, Nov. 11th; J. Rimple, Co. A, Nov. 24th; C. Dorman, Co. E, Nov. 29th.

Alexis J. Seymour of the First Conn. Artillery, died, after a short illness, at Alexandria, Va., on New Year's day, aged 20. His remains were embalmed and sent home by his comrades, and his funeral was attended by a large and sympathizing audience, at the Congregational Church in Terry-





ville. The services were conducted by the Rev. F. A. Spencer, and were deeply solemn and impressive.—*Litchfield Enquirer.*

**THE DEAD OF THE 23D C. V.—SPECIAL NOTICE.**—We call particular attention to the following notice regarding the graves of those members of the 23d C. V. who lost lives while the regiment was in the service in Louisiana. Those who wish to obtain these bodies, or have their graves plainly remarked, should at once address Mr. Taylor.

The following are the names that I found of the 23d Regiment C. V.:

1st Sergt. Aaron O. Scribner, Co. E; Corporal A. L. Moulthrop, Co. F; Corporal Henry L. Dexter, Co. I; John Marshall, Co. —; Ennis Goodall, Co. G; Nelson J. Peck, Co. C; D. A. Gillette, Co. C; Almon E. Hamlin, Co. C; Abel Wheeler, no company on the board; F. C. Barnum, Co. K; George DeForrest, Co. B.

All these names can be found on the head-boards and they all stand good, but they are weather-beaten and the names are wearing off. If left until another year they will be entirely off. If their friends conclude not to send for their bodies this year, and if it is their wish I will put up new head-boards. They are buried in a very nice spot, not but a few rods from the railroad. Their graves are all grassed over. They can be easily taken up. It is about four miles from our camp to the crossing.

JOSEPH TAYLOR,  
Co. E, 13th Regiment C. V.,  
Banks Division.  
*Danbury Jeffersonian.*

The remains of Capt. Geo. M. Godfrey, 23d C. V., who died in Louisiana while the regiment was in service, have been brought to his home in Georgetown.

Wm. W. Prouty, formerly clerk of the Bridgeport steamer, but recently Quartermaster of the 5th R. I. Regiment, died quite suddenly in Newbern, N. C., a few days since.

Levi Short, the inventor of "Greek fire," died in Philadelphia recently.

Gen. John C. Howard died at Brooklyn, Dec. 31st, at the age of 71. He was a soldier in the war of 1812, and his father was a revolutionary officer. Till within a few years Gen. Howard was active and widely known as a resident of Howard's Valley, Conn.

#### THE TENTH REGIMENT.

**General:**—I have to report the loss of twenty-two of my command, yesterday, under the following circumstances: Thirty-three enlisted men were detailed from the regiment, under command of Lieut. Walker of the 25th Massachusetts Regiment, to guard a party of prisoners chopping wood outside of our lines. The guard was surprised when about three miles from our outer pickets by a largely superior force of the enemy. One man was killed, twenty-one taken prisoners, and the commanding officer mortally wounded.

Enclosed you will find a list of the killed and captured.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,  
your obedient servant,

J. S. OTIS,  
Colonel Commanding.

#### Killed.

Co. I.—William C. Burns.

#### Prisoners.

Co. A.—John F. Sheppard, Geo. H. Seward.  
Co. B.—Corp. Edward H. Risley; privates Sanford D. Parker, Thaddeus W. Post.  
Co. C.—John Hollister.  
Co. D.—James Reid, Douglas Owen.  
Co. E.—Thomas Bryan, Wm. Davis.  
Co. F.—Alexander Bruto, Moril B. Chesley, Henry F. Champlin.  
Co. G.—James A. Whaley, Wm. A. Wood.  
Co. H.—Andrew Johnson, Wm. H. Johnson, John C. Labor.  
Co. I.—Wm. S. Chamberlain, Jas. H. Burns.  
Co. K.—George Barton.

#### In Memoriam.

IRENEUS P. WOODMAN of Bethel, Conn., a private in Company C, 17th Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, died at Brooks' Station, Va., May 19th, 1863, from a wound in the breast received seventeen days before in the battle of Chancellorsville. He was born at Flatbush, L. I., Jan. 20th, 1846, but removed to Bethel, Conn., with his parents when about ten years of age. He was hopefully converted to Christ in 1858, and in 1862 joined the Congregational Church in Bethel. From that time he shrank from no duty. He never excused himself from any call. However humble his offering he did not refuse to bring it. When his country was in danger he wished to offer himself as one of her defenders. His parents were reluctant to give their consent because of his youth and immature physical strength, until they saw he was actuated by a deep conviction of duty. He would not go without their permission, and they soon felt it would be wrong to withhold it. They consented, and he went forth with their blessing.

His conduct as a soldier was such as to win the esteem and affection of his officers and comrades. He was actuated by the purest patriotism; he forgot self in love of country. When he left home he said, "If I die, I hope to be killed in battle, I do not wish to die in a hospital from sickness." In a letter to his father a few days before the battle, he said, "We are now to leave our log huts for different quarters; some, perhaps, will find a home under the sod. For my part I am willing, if necessary, to give up my life for the sake of victory."

Were we to utter in a single sentence the whole story of his life, we should say, "He has done what he could." He laid his life an offering upon the altar of his country, and most precious was the gift. It is through the sacrifices of such noble victims we are reaching victory and honorable peace. May God speed the day when we shall enjoy them!

DANIEL L. SMITH of Bethel, Conn., a Corporal in Company A, 5th Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, was killed in the charge at the battle of Cedar Mountain, Va., August 9th, 1862.

He was born at Bethel, Conn., April 25th, 1839, and lived in his native place most of the time until he enlisted into the army, in answer to the call of his country.

He was hopefully converted to Christ and joined the Congregational Church in Bethel, in the year 1858. He continued a consistent member of this Church until God called him home to himself on high. He was an officer in the Sunday School, and a young man much beloved by all who knew him.

When the call of his country came, he felt that it was his duty to go forth to do battle for liberty. He came to see his Pastor and made known his feelings to him, and asked that prayer might be offered in his behalf. During his soldier-life his conduct was without reproach. He was faithful to every duty, and made it a point to always be present at the prayer meetings and other religious services held in the regiment. He was detailed for a time as a recruiting officer, but returned to the regiment a short time before the battle in which he lost his life. He was married a short time after his enlistment, and his young wife still lives to mourn her early widowhood. His loss is deeply felt in the community where he lived. But we mourn not as those without hope. His memory is a precious legacy.

"Oh! if there be on this earthly sphere  
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,  
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws  
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"  
E. C. B.

There are from four to five hundred letters, belonging to members of the nine months regiments, at the Adjutant General's office in Hartford. If any member of these regiments has failed to receive letters of value which were sent to him, he would do well to look among these for the missing epistles.

#### A Way-Mark.

The U. S. rendezvous at Fair Haven, was, on Friday, January 29th, the scene of an event very unique, yet characteristic of to-day, and as such it finds a fitting place in our columns.

The colored soldiers of the 29th and 30th C. V. were addressed by the colored orator, Frederick Douglass.

The soldiers were drawn up beneath the large garrison flag in front of the officers' headquarters. Mr. Douglass stood in full view upon a sort of rude balcony of the officers' quarters. He is a large, well-formed and dignified man, and is, without question, one of the finest orators of the country. His speech was brief, not rhetorically brilliant or eloquent, but it was clear in statement—packed with sound sense—exactly suited to the occasion and the audience—made powerful and effective by deep and earnest feeling.

He said to the negro soldiers, "You are pioneers of the liberty of your race. With the United States cap on your head, the United States eagle on your belt, the United States musket on your shoulder, not all the powers of darkness can prevent you from becoming American citizens. And not for yourselves alone are you marshaled—you are pioneers—on you depends the destiny of four millions of the colored race in this country. If you rise and flourish, we shall rise and flourish. If you win freedom and citizenship, we shall share your freedom and citizenship."

Again, he says, "There is a difference between natural equality and actual equality—between theoretical equality and practical equality. Naturally we may be equal to the white man; in fact, we are not equal to the white man. The white man is superior in knowledge and in skill.

"Who spans yonder stream with a firm bridge? The white man. Who plans and builds yonder ships to balance perfectly in the water and stand the storms of the ocean? The white man. Who makes your caps? The whites. Who your coats? The whites. Who makes your guns and bayonets? The whites. We have not the knowledge and the skill of the whites. We have not had the advantages which they have had. But we are capable of learning whatever they know—whatever they have done we can do. But this is yet to be done. Let us acquire knowledge from all sides. Let us resolve to know and do as much as the white man.

"Some of you complain that you are commanded by white officers. I should like to see you commanded by black officers. But the color makes little difference. Now I am, on the whole, glad that you are at first to be commanded by white officers, because I want you to be led by the very best officers. You would not yet have so much confidence in a colored officer as you have in a white officer. I should not. We have not had the opportunities to learn. Be content, therefore, for the present, and LEARN. Obey orders; be cleanly; guard your morals; take care of your health; do your duty always, at any cost, without a murmur. The future is yours."

The views of this intelligent and well-educated colored man, are well worth pondering. We may clearly see whither we are tending.

The orator was greeted at the close with three rousing, hearty cheers. The speech had a powerful effect on the colored men. They understand, or think they understand, well the meaning of what they are doing. It is a momentous hour with them. This speech renewed and strengthened their purpose to write on this conflict a historic record which shall command respect and win for the colored race that high privilege—American citizenship.

The whole affair was, to a white observer, very characteristic and suggestive.

The feelings and purposes of the colored soldiers, indeed all the circumstances of the event, are worthy of the careful consideration of every American citizen.

A man named Tucker enlisted in New Haven recently who has been 7 years in the navy, and was on the San Jacinto at the time of the Trent affair.





## HOME DEPARTMENT.

## Our State Militia.

NUMBER FOUR.

We have already considered very briefly some of the leading objections against raising a militia force by drafting. In this article we shall attempt to give some of the reasons which lead us to believe that such a militia as the State needs, can best be raised by volunteering. Indeed, we are prepared to say that no other possible mode of procuring and making permanent an effective and reliable militia force can be devised.

In the first place, experience has shown that our militia companies are organized to some extent on the principle of good fellowship. A few men who know each other thoroughly, and whose tastes and habits are similar, form the nucleus of a company, and add to their number other men of like tastes and habits. They agree upon a company name, they elect their officers, and are duly incorporated into the State Militia. The armory of a company so formed is not only a place where men are exercised in the manual and in military movements, but is also a place of social meeting. Here friendships are made and continued, and a certain *Esprit de Corps* is created and fostered. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the influence which is thus exercised in keeping up a bond of union between men so associated. Nor is this community of feeling and interest an element which should be slighted. It tends directly and positively to increase the spirit and efficiency of the company. The men so united soon come to have a pride in the company to which they belong. They are careful to admit only those who will maintain the reputation of the corps. They are jealous of the honor and military position of the company. A generous rivalry is created between this company and the other companies of the same regiment. Properly encouraged, the same feeling would pervade the whole regiment as a regiment. It is not difficult to understand how this principle carried out through the State would be productive of the best results.

On the other hand, if our militia force is to be filled by a draft, and companies are to be formed by arbitrary division, all the benefits to be derived from a voluntary association will be lost. Men combined in companies without any common sympathy, or any natural community of feeling, meeting only once a week for drill and discipline, and meeting then, simply because they are compelled to assemble in the same place, will never have that sentiment of friendship

and good fellowship which is so necessary to the success of a militia company.

The second argument in favor of volunteer companies is an immediate and inevitable inference from the first. It will be vastly more easy to hold together and maintain in proper military condition a company formed of volunteers who have associated together from a natural and mutual preference, than a company elected by an arbitrary power, without regard to these considerations of kindred tastes and feelings. And while it is undoubtedly true, that military regulations when established ought to be strictly enforced, it is equally true that unreasonable and impolitic rules should not be adopted. We think, then, in view of these considerations, and many others which might be urged if there were time and space, that we must rely for an effective militia force on the volunteer system.

It remains to be considered what measures shall be adopted by legislative action to fill up the ranks of the militia. This inquiry must be reserved for a future article.

MILITIA.

## What Shall be Done?

*Editor Conn. War Record:*

I have been interested in the views about the existing militia law, which have been expressed of late in your excellent paper by "Militia." It seems to me that no one can read those articles without being satisfied that it is a mere farce to continue such a militia system as now prevails in Connecticut. State pride, patriotism, ordinary self-interest, all forbid that a law so unjust and unreasonable should remain upon our statute books.

I have good reason to believe that the officers of the State militia heartily agree with "Militia" in the statements which he has made and the opinions which he has expressed. And now I want something practical to result from the attention which has been called to the subject. Why cannot the field and line officers of the Connecticut militia meet at some convenient time and place and agree upon some plan to be presented to the next Legislature? Why cannot they give their united and unequivocal testimony to the injustice and impolicy of the existing military law? It certainly seems proper that they should take the initiative in this matter. To be sure, their real interest in the question is only the interest which every patriotic and loyal son of Connecticut should feel about a subject which so nearly concerns the honor and well-being of the State. But after all, it will perhaps be expected that members of the militia, understanding better than others the practical operation of the law, should be the first to ask for wiser and sounder legislation.

Hoping that without any delay some action of this sort may be decided upon, I am,

Yours truly,

J. L.

Bridgeport, Feb. 1st, 1864.

## A Convention Proposed.

MR. EDITOR:—I have had the pleasure of perusing the communications in your January number, regarding the State Militia. I am gratified to learn that there is an interest felt in the organization of an effective militia system.

It must be evident to every thinking mind that the time has arrived when something must be done to encourage a militia organization which will be something besides a laughing stock for idle spectators at general musters. And there is nothing wanting to secure the desired result but the united and hearty coöperation of the friends of the State militia in devising some plan that our State Legislature will sanction at its next session.

The reasons set forth in your Meriden correspondence must be of sufficient force to convince the property owners of the State that it is their duty as well as *interest* to aid those who are willing to spend time in learning the duties of a soldier.

In order that something may be accomplished, and that those in favor of a more thorough militia system may have the advantage of each other's counsel, I would suggest the propriety of calling a military convention previous to the meeting of the Legislature, for the purpose of perfecting a plan which will be suited to the wants of the State.

Let a general invitation be issued by some of our militia officers to all who are in favor of making our State militia something that may be relied upon.

Truly yours,

Ridgefield, Conn., Jan. 25th, 1864.

## A Few Words from a Private.

MR. EDITOR:—To show the injustice of the present law, I wish to say that those who made it must have forgotten the difference between the rent of armories in the city and in the country. The State allows one hundred dollars a year for rent of armory. In any of our large cities a room for such a purpose cannot be hired for less than two hundred dollars a year, while in small country towns a room of proper size will cost less than a hundred dollars a year. I know one instance where a militia company in a small town pays only seventy-five dollars a year for their armory. What remains from the one hundred dollars paid by the State, is enough to pay their armorer and some other small expenses. Now, is there any justice in such a law as this? City companies are always more expensive to the members, because, as the members live nearer together, they are more often called out to parades, receptions, &c. And each time that a company is called for such an occasion, there is a considerable expenditure of money besides the loss of time. If there is any reason why a system should be continued which allows a country company to make money out of the payment from the State, and compels a city company to lose at least a hundred dollars a year, we can't see it. And isn't the simple statement of such practical injustice sufficient to show that the present law works very unfairly?

It ought to be understood that our militia companies are holding on in the hope that the next Legislature will pass such a law as is loudly called for. If the present law is continued, I wouldn't give much for the militia force of Connecticut at the end of another year.

CONNECTICUT.

Hartford, January, 1864.





### An Organized Militia.

The value of a well organized militia is abundantly shown by the splendid record of the several militia companies of this State and other States. Had the militia of all the States been encouraged by proper legislative action, as they were in Massachusetts, and the organization kept up as in that State, no one can doubt that troops would have been poured forward at the first call in such numbers as at once to have overwhelmed the forces of the incipient rebellion. Perhaps had the militia been thus organized, the leading men of the South might not have dared to enter on the path of secession and war.

These remarks are suggested by the praiseworthy history of the Emmet Guards of New Haven. The organization of this excellent company was maintained under peculiar discouragements and difficulties, and well has it proved its worth.

Under its auspices three full companies have been recruited and sent into the war, besides many volunteers have gone singly from its ranks into other companies.

Appended is a list of members of the New Haven Emmet Guards who have become Officers in the United States service:

Former Rank.	Name.	Present Reg.	Pres. Rank.
Captain	Thos. W. Cabell,	9th.	Col. Com. Brig.
	Patrick Maher	24th.	Major.
2d Lieut.	M. McCarten,	9th.	Captain.
Comdr'ssary	M. A. Williams,	9th.	
Pioneer	John Carroll,	9th.	1st Lieutenant.
Ord. Serg.	J. P. Hennessy,	9th.	Captain—died
Serg.	John Shaw,	24th.	2d Lieutenant.
Corporal	T. Sheridan,	9th.	Captain.
	F. McKeon,	9th.	1st Lieutenant.
Private	L. O'Brien,	5th.	Capt. & Pro. J.
	John G. Healy,	9th.	Captain.
	John J. Kealy,	24th.	
	John Murphy,	24th.	1st Lieutenant.
	J. McCusker,	9th.	2d "
	Jas Lawlor,	9th.	2d "
	F. H. Gallagher,	9th.	2d "
	Jas Grogan,	24th.	Serg Major.
	Jas. Derwin,*	24th.	Ord. Serg.

\*Commanded his Company during the siege of Fort Hudson.

### The Connecticut Rifle Corps.

Every one interested in the organization of the militia must have watched with peculiar interest the organization of a rifle corps in New Jersey by Col. Wm. S. Rowland. Between the first of July and January he enrolled, in that State, fifty companies, of one hundred men each.

"A rifle practice range" has been provided for each regiment or brigade, and the men are thoroughly drilled in target practice at ranges from one hundred to a thousand yards.

A system of prizes has been established, and thus regiment is brought into competition with regiment, company with company, and individual with individual. It is proposed also that there be challenges from the rifle corps of one State to those of others, and thus selected champions contest for the palm of skill and accuracy.

This rifle practice will prove fascinating sport. It will also prepare the people to spring at once to crush the small beginnings of any revolt which may threaten our nation. Hundreds of millions of money, and hundreds of thousands of priceless lives would have been saved had such a corps been organized and sustained a few years ago.

Col. Rowland has been commissioned by the Governor to organize a volunteer rifle corps in our State. He proposes to fill up and reorganize the existing skeleton regiments in our State. The existing companies will thus form a nucleus and he will assist in filling them up at once, and in procur-

ing the requisite arms and equipments from the State. He will, as soon as companies are properly organized, provide instruction for officers and men concerning the mechanism of the rifle, the theory of the flight of projectiles, and all other information necessary to successful rifle practice. It is justly expected that all who are interested in a militia organization which is worthy the State, will co-operate earnestly and heartily.

The plan is cordially recommended by Generals Burnside, Meade, McLellan, Casey, Heintzleman and many other prominent and competent army officers.

Col. Rowland's order gives further and more special information.

HARTFORD, Jan. 22, 1864.

Having been assigned by His Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief, to the duty of recruiting and organizing the Volunteer Rifle corps of this State, I earnestly appeal to the young men of Connecticut to come forward and enroll themselves under the Militia Law. The system under which the Corps will be organized offers inducements of no ordinary character, making duty a pleasure, securing to every member of the Corps a knowledge, the benefit of which will be incalculable, creating an *esprit du corps* without which military bodies can never attain that efficiency which is essential to vitality. The organization of the Corps will be made as follows:

Companies consisting of 1 Captain, 1st Lieutenant, 2d Lieut., 5 Sergeants, 8 Corporals, and not less than fifty nor more than eighty-three privates. The Corps will be armed with Rifles and equipped by the State; the uniform will be designated hereafter, the cost of which will not exceed fifteen dollars.

As soon as companies are enrolled, organized, armed and equipped, the commissioned and non-commissioned officers will receive instruction in the school of Musketry, under competent instructors, should they so desire. It is intended to locate, in each Regimental District of the State a "Rifle Practice Range," where the men shall by practice become expert in the use of their arms. A system of prizes will be adopted, similar to that of the British Volunteer Rifle Corps, which will be awarded to Regiments, Companies and individuals, contests for which will take place each year. It is the desire of His Excellency, the Governor, to obtain from the people a military corps that shall be second, in point of intelligence, drill and discipline, to none other. It is, therefore, my determination to inspire, if possible, the same spirit among the young men of a State whose historical record must be the peculiar pride of her sons. The events of the past and present should lead every citizen to adopt as his motto, "*Semper Paratus*." To this end I shall endeavor to elevate the morale of the militia service to the highest possible standard, devoting my whole time and energy, relying on the people of Connecticut for that support which the importance of the case demands.

Applications to raise companies in pursuance of this order must be made to these Headquarters in writing, accompanied by the written endorsement of three or more citizens of the town or county in which the applicant may reside. Muster Rolls will be forwarded from this office.

WM. S. ROWLAND, Col. Comd'g Corps.

### Our Veterans.

NUMBER TWO.

The pleasantest episode of our War Record is the visit of our splendid veterans to their homes. Their brawny strength, their manliness and their real patriotism, evoke the honest pride, revivify the patriotism, and make perfect the faith of every loyal heart. They are enjoying themselves to the full and doing the great cause good service throughout the State. They are recruiting their ranks and will go back to swell the heavy col-

umns that are to move to swift and splendid triumph.

The pen hastens with proud delight to record the return and reception of

#### THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

The Seventh well nigh took the people of New Haven by surprise. The regiment was at New York almost as soon as they knew it to be on the road. But the people resolved that these citizen veterans should have a rousing welcome. The Common Council met immediately and voted \$1000 to pay the expenses of the reception. Alderman Marble and Councilmen Quintard, Pardee, Merwin, McGinn and Tucker were appointed a committee of arrangements. A stirring committee of influential citizens, Maj. F. Wayland, Jr., Maj. B. F. Mansfield, Capt. R. P. Cowles, Chas. W. Allen, Henry E. Pardee, Chas. T. Griley and John G. North were appointed to co-operate with the Common Council committee. These excellent committees went to work with a will. The citizens reported with hearty alacrity. Everything was made ready in "first-rate style" and in a marvelously short time. The regiment arrived at Belle dock, in New Haven, at about three o'clock, on the 26th day of January. They quickly disembarked and were received in the usual manner at the foot of Chapel street.

The escort was under command of Lieut. Col. Merwin, and was formed in the following order:—

Police.

Band.

Horse Guards.

Company from Hospital, Capt. Remington.

Invalid Corps, Lieut. Col. Speidel.

Band.

Governor's Foot Guards.

Major General Russel and Staff.

Grays.

Veteran Grays.

City Guard.

National Blues.

Company from Col. and Com. Institute.

Light Guards.

Citizens' Cavalcade.

Steam Fire Department.

Residences and stores along the route were tastefully decorated—the stars and stripes floated everywhere—and seeming almost instinct with the spirit of the hour, waved mute but grand welcome. A thousand miniatures of the broad national ensign in fair hands and in tiny hands, waved lively and patriotic greeting. A sweet and graceful little goddess of liberty, eight years of age, at the residence of Dr. Skiff, made many a sturdy soldier heart beat quicker with pride and pleasure. The streets swarmed with an eager, vociferous crowd. Every window displayed an astonishing number of faces, all lively, good-natured and intent to do honor to the returning braves. Cheers, blessings, boisterous and hearty recognitions blended with the roar of cannon and merry bells, never before so noisy,—to form a bewildering tumult of joyous sounds. And every body enjoyed the din.

"The boys" looked sturdy, hearty and noble. They deserved every note of welcome, and more. The men were first marched into Music Hall. The galleries were already filled with ladies. The main floor was quickly packed with citizens. Mayor TYLER gave the following appropriate greeting:—





OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE SEVENTH C. V.:—In behalf of the citizens of New Haven, I tender to you our hearty welcome to our city and its hospitalities, and we welcome and congratulate you upon your return to the soil of the State whose honor you have so gloriously defended for the two and a half years that you have been in the service. Gentlemen, we do not receive you simply as New Haveners, but we receive and honor you as returned CONNECTICUT VETERANS, and in doing so, we do but a small part of what it is our duty to do, and we trust, gentlemen, that the day may never dawn when it will not be the pleasure of every true lover of his country to honor the men that have sacrificed the comforts of home, and have borne the hardship of the camp and the dangers of the field, and have contributed to build that *living wall* that has been thrown around the loyal States, and have protected those of us who have been permitted to remain at home, from the torch and sword of the invader and the traitor. Again, gentlemen, I bid you welcome.

He was followed by Rev. Dr. LEONARD BACON in the address of welcome.

OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE SEVENTH C. V.:—I know not that I can add anything to the few words in which the Chief Magistrate of the City has expressed the exultation and the pride with which the people hail your return to-day. The Seventh has always been pre-eminent—a New Haven regiment. Its first Colonel was one of our own young men, justly a favorite among the young men of the city. And when a well earned promotion raised him to a higher rank, and the regiment came under the immediate command of Col. Hawley, it lost nothing of its efficiency and nothing of its hold upon our confidence and our pride. While we rejoiced in the advancement of our townsman and friend, and in the expectation, which we still cherish, of seeing him in a still higher position of command, we did not cease to recognize the regiment as ours. Ever since it marched along our streets to its embarkation on the 18th of September, 1861, we have followed it with our affectionate remembrance, and with our tribute of honor, in all its labors and in all its battles and perils.

To me personally—pardon the egotism of the allusion—it is a matter of pride and joy that two of my own sons have served their country, at this crisis of its history, in your regiment, and that they have not dishonored the glorious flag that has waved over them, nor the blessed memory of the mother that bore them. I say this because in saying it I utter just what the mothers and fathers, the sisters and brothers, the wives or sweethearts of a thousand men, feel in their hearts to-day. It is our pride, and will be till our dying day, to have had son or brother, husband or lover, in this regiment, which has added new lustre to the ancient honors of Connecticut and to the history of the Great Republic. Not only will it be your pride, in your later years, that you served in the Seventh Connecticut, but your children after you, and their children in a later generation, will keep the memory of that fact as a precious heirloom.

I shall not attempt to repeat the story of what you have done, or of what you have suffered. The story is fresh in your memory and fresh in ours. But I may say that we honor you not only for the strenuous courage you have shown in battle on Tybee, on James Island, at Pocotaligo, and in the assault on Fort Wagner—but also, and no less, for your strenuous and persevering labor. The history of this regiment is the history of a revolution in the art and science of war. It was labor—exhausting, depressing, and long continued—patient labor in silence under the dim moonlight—labor, week after week, within the range of the enemy's guns—the labor of digging trenches and throwing up embankments, and the far severer labor of dragging these huge guns through sands and swamps to their position—it was the labor of getting ready for the bombardment of Fort Pulaski, which made that bombardment possible and ensured its success. What part

this regiment had, not only in the bombardment, but in the foregoing labor, was testified when the honor of occupying the captured fort was assigned to the Seventh Connecticut. The taking of Fort Pulaski was a feat unprecedented in the history of war. Before it was attempted it had been pronounced, on the highest military authority, an impossibility. But it was done. The same kind of work before Charleston has not only reduced Fort Sumter to a heap of ruins, and made Charleston itself a very unpleasant place to live in, but has made the entire destruction of that foul nest of treason and rebellion, at no distant day, a certainty. These facts have been talked of round the world, and have made the name of General Gilmore forever memorable in military history.

Fellow-citizens, these men of our Seventh Regiment know what war is. They have endured its hardships. They have faced its perils. Some of them bear upon their persons the scars of battle. Yet these men, three hundred and thirty in number, after two years and four months of severe experience—knowing what military hardship is, and what the fiery front of battle is—knowing full well that war is not, as many thought before the first battle of Bull Run, a picnic on a grand scale—have enlisted for another term of three years. Intelligently and deliberately they have determined to see the end of the war, and to see the country saved. Not to honor them would be dishonor to ourselves. Such a spirit in our veterans shows us—and all other signs continue to show us—that the end of this great conflict for our national life is drawing near, and that before the period for which these veterans have re-enlisted shall expire, peace will return with prosperity in its train, and our liberty, our Union, our Constitution, will stand firm on the immovable foundation of equal and universal justice.

We cannot forget that some who went have not returned and never will return. Some have fallen on the bloody field. Some have died by disease. I will not attempt to name them or any of them. Each name has its record, ever to be guarded gratefully, tenderly and proudly, till memory and love shall die.

Amid the hearty enthusiasm of "the boys," Chaplain Wayland responded as follows:

Reverend Sir, and Mr. Mayor and fellow-citizens of New Haven:—At the request of my comrades, with whom it has been the great honor of my life to stand shoulder to shoulder for the past two years and a half, I rise to assure you that we are not insensible to the honor of the reception with which you have greeted us. How truly we appreciate this, those only who like us have spent twenty-eight months amid the sands of the South, toiling in the trenches, working the batteries under the iron hail of Pulaski, and standing before the withering volleys of Fort Wagner; and who, while garrisoning for a short time the towns held by our forces, have met with looks and words that told that the inhabitants were the enemies of the Republic and of her sons.

We thank you, sir, and the other gentlemen of official station, we thank our brothers, the citizen soldiery of New Haven, and the youths who already aspire to engage in the conflicts of real war; and yet more, our noble invalid soldiers, who, worn and scarred by war, have forgotten their wounds and their fatigue that they might aid in extending to us this welcome. And we thank the mothers and wives and sweethearts who show by their presence that the sons of Connecticut who have endeavored to do their duty will not fail to receive reward and honor from their mother.

The gentleman who has just addressed us has alluded to the fact that these members of the regiment have just re-enlisted in the service of the country for a second period of three years. How often, in the hours of our deepest national depression, when every mail from the North brought tidings of fresh disasters to our arms, have I heard these noble men exclaim, "as soon as my three years are out I am going to enlist again for three years more, and so on till the war is over." They have shown you that these words were not idle nor unmeaning.

We bring back to-day the flag of our Commonwealth. It is pierced by the bullets of the enemy. As its fellow, the flag of the Republic, the stars and stripes, was held with unflinching hand before the battery on James Island. A grape shot severed the flag-staff in two, but, thank God, though torn with violence, its folds have never been stained by dishonor, and we are glad and proud, as you assure us to-day, that the honor of Connecticut has not suffered in our hands.

As we look over these ranks feelings of sadness oppress us as we remember that all are not here whom we took with us from the State. Some, in consequence of wounds and sickness incurred in the service, were deemed by the medical examiner unfit to bear the toils of another term of service. Others, alas, are languishing in the dungeons of the capital of the enemy's country. Others are no more. They lie all along the Southern coast. They crowd the slope of Fort Wagner, they sleep under the pines of Hilton Head and the live oaks of St. Helena and Beaufort. The waves on lone Tybee murmur near their graves. They sleep in the modest enclosure under the captured walls of Fort Pulaski. They repose at Fernandina. At St. Augustine, they lie in the military burying ground, beside the dead of the old Florida war, consecrating anew that spot of time honored and patriotic memories.

As I think of these, of Hitchcock, a son of New Haven, of others not less worthy of honor, I would God they were here to-day, to witness and to share this greeting. Indeed they are not altogether absent. In behalf of these, my fellow soldiers who are present, and in behalf of those who are in the prisons of the enemy; and in behalf of our honored dead, whose memory we cherish, I thank you for this reception.

And let us hope that when next they are permitted to return to their home, it may please God, that it be not for a brief visit only, but that they return crowned with the honors of a lasting peace, to enjoy the security, the prosperity, and the happiness of the Republic, which they and their fellow soldiers have preserved.

The speaking concluded, "the boys" repaired with alacrity to the spacious room below, and there made valiant and persistent assault upon the substantial. They did nobly, but for the first time they were really vanquished. The eatables were too many for them.

The four companies of the Invalid Corps came gallantly to their support and ere long small fragments alone were left to tell of the valorous charge and prodigious deeds of the hungry veterans. The soldiers were satisfied and everybody was gratified.

While passing into the hall the soldiers caught a glimpse of their former Lieut. Col., Geo. F. Gardner, and greeted him with hearty cheers.

The veterans of the Seventh who return number 333 enlisted men, two field and staff, and eight line officers. The following are the officers:

Major OLIVER S. SANFORD.  
Acting Adjutant EDWARD S. PERRY.  
LINE OFFICERS.  
Captain THEODORE BACON.  
Captain S. S. ATWELL.  
Captain J. B. DENNIS.  
First Lieut. T. C. WILDMAN.  
First Lieut. C. C. GREEN.  
First Lieut. IRA E. HICKS.  
Second Lieut. C. E. BARKER.  
Second Lieut. W. S. MARBLE.

Col. Hawley and several officers who would have been enthusiastically welcomed, remain in the department of the South in command of the remainder of the regiment, consisting of recent recruits and the few who preferred not to enlist. The men all receive furloughs which expire Feb. 19th.





We subjoin a poetic welcome from the *Journal and Courier*.

"WELCOME THE SEVENTH."

DEDICATED TO MAJOR B. F. SKINNER.

Welcome them home from fort and field,  
From sunny Southern Isles!  
Those sun-browned men, with greetings true,  
And earnest heart-bright smiles.  
Gather with cheers upon the streets,  
While peals each joyous bell,  
T'ling to the breeze our starry flag,  
Whose folds they love so well.

Long months have passed since they went forth,  
To mingle in the strife,  
But some of those who left us then  
Have given country, life:  
Upon the far off Southern soil,  
Their noble blood flowed free,  
And now they are lying quietly,  
Down by the dark blue sea.

Then welcome our returning brave,  
Loud let the cannon roar,  
But mention not the gallant dead,  
Who sleep upon the shore,  
With wreaths of laurel crown their brows,  
Let cheer on cheer be given,  
While every heart, in thankfulness,  
Is upward raised to heaven.

F. ISABELLA WIXON.

THE SIXTH REGIMENT.

We had hoped to welcome the noble veterans of the Sixth with those of the Seventh. But they did not arrive until the next afternoon, and they too came near surprising us. The same preparations as for the Seventh were quickly and gladly made. The escort and route were the same as already described in the case of the Seventh Regiment. It was decided to give to the Sixth a midnight reception. There was but brief notice, yet the hearty good will of the patriotic citizens of New Haven made their minds suggestive and their fingers nimble. Along the whole route illuminated windows, festooned with the national colors and decorated with tasteful and appropriate devices, dispensed a cheerful and heart-stirring welcome. In the brilliant light the countless flags seemed peculiarly beautiful and graceful in their undulating, almost audible greeting. Tenderly and proudly the old flag waves over her choicest sons—our matchless veteran volunteers. The streets were crowded. The people cheered and shouted, the fireworks flashed and spluttered, yet good naturedly, bells did their best, the cannon roared themselves well nigh hoarse—in fact, the jovial uproar rivaled the stunning welcome of the Seventh.

No demonstration in New Haven ever exceeded this in real beauty of display, or in the affectionate enthusiasm of the people. At the end of the march the sturdy veterans were introduced at once to the substantial, abundantly arranged on the long tables beneath Music Hall. The boys of the Sixth, at this critical hour, fully sustained the reputation of previous veteran regiments, and we make no doubt that they will remember their achievements with hearty satisfaction. The hall was neatly decorated with the stars and stripes and evergreens, fitting and suggestive associates. Across the lower end was stretched a flag with the truthful motto "we honor you."

After the repast Mayor Tyler addressed to the men a few appropriate words of grateful and hearty welcome. The sincere gratitude of all our citizens and of all friends of these gallant regiments is due to Alderman Marble for the untiring

diligence and energy with which he has labored and the personal sacrifice which he has cheerfully incurred to make these receptions worthy of the State and the occasion.

Major B. F. Mansfield and the other members of both Committees deserve also great commendation and cordial thanks.

Lieut. Col. Spieldel, formerly Lieut. Col. of the Sixth, was honored by "the boys" with hearty and repeated cheers.

The returning veterans of the Sixth comprise two hundred and thirty enlisted men and four line officers. Capt. Chas. Nichols, (commanding the battalion,) Capt. S. C. Peck, Lieut. H. D. Eaton, and Lieut. John P. King. The other officers are detained on duty with the remainder of the regiment, as was the case in the Seventh.

The gallant Sixth has from the first been in the Department of the South. It has participated in every engagement which has there taken place, and has always done honor to itself and the State. We shall not forget that the Sixth was chosen by Gen. Gillmore to make the landing on Morris Island, nor how steadily and grandly the regiment fought on till ten rebel batteries were captured. Nor shall we forget the splendid gallantry of their fierce assault on Fort Wagner, and the honor so dearly purchased with the loss of their heroic and beloved commander.

This reception is but the first of many proofs of the profound respect and sincere affection of the people of Connecticut.

THE FIFTH REGIMENT.

The veterans of the Fifth, numbering three hundred and fifteen men, under command of Colonel W. W. Packer, arrived by rail, in Hartford, on Monday the 25th inst. They were received in the same manner as the other regiments, with undiminished crowds and unabated enthusiasm.

The escort and order of march were:

Col. Geo. S. Burnham.		
Aid.	Marshal.	Aid.
Lieut. John S. Ives.	Lieut. Col. D. A. Root.	
First Company Governor's Horse Guard,		
Major James Waters.		
First Company Governor's Foot Guard,		
Major L. E. Hunt.		
Battalion Invalid Corps,		
Major George A. Washburn.		
Hartford City Guard,		
Captain Jno. K. Williams.		
Battalion of Conn. Fifth Regiment,		
Col. W. W. Packer.		

The route was up High Street to Main, down Main to South Green, countermarch up Main to Central Row, down Central Row to Market Street, through Market Street to the City Hall.

At the hall they were thus handsomely welcomed by H. C. Robinson, Esq.:

Col. Packer, *Officers and Soldiers of the Fifth Regiment*:—In behalf of the citizens of Hartford, I extend to you a cordial and grateful welcome. When we look back to the midsummer's day, dusty and warm, when you marched through our streets eleven hundred strong, at the commencement of your service, bridging the interval with our memories, it seems but yesterday. When we follow your foot-steps, one by one, with thought, from the valley of the Connecticut to the valley of the Shenandoah; from the grain covered hills and fields of New England, to the seathed and devastated fields and hills of Virginia and Maryland; when we go with you to Edward's Ferry, to Winchester, to Front Royal, to Cedar Mountain, of blood-stained history; to the Rappahannock, to Chancellorsville, and to victorious Gettysburg, the

two years and a half seem long, and your numbers, reduced to one-third, tell us the months have been eventful. And as we think of your fidelity to the trusts committed to you by the State, whose honor you have made glorious; of your marchings, counted not by miles, but by thousands of miles; of your sufferings and endurance in cold and weariness and fever; and of your heroism in the shock of battle—we welcome you, veterans, as our protectors, our saviors—early in the contest to offer your manly persons, a sea of life, to guard the shores of our national honor, true and brave in every action.

But as we follow the track of your campaign, like the track of the milky-way it is studded with stars. We remember Stone and Blake, and Smith and Dutton, and scores of others, who, with sword and musket, caught death and glory with the same fluttering breath—patriot soldiers, patriot martyrs.

And we are gratefully conscious, too, of a thousand brave deeds, unregistered, which have found, perhaps may find, no place on recorded history, but glow again in the records which lose no single impulse of nobleness.

The speaker thanked them for the promise of their future, and again welcomed them to their homes.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Leek, three rousing cheers given for "Good old Connecticut and especially Hartford," and Col. Burnham called upon them to "go in" manfully and they "went in," and six long groaning tables were quickly relieved of savory burdens of cold turkey, tongue, pastry, hot coffee and other appetite provoking edibles. The old hall was finely decorated.

The boys looked hardy and powerful, and moved with steady step, erect form, and an air of conscious manliness and worth. It will be recollected that the regiment was started by the late Colonel Sam. Colt. He proposed to form a regiment of grenadiers, of large standard height and physical power. The plan proposed was abandoned but there are many stalwart fellows that the eye rests on with admiration as it passes along the sun-browned and sturdy ranks.

The Fifth left Hartford, writes the Hartford Press, July 9th, 1861, one thousand strong, under Col. O. S. Ferry, and were brigaded under Col. Thomas, now Major General Thomas, in command at Chattanooga. Subsequently Col. Ferry was promoted to be a Brigadier, and Col. Geo. D. Chapman, of this city, succeeded to the command. Under Col. Chapman it acquired its high reputation for discipline, drill, activity, bravery and endurance. They marched over all that portion of Maryland several times—traveling more than fifteen hundred miles, and at one time marching for fifteen consecutive days, and once making forty-five miles in one day. The Fifth acquired from these frequent and rapid marches, the sobriquets of the "Bully Marchers," and the "Foot Cavalry," and rebel officers captured, confronted by the Fifth Connecticut at every point, inquired, with emphasis, how many Conn. Fifth Regiments Gen. Banks had in his little army.

On the 25th of May, 1862, they were in the sharp fight of Winchester, Va., where they lost a number of men in wounded and prisoners. On the 9th of Aug. following, Col. Chapman led eight companies of the Fifth into the terribly severe battle of Cedar Mountain, in which the Colonel was taken prisoner, Lieut. Col. Stone was mortally wounded, Major Blake, Adjutant Smith, and Lieut. Dutton were killed—in fact, every commissioned officer engaged, except three, was either killed, wounded or taken prisoner; and out of the eight companies, one hundred and fifty-eight were either killed, wounded or captured by the rebels.





Col. Chapman was exchanged after a long imprisonment, but soon resigned on account of ill health, and Col. Warren W. Packer of New London is now in command, under whom the regiment fought bravely at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. After the first battle of Chattanooga, the Fifth was among the regiments sent from the army of the Potomac to aid Gen. Rosecrans, and for several months past it has been doing guard duty on Gen. Grant's lines of communication in East Tenn. It is a regiment composed of good material—its men are plucky and true, and have shown their patriotism by re-enlisting nearly *en masse*.

God bless our manly veterans.

### The Business of To-day.

To rout the rebel armies is to crush rebellion. To advance overwhelming columns is to rout the rebel armies. Hence, let strong columns advance to swift and certain triumph. This is manifestly the view and purpose of our President.

Will the people furnish the men to form these strong and solid columns? It is their interest and their duty, and *they will do it*. Never has a call for troops caused so little clamor, produced so little fluttering or complaint. The people are resolved that the demand shall be met promptly and squarely.

We have then only to consider just what is to be done, and the best way to do it. And, *firstly*, what is to be done? The call for 500,000 just issued is really inclusive of the former demand, and is substantially a call for 200,000 more. We have examined carefully all the data within reach concerning enlistments of every description and estimated to the best of our ability the veteran re-enlistments not yet accurately reported. Amid conflicting data we are not able to give exact figures. It is certain, however, that the quota of the State under the last call is more than filled—and that the number of men which the State must furnish to answer the call for 500,000 is considerably less than 2,000. These are to be raised before the 10th of March by volunteering or immediately thereafter by a draft. It is right and proper that the whole business should be closed up and the strong columns formed before the first of April. And it is earnestly hoped that in delinquent sections the government will delay no longer than the 10th of March.

The government seems resolved on this course. Instructions have been issued to the various Provost Marshals to prepare for a draft on the 10th of March. This has not before been done.

But whether the draft is certain to take place or not, we are bound in honor and duty to raise 2,000 men before that day.

Now, *secondly*, the best way to do our duty.

The machinery for volunteering is already in full operation, and must be worked vigorously. If enlistments should continue as rapidly up to the tenth of March as they were made during the week preceding the call, the number would be obtained without extraordinary exertions. But many of these volunteers came from other states, and since the new call this supply seems to fail us, so that renewed exertions are imperatively necessary. Let us rouse ourselves to make these exertions for the honor of this good old commonwealth and the good of our splendid Nation. Every one of the veteran regiments in our midst ought to be filled to the maximum with sound and brave volunteers ere they return to the field.

And this can be done if the patriotic citizens each in his own neighborhood will do his duty.

Many men who cannot themselves go to the field earnestly desire to be represented there by an able bodied soldier. Let such satisfy themselves and aid the common noble cause by paying a sum additional to the state bounty and securing thus a representative. Many are doing this with the best effects throughout the state. This roll of honorable names should be a long one. A name can be added at almost any of the recruiting centres.

In promoting enlistments for this, doubtless, the last call for troops, we should make our strongest effort to induce citizens of the state to enter the army. We hope that efforts which are made to purchase volunteers from outside the state will be few and fruitless. When the last call was made, patriotism was reviving and the young men were beginning to respond nobly. In some towns indeed such as Kent, Cornwall and Brooklyn the quota was filled, let it be remembered to their lasting honor, by citizens of those towns. But the idea of purchasing volunteers got abroad. Enthusiasm died away and the young men of the state shirked the noblest service they have ever had opportunity to perform. The various towns filled their quotas, to an alarming extent, with men fresh from Europe, ignorant of our institutions and ten times worse with adventurers, thieves, fugitives from justice, men of the vilest and most desperate sort, and these they send as their representatives in the grand army, these they send to be companions of the splendid patriot veterans who have borne the brunt of this fierce strife, these they send to maintain the honor of the state and save the nation. Well it is done; but is it safe to send more such men? can they be trusted? may they not fail us at the critical moment, or saving us to-day, may they not become the pliant tools of some ambitious general, and enslave us to-morrow? Mercenaries are a treacherous support. We want citizen soldiers, men who will do honor to the state—perform their whole duty in the field, men who will return from the service to enjoy as good citizens the institutions they defended as soldiers, men whom we can trust in the army, and honor at home.

And these citizen soldiers must be enlisted from the young men of our towns and villages. It is their peculiar privilege and especial duty to defend the country.

The men of maturer years, the men of business, must furnish the money. This is as essential as men; without it the war must stop. The nation cannot afford to let its business men enter the army. They are doing the best they can for their country. They are doing nobly. They pay bounties, and give freely to soldiers' families and to Sanitary Commissions. They respond generously to every call to aid and encourage the soldier. They have made that which was duty also the interest of the young men. And to day, in many cases, the best thing a young man can do for himself or his family is to enlist. After the 10th of March the bounties will be stopped.

Young men of Connecticut can you afford to lose the opportunity; can you afford to act at once against interest and duty? Fill up the grand old regiments now on holiday among you. March with them to speedy victory. Prove yourselves men and win honor and gratitude from this great and generous people.

## THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

FEBRUARY, 1864.

\* \* All communications should be addressed to "THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD," New Haven, Conn.

In the destruction of the military power of the rebellion alone is hope and peace, for while armed rebels march over the soil of any State, no real freedom can prevail, and no governmental authority consistent with the genius of free institutions can properly operate. The rebellion must be disarmed and trodden in the dust. By these means, and these alone, can we have enduring union, prosperity and peace.—Hon. Andrew G. Curtin.

The Annual reports of the Soldiers' Aid Society, several excellent letters, and other interesting matter are reluctantly but necessarily postponed to the next number. The March number we hope to issue earlier in the month.

### Important to all.

The State enlistment premium of ten dollars and the U. S. premium of twenty-five dollars are now offered to any man who will bring in a recruit. Let the people go to work and fill the quota themselves.

We are happy to acknowledge the receipt of "Brownlow's Knoxville Whig and Rebel Ventilator." Keen, spicy and original it is well worth the price of subscription. We should be very glad to know the person who sends us the paper.

Pages 139 to 146 inclusive, are erroneously printed 159 to 166.

## THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD, A MONTHLY JOURNAL.

Established to collect and preserve, in a permanent form, for perpetual remembrance, the record of the services of Connecticut, in the present great struggle for the Union and Nationality, will contain, monthly, fresh and regular correspondence from all Connecticut regiments, and a sketch of what we at home are doing for the war and our gallant soldiers.

It will also contain, in successive numbers, an accurate history of

### EVERY CONNECTICUT REGIMENT,

from the beginning, and as a whole, will comprise a complete and authentic record of the important services in this gigantic struggle, of the heroic soldiers and the noble people of our gallant State. *This work, no history of the war, and no other publication is doing, or can do.*

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# THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

JOHN M. MORRIS, Editor.  
HORACE C. PECK, Publisher. }

NEW HAVEN, MARCH, 1864.

{ VOL. I. No. 8.  
{ \$1 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

We add to our advertising columns this month. We should prefer not to do this, but we *must*. We print a large sheet in the very best style on excellent paper, and at a very low price. The cost of material and labor has so advanced, that we are spending more than the income from subscriptions.

We assure our numerous readers that the promises, made in the prospectus of the *War Record*, will be more than made good.

## Error Corrected.

By the insertion of a figure 5 instead of a 3, by our printer, who is usually almost infallible, page 139 of the February number is made to read 159, and so on to page 146. We shall index these pages by a star, so as to prevent confusion in the bound volume.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## Record of Events.

Jan. 26. Successful expedition under Gen. Palmer into Jones and Onslow Counties, N. C.

Jan. 27. Longstreet's advance defeated by Gen. Sturges at Fair Gardens, East Tenn. Capture of two guns and 100 prisoners.

Feb. 1. Repulse of the enemy in New Creek Valley, West Va. Battle of Batchelor's Creek, near Newbern, N. C. Federals retire to their intrenchments at Newbern. Loss of the gunboat Underwriter.

Feb. 2. Patterson's Creek Bridge, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, destroyed by the rebels. Enemy retreat from Newbern to Kingston, N. C. Capture of the Union General Scammon on the Kanawha river.

Feb. 3. General Averill defeats the rebels at Springfield, West Va.

Feb. 4. Colonel Mulligan drives Early from Moorfield, West Va. Successful skirmish at Sartatia, Miss.

Feb. 5. General Sherman captures Jackson, Miss. Capture of Yazoo City, Miss.

Feb. 6. Reconnoissance in force across the Rapidan, from the Army of the Potomac. Unsuccessful advance upon Richmond from Williamsburgh, under Gen. Wistar.

Feb. 6-8. General guerrilla hunt

through the lower part of Middle Tennessee; 33 killed and 102 captured.

Feb. 7. Surprise of a body of Confederate and rebel Indians at Quallatown, East Tenn.; 215 killed and wounded, 50 taken prisoners. Repulse of the enemy at Vidalia, La.

Feb. 8, 9, 10. Defeat of the enemy at Camp Finnegan, Fla., and advance of Gillmore's forces to Sanderson; capture of 100 prisoners and 8 guns.

Feb. 11. Escape of 109 national officers from Libby prison. Safe arrival of about 60 within the Federal lines.

Feb. 14. Capture of the rebel Colonel Ferguson and 60 prisoners in Wayne Co., West Va. Meridian, Miss., evacuated by the rebels. Colonel Phillips defeats the rebel Indians and Texans on the Middle Boggy river, Ind. Ter.

Feb. 17. General Smith's cavalry enters Pontotoc, Miss.

Feb. 18. Capture of 28 of Moseby's men at Piedmont, Va. Blowing up of the Housatonic off Charleston harbor by a torpedo. Naval demonstration by Farragut at Grant's Pass, Mobile Bay. Capture of 20 guerrillas in Webster County, West Va.

Feb. 20. National forces repulsed at Olustee, Fla. Capture of 17 of Moseby's guerrillas at Piedmont Station, Va.

Feb. 21. Reconnoissance towards Savannah, Ga.; capture of 20 prisoners. Severe cavalry engagement between General Smith and the rebel General Forrest at West Point, Miss.

Feb. 22. Surprise and capture of 50 Union cavalry at Vienna, Va. Surprise and capture of a battalion of national cavalry near Cumberland Gap, East Tenn.

Feb. 24. Battle at Tunnel Hill, Ga.; capture of 300 rebels; enemy fall back on Dalton.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## Review of Events.

NUMBER EIGHT.

The campaigns of eighteen hundred and sixty-four are now fairly commenced in nearly every theatre of the war. It is a matter of general belief as well as of earnest hope, that these campaigns will prove decisive and triumphantly close this great struggle in favor of the Union.

Taking advantage of the temporary depletion of our armies, caused by the reenlistment and furloughs of the veterans, the enemy, on the 1st ult., threw a strong column against the national position at Newbern. This force was commanded by General Pickett—one of the best of the Confederate officers, whose grand charge on the last day of Gettysburg was only equaled by the heroic bravery with which it was repulsed—and numbered about fifteen thousand men. Falling upon the Union outposts at Batchelor's Creek, after a severe and bloody struggle, the enemy succeeded in forcing them back within the strong lines with which Newbern is surrounded. The timely arrival of reinforcements from Beaufort increased the confidence of the Union troops in their ability to hold their position and demonstrated to the rebel commander the folly of attempting to carry it by storm, which probably had been his original intention. Unwilling to commence a regular siege, he accordingly retreated at once to Kingston.

The rebel force engaged in this enterprise had been largely drawn from Richmond and its vicinity, and consequently left that city comparatively defenseless. General Butler conceived the bold design of throwing a portion of his command against and possibly into the Confederate capital. The execution of this design was intrusted to General Wistar, who, after a rapid march of forty-seven miles in twenty-seven hours, reached Bottom's Bridge, only ten miles from Richmond. Here the rebels were found in force, having been made aware of the Union advance through the treachery of a deserter. This of course frustrated Butler's plans, although they had been well devised, and although their partial execution had been brilliant. The expedition withdrew in good order and perfect safety.

Simultaneously, and as a part of this movement, General Meade pushed a strong column across the Rapidan for the purpose of preventing Lee from sending reinforcements to Richmond. This object being attained, the force was withdrawn to its old encampment.





Since the opening of the Mississippi river and the separation of Texas from the eastern portion of the confederacy, the rebels have largely relied for their supplies of beef on Northern and Western Florida. To cut off this source of supply and to give employment to a superfluous number of troops, General Gillmore organized an expedition, which, under his own command, ascended the St. John's river, landed at Jacksonville, and at once struck for the interior of Florida. The immediate results were highly flattering. Eight guns and over one hundred prisoners were captured. But, having penetrated fifty-five miles beyond Jacksonville, in the direction of Tallahassee, the capital of the State, the expeditionary force, now under the orders of General Seymour, and through his want of caution, was encountered by the enemy, heavily reinforced from the army of Beauregard, and after a severely contested fight, was obliged to fall back to Sanderson, eight miles to the rear of the battle field. From thence the retreat was continued to Jacksonville.

But the great event of the last month—in fact the boldest movement of the whole war—is the advance of General Sherman from Vicksburg into the heart of the confederacy. His army numbers thirty thousand veteran soldiers and is very ably commanded. He reached Jackson on the 5th ult., and from thence marched directly east. The latest and most reliable reports locate him at Selma, which is but a short distance from Montgomery. His communications with Vicksburg are abandoned, and plainly, therefore, he does not intend to retreat, but rather to establish a new base on the Gulf. Whether this will be at Mobile or at Pensacola can be known only by the event. It is generally believed that a coöperating force from Banks has been sent against Mobile, while the navy under the gallant Farragut will endeavor to reduce the fortifications which protect the harbor of that city.

A heavy cavalry force, under the command of Smith and Grierson, left Memphis on the 11th ult., and after a serious and dangerous delay, arrived at West Point, Miss., on the 21st ult., having thoroughly destroyed the bridges on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad and burned large quantities of rebel provisions. At this point the expedition encountered the combined forces of Forrest, Lee, Chalmers, and Roddy, and, after a severe engagement, fell back to Memphis, hav-

ing failed to effect a junction with Sherman, if indeed such an object had been contemplated. The grand objective of these various operations is the possession and control of the city and bay of Mobile and of the Tombigbee and Alabama rivers. Of this there seems to be no reasonable doubt. How far the failure of Smith to join Sherman may affect the attainment of these results, must be left for the future to determine.

Meanwhile from the immediate front of Chattanooga, General Thomas has marched southward and has driven the rebels from Tunnel Hill back upon Dalton. The apparent object of this movement is to take advantage of the possibility that Johnston may weaken his army at Dalton, to resist the further advance of Sherman, and, should he do so, to force him back beyond Atlanta.

In this Southwestern campaign, now opening, General Grant has skillfully assumed the initiative and seems to present to the rebel commander the alternative of giving up Mobile, and the Tombigbee and Alabama rivers, or of abandoning Atlanta and Northern Georgia. The development of the various coöperating movements will be watched with the most intense interest and anxiety. They have already frustrated whatever plans of invasion the rebels may have based upon the position of Longstreet in East Tennessee, and this officer is now retreating to Virginia, closely pursued by General Schofield. Assuredly the operations of this year have been commenced on the grandest scale, and may the God of battles defend the right.

#### Recruiting in Connecticut—Its Progress and Results.

Since the first of December last, under the stimulus of liberal bounties from the State and National governments, recruits have poured in rapidly. But these incentives were not the only causes of the influx of volunteers. Recruiting agents—men of energy and business qualifications—were appointed, who received from the State and Nation liberal premiums for recruits, and in some cases a large sum from towns, for men to count on their quotas. With these incentives to exertion, the agents spared no pains to forward the business of recruiting for the army.

Much has been said about the deception and villainy practiced by agents, brokers, and runners, but it is quite possible that these statements may have been exaggerated. The envy of those who could not share in the profits of the business, is entirely sufficient to account for the circulation of reports unfavorable to agents as a class. Brokers brought recruits from other States, not unfrequently boarding and lodging them for a week or more, paying their fares and other expenses for hundreds of miles, running the risk of losing them by the way, or of having them rejected when be-

fore the surgeon, and then were vilified because they expected payment for time and trouble. Agents had to sustain the expenses of an office—rent, fuel, printing, &c.—besides in many instances employing runners, and generally dividing the premiums to which they were entitled with either the broker or the recruit. Credit to whom credit is due. It ill becomes the people to abuse those who, by procuring recruits out of the State, relieved them from the annoyances of a draft. Besides, it must be remembered that the anxiety of the towns to complete their quotas, and of the Government to recruit the armies, which impelled the proffer of large bounties and premiums, was of itself the direct cause of whatever of fraud and deception was practiced, for it is undeniable that there were instances where the recruit was defrauded of a portion of the bounty to which he was justly entitled. But these were probably exceptional cases, at least in Connecticut. As a general thing, the recruiting has been conducted with as much honor and fairness as could have been expected under the temptations of generous bounties and premiums.

The belief that the rebellion is in its decadence, and that one or two vigorous campaigns will disperse the rebel armies and open the way to an honorable peace, has greatly stimulated enlistments. The appearance and reception also, at Hartford and New Haven, of the returned regiments—strong, hearty men, embrowned by exposure, and hardened and developed by exercise, solid ranks of earnest patriot heroes again in a body tendering their services to the country—has been of immense advantage, by awakening a spirit of emulation, and inducing the enlistment of those who before were content that others should wear the honors as well as bear the burdens of the soldier.

The plan of dividing the duty of filling the State's quota and the onus of the draft by making each sub-district responsible for its own quota, and ordering a draft only in those which have failed to furnish their number, will equalize the burden and give each town the proper credit for the men it has raised. If a town has enlisted more than its required number, its citizens will have the assurance that others less enterprising will not reap the benefits of their labors to their own detriment in case of another requisition. Each town now, therefore, must fill its own quota, and cannot supinely depend upon the superior activity of another to make good its shortcomings. Under this ruling of the Provost Marshal's Department, if the total quota of a State should be filled under any call, it would not release a town from the draft which had failed to furnish its proportion of the men. From these considerations it would seem to be the part of good policy for each town to take advantage of the facility of procuring men under the present system of liberal bounties, which will not, in all probability, again be offered, and add as many as possible to its number furnished the Government, and thus be prepared to answer another call, or to relieve its citizens from the severities of a conscription. The citizens of some towns are already at work on this plan, and continue the offer of pecuniary inducements, regardless of the number they may already have raised.

The State may well feel pride at the prompt response of her citizens to the call of the National Executive on the present requisition. Up to the first of February, the number enlisted under this call was four thousand five hundred, to which may be added for that short month to March first, one thousand four hundred and fifty more, making a total of nearly six thousand.

The general re-enlistment of regiments in the field is a still more encouraging fact, the men (those whose period of service will permit) almost to a man coming forward to pledge themselves anew to their country's cause. From the data at hand it appears that of the First Artillery (the members of the original Fourth Regiment) three hundred and ninety-three have re-enlisted; of the Fifth, two hundred and seventy-six; Sixth, two hundred and seven; Seventh, three hundred and thirty; Eighth, three hundred and nine; Tenth,





two hundred and seventy-seven; Eleventh, two hundred and sixty-seven; First Light Battery forty-six; and of the First Cavalry (members of the original battalion of four companies) about one hundred.

Of the Ninth, Twelfth and Thirteenth, we have not yet obtained the figures.

The record is a noble one, and contrasts proudly with the merciless conscription and enforced service to which the citizens and soldiers of the rebellious States are exposed.

It should be the pride of citizens of a Democratic Republic that no compulsory service should be necessary to keep up their armies, but that the ranks should be kept full by volunteers. It can be done by the people of Connecticut, and all drafts avoided, by a determined spirit and a proper display of energy and offer of encouragement.

*From the Atlantic Monthly for February.*

### The Last Charge.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Now, men of the North! will you join in the strife  
For country, for freedom, for honor, for life?  
The giant grows blind in his fury and spite,—  
One blow on the forehead will settle the fight!

Flash full in his eyes the blue lightening of steel,  
And stun him with cannon-bolts, peal upon peal!  
Mount, troopers, and follow your game to its lair,  
As the hound tracks the wolf and the beagle the hare!

Blow trumpets, your summons, till sluggards  
awake!

Beat drums, till the roof of the faint-hearted shake!  
Yet, yet, ere the signal is stamped on the scroll,  
Their names may be traced on the blood-sprinkled  
roll!

Trust not the false herald that painted your shield:  
True honor to-day must be sought on the field!  
Her scutcheon shows white with a blazon of red,  
The life-drops of crimson for liberty shed!

The hour is at hand, and the moment draws nigh!  
The dog-star of treason grows dim in the sky!  
Shine forth from the battle-cloud, light of the  
moon,

Call back the bright hour when the nation was  
born!

The rivers of peace through our valleys shall run,  
As the glaziers of tyranny melt in the sun;  
Smite, smite the proud parricide down from his  
throne,—

His sceptre once broken, the world is our own!

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### The Three Months' Volunteers.

*Continued.*

#### THE THIRD REGIMENT.

There is no sight so sublime as the spontaneous uprising of a great people in defense of their rights or in support of a grand idea, which moves every heart with one single impulse. Not seldom in such a popular commotion the resources of the people, as they are thus suddenly evolved, surprise even their possessors.

Such was the spectacle on the issue of the first call for troops. Before the First regiment left New Haven for the seat of war, or the Second was fully organized, such progress was made in the formation of a third regiment, that on the 29th of April it went into rendezvous in Hartford. Owing to delays caused mainly by the unprecedented and increasing demands on the State Quartermaster's Department, about a fortnight elapsed before the regiment could be fully

organized. For a while the companies, as they reported in Hartford, were assigned temporary quarters in various buildings; but the camp was soon established on the race-course, about two miles west of the city. The organization of the regiment and the position of the companies in line of battle was as follows:

#### FIELD AND STAFF.

John Arnold, New Haven, Colonel.  
Allen G. Brady, Torrington, Lieut. Colonel.  
Alexander Warner, Woodstock, Major.  
Frederick J. Peck, New Haven, Adjutant.  
Richard E. Holcomb, Granby, Quartermaster.  
John McGregor, Thompson, Surgeon.  
Matthew T. Newton, Suffield, Asst. Surgeon.  
Joseph H. Alexander, Enfield, Q. M. Sergeant.  
William E. Brady, Torrington, Sergt. Major.  
Leonard B. Farren, New Haven, Drum Major.  
William R. Miller, New Haven, Fife Major.

#### COMPANY OFFICERS.

Co. A.—(Rifle.)  
George N. Lewis, Capt.;  
Jno. Brennan, First Lt.; } all of Hartford.  
Lucius S. Bolles, Second Lt.  
Co. B.  
Daniel Klein, Capt.;  
Wm. K. Schmidt, First Lt.; } all of New Haven.  
Chas. Rose, Second Lt.  
Co. C.—(Rifle.)  
Samuel J. Root, Capt.;  
Lewis C. Allen, First Lt.; } all of New Haven.  
Jos. S. A. Baker, Second Lt.  
Co. B.—(Rifle.)  
Jared R. Cook, Capt., Meriden;  
Frederick J. Peck, First Lt., New Haven;  
Asa S. Cowdry, Second Lt., Meriden.  
Co. E.—Rifle.  
Jno. A. Nelson, Capt.;  
Harry Finnegas, First Lt.; } all of Hartford.  
Wm. Wright, Second Lt.  
Co. F.—Rifle.  
Albert Stevens, Capt.;  
Wells Addis, First Lt.; } all of Stamford.  
Isaac L. Hoyt, Second Lt.  
Co. C.  
Jas. E. Moore, Capt.;  
Sam. J. Bailey, First Lt.; } all of Danbury.  
Charles H. Hoyt, Second Lt.  
Co. D.—(Rifle.)  
Edward Harland, Capt.;  
Chas. W. Spaulding, First Lt.; } all of Norwich.  
Wm. W. Barnes, Second Lt.  
Co. A.  
Douglas Fowler, Capt.;  
Gilbert Bogard, First Lt.; } all of Norwalk.  
Step'n D. Byxbee, Second Lt.  
Co. D.  
Frederick Frye, Capt.;  
Sylvester H. Gray, First Lt.; } all of Bridgeport.  
Elliott M. Curtis, Second Lt.

The regiment was first organized with Levi Woodhouse of Hartford, as Colonel, and Nelson L. White of Danbury, as Major, but subsequently Col. Woodhouse was transferred to the Fifth Regiment, and Major White to the Fourth, now the First Conn. Vol. Artillery. Other changes were afterwards made, thus:

First Lieutenant Charles W. Spaulding, resigned, May 20, and John E. Ward of Norwich, was appointed in his place. Col. Arnold resigned May 29, and John L. Chatfield, of Waterbury, Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Regiment, was appointed as his

successor. Second Lieut. Charles H. Hoyt resigned June 10th, and Frederick W. Jackson, of Danbury, was commissioned in his stead.

From the 29th of April, when the regiment went into rendezvous, to the 20th of May, about three weeks, the men were engaged in mastering the theory and practice of military science, including the ordinary duties of camp life, which they had better opportunities of practising than either of the two former regiments, their camp ground being farther removed from the distractions of a town, and they having a longer period in which to perfect themselves in their duties. Their arms—the Springfield smooth-bore muskets, flint locks altered to percussion—were received about a week before the regiment was ordered away. The quality of these arms was, of course, much inferior to those issued to the two other regiments, and some dissatisfaction was expressed by both officers and men, but they were the best that could then be obtained.

On the 20th of May the regiment struck tents and marched into Hartford. The regimental colors were presented in front of the State House, by Governor Buckingham, and the men marched at once to the depot and went by rail to New Haven. They embarked the same night on board the Cahawba, and sailed immediately. Arriving in Washington Wednesday night, they slept on board the steamer, and the next morning, the 23d, marched to their camping ground, in close vicinity to that of the First and Second, by both of which they were warmly welcomed. It seemed next to a visit to home friends to see the members of a regiment just arrived from Connecticut. So far as camp rules would allow, the men of the three regiments improved the opportunities for an interchange of visits. At once after establishing a camp, the men applied themselves diligently to the drill. The regiment was favored with excellent officers, who took pride in perfecting the men in the minutiae of military practice. Col. Arnold was a superior disciplinarian and drill master, and devoted himself to his work with ardor. His successor, Col. Chatfield, like Col. Arnold, long connected with the State Militia, was unsurpassed as a drill officer. Under these and other officers, scarcely their inferiors in military, the progress of the men was rapid, and their attainments thorough.

The regiment had been here only eight days when the First left them and marched to Virginia, and on the 16th of June the Second also moved, leaving the Third sole occupants of Glenwood, as the locality of the camps was called. On the morning of





that day, which was Sunday, a melancholy accident occurred in the Third Regiment, which cast a gloom over all. A member of Co. A, (Rifle,) Richard Howard of Madison, sat in his tent reading his Bible, when another, playing with a pistol, seeing a fly on Howard's breast snapped the cap of the weapon at the insect, not supposing the chamber to be charged, and shot Howard through the heart. His body was sent home for burial, in charge of Lieut. Bolles of his company.

The ordinary routine of drills, with occasional nightly alarms, caused generally by the too-suspecting vigilance of the guards, or their want of experience, and sometimes by the attempts of delinquents to obtain entrance to the camp without danger of arrest, made up the life of the men while waiting impatiently the orders to march, which were daily expected.

At that time the knowledge of the plans of the rebel leaders and the resources of the rebellion was very meagre, and conjecture and rumor assumed the place of fact to a large extent. Especially was this the case in camp, where a surmise, however absurd, would rapidly assume form and probability so as to deceive the most cautious. Before the First Regiment had been a week in Virginia it was currently reported and generally believed in camp that they had been in a serious engagement, and that crossing into Virginia was equivalent to entering a battle field to face the enemy at once. It was supposed that no sooner would the regiment reach the "sacred soil" than skirmishes would take the place of drills and nightly attacks succeed nightly alarms. And there was much plausibility in these opinions. By thousands at the North the policy of invading the territory of a sovereign state was considered doubtful if not criminal, and it was believed that it would be followed by condign punishment upon the invaders. It was also the general belief that the rebel army in Virginia was large, well appointed, and composed of the flower of the South—"the chivalry"—ardent, fired with the sense of fancied wrongs and flushed with the brilliant victory over Major Anderson, and a handful of men in Sumter. At the same time the Union army was made up of men from every condition and calling, who, however conscientiously, had nevertheless very reluctantly left family and business to act for a brief time the soldier. All at the North, the soldier inclu-

ded, hoped that some settlement other than that of the sword would be the result of the first great battle, but all expected a fight as the first consequence of a "movement."

Orders came at length; and early in the evening of Sunday, June 23d, tents were struck, baggage packed on the wagons, and the regiment started, just as the Second had one week before, on a weary march through Washington, across the Potomac, and over rough roads, arriving to within a mile or two of the position of the other Connecticut regiments about two o'clock in the morning, where the men bivouacked by the roadside until daylight, when they joined the others and made their camp in a pleasant grove of oaks and other deciduous trees next the grounds of the Second.

From henceforth battalion movements and skirmish drills occupied nearly all the hours of daylight until the 16th of July, when began the march to Bull Run. That march has been so minutely described in former articles that I shall omit any account of it here, or of the battle of Bull Run in general, merely referring to the part taken by the Third Regiment in the scenes of the conflict.

On first reaching the field of battle the regiment came under a severe fire, but marched promptly against the enemy and routed him from his position. Advancing from the left of Sherman's brigade they were again received by a murderous fire from a battery of eight pieces, and from a body of infantry sheltered by a house, log hut, fence, and a piece of woods. The issue of the battle seemed at one time to depend mainly on the capture and retention of this position. The gallant Sixty-Ninth N. Y. regiment had tried to take and hold the point, but had been repulsed. The Third Connecticut and the Second Maine were then ordered up and moved forward up the ascent about one hundred yards and then by command lay down, to allow the enemy's fire to pass over, but at a word they were up and onward again. They gained the ridge, compelled the enemy to remove the battery and drove his sharpshooters from the shelter of the buildings, but the destructive fire of the overpowering infantry support of the rebels stationed behind breastworks checked the onward movement, and the retreat having commenced in other parts of the field they were ordered back from their exposed position.

General Keyes pays the following de-

served compliment to the behavior of the Third Regiment in his official report: "The gallantry with which the Second Maine and Third Connecticut regiments charged up the hill upon the enemy's artillery and infantry was never, in my opinion, surpassed. I was with the advancing line and closely observed the conduct of Cols. Jameson and Chatfield, which in this instance and throughout the day merits the highest commendation."

After the retreat had commenced the Third twice repelled charges of the enemy's cavalry. Capt. Lewis's company, especially, was closely pressed by a body of horse, but by a well-directed volley sent them to the right about with a number of empty saddles. On leaving the field the regiment brought off two abandoned pieces of artillery, one caisson, several baggage wagons, the wagon of the sappers and miners, with all the tools, and twenty horses, a pretty good evidence of the absence of all panic or disorder in their ranks. In fact each of the Connecticut regiments marched from the disastrous field and back to Centreville in perfect order. Reaching the camps at Falls Church towards morning, the Third for two days labored with the First and Second in saving the military property of the Government, after which the brigade moved toward Washington, arriving at night of the 23d. Here they remained nearly a fortnight, when they were ordered home, and arrived in Hartford by the steamer Elm City from Amboy, N. J., on the 9th of August. Preceded by an escort of military and firemen, they marched into barracks at the Arsenal, where they were soon paid off and mustered out of the service:

The casualties at Bull Run were as follows:

1st Reg't,	Killed —	Wounded 8,	Miss'g 9,	Tot'l 17.
2d Reg't,	" 2	" 5,	" 9,	" 16.
3d Reg't,	" 4	" 13,	" 18,	" 35.

The "missing" were mostly taken prisoners on the retreat. They were kept by the enemy for periods varying from four to twelve months. Some remained in Richmond, some were sent to Salisbury, N. C., Tuscaloosa, Ala., to New Orleans, and other places. Two members of the New Haven Grays, made prisoners at the battle while aiding a wounded rebel officer, were released on their arrival at Richmond by order of Jefferson Davis, and were supported at a hotel until opportunity was offered for their return.





List of members of the Third Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, since become Officers in the United States service, with changes by promotion, resignation, or death, to Oct. 17th, 1863.

NOTE.—"Resigned" denotes discharge for disability or resignation for other causes.

Former Company.	Former Rank.	NAME.	Present Regiment.	Present Rank.	Residence.	Remarks.
F. and S.	Sergt. Major.	Alexander, Joseph H.	8th.	Quartermaster.	Enfield.	Resigned.
A. (Rifle.)	Private.	Abbey, William H.	25th.	Captain.	Glastenbury.	
C. (Rifle.)	1st Lieut.	Allen, Lewis C.	6th.	Captain.	New Haven.	
F. and S.	Lieut. Colonel	Brady, Allen G.	17th.	Major.	Torrington.	Now Major in the Invalid Corps.
A. (Rifle.)	1st Lieut.	Brennan, John	12th.	Captain.	Hartford.	
A.	1st Lieut.	Bogart, Gilbert	12th.	1st Lieutenant.	Norwalk.	Resigned.
A.	2d Lieut.	Byxbee, Stephen D.	12th.	Captain.	Norwalk.	Resigned.
B. (Rifle.)	Private.	Bassett, Julius	15th.	Captain.	Meriden.	
C. (Rifle.)	2d Lieut.	Baker, Joseph S. A.	13th.	1st Lieutenant.	New Haven.	
C.	1st Lieut.	Bailey, Samuel G.	23d.	Captain.	Danbury.	
D. (Rifle.)	Private.	Breed, Charles A.	8th.	2d Lieutenant.	Norwich.	Died July 30th, 1862.
D.	Private.	Branch, Joseph W.	10th.	Captain.	Sprague.	Resigned.
A.	Sergeant.	Craw, John W.	17th.	1st Lieutenant.	Norwalk.	Resigned.
D.	2d Lieut.	Curtis, Elliott M.	9th.	Captain.	Bridgeport.	
D.	Private.	Crawford, Richard R.	U. S. A.	A. A. G.	Bridgeport.	Died Oct. 30, 1863, of wounds rec'd at Gettysb'g.
B.	Sergeant.	Dietrich, Nicholas	11th.	1st Lieutenant.	New Haven.	Resigned.
C.	Corporal.	Daniels, Milton H.	17th.	Captain.	Danbury.	
A.	Captain.	Fowler, Douglass.	17th.	Lieut. Colonel.	Norwalk.	Killed at Gettysburg, July 3d, 1863.
B. (Rifle.)	Private.	Fiske, Wilbur D.	14th.	1st Lieutenant.	New Britain.	Resigned.
C. (Rifle.)	Private.	Foot, George A. Jr.	14th.	2d Lieutenant.	Guilford.	
D.	Captain.	Frye, Frederick	9th.	Major.	Bridgeport.	
E.	Private.	Fowler, Royal A.	16th.	Quartermaster	Enfield.	Resigned.
E.	1st Lieut.	Finnegas, Harry	La. Col'd. Regt.	Lieut. Colonel.	Hartford.	
D. (Rifle.)	Private.	Gates, Horace P.	U. S. A.	A. A. G.	Norwich.	Resigned.
D.	1st Lieut.	Gray, Sylvester H.	7th.	Captain.	Bridgeport.	
F. and S.	Quartermast'r.	Holcomb, Richard E.	1st Louisiana.	Colonel.	Granby.	Killed at Port Hudson, June 14th, 1863.
B.	Sergeant.	Hoppe, Robert	6th.	1st Lieutenant.	New Haven.	Resigned.
D. (Rifle.)	Captain.	Harland, Edward	8th.	Colonel.	Norwich.	Now Brig. Gen. Vols.
F. (Rifle.)	2d Lieut.	Hoyt, Isaac L.	10th.	Captain.	Darien.	Died March 20th, 1862.
F. (Rifle.)	Sergeant.	Hobbie, Charles A.	17th.	Captain.	Stamford.	
C. (Rifle.)	Private.	Harvey, John	17th.	1st Lieutenant.	Stamford.	
F.	Sergeant.	Jackson, Frederick W.	8th.	Captain.	Danbury.	Resigned.
B.	Captain.	Klein, Daniel	6th.	Captain.	New Haven.	
B.	Private.	King, John	6th.	2d Lieutenant.	New Haven.	
F. (Rifle.)	Private.	Kellogg, Enos	17th.	Captain.	New Canaan.	
A. (Rifle.)	Captain.	Lewis, George N.	12th.	Major.	Hartford.	
C.	Captain.	Moore, James E.	17th.	Captain.	Danbury.	Killed at Gettysburg, July 3d, 1863.
C.	Private.	Main, John N.	23d.	2d Lieutenant.	Redding.	
D. (Rifle.)	Corporal.	Moore, James R.	8th.	Captain.	Norwich.	
D. (Rifle.)	Private.	Maples, William L.	U. S. Navy.		Norwich.	Resigned.
E. (Rifle.)	Corporal.	McKew, George	10th.	2d Lieutenant.	Simsbury.	Resigned.
F. (Rifle.)	Sergeant.	Miller, Theodore	10th.	2d Lieutenant.	Stamford.	
F. (Rifle.)	Corporal.	Moorehouse, Joseph E.	17th.	2d Lieutenant.	Darien.	
F. and S.	Asst. Surgeon	Newton, Matthew T.	10th.	Surgeon.	Suffield.	
D. (Rifle.)	Private.	Nichols, James R.	14th.	Captain.	Norwich.	
E. (Rifle.)	Captain.	Nelson, John A.	Colored Reg't.	Colonel.	Hartford.	
C.	Private.	Quien, Henry	17th.	1st Lieutenant.	Danbury.	
A.	Sergeant.	Russell, James S.	8th.	Captain.	Norwalk.	Resigned.
D. (Rifle.)	Sergeant.	Rogers, Joab B.	1st Cavalry.	Captain.	Norwich.	
D. (Rifle.)	Private.	Ripley, Eleazar H.	8th.	Captain.	Windham.	
A. (Rifle.)	Sergeant.	Seaver, Heber W.	16th.	Captain.	Hartford.	Resigned.
A. (Rifle.)	Private.	Smith, Henry C.	20th.	Captain.	Hartford.	Accidentally killed by a falling tree, Jan. 28, 1863.
A. (Rifle.)	Private.	Sackett, William H.	11th.	Captain.	Hartford.	
A.	Private.	Smith, George W.	10th.	1st Lieutenant.	New Canaan.	Resigned.
C. (Rifle.)	Corporal.	Stanley, Henry F.	6th.	2d Lieutenant.	New Haven.	
C. (Rifle.)	Corporal.	Stoddard, Henry	6th.	2d Lieutenant.	New Haven.	Resigned.
D. (Rifle.)	Private.	Shalk, Frederick E.	14th.	1st Lieutenant.	Norwich.	
F. (Rifle.)	Musician.	Sever, Philip	28th.	1st Lieutenant.	Stamford.	
B. (Rifle.)	Private.	Thompson, William W.	15th.	1st Lieutenant.	Meriden.	
C. (Rifle.)	Private.	Townsend, James L.	14th.	Captain.	New Haven.	
C. (Rifle.)	Private.	Thirkil, Thomas H.	22d.	1st Lieutenant.	Windsor.	
B. (Rifle.)	Sergeant.	Upham, Charles L.	15th.	Colonel.	Meriden.	
B. (Rifle.)	Private.	Vorra, John H.	8th.	2d Lieutenant.	Meriden.	
F. and S.	Major.	Warner, Alexander	12th.	Lieut. Colonel.	Woodstock.	Resigned.
A. (Rifle.)	Sergeant.	Wright, Leverett	7th.	1st Lieutenant.	Hartford.	Resigned.
A. (Rifle.)	Private.	White, John L.	22d.	2d Lieutenant.	Hartford.	
A.	Corporal.	Weed, Thomas S.	8th.	1st Lieutenant.	Norwalk.	
C.	Sergeant.	White, Charles H.	11th.	1st Lieutenant.	Danbury.	Resigned.
D. (Rifle.)	Sergeant.	Ward John E.	8th.	Colonel.	Norwich.	
D. (Rifle.)	Private.	Whittlesey, George W.	12th.	1st Lieutenant.	Norwich.	Resigned.
E. (Rifle.)	2d Lieut.	Wright, William	9th.	Captain.	Hartford.	
F. (Rifle.)	Sergeant.	Waterbury, Marcus	17th.	Captain.	Stamford.	
F. (Rifle.)	Private.	Whitney, William M.	28th.	1st Lieutenant.	Darien.	

Seventy-three Officers from the Third, being nearly one in every ten, of which a very large proportion—sixteen—are Field and Staff Officers, and one a Brigadier General, speaks well for the material of the regiment. Each of the three first regiments has furnished the service with a Brigadier General, a fact of which the State may well feel proud.





## CONCLUSION—INCIDENTS, &amp;c.

In my account of the Battle of Bull Run I referred to the fact that Beauregard was well informed as to the intentions of McDowell. In looking over Col. Estvan's "War Pictures from the South," (himself at the time holding a command in the rebel service,) I find this corroborative evidence: "General Beauregard was perfectly well informed of all that was going on in General McDowell's army, and of the intention of the enemy to force their way to Richmond." Again: "This plan of operations [General Scott's order of battle] was no secret to us." "General Beauregard received the very earliest information from a friend of his in Washington and had plenty of time to make all his preparations." "From the very commencement of operations the Confederates enjoyed a decided advantage on the score of intelligence; and so it now happened that while we were informed of every projected movement of the enemy, Scott and McDowell on the other hand were almost completely ignorant of our plans and intentions." In speaking of the behavior of the men opposed to Longstreet, among whom were the Connecticut regiments, he says: "As soon as the enemy's columns had deployed under a heavy fire from their guns, which they did with great coolness, although it was probably the first time these regiments had been under fire, they were formed into an attacking column, and with a loud cheer rushed on Longstreet's position."

Here, however, is an extract from the book of the candid Colonel of a somewhat different character. After mentioning the panic and confusion attending the retreat he says: "A giant Texan throwing away his rifle took out his bowie-knife. With one blow he split the skull of a wounded man who had fallen to the ground; and this became the signal for a general butchery. Like wild beasts the incensed soldiery fell upon their victims, (the Federal wounded,) hewing, stabbing, and slashing like madmen."

Such is the not very attractive picture of "our deluded and erring Southern brethren" by one whose prejudices, judging from his chosen position, would be all in favor of the rebels. Splitting the skulls of prostrate wounded men with bowie-knives, hewing, slashing and stabbing the helpless wounded and dying, sounds like the horrible stories of fren-

zied savages, rather than the warfare waged by "the chivalry" *par excellence*.

The narrow escapes on the battle field are not among the least interesting and surprising occurrences in actual warfare. J. W. Burgess, a member of Co. A, First Regiment, had a Minié ball strike his watch and bed itself completely into the works, yet the glass crystal remained unbroken and the wearer received no injury. A member of the Second was whirled around with the velocity and precision of a top by a shot or shell which took the cap pouch from his belt and tore a liberal hole through his blouse. Sergeant Benjamin F. Prouty of the First, now captain in the Sixth, was taken prisoner near Cub Run, while on the retreat, by two cavalry men. While being led to the rear he shot one with a pocket pistol, and then dodging into a thicket escaped from the other and rejoined his regiment.

From the day of the march toward Centreville and Manassas the interest of the thousands congregated in Washington from all parts of the country was manifested by an unusual degree of excitement, much increased when on the Thursday before the battle of Bull Run the guns of Ayres' battery at Blackburn's Ford could be plainly heard in the metropolis. Hundreds chartered vehicles—hacks, wagons, and anything which would carry—to convey them to witness the unusual spectacle of a real battle between contending armies, and on the Warrenton pike these carriages could be seen bearing gleefully curious seekers after excitement, of which probably they got their fill before their return.

On the Sunday of the battle the city of Washington wore an aspect of quiet or ominous silence which properly imaged the deep solicitude and anxiety which noise could not dissipate. Before the evening had given place to night rumors of disaster were dismally whispered about and few slept well. The next morning was rainy, and the groups of worn out, ragged, dirty soldiers, here and there, some without coats and some without shoes, made the day almost suicidal in its dreariness. Here one so bedraggled that his clothing was insufficient to identify his arm or regiment, was holding forth to an awe-struck group on the terrors of the fight, and there a no less forlorn musician, bearing a dented, misshapen cylinder of brass, detailed the dangers of the retreat, each claiming to be almost the sole representative of that

magnificent army which four days before had marched forth in all the glory of anticipated triumph, and each winding up his narration with the assertion, "and I alone am escaped to tell thee." Ladies stood in the rain at the corners, offering hot coffee and eatables to the miserable men in uniform, most of whom should have been with their commands across the Potomac, instead of receiving sympathy and food in Washington.

The immediate effect of the disaster at Bull Run on the people was chagrin and regret, but the indulgence in these unworthy sentiments was very brief. New regiments and batteries were raised at once, armed, equipped, and put into the field. In this movement the members of the three months' regiments engaged with absorbing interest. They enlisted men, drilled squads, and assisted with their experience in the details of the camps. The lists of those alone who have held commissions since, is the best record of their services. Every week adds to these lists, and "when this cruel war is over," and a broad, general view of its entire progress can be obtained, the men of the three first regiments will occupy no secondary position.

DOMINUS.

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Sermon Commemorative of Edward A. Doolittle of Cheshire, 1st Lieut. 20th Conn. Vols.

Preached at Stevenson, Ala., Dec. 27th, 1863, by  
Rev. A. L. FRISBIE, Chaplain of the Regiment.

PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF HIS BROTHER OFFICERS.

"Shall any teach God knowledge, seeing He judgeth those that are high?"

"One dieth in his full strength, being wholly at ease and quiet. His breasts are full of milk, and his bones are moistened with marrow. And another dieth in the bitterness of his soul, and never eateth with pleasure.—Job xxi, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25.

Seven days ago, as the week preceding the last was giving place to the new Sabbath which was to dawn so gloriously upon the world, as the still, dark hours moved on, two men in our midst were living their last of this perishable life. One of them was a stranger to us all. His residence, his circumstances, his destination, were alike unknown. He was cast upon us, crushed and beaten down by a sudden and unexpected casualty, from the fullness of a strong, robust manhood; placed in our hands, unconscious of our pity, to receive our kind attentions, to breathe through a few days, and then to die. His was the two-fold claim, imposed by the fact that he was a fellow soldier with us, and the fact that he was a helpless, suffering stranger.

The other was our friend—known by us all, and by us all esteemed. He had been with you from the first of your soldier life. He had, with you, battled against all the embarrassments of inexperience. He had overcome the unfitness for the stern duties and exposure of war—an unfitness which you all shared with him—arising from the necessary conditions of the peaceful life which he, with you, had been permitted to lead. He heard and heeded the call for men to take the field against the enemy, accepting the dangers, the denials, the sacrifices, which he must unavoidably





make, as part of the price which he was *willing* to pay for his country's deliverance from the danger that threatened it. He endured the comfortless months of that first bitter winter; marched and fought, grieved and rejoiced, with you—patiently, nobly, manfully. And here, removed by additional hundreds of miles from the home of his early years and from the refined and agreeable associations in which he had been permitted to mature his manhood—here, in a land seathed and desolate, eloquent by contrast of the blessings of peace and the sweetness of home—here the brave soldier, the kind officer, the true patriot, the warm-hearted friend, the noble man, falls before insidious and fatal disease. Spared on two red battle fields, he was yet to give his life for the cause which called him forth. With the small hours of that early morning, sickness was hastening the sad completion of its destructive work, and the first sunbeam fell on his countenance cold and moveless, fixed, like that of the other, in the stern rigidity of death.

Cut off in the midst of their days, they died in their full strength, when years of hope and promise lay before them, inviting toward an honored and distant future.

We buried the stranger at the going down of the sun, with others who, like him unknown, had gone before. The softened, departing rays, just being lifted and gathered into the west, lingered still about us as we laid him to his rest, and touched lightly on his lowly bed, as if bearing to the fallen soldier an all-merciful benediction.

All that was left to us of our brother officer and friend—all save his memory—his worn and wasted body, was borne away, to rest side by side with kindred dust, in the place of his nativity.

These that I have mentioned are but two of unknown hundreds who have thus fallen by the way in the prime of their years, with all the promise of a ripened manhood yet to be fulfilled, investing them with an inestimable worth. Our young men, from whom parents and communities reasonably expected much, of whom the army was proud, and who, as soldiers, were strenuous to do their whole duty for their country's sake and for the sake of principles just and righteous, in defense of which they assumed the soldier's garb and accepted the soldier's obligation—these are falling continually all along the vast extent of our lines. Not having lived out half their days; not having exhausted, scarcely having opened, the wealth of their capabilities in the field, or in social stations; scarcely being allowed to prove how much they were to be worth to the world; thus, all too early, as we think, is the silver cord loosed and the golden bowl broken. We think of the loss to the country, to the cause of liberty, of all these brave hearts, impelled by motives of patriotism to a heroic self-devotion. Of these strong arms, ready to strike home when villainous treason showed its hostile front. We feel that every arm is needed; that the moral force of every heart filled with love of country, of justice, of right, *all* is needed. We feel that it was not a mistaken idea of duty which called them or us into the field. We feel, we believe, nay, we *know*, that however imperfectly we have done our work, the mission on which we have come is proper and righteous. We cannot dispossess ourselves of the confidence which inspires us, that we are arrayed as God would have us, opposed to lawlessness, violence, and oppression. And if this be really so, how is it that so many must render up their lives, victims to accident and disease, accomplishing nothing by their fall for the furtherance of a right cause? It is a question which often arises at home as well. Families are broken; children who have merely begun to live, seeming to have come into the world for nought, these are recalled. Men in their early prime, on whom society begins to depend, born to lead by a kind, beneficent authority—these, all unspent, just as they are needed the most, often sickened and die, while, in the expressive language of the text, "their breasts are full of milk and their joints are moistened with marrow." Who shall explain all this? Is it not so much waste? Where is the hand that has the power, or the will that has the disposition, to regulate and restrain all this? Ought there not to be

interposition to prevent such apparent wasteful loss? How is it that there is no such interposition? We cannot make the case clear to our own minds. Do we say that chance rules us? That our birth, our manner of life, our death, are only so many results of a vast lottery of humanity? We are left as completely in the dark by such an explanation as we were before we attempted to explain at all. It is only a grandiloquent style of saying that we know nothing; that we are in the presence of a mystery which we cannot reveal.

Do we, admitting that there is a Supreme Ruler, become bitter in our thoughts of Him, and say, as we look on such untimely deaths, that God is capricious, vindictive, cruel? Do we say, as we see so much all about us that is most manifestly wrong, that He has created the world, set it in motion, and then left it to itself? that He has withdrawn into the impenetrable depths of His own being, finding delight in Himself, leaving those whom He has called into existence to move on without the constant exertion of His care and thoughtfulness for them? Do we avow it as our belief that God has forgotten the world? A thousand providences of mercy—yes, a thousand more providences of mercy than of pain—look us in the face and prove our avowed belief untrue. The most signal instances of suffering, which seem to a hasty judgment to be tokens of cruelty and caprice, are of little moment when compared with the constantly on-going miracles of goodness. A building falls upon its inmates; one out of ten thousand falls. A whole community is appalled by the disaster, and busy tongues too often blame Him who is ever blameless. A train of cars is thrown from its track. We shudder as we gather up the broken, the dying, the dead; but we think not then of the scores of miles of trains, full-freighted with life, which at that very hour are rolling securely along their iron way. And so it is that we pause and hold our breath while the sad, dark events of providence pass before us, and do not remember that it is God alone who causes the happy myriads, whom our thoughts then overlook, to dwell in safety. We look pitifully on occasional instances of want, and forget that "God giveth the beast his food, and the young ravens which cry;" "maketh grass to grow for the cattle, and herbs for the service of man;" sends out the sun, from whose kindly heat nothing is hid, and causes the rain to fall, without distinction, on the just and the unjust. The apparent exceptions to a rule of benevolence on the part of the Supreme Ruler, are noticeable *because* apparent exceptions. We shrink from them in horror and alarm, overlooking the preserving, sustaining, comforting power, which, with sublime regularity of movement, ministers to creatures without number, health and food and gladness. We are confounded when we attempt to convict God of dealing with cruelty—of acting the part of a capricious tyrant, rather than of a compassionate, thoughtful ruler. Disasters do indeed, in the course of providence, come upon men; but how often do we see, in connection with them, the direct and pernicious agency of a misguided human hand! And in cases of bereavement, such as this which we to-day commemorate, there is certainly a reason for them, a reason which exonerates God from blame, even though we may not be able to bring it within our grasp.

The question with which Job turns upon his friends, who had said that which amounted to an impeachment of the wisdom of Deity, this question is applicable here. It is the only answer, the only explanation, which we can find to our questionings concerning many of the dark and bitter experiences of life. "Shall any teach God knowledge, since he judgeth those that are high?" "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" We stop with this. It is as far as we can go. It is all that we can know. The mystery is by no means cleared away, but it is left with God. He will do right. None can teach Him knowledge.

We can confidently feel that these varied and adverse events do not fall out suddenly and unprovided for. Our friend is taken away. No more with us to obey and serve, but he has gone in obedience to the "summons of the Great Command-

er." The sparrow may fall to the ground, but he is not forgotten before God. Assuredly, then, He does not forget the interests, nor overlook the destinies, of men.

We will not presume to attempt to teach the All-wise. We accept the fact that He rules intelligently and with benevolence. Clouds now and then obscure the sun, but the sun is not destroyed, is not even dimmed. Only our sight is hindered. And so, while events grievous and darkly mysterious are upon us, if their shadow comes for a time between us and the revealed brightness of God's goodness and mercy, we may *know* that that brightness is all undimmed. "The Lord is good; His mercy is everlasting."

As a people, we are led in a path of pain. It is a strange thing which has come upon us—this waste, and ravage, and wretchedness of war. The insatiate sword feeds on blood—the best blood of the land. Desolation sits by thousands of once happy firesides. Widowhood and orphanage have become sadly common. In almost every hamlet of the land, Rachels, refusing to be comforted, weep for their children. Sorrowful eyes look into sorrowful eyes, and melt into tears, in the speechless sympathy of a common grief. Untold acres, which three years ago were rejoicing in the glory of abundant harvests, now break and swell with rounded graves, where the dead are gathered home. No such sorrow as has fallen upon both sections of our country has ever visited the earth before; none so far-reaching, so terribly oppressive.

Now, might not this, all of it, been avoided? Who says that it was possible to avoid it longer? Who *knows* this to be true? It might have been put by, if men had thought and felt differently, to be sure; but, as circumstances were, they thought and felt that which led them to take up the sword. And that they did so, is a fact in the administration of Providence. Who can show that, with the facts of our history as antecedents, we could possibly avoid this struggle, with all the cruelty, loss, and suffering which it involves? What device to prevent the breaking out of the contest availed? What plan to secure a peace has had a particle of promise of success? None whatever. How was it possible, then, to escape? It has come under Divine rule, and we, unable to escape, must endure. We cannot teach our Ruler.

It has always been true in God's conduct of affairs; it is unavoidably true while men are linked together as they are in families, communities, and states, that crime involves others besides the perpetrators in suffering. The innocent must feel something of the force of the penalty which presses after the guilty. Blameless children feel the reflection of the blow which strikes out a good man's life. The murderer cannot bear his punishment alone. Its cruel shadow falls on those bound to him by closest ties, who utterly abhor his crime. And the same law reaches out into the great matters of States. National guilt will surely bring national punishment—punishment which will not reach those only who originated and fostered a system or policy fatally false, but will gather into its destructive sweep thousands who had nothing whatever to do with the sin whose consequences clothe a land in mourning. There can be no question that our present national suffering is because of guilt incurred. There must be, under the inexorable laws of Providence, some atonement rendered. Many, of past days and of our own, have been instrumental in leading us in the path of sin; but on them, separate and apart, as sinners above others, the strokes of chastisement cannot fall. As the gases and vapors rising from reeking pens charge the atmosphere with impurities and breed the storm and thunder which roll over healthful fields in their far-reaching rage, purifying the air by the jarring tumult, so the pestilent theories of mistaken men and bad men, swaying public action, have charged the political heavens with storms of disaster and death. Calm can only come now after the tempest. The healing of the land, its purification and safety, can only be at fearful cost. We have proved already that this is true. The guilty suffer, but the innocent as well. But the path of deliverance is that of pain. Our offerings must be costly, but





they will not—so our faith in God assures us—they will not be in vain. The price will be paid. It is being paid by the labors, the lives, of the countrymen—of such as was he whom we mourn to-day. By such loss, and by the wisdom which we must learn from such loss, are we to make such atonement and reparation as are possible for the wrongs which, as a people, we have cherished and perpetuated. The way is rough and dark, but God appoints it. "Shall any teach Him knowledge?" Because He rules, there is hope before us.

"The future's gain

Is certain as God's truth; but meanwhile, pain  
Is bitter, and tears are salt; our voices take  
A sober tone; our very household songs  
Are heavy with a nation's griefs and wrongs;  
And innocent mirth is chastened for the sake  
Of the brave hearts that never more shall beat,  
The eyes that smile no more, the unreturning feet."

As an offering, under God's Providence, for his country's deliverance, did our friend Doolittle die; not as others, on the battle-field, indeed, but just as truly as they, an offering, self-rendered, for the cause of liberty. You know with what unsparing energy he gave himself to his duties. You know how, when disease was wasting him, he still stood by his post, unmindful of himself, faithful, at the cost of life, as it has proved, to that which was expected of him. You know how his strong, hopeful spirit kept him up day after day, when we who saw him felt that there was danger which he did not fear. He died as a brave, faithful, unselfish man. His friends who have watched his military career with so much interest, will find in that fact a pleasant thought in their hour of bitterness; and how bitter must that hour be, which brings back to the father's roof, to the home circle, the first born son a silent, confined corpse!

How fond hearts anticipated his coming by and by, after victory had blessed us with peace, waiting to do him honor and pay him dearer love, because he had done his part so well! He is borne to them, the poor mortal worn and marred, the immortal altogether departed. But yet, his part has been well done. So do we cheerfully unite in saying. His memory shall live, ever green, in the hearts of his fellow soldiers and brother officers of the Twentieth Regiment. He was a man worthy to be remembered.

It was my province to attend him the day before his death, and to speak with him of the life that is to be. He was weak, but calm and rational. His convictions of the worth and necessity of religion, were as strong as yours or mine. He had in childhood been received into the communion of the Episcopal Church, but on that fact merely he placed no reliance. He said he did not claim to have been a very consistent member; but as he lay there, so near the verge of eternity, he expressed his wish for the help of God, and his desire to depend wholly upon "Him who is able to save to the uttermost all who come to God by Jesus Christ."

May the life of our friend, by its fidelity, unselfishness and energy, be an example to us all. And may the faith which he, dying, commended, be riveted and dwelling in the lives of all his comrades in arms—so that, whether we die, as did he, with no home ministries of love, we may pass to the better home and the higher ministries appointed for all who have "fought the good fight."

### From the Twenty-ninth Infantry, C. V.

IN BARRACKS, U. S. RENDEZVOUS,  
NEW HAVEN, CONN., March 3d, 1864.

Mr. Editor:—The Twenty-ninth Regiment is a new one in the list of Connecticut troops, marked by only one historic peculiarity, the seeming blackness of its character, and blessed just now with only one sign of promise, the soldierly brightness of its men.

As its career is but begun, its record can be nothing else than brief. It has fought no battles; has not the arms wherewith to earn its laurels. Indeed, all to be chronicled in regard to us is our

diligence in guarding the rendezvous, which is, considering the disadvantages under which we labor, somewhat remarkable. One characteristic of the black troops seems to be their comparative simplicity or honesty. Their fault is in being too confiding. "Who come dar?" "Officer of the day." "Advance, officer of the day." "How do you know I am the officer of the day?" "Case you tells me so." But they are willing to learn, and when once taught their duty, do not neglect it. We hear every few days of black sentinels reporting white bounty-jumpers for bribery. To-day a man on post was offered thirty dollars and a watch to pass a recruit across his beat, but arrested the offender, and seemed quite astonished when he received fifteen dollars and the promise of five days' furlough.

To-night there are two men reported by our sentinels, for offering one hundred dollars each in the same way. So our conservative neighbors, who blame the Eighth U. S. for a supposed skeddaddle under such a General as he who has just added thorns to his laurels in Florida, could with benefit, if not with pleasure, look nearer home.

Many are asking, as if anxious to be rid of us, "Why don't the Twenty-ninth leave?" Because we have no officers. All volunteer regiments have started with a full roster of officers, or of men calling themselves such, and afterwards added their men; but we, thanks to General Casey, have to wait in patience, to be at length rewarded always by officers who are capable. The condition of the regiment to-day will prove how great was the loss in the white regiments by not forcing every officer to a strict examination.

One severe bereavement has fallen upon us. On Sunday, February 21st, very suddenly, after an illness of only thirty-six hours, died Lieutenant Jabez A. Tracy, of company I, aged 19 years.

Lieutenant Tracy was remarkable for geniality of disposition, so that as one after another of us joined the command, with which the Lieutenant had been almost from its beginning, the remark went round, "how amiable and affectionate a man he was." It is not often, even at the death of a brother officer, (and none but brother officers know the strong attachment which such relationship creates,) that the mourners shed tears, yet around the dying body of the friend, there were exhibitions of as sincere grief as ever the widowed mother manifested when she reached camp, to find the funeral escort prepared to march.

It seems as if in this fact, the large number of friends in the counties of Windham and New London, which Lieutenant Tracy leaves, must find great consolation.

The officers of the Twenty-ninth, in regular meeting, have adopted the following:

HEADQUARTERS 29TH REG'T INF'Y, C. V.,  
U. S. RENDEZVOUS,  
NEW HAVEN, CONN., Feb. 21st, 1864.

It having pleased God in his omniscient providence to remove by sudden death, Lieutenant Jabez A. Tracy, U. S. A., attached to the Twenty-ninth Regiment Infantry, C. V., his mourning brother officers do resolve:

That we patiently submit to the will of God in this painful event, which has taken from us a friend, remarkable for amiability and excellence of character, and which has deprived the service of one of its most promising young officers.

That we offer our sincere condolence to the bereaved mother, her family, and other relatives of our late friend, and ask for them the sweet consolation which comes only from our father in heaven.

That while we trust that our regiment may not again suffer from such bereavement, we recognize the fact that it is better for him who is dead, even in the vigor of his youthfulness, than if he had been called to endure longer and more trying evils of this life before ascending on high.

That we will manifest our respect for the memory of the deceased by wearing the usual symbols of mourning.

DAVID TORRENCE, Captain Presiding.

J. LEWIS SPALDING, Lieut. and Adj.

Yours truly, B. W. E.

### From the Conscript Camp.

CONSCRIPT CAMP,  
FAIR HAVEN, March 2, 1864.

Editor Connecticut War Record:

Waiting for a little while in a restaurant a few days ago, I overheard a noisy conversation in a bar-room adjoining, on the comparative worth of a white skin and a black one. "Well," exclaimed one of the disputants, "I'll tell you what: the meanest white man in the world is more respectable than the best black." This wise doctrine, the spirit of which characterizes a large class now-a-days, was brought to my mind by an occurrence which enlivened our camp one evening of last week.

A vigorous drum-beat, at an unusual hour, attracted everybody to see what was the matter. The drum corps of the Thirtieth Regiment, C. V. were taking an evening parade, improvised by our line commanding officer. In front of them was marched a long line of white deserters, hand-cuffed together and guarded at either end by a musket in the hand of a trusty looking colored soldier. I wished my bar-room friend could have witnessed this guard-house parade, and wondered if he would have held on to his conviction that a white man was always respectable, a black man never.

One of the deserters referred to, to facilitate an escape had blackened his face. The black soldiers are not watched every minute as the white ones are. A group of colored soldiers talking of him I heard one of them say with a chuckle, "spees he'd like mighty well to jine de Twenty-ninth." The individual would need considerable reformation before he could hope for admission into such reputable society. I am not connected with either of the colored regiments, but I believe if the people who are afflicted with such violent prejudice against "niggers" would spend a while in this camp, they would get rid of their delusion, and would admit, if honest, that a white skin is not one of the essentials to a true soldier or a true man.

With regard to the general interests of our camp there is nothing new to communicate. Fresh recruits come in at the rate of sixty-five a day, about eighty per cent of whom are white. Large squads leave every week for the field, yet we are always full. Nearly seven hundred were sent away during the week ending March 2d. This morning's roll call showed two thousand two hundred and twenty-one men. The camp is still commanded by Captain W. B. Sears, Second Rhode Island Vols., and a fitter man for the place it would be difficult to find. To command such a camp and attend faithfully to all its various affairs is by no means an easy job. The rowdy element brought here from the large cities, is of itself enough to require the vigilant care of a full sized man, yet it is well attended to. Our proximity to New Haven presents many facilities for demoralizing indulgence, but Captain Sears is a terror to whisky smugglers, deserters, gamblers, prostitutes, and to evil doers generally. Not that we are enjoying, in every particular, a paradise, quite, but we come about as near it as camps average. Every one notices and admires the many improvements that have been accomplished here within the past month, and the credit of them is due to our commanding officer. He seems to have the faculty which philosophers cannot see into—of being everywhere at the same time; a faculty which affords him rare advantage in the way of constant personal supervision. With the best of business habits—promptness, energy, method, dispatch—habits acquired by long experience in a first-class mercantile house of New York, and adapted by military work by two years of service in the army of the Potomac, he is peculiarly adapted to the command of a rendezvous like this. New buildings are being erected within the lines, and various repairs effected which indicate that it is the purpose of the Government to make this a permanent rendezvous while the war lasts.

Yours,

S.

Back numbers will be furnished promptly to all who desire them. Price ten cents per number.





## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

## From the Sixteenth Regiment.

This letter, too late for the February number, will be heartily welcomed by all as a part of the March number.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., Feb. 1, 1864.

Editor Connecticut War Record:

The "trop tard" of the French Assembly, which, in 1848, when King Louis Philippe abdicated in favor of his grandson, neutralized the hopes of the Orleans dynasty to save themselves by that measure, may now, uttered by your lips, neutralize my hopes of finding this letter in the February number. But if I am too late, impute it not to indolence, though generally you would be correct. This time, my tardiness is the effect of a removal from our old location, near Portsmouth, Va. You must look for our penates at present near Plymouth, N. C.

And shall I tell you, then, dear Chaplain, how we felt, when the dread order reached us? How sorrowfully we contemplated the fine slat and log houses we had been at so much trouble and expense to erect? What a row there was, in that long line of pretty cottages, christened "Matrimony Row," where those, indulging in such home luxuries as wives, resided? And what odious names the fair sufferers gave to the General issuing the order? 'Twere vain to tell. Imagine it, if you can.

For four days the regiment was kept in suspense. Each hour gave birth to a new rumor. Each rumor was founded on circumstances equally telling. At no time was the proverb "straws tell which way the wind blows," brought more in requisition, and never have wishes fathered more thoughts. Now, an aid of the General had said, "you needn't pull those houses down yet," with a peculiar smile—ergo, we were not to go. Then the Adjutant had told his cook to boil a ham, and pack it—ergo, we were to go. Again somebody had been at the Fortress, and heard that the order calling other regiments to Portsmouth had been countermanded—ergo, we were not to go. Then an attaché of the Quartermaster's Department had heard that two vessels were expected daily to take us—ergo, we were to go. But Gen. Getty now intimated to his staff that we were to stay. Finally the paymaster came to pay us, ere we left; and lastly we did leave. The idea prevailed that the new man in command, Gen. Heckman, had thrown sheep's eyes at our fair camp, and designed to quarter his own (former) regiment in the buildings erected by the Sixteenth. The boys had spent very near fifteen hundred dollars on their huts, and the officers about as much more on their houses. Consequent-

ly this finesse of the General roused no small quantity of ire in the regiment, which ire was satisfied by a number of unaccountable accidents. On the night before we left, some rubbish about the camp caught fire, which quickly communicating itself to the dry pine slat buildings, wrapped the streets in a mantle of flame, and threw its brilliant scintillations far up into the cold moonlighted sky. It was very amusing. Gorgeous tongues of flame leapt up with a peculiar roar, while the unfortunate possessors of the property, with pious resignation in the Lord's will, stood by and chatted and smiled, and laughed and danced. By a like unaccountable accident, the officers were out of wood in the evening, and, no other being at hand, the lofty flag-staff was hewed down to supply them. A queer coincidence it was that many had sold their houses just about this time to men of the adjoining regiments. They came and bore them off bodily in the morning. A high wind threw down every chimney, and spread devastation over the land. Thus when the golden sun of January 21st beamed down on the world, the camp of the Sixteenth Conn. Vols. was a desert, as flat as my grandfather's bald pate. *Fiat Voluntas tua!*

On the broad sea! with fair weather, and a fresh breeze! "rocked in the cradle of the deep," as the poet says; rocked to some purpose too; all the ladies sea-sick; majority of men also; no end of delivering up your insides; dismal moans too; upper deck narrower than lower deck; people on upper deck sick first; those on lower deck receive on their heads offerings designed for the goddess Sea-Sickness; now and then a set of teeth comes rattling down; happy chance they didn't fall into the water; fortunate ones in possession of state-rooms; can have it all to themselves; dinner time arrives; rattling of knives awful; smell of fresh pork exasperating; no guests.

Officers of the Sixteenth gave up their state-rooms to the ladies; officers of the Fifteenth wouldn't; take no interest in ladies, I suppose; take more interest in themselves, perhaps.

We arrive at Morehead City; one hotel which is not kept, and five houses not inhabited; go by rail to Newbern; sweet place; elms enough to furnish a second New Haven; everybody in a fever of friendliness towards us; suppose they are so friendly because they've got nothing else to do; re-embark for Plymouth; down the Neuse, across Pamlico Sound to Roanoke; along Albemarle Sound into the Roanoke river; weather glorious; water quiet; high enjoyment on the voyage; lots of fun; reach Plymouth to-

wards night; set our brass bands blowing; astonished the country; air balmy and warm as in Spring.

Plymouth is a quiet little town; been burnt down to some extent by the rebs; rebs driven back; excellent fortifications; well guarded; General Wessels in command; is a Connecticut man; belongs to the regular army, in which he is a Lieut.-Colonel; good, kind old gentleman, with high military knowledge; makes semi-weekly irruptions in the enemy's country, burning and carrying off the stores of ham, cotton and beef which they accumulate for the Rebel Government in this vicinity. Our men have been on two of these expeditions; carried off some bales of cotton and destroyed many; destroyed also several hundred thousand dollars worth of hams—all for Uncle Sam; carried off sundry lots of poultry and eggs—all for themselves; like to go exceedingly.

Col. Beach is in command of the brigade; looks better than ever, and is heartily beloved by all; Capt. Burke is in command of the regiment, and has been so since we left Portsmouth; manly character and thorough soldier; makes things go smooth; Major Pasco and Capt. Mix detained in Portsmouth to explain the unaccountable accidents that happened to our camp before we left. Weather keeps fine; great thing for Adjutant Clapp; main employment to drive the ladies about in a buggy; very pink of courtesy.

The troops hereabout are going home on furlough; have re-enlisted; when they do, we shall slip into their good quarters in town; high old times in store for the Sixteenth; will soon be in trim to receive the visits of our friends.

Affectionately yours,

HORSE JOHN.

From the Second Connecticut Light Battery.

CAMP BARRY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

After a three months tarry in this camp orders have again come to take up our line of march. A soldier enjoys marching or fighting far better than the dull routine and weary monotony of the camp. The following was the order:

HEADQUARTERS DEPT OF ARTY, U. S. A. }  
Washington, Jan. 21st, 1864. }

[Special Orders No. 9.]

In compliance with special orders No 32, Headquarters of the army, current series, the following named batteries will hold themselves in readiness to proceed to Baltimore by rail on the 23d inst., to embark there for the Department of the Gulf:





Seventh Massachusetts, Captain Storer; Second Connecticut, First Lieutenant Hotchkiss; First Delaware, Capt. Nields.

Each battery will take a six-gun battery, completely equipped, except the horses, which latter will be turned over to the quartermaster at Camp Barry; each officer will however be permitted to take one private horse. Further special instructions have been communicated by letter to the commanding officer of Camp Barry.

In detaching for distant service these batteries which have been so many months under his command, General Barry embraces the opportunity to compliment the officers and enlisted men for their habitual good conduct, soldierly deportment, and intelligent attention to duty and instruction. He also congratulates them upon the glorious opportunity now offered to acquire fresh laurels for themselves and for the States they represent, and what is of greater importance, upon the opportunity to devote anew their hearts and arms to the sacred cause that has called them away from their peaceful homes.

By command Brig. Gen. Barry,

J. E. MARSHALL,

*Capt. and Asst. Adj't General.*

HEADQUARTERS CAMP BARRY, }  
Jan. 21, 1864. }

[Official Copy.]

JAS. A. HALL,

*Lt. Col. M. Lt. Art., Conn. Post.*

To Com. Officer Second Connecticut Battery.

The Seventh Massachusetts and First Delaware batteries are old campaigners with us, they being the identical batteries which accompanied us to New Jersey last Summer, to test whether shot and shell were necessary to quell the riotous conduct of northern sympathizers with southern treason.

Lieut. Philo B. Sherman has recently resigned his commission and has returned to private life. It is seldom that an officer is found who can give such general satisfaction as he did, and not often that one possessing such easy manners can yet command the respect and obedience of those under him.

It must be chronicled that we have not been forgotten by the Soldiers' Aid and Relief Societies of Bridgeport. Their disinterested benevolence and practical generosity found expression in the shape of numerous boxes and barrels filled with articles suggesting to us the idea of home, and only serving to nerve us anew to bring this war to a speedy close, that we may the sooner return to our homes and have something to live upon besides an "army ration."

The men are in good health and exultant at the prospect of spending the next season among the orange groves of the South, instead of "among the pines" of old Virginia.

We leave but two men behind us, except the recruiting party at Bridgeport, and a few absent on furlough, of those who came to Camp Barry with us this last time—Sergeant John Lewis, wounded by a kick from a horse, and Frederick J. Blackman, in the small pox hospital. We have a number of new recruits.

UNION.

#### From the Second Conn. Light Battery.

DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, }  
NEW ORLEANS, LA., Feb. 20, 1864. }

The Battery left Washington on the 24th ult. for Baltimore, and there embarked on the 27th on board the steamship Arago, for this department. We were accompanied by the Seventh Massachusetts and First Delaware batteries, each battery being fully equipped, except as to horses. We were favored on our passage with most excellent weather, seeing not even a symptom of the tempest-tossed ocean from Cape Henry to Sand Key Lighthouse. After passing Key West, however, a breeze sprang up and gradually increased to a respectable gale. We had been so long on board that we had got our "sea legs" on, and but a few were compelled to pay the penalty which Neptune is wont to exact from those who for the first time trespass upon his domains.

On the night of the 4th inst. we dropped anchor at the mouth of the Southwest Pass of the Mississippi river. The next morning we crossed the bar, and, after a most charming sail—passing orange groves, and rice, sugar, and cotton plantations—we arrived on the night of the 5th inst. opposite the Crescent City.

We are at present encamped in one of the cotton presses abandoned by those who thought cotton was king, and we have very comfortable quarters, as compared with last winter "among the pines" on the bleak hills of old Virginia. We have just drawn new horses, and have been fortunate in getting a good lot.

The election for State officers, to take place on the 22nd inst., is the all-absorbing topic of private conversation and public demonstration. Louisiana is to be the first free State of the South, the pioneer in the restoration of the Union. After the political campaign is closed, the military campaign may be expected to be opened in good earnest in this department.

UNION.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### From the Fourteenth Regiment.

CAMP ON THE RAPIDAN, Feb. 1, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—I merely write you a word to tell you that I have nothing to write. A camp in winter quarters is

about the slowest thing that can well be imagined. The ladies are coming in considerable numbers to break up the dreary monotony of our life, and I received an invitation the other night to a grand ball, which, if I may judge by the splendid style of the invitation billet, (and that is all the data I have to judge from,) must have been gotten up utterly regardless of expense. It is quite common now to see cavalcades of officers with ladies galloping past our camps. Side saddles and riding habits are in great demand. And our camps are wonderfully improved by the rival edifices that are being prepared for the reception of the fair ones.

Logs are piled up in all manner of fanciful shapes, bits of boards command fabulous prices. More queer inventions for hinges and door latches are gotten up than would be registered in the Patent Office in a year.

The streets are better policed, more care is taken in setting out trees and ornamenting our camps, and all our army cities and villages are neater and brighter in appearance, more free from nuisances, less noisy, and more civilized in all respects, for the presence of women in our midst. God bless them.

I was going to write you a brief notice of Lieut. Hart, one of our noblest young officers whom we lost on the 2d of January by that fatal disease, diphtheria, but I see a comrade of mine has anticipated me in that sad office of affection, in your January number.

It seems as if our best and most promising were the ones almost uniformly selected to be taken from us.

We have lost in another way, a painful one, one of our best and most faithful officers. The record of the dismissal from the service of *Capt. James L. Townsend*, as copied from the official order of the War Department, in your last number, may bring dishonor, to some extent, upon that meritorious officer, but in the eyes of his friends and comrades of the regiment, who know his history and services for two years past, never a stain of shame. I would almost gladly submit to a similar sentence, to get a paper like that which went up to the War Department, signed by every officer in his regiment, and approved by his regimental, brigade, and division commanders, as soon as his sentence was known to us, and which I can scarcely doubt, will yet operate to change the verdict of the Secretary of War in this case. The facts in the case are not fairly stated, as we all fully be-





lieve, in the wording of the sentence, and although we find no fault with the Military Commission at Washington, where the trial took place, which, of course, did the officer no intentional injustice, yet we know that there has been some false testimony in the case, and that the decision is an injustice to our friend and comrade, and an injury to the service.

I think no other changes of importance in our regiment are left unrecorded.

Yours truly, S. F.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### From the Fourteenth Regiment.

CAMP ON THE RAPIDAN, VA.,  
Feb. 12, 1864. }

DEAR RECORD:—I have seen so many and such contradictory accounts of the recent reconnaissance across the Rapidan, that I feel bound to give you a brief sketch of it, that shall have truth enough to leaven the narration at least. At first we saw (in print) that it was the Third Corps which crossed at Morton's Ford and had a severe fight with the enemy, and the Second which came up at night and supported the Third. Whereas, not a man of the Third Corps passed over or was ordered across the Rapidan at all, and only one division of the Second Corps that had any fighting to do. And then the papers were filled with every other kind of erroneous and conflicting statement, the last which I have seen being Davidson's report in the Herald, which summed up the loss of the Fourteenth Conn. Vols. as follows: "113 killed, 6 certainly dead or captured, 19 wounded, and 88 in the hospital;" not stating the particular reason for being in the hospital which these last men had, and misspelling the names and mistaking the wounds of all the officers reported. These are somewhere nearly the facts in the case: The whole of the Second Corps moved up to the vicinity of the Rapidan at Morton's Ford, and at morning one division, at least, of the Third Corps, came up in the rear and encamped within supporting distance. The pontoon train stuck fast in the mud and was not used at all. The Third Division, Second Corps, under command of General A. Hayes, waded the ice-cold stream a little before noon, captured about thirty of the enemy's pickets—the Third Brigade being in the advance as skirmishers, and suffering some loss, as well as the other brigades, in passing up from the banks of the river and to the high ground back from it—and finally took up a somewhat protected position nearly a mile from the river, where it remained, with some shelling on the part of the enemy, (our own artillery had not crossed the river

at all) and some skirmishing, till nearly dark. Just before night, the rebels made a furious attack upon our lines, thinking to break us and throw us back in confusion to the river. But the Division deployed coolly, repulsed the attack and drove the enemy nearly a mile farther back from and up the river to a cluster of houses, where a very stubborn, confused, and, in many cases, hand to hand conflict took place, and where our regiment, being at that time in the advance and most gallantly pushed on by Lieut. Col. Moore, who was constantly riding up and down the line in the hottest of the fire, directing and cheering on his men, suffered a very heavy loss. Pitchy darkness came on. The only light to direct the firing was that which poured out of the muzzles of the muskets and of the cannon in the distance. Scarcely a semblance of a line could be preserved on either side. Men called out to each other in the darkness and recognized each other as friend or foe by the State or regiment answered. Men were captured and recaptured and captured over again. Friends were killed by friends' fire. Men fired at each other in rooms of houses not a musket-barrel's length apart, and in a few instances were wounded with thrusts of a bayonet, (and this is the only case to my own knowledge where bayonets have been used in this war for any other advantage than to stack arms.)

Finally having cleared the rebels out of the cluster of houses and driven them into their entrenchments, our boys not being able to fight to much purpose in a strange place in utter darkness, a strong picket line was thrown out to hold the ground as long as might be necessary, our dead and wounded were collected together, and the division about midnight recrossed the river, unmolested by the enemy, on a temporary bridge of logs and rails that had been built, their crossing being protected by a part of the Second Division that were thrown over for that purpose. The loss of the Division was about 225, that of our regiment, just one half of the whole loss, 115—6 killed on the field and bodies brought off, 19 missing, (either killed or prisoners,) the rest wounded and brought off, a few fatally, a good many severely, and a great many escaping with slight hurts. I think only about seventy are now in hospital undergoing treatment. Seven of our commissioned officers were wounded, not one of them so as to be beyond hope of ultimately recovering and returning to duty. The conduct of all the officers, and of the men generally, is spoken of as being beyond all praise; especially that of Col. Moore, who had returned from

leave of absence only the night before, and showed not only the most perfect coolness and contempt of danger, which was only what we expected of him, but also great judgment and skill in the handling of his troops, as to which qualities he had not before been so thoroughly tested. I may speak these words of praise properly enough, although of my own regiment, because a temporary duty elsewhere kept me out of this movement. Capt. Doten, of Co. F, is, without much doubt, captured, and finding the road to the Libby Prison a "hard road to travel."

Such is a brief account of another of the bloody experiences of the old Fourteenth, which seems always to have the luck to be in the advance in every time of danger. We think the record still remains a most honorable and proud record. We have lost a few of our best and noblest men. Orderly Sergeant Norton, of Guilford, was a noble and faithful soldier, and would doubtless have immediately been promoted for his gallant services, but for the rebel bullet which, fired at not more than ten feet distant, has cut short his career and left his comrades, and a large home circle, and a wife and five little children, to mourn his loss. Sergeant Allen, of Co. I, was shot through the breast while bravely holding up the colors. Corporals Orcutt and Chadwick and several other of our bravest and worthiest non-commissioned officers and privates are dead or mortally wounded. But you doubtless have seen ere this correct nominal lists of our loss.

Yours truly, S. F.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### From the Twenty-first Regiment.

CAMP TWENTY-FIRST CONN. VOLS.,  
NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA,  
Feb. 20, 1864. }

When I closed my last letter we were pleasantly situated at Newport News, Va., busily engaged in the usual duties of camp and daily perfecting ourselves in company and battalion drills. Since that time our history has been somewhat varied, both by changes of position and multiplicity of duties, a brief record of which may, perhaps, not be uninteresting to many of our readers.

On Sunday morning, the 25th of January, an expedition, consisting of the gunboats Flora Temple, Smith Briggs, the Gen. Jessup, and the large Government transport steamer George Washington, under the command of Brig. Gen. Graham, accompanied by a force of about thirty of the harbor police of Norfolk, under command of Capt. Lee of the harbor police, and one hundred and fifty of the Twenty-first Connecticut, under com-





mand of Capt. James F. Brown of the Twenty-first, left Old Point to make a reconnaissance up the James River. Proceeding up the river until within a short distance of Fort Powhattan, the troops were landed at what is called the "Brandon Farm." Two small howitzers were also landed and placed in position upon the banks of the river. A small cavalry force, numbering some twenty, were not landed. As soon as the force was landed they made a reconnaissance back into the country some two miles, and succeeded in surprising and capturing a signal station with all its appurtenances and apparatus. Messages deploring the change of sentiment in North Carolina, and the prospect of its return to the old Union; also the movement of a large force through Richmond to North Carolina, with letters relating to the removal of a large quantity of grain and provisions, (now stored on the "Brandon Farm,") to the City of Richmond, were captured, as were the flags, glasses, &c., of the station.

Having secured their prisoners, and all the valuables that could be removed, the force now returned to pay their respects to the stores on the farm, which the rebels expected to transport to Richmond for the use of the Confederate army.

They found the farm in charge of Surgeon Ritchie, formerly of the U. S. Navy, whom they made a prisoner, and succeeded in destroying bacon, flour, corn, oats and hay, and other property, to the amount of from \$250,000 to \$300,000. The above being the estimate made by the rebels, it is not likely to be over-estimated.

The gunboats had not been lying idle during this time, but had captured a schooner laden with tobacco, and a sloop not loaded.

On board the schooner were Jews, with a large amount of money in gold and silver, U. S. Notes and Southern Bank funds, together with a large assortment of jewelry.

The vessels were taken to Old Point with cargo and prisoners, where the flotilla arrived Monday evening. The following is a list of the booty brought back by the flotilla:

Twenty-two prisoners, one schooner laden with tobacco, one sloop (light,) ten horses, one hundred and fifty-three contrabands, and many other articles of less importance.

By some mistake three men of the Twenty-first were left behind on the return of the expedition. Finding themselves alone in the enemy's country, and anticipating a rather unhealthy reception from the rebels, they took to the woods, determined to do or die. Concealing themselves in the woods until night they then resolved to make an attempt to return to Old Point.

They proceeded down the river about eight miles, where they found an old boat in which they undertook to cross the river, but the boat sunk with them and they were obliged to abandon it. They then constructed a raft, but this also sunk and was abandoned.

They again proceeded farther down the river, and luckily found an old boat concealed in the bushes, with which, by constant bailing, they succeeded in crossing.

They then struck across the Peninsula in the direction of Williamsburg, and marching only night and keeping concealed days they thus eluded all pickets and patrols, and after three nights of rapid marching—much of the way through deep swamps and tangled woods, with nothing to eat—they arrived at Yorktown, bringing in with them three refugees from the rebel army.

From Yorktown they proceeded by transport to Old Point, and returned to the regiment at Newport News, where they entertained their comrades with a relation of their sufferings and adventures. Thus ended the expedition which had proved a complete success, and, if we may believe their own reports, was a severe blow to the rebels; and the results accomplished reflect much honor upon both officers and men composing the expedition. The month of January was fast nearing its close, and still enacting the somewhat monotonous routine of daily drills, and growing rapidly fat in the enjoyment of our sweet dreams of peace and the more substantial enjoyment of good living, we had almost, many of us, began to think that after all it was not so bad a thing to be a soldier. How soon those day dreams vanished and gave place to the sterner realities of soldier life, after events will clearly show.

It is often remarked that "coming events cast their shadows before."

To the soldier, however, who, at the dead of night, is startled from refreshing slumbers and pleasant dreams by the sound of the "long roll," or even at mid-day by the less startling but equally unexpected orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice, the remark may well be considered at least a questionable one, and the originator had evidently never been a soldier, and knew nothing of "long rolls" or "marching orders."

He had never experienced the indescribable and pleasurable emotions which the beating of the "long roll" at midnight, in the coldest season of the year, tends to awaken in the mind of one who, a moment before, was quietly and composedly sleeping in his bed of army blankets. He never had witnessed the spasmodic awakening of a regiment thus soundly sleeping, or beheld

the laughable and ludicrous expressions upon the countenances of those thus called forth to duty by an event which cast no shadow in its coming.

To the spectator, the scene created by the "long roll" must be decidedly amusing.

Here he sees some starting from their beds with the wildness of the maniac; others but yet half awake, groping about in the darkness for a missing shoe or tugging away at a tight fitting boot, giving expression to all manner of unchristianlike words. Others, taking the matter more coolly, joke and laugh at the expense of those more troubled and excited or less fortunate than themselves; while the majority, being in no very good humor, very affectionately unite in consigning the author of the affair to the warmest portion of his satanic majesty's dominions, though I am afraid (judging from the language they make use of on many occasions) that they, many of them, will some day find that seats uncomfortably near that fire have been reserved for themselves.

Marching orders in the day time, however, is another and very different affair, and is looked upon more as a humane institution, and consequently there is less excitement and a shade less swearing, though there are those in every regiment who seem to think it a duty to swear fluently and profusely at all times and under all circumstances, and it is a lamentable fact that that class of persons are daily growing more and more numerous in our army, which at the beginning of the war was said to be composed of the best men, with the best morals of any army in the world.

To us, thus quietly situated at Newport News, Va., in the best camp we had ever had, and many of us in the enjoyment of the society of our wives, (the greatest of earth's blessings,) those marching orders came, unexpected and preceded by no foregoing shadow.

"Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro, and tearful eyes, and murmurings of distress, and cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago, blushed at the praise of their own loveliness."

Especially was this the case with some of the ladies, unused to such a hurried change of base, and such abrupt partings from husbands and friends.

But this was no time for ceremony, for the steamer S. R. Spaulding was at the dock and we must embark.

Orders came at three o'clock P. M. on the third day of February, and at 8 P. M. we were nearly all on board, and, after having procured board, lodging, and shelter, for the feminine portion of the regiment at what





was called a hotel, "we left them alone in their glory," with the hope that they might on the morrow return to their homes, where, far removed from "war's wild alarms," they might enjoy that rest which is unknown in the life of a soldier, and where marching orders may never come.

During the embarking of the regiment a very sad accident occurred, by which one man lost his life, and which cast a shade of sadness and melancholy over our whole voyage.

In passing on board the steamer, Patrick Mulligan of Co. E, owing to the imperfect light near the gang-plank, stepped from the dock into the river, and the tide at the time running very swiftly, he was carried beyond the reach of assistance before any could be rendered.

A boat was immediately lowered, but the poor man, unable to hold out, threw up his arms, and uttering one wild and piercing shriek sank down into the cold dark waves and was seen no more. A thorough search was made by the boat for his body, but they returned to the steamer with only his knapsack, from which he had freed himself in his struggles in the water.

At twelve o'clock (midnight) we left the dock and began our voyage to Morehead City, N. C., having a very pleasant voyage until we passed Hatteras, when many of the officers and men began to lose their appetites, which had previously been remarkably good, and soon after many of them might have been seen upon the promenade deck leaning over the side of the ship and throwing themselves away. It happened very well for some of them, however, that their appetites were poor, for it is a bad place for a hungry man in Morehead City, and bad enough for a man that is not hungry.

We arrived here on the morning of the 5th, and disembarking immediately went on duty in the fortifications of the city. Previous to our arrival here the rebels had made an attack upon Newport Barracks—ten miles from the city and on the line of the railroad running from the city to Newbern—the barracks at the time being occupied by the Ninth Vermont, and succeeded in routing the Ninth, who, having in all probability an exaggerated idea of the enemy, made but a feeble stand, set fire to their barracks, the railroad bridge and a large amount of commissary stores, and fell back to the city.

A fort situated near the barracks and commanding the railroad bridge, with several heavy cannon, one a thirty-two-pounder, was also abandoned by its occupants with but a faint show of resistance, the flag being left flying on the flag-staff and the cannon un-

spiked. The rebels, on taking possession of the fort, spiked the cannon and destroyed the carriages and a large quantity of ammunition, cut down the flag-staff and took the flag.

A part of the One Hundred Fifty-eighth New York regiment and a battery were in charge of the fortifications at the city, Colonel Jordeau of the One-Hundred-Fifty-eighth being in command of the sub-district.

On the afternoon of the day we landed, the Twenty-first, the Ninth Vt., a part of the One Hundred Fifty-eighth and one section of a battery, with a small force of cavalry, led by Col. Arthur H. Dutton, of the Twenty-first, started for Newport Barracks, intending to go there or fight for it.

We arrived there about nine o'clock in the evening, having met with no opposition and seeing no enemy.

We found the railroad damaged but little, one bridge only having been burned by them and one by the Ninth Vt. The barracks were one mass of smoking ruins. A train of cars was also run up to the barracks the same evening. We encamped for the night near by the ruins, and Col. Dutton returned to the city on the cars, leaving the command to Colonel Ripley of the Ninth Vt. In the morning we went on picket, where we remained until about two o'clock the next morning, (Feb. 7,) when we received orders from Col. Ripley to fall back to the city, as the enemy had been discovered in our front in large force, and it was feared that they would out flank us and cut off our communication with the city. Accordingly we fell back a distance of five miles to a place honored with the name of Carolina City, (though the city is one of the things yet to be,) where, at the urgent request of Lieut. Colonel Burpee, commanding the Twenty-first, we made a stand and partially awaited coming events.

Having remained here until afternoon and hearing and seeing no signs of an enemy, a company of the Twenty-first were ordered to move cautiously up the railroad towards Newport "on a voyage of discovery," and to immediately report, by given signals, the state of the country and the practicability of an advance. A telegraph operator also accompanied the "forlorn hope," thus bravely periling their lives for the safety of their country. They proceeded *cautiously* along until they arrived at Newport, when they were surprised, *but not captured*, by Assistant Surgeon Charles Tennant of the Twenty-first Conn. Vols., who, being asleep when the forces left to fall back on the city, had, upon awakening and finding himself alone with only an officer's cloak left behind in like

manner, concluded to remain in possession of the place, which he did, until the arrival of the "*expedition of discovery*," when he immediately sent back a dispatch stating that he had held the place twenty-four hours, and thought that he should be able to do so until re-enforcements arrived. Upon the receipt of this despatch it was suggested by some one that we make an immediate advance, and no objection being raised an amendment was offered that we advance by railroad as the quickest way of re-occupying the place. Many of the men being in favor of the amendment, having, as they thought, *marched* over the road as much as was necessary already, it was unanimously adopted and the cars ordered up.

Arriving at Newport, we were received by the Surgeon and the *discovering party*, and a salute of three guns was fired from a cannon they had found and succeeded in removing the spike from and mounting on an old pair of wheels. They reported having seen no enemy, *and we reported the same*.

So we took a little something to steady our nerves and again went on picket, resolved to make a desperate stand if we were attacked and were not ordered back, *and we did*.

Feb. 9th a reconnoissance was made eight miles beyond Newport in the direction and vicinity of Gale's Creek, led by Col. Jordeau, and composed of the Ninth Vt., One Hundred Fifty-eighth N. Y., Twenty-first Conn., part of a battery and a small force of cavalry, and still no enemy was found, they having accomplished all they intended and probably more in their raid upon the barracks of the Ninth Vt., had evidently left as rapidly as they came. On the 11th we returned to Morehead City, having been about eight days, days which will be long remembered by the Twenty-first as the most *gay, festive and glibious* period of our service.

On the 12th we returned to Newport and bivouacked for the night, and on the 13th left for Newbern by railroad, having shaken the dust off our feet, besides washing a large quantity from our faces.

We arrived at Newbern at two P. M., the 13th, and encamped near the city.

Since our arrival Col. Arthur H. Dutton has been appointed Chief of Staff under Maj. Gen. Peck, who is in command of the forces and defenses of North Carolina.

The weather here is very cold; residents say that it is colder than any weather here last winter.

To-day the boys have been skating on a pond near the camp, and they seemed to enjoy it highly, it being to them the first ska-





ting of the season. Night before last we had quite a large fall of snow.

The health of the regiment is remarkably good, but very few being on the sick list.

One case, thought to be "small pox," is reported to-day. DEL.

### **Eighteenth Regiment.**

MARTINSBURG, Va., Jan. 31, 1864.

The soldiers of this department have been blessed with a beautiful Dixie summer for the past month, almost telling us spring has opened. But to day there is quite a difference in the atmosphere. The cold winds of the North sweep down the bleak Blue Ridge, bidding us to put on our overcoats, and reminding us that winter has not yet departed.

Early this morning we were aroused with the tidings that General Milroy was in town. Such was the love, admiration, and respect borne towards him by all the troops under his command, that the men regarded him as a father. As if by magic, the news spread that "Daddy" was here, and all thought he had come to command us again. Suddenly from the camps of the Virginia Brigade a wild shout of enthusiasm rung out upon the air. The other regiments caught up the joyous sound, and cheer upon cheer resounded from one hill to another. But he is not to be our leader; though it is the greatest wish of every soldier in this division.

Early in the day, while the General was standing on the porch of the National Hotel, General Averill's flying brigade came dashing past to reinforce our troops at New Creek, as fighting was then going on. As the head of the line caught a glimpse of their old leader, they gave a shout, wild and loud, which was continued along the whole line, as they dashed past. General Milroy, with General Olds and staff, visited the various camps to-day, each regiment welcoming his arrival with cheers and other demonstrations of joy. He arrived at our camp about noon. The regiment was drawn up in line, and gave him a hearty round of cheers as he approached. The regiment was then ordered into close column, at half distance, to listen to a speech from the General. The General addressed us as follows:

#### *Soldiers of the Eighteenth:*

I am glad to see you once more; I am happy to see you looking so hearty and well; happy to welcome you back again 'neath the folds of your own Stars and Stripes, which you so nobly defended during the three days' fight at Winchester. Since I last saw you, you have suffered captivity in rebel prisons. We have been separated since then, but I have come to see you and to praise you for your gallantry. I saw you in the second day's fight, as you charged the enemy from your rifle pits and drove them back upon their reserves, holding them in check until night, when you fell back, but with your face to the foe. Again I saw you the next morning, facing as hot a fire as I ever witnessed in my life. I looked in

vain to see you waver. Boys, it was a hot place—a hot place. I saw you go where none but brave men dare go; saw you make three successive charges, preserving your line as well as if on dress parade; I witnessed it all; I saw you as you broke the first line of rebel infantry and charged up to their batteries, driving away their gunners, still pressing on and breaking their reserves. But a third line was too strong for you; I knew it was. Only then did you fall back, when your lines were broken and many brave Connecticut men lay bleeding on the field. But you only fell back to reform and give them another taste of your steel. I knew it was madness to order you forward again; it was ordering you to death and annihilation; yet well knowing you would attempt anything for your General. Boys, I watched you with pride as you charged the third time; but when I saw your ranks withering and your comrades falling, it made my heart grow sad within me, and I ordered you to fall back. You know the rest. You were surrounded, and there was no escape. But I miss your noble commander, Colonel Ely; may he soon return to you. Boys, to your valor I owe my safety. You come from a State whose soldiers never disgrace themselves nor their flag. I am proud of you, and ever shall be of such soldiers.

And now accept my wishes for your safe return to your New England homes, when our flag shall wave in triumph over our whole country. Good bye.

C. H. C., CO. F.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### **From the Fifteenth Regiment.**

RED HOUSE, NEAR NEWBERN, N. C., }  
February 24th, 1864. }

During our short stay at Plymouth, N. C., two successful reconnoissances were made. On the 26th January three companies, with small detachments from the three other regiments then located at Plymouth, after proceeding a few miles up the river Roanoke, landed, and succeeded in capturing eighteen prisoners, besides destroying a considerable quantity of stores. On January 29th the second reconnoissance was made. The force consisted of a detail from each company, under command of Lieut. Colonel Samuel Tolles, with a detachment of marines and a company of "Buffaloes." This time the expedition reached Windsor, broke up and destroyed a rebel cavalry camp and stores, captured several prisoners, and considerably damaged their postal arrangements.

Reinforcements having been sent for from Newbern on the late attack on that place, the Fifteenth again embarked, at 6 P. M. on the 3d February, and arrived at Newbern on the evening of the 4th. The rebel General Pickett having retired with his force, the regiment did not disembark until the following morning, when we went into barracks. The right wing, under command of Major E. Walter Osborn, is now doing picket duty, three companies at Red House (twelve miles from Newbern,) and two companies at Beach Grove, about the same distance from Newbern, and six miles from Red House. The troops here are at present under command of Brigadier General Palmer, who is our beau ideal of a soldier.

MASKERY.

☞ This excellent letter was received too late for insertion among the correspondence of the last number.

### **The Tenth Regiment.**

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., }  
Feb. 1st, 1864. }

The admirable discipline of the Tenth Regiment was abundantly shown during the prolonged siege of the exterior defenses of Charleston, as many times before. Going on to Morris Island on the 18th of July, it remained there until October 26th. Yet, in all that time, while having a full share of picket, guard, and fatigue duty, under the galling and incessant artillery fire from the rebel works, in face of which regular approaches were made to Forts Wagner and Gregg, not a man of its number was killed, and but one, the Lieut. Colonel, severely wounded.

This remarkable exemption from casualties, while neighboring regiments were such sufferers, was manifestly in consequence of the men keeping their places and obeying orders. They worked briskly and effectively while they could, and when the call came to "cover," dropped on the instant, and thus protected themselves from the flying shot and shell. There was no straggling, no fool-hardiness. Each man stood where he was told, and did as he was commanded; and, as in other cases, the place of duty proved the place of safety.

In some regiments many were killed or wounded because they were where they had no right to be, or from their non-compliance with orders. This difference in regiments was so marked that after a time the very ambulance drivers came to understand it, and would, at one time, say, "The 10th Connecticut and the 24th Massachusetts are at the front to-night. We can go to sleep. There will be no call for us!" And, again, "We shall have a busy time to-night! The — Regiment is in advance." Such experiences have confirmed our men in respect for discipline, and increased their attachment to the regiment, having so fairly earned a reputation for superiority in this regard.

On the 31st of October, the regiment reached this quaint old town of teeming memories and eternal summer, to rest for a season after the unintermitted labors of the siege and preceding campaign, which had told severely on the health of its men. Major Greeley was then in command, being the only field officer present. A few weeks later, Col. Otis, who was for several months in charge of the Conscript Camp at New Haven, returned, and was right warmly welcomed by officers and men. The next week brought Chaplain Trumbull from his four months confinement in rebel prisons, and the greeting which he received almost atoned for all he had suffered in his prolonged absence. In yet a fortnight more came back Lieut. Colonel Leggett, who lost a leg at Morris Island. He, also, was received most joyously. Thirty-six recruits have since come in from Connecticut. The sick list has been reduced, the number for duty correspondingly increased, and the regiment becoming steadily more and more like its former self.

Its camp is outside the city gates, a short distance beyond the old Spanish fort. The location is a good one. New tents of the A pattern have been recently secured, and pitched on handsome and regular streets, being lifted some two and a half feet from the ground and curtained with the canvas of the tents before condemned. Good





floors and bunks are being made for all, and in many cases substantial chimneys are erected of the peculiar cochina or shell-marl of the vicinity. Good water is obtained by but little digging, and the wells of the several companies are quite attractive, presenting an oriental appearance, with a barrel shaft sunk in a large earth basin walled with turf or china, having wide steps of the same descending from the street level. Much ingenuity is shown in some of the cook-rooms and kitchens, also constructed of turf or cochina, while exquisite taste and real refinement is often displayed in the interior of some of the tents, adorned with the well arranged arms and military equipments, family photographs, home mementoes, bright, golden clusters of oranges, lemons or limes, and fragrant boughs of the abounding jessamine, or bouquets of the rich variety of Southern roses and other flowers of this land of bloom and beauty.

The regimental hospital is in a commodious dwelling, where the sick have all the comforts and good nursing they can have away from home. The kind attention of our good Colonel secures to them such nourishing delicacies as venison, ducks, small birds, and fish, which they could not otherwise obtain, and nearly all of the inmates now bid fair to regain their wasted energies and be again in active service. The Presbyterian Church of the town is used as the regimental house of worship. There the Chaplain preaches each Sabbath morning and conducts a prayer meeting two evenings in the week. A third prayer meeting is held at camp, in the library tent, on another evening of each week, and a Bible class meets in the same place on Sabbath afternoon. The Chaplain also conducts services in the hospital and guard-house, and is always at dress parade to lead in evening prayer. There is more than ordinary religious interest just now in the regiment. Four were recently baptized and made public profession of faith in Jesus. Others expect to follow their example at our next communion season.

About two hundred and fifty of the men have reenlisted for another three years as "veteran volunteers," and are about going home on leave of absence. The noblest spirit of self-sacrificing devotion to country was shown by many of those thus coming forward to testify anew their readiness to do and dare and endure all that may be demanded of them in defense of the government, for the protection of which they have thus far stood so firmly and fought so gallantly. One of the best evidences of the worth of our free republican institutions is furnished in the character of the brave men who are now in the army of our National Union. They are an honor to our country, an honor to themselves, and an honor to our race.

H. C. T.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### The First Connecticut Cavalry.

BALTIMORE, Md., Feb. 25th, 1864.

COL. WM. S. FISH.

We were pleased to learn about the middle of January that the Colonel had positively resigned his position as Provost Marshal and taken up his quarters on the camp. A few days after, to our utter surprise and regret, we were informed of his arrest and imprisonment by the War Department, which

took place on the 24th. It is sufficient to say, we await the issue and hope for the best.

#### MARCHING ORDERS.

By a special order from the War Department, dated the 17th February, 1864, this regiment is transferred to the Army of the Potomac, and instructed to place itself en route to join that army in Virginia.

#### THE DEDICATION.

In the February number of the War Record, mention was made of the praiseworthy enterprise of building a chapel on this camp. We call it praiseworthy, but it is more than praiseworthy. Ungodliness and irreligion are supposed to be fearfully prevalent in the army, and so they are; but here is a regiment of soldiers, encamped for a transient period, with their own hands and at their own expense erecting a chapel for the worship of God, and presenting the little sanctuary as a humble offering to the Most High. It is a spectacle of moral beauty and grandeur, and a mark of high moral and religious sentiment, which makes a regiment an honor to itself and the State it represents. The dedication occurred on the third Sabbath in January, and was an occasion of interest to the large number present.

#### VISITORS FROM CONNECTICUT.

We were very much gratified by a recent visit from the Rev. John M. Morris, editor of the Connecticut War Record. Remaining over Sabbath, he preached to us a very interesting and appropriate discourse. Mr. Morris is well known by his services in the army and through the Record as an ardent patriot and a friend of Connecticut soldiers; and let him go where he will, among Connecticut regiments, warm-hearted, loyal men will bid him welcome.

A few days ago, his Excellency the Governor of Connecticut appeared on the camp, to the delight of the whole regiment. We are always glad to see him. Toward Governor Buckingham there is only one sentiment among soldiers—that of sincere love and respect.

#### NEW OFFICERS.

Aside from the promotions which have taken place in this command, several new officers have joined us directly from the State and from other regiments, viz.: Major Brayton Ives, Surgeon George A. Hurlburt, Captain A. G. Warner, Lieutenant J. H. Kane, Lieutenant E. M. Neville, Lieutenant W. H. Gore, and Lieutenant A. F. Phillips.

#### RECENT DEATHS IN THE REGIMENT.

The Connecticut Cavalry has sustained a great loss in the death of Lieutenant E. H. Latimer, of Company C, which occurred on the 15th inst. He passed away very sud-

denly, and the event was the more painful to his friends because the character of his disease remained a mystery until he was dead, when a physician in the city pronounced it the small pox, and his brother, who had come to take the corpse home to be buried, was obliged to lay it in a cemetery far from home, and unattended by father and mother and other kindred; but the deceased had won the love of his comrades, and we, who knew him well, were mourners together, while

The stranger's eye wept that in life's brightest bloom  
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb."

Richard Johnson, a private in Company G, and formerly a soldier in the rebel army, arose on the morning of the 17th in usual health and vigor, but in a few moments he fell to the floor, and expired before a physician could reach the room. Heart disease was pronounced to be the cause of his sudden death.

I here record the names of others who have died within the last few weeks: Frederick W. Baker, Co. M; Eugene A. Chaffee, Co. H; Wm. H. Burbanks, Co. K; John Burke, Co. M, and George W. Tillett, Co. M. The remains of Chaffee, Baker and Burbanks were sent home; the others were buried in the soldiers' cemetery near this city, where about one thousand brave men are already sleeping side by side. But few of the graves are marked with marble slabs. They lie near each other, in rows, and give to the place the appearance of a ploughed field. Such furrows are turned by the plowshare of rebellion—such scenery cruel war presents!

ED. RINER.

## PERSONAL.

### Promotions.

#### 1ST CAVALRY.

Brayton Ives, of New Haven, to be Major, with rank from Feb. 4, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

1st Lieut. Manton D. Upson, to be Captain, with rank from Feb. 5, 1864, vice Atwater, resigned.

Sergt. Chas. Bradley, of Co. D, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 5, 1864, vice Bliss, declined commission.

Sergt. Edward H. Latimer, of Co. C, to be 2d Lieutenant, with rank from Feb. 5, 1864, vice Gore, declined promotion.

Captain George O. Marcy, to be Major, with rank from Feb. 17th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Private Uriah N. Parmelee, Co. I, 6th N. Y. Cavalry, of Guilford, Conn., to be 2d Lieutenant, for gallant conduct at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, with rank from Feb. 17th, 1864, vice Latimer, deceased.

2d Lieutenant James R. Straut, to be 1st Lieutenant, with rank from February 26th, 1864, vice Lord, resigned.

Sergt. Benjamin B. Tuttle, of Co. D, to be 2d Lieutenant, with rank from Feb. 26th, vice Straut, promoted.





## 2D REGIMENT ARTILLERY.

Captain William B. Ellis, to be Major, with rank from Feb. 6, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

2d Lieut. James A. Coe, Co. A, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

2d Lieut. Oliver P. Loomis, Co. F, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

2d Lieut. Wilbur W. Birge, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

2d Lieut. Wm. McK. Rice, of Co. C, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

2d Lieut. John M. Gregory, of Co. G, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Sergt. Maj. Theodore F. Vail, of Co. A, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Sergt. Gad N. Smith, of Co. G, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Quartermaster Sergeant Edward C. Huxley, of Co. C, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

1st Sergt. Horace Hubbard, of Co. D, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, vice Coe, promoted.

1st Sergt. George K. Hyde, of Co. C, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, vice Loomis, promoted.

1st Sergt. Orlow J. Smith, of Co. E, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, vice Birge, promoted.

1st Sergt. Dwight C. Kellbourn, of Co. A, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, vice Rice, promoted.

1st Sergt. Wm. H. Cogswell, of Co. B, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, vice Gregory, promoted.

1st Sergt. Michael Kelley, of Co. G, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Sergt. Orsamus R. Tyler, of Co. C, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Sergt. James R. McCabe, of Co. C, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Sergt. George B. Hempstead, of Co. A, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Sergt. Calvin B. Hatch, of Co. A, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Sergt. Hubbard E. Tuttle, of Co. E, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Sergt. John E. Wheeler, of Co. F, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Sergt. Henry S. McKinney, of Co. I, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Captain James Q. Rice, to be Major, with rank from Feb. 17th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

1st Lieut. Bradley D. Lee, to be Captain, with rank from Feb. 17th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

2d Lieut. Edward W. Marsh, to be Captain, with rank from Feb. 17th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

David R. Norman, of Bridgeport, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 17th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

1st Lieut. James Deane, to be Captain, with rank from Feb. 19th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

James M. Snowden, of New Haven, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 25th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

## 6TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Jay P. Wilcox, to be Captain, with rank from Feb. 5th, 1864, vice Prouty, resigned.

2d Lieut. Bennett S. Lewis, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 5th, 1864, vice Wilcox, promoted.

Com. Sergt. Charles J. Buckbee, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 5th, 1864, vice Lewis, promoted.

1st Lieut. John Stottlar, to be Captain, with rank from Feb. 19th, 1864, vice Klein, promoted.

1st Lieut. John P. King, to be Captain, with rank from Feb. 19th, 1864, vice Boudreau, resigned.

2d Lieut. Clovis E. Hammond, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 19th, 1864, vice Stottlar, promoted.

2d Lieut. Wm. T. Bradley, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 19th, 1864, vice Dana, promoted in U. S. A.

2d Lieut. Dwight A. Woodruff, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 19th, 1864, vice Nichols, resigned.

1st Sergt. Joseph Miller, of Co. C, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 19th, 1864, vice King, promoted.

1st Sergt. Sidney S. Hicks, of Co. B, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 19th, 1864, vice Hammond, promoted.

Sergt. Gottlieb Hildebrand, of Co. C, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 19th, 1864, vice Woodruff, promoted.

Sergt. Hiram S. Grant, of Co. A, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 19th, 1864, vice Bradley, promoted.

## 13TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Frank Wells, to be Captain, with rank from Jan. 29th, 1864, vice Grosvenor, promoted.

2d Lieut. John C. Kinney, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Jan. 29th, 1864, vice Welles, promoted.

Sergt. John M. Lyman, of Co. C, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Jan. 29th, 1864, vice Kinney, promoted.

## 17TH REGIMENT.

Captain Henry Allen, to be Major, with rank from Feb. 20th, 1864, vice Brady, resigned.

1st Lieut. James H. Ayres, to be Captain, with rank from Feb. 20th, 1864, vice McQuahae, dismissed.

2d Lieut. Frederick C. Betts, to be Captain, with rank from Feb. 20th, 1864, vice Allen, promoted.

1st Lieut. Theodore Gray, to be Captain, with rank from Feb. 20th, 1864, vice McCartney, dismissed.

2d Lieut. Albert W. Peck, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 20th, 1864, vice Blinn, resigned.

2d Lieut. Joseph E. Morehouse, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 20th, 1864, vice Knapp, resigned.

2d Lieut. James E. Hubbell, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 20th, 1864, vice Gray, promoted.

2d Lieut. George C. Peck, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 20th, 1864, vice Mead, discharged for disability.

1st Sergt. Henry Worth, of Co. D, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 20th, 1864, vice Peck, promoted.

1st Sergt. George W. Shaw, of Co. F, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 20th, 1864, vice Morehouse, promoted.

## 20TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. John H. Doolittle, to be Captain, with rank from Feb. 6, 1864, vice Chaffee, honorably discharged.

1st Lieut. Ezra Sprague, to be Captain, with rank from Feb. 6, 1864, vice Burbank, resigned, to enter regular army.

2d Lieut. John E. Royce, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6, 1864, vice Sprague, promoted.

2d Lieut. Alexander E. Mintie, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6, 1864, vice Doolittle, promoted.

1st Sergt. Cecil A. Burleigh, Co. I, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6, 1864, vice Lewis, promoted.

1st Sergt. Andrew F. Barnes, Co. E, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6, 1864, vice Mintie, promoted.

1st Sergt. Wellington Barry, Co. D, to be 2d

Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6, 1864, vice Royce, promoted.

## 21ST REGIMENT.

2d Lieut. Wm. S. Hubbell, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 1, 1864, vice Trumbull, dismissed.

Henry E. Porter, M. D., of Hebron, to be 2d Asst. Surgeon, with rank from Feb. 22, 1864, vice Sumner, commission revoked.

1st Sergt. Frederick W. H. Buell, Co. H, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 26, 1864, vice Hawkins, dismissed.

2d Lieut. Francis M. Bliss, 1st Cavalry, having declined the appointment, his commission was revoked Feb. 3.

## REGIMENTAL.

## The Location of Regiments.

The First Artillery is still in the defenses of Washington, with Headquarters at Fort Richardson. Batteries B and M, however, of this splendid regiment are and have for a long time been a part of the reserve artillery of the army of the Potomac, and are now near Brandy Station, Va. A large proportion of the men eligible to reenlistment have reenlisted and are now on furlough in the State. The First and Second are brigaded together.

The Second Artillery is in the defenses at Washington; the Headquarters are at Fort Ellsworth; letters should be directed to Alexandria. This fine regiment has been very rapidly filled to the maximum and is now diligently drilling its numerous recruits.

The First Light Battery remains quietly at Folly Island, in the Department of the South, unless they have been suddenly ordered to form a part of the re-enforcements sent to Florida, which is not probable.

The Second Light Battery left Camp Barry Jan. 24th for New Orleans, where they arrived Feb. 5th and are now encamped near the bank of the Mississippi, opposite the city.

The First Cavalry have had Headquarters for many months at Baltimore. The regiment has been rapidly recruited and is filled to the maximum. Marching orders were received Feb. 17th. The regiment is about to join the Army of the Potomac. At the time orders were received only two companies in the camp and four companies at Harpers' Ferry were mounted. To procure horses and camp equipage will of course require a considerable time, and the whole regiment will not probably be fairly in the field and ready for action before the middle of March.

First Squadron of Cavalry—This detachment of Connecticut men is but little known to the people of Connecticut. It was made a part of the Harris Light Cavalry and has borne well its part in the various fortunes and many splendid achievements of that fine cavalry regiment. Lieut. E. W. Whitaker of the squadron is aid to Gen. Kilpatrick, and the whole squadron are doubtless with that daring General in his bold raid to the rear of Gen. Lee's army. We hope soon to print a history of this gallant detachment of Connecticut men.

Fifth Infantry—The Headquarters in the field of the Fifth are at Cowan, Tenn. They belong to the 12th Army Corps. The veterans of this regiment assembled at Wallingford Feb. 29th, preparatory to their return to active service.

The Sixth Infantry—Headquarters at Hilton Head. The veterans of this gallant regiment left New Haven Feb. 22, and the regiment is ere this again ready for duty in the Department of the South.

The Seventh Infantry—The veterans of this regiment also left New Haven Feb. 22d, and have arrived ere this at St. Helena Island, their former headquarters and perhaps have joined their brave comrades in Florida.





In the engagement at Olustee only the veterans who refused to reenlist and the substitutes were engaged, but the former proved that it was no lack of courage which prevented their reenlistment and the latter that they had caught the spirit which has made the men of the Seventh heroes and their record glorious.

In this fierce and unequal battle the Seventh were thrown forward as skirmishers, and right sternly and sturdily did they do their work.

The testimony of one having certainly no especial interest—the correspondent of the New York Herald—is as follows: "Great praise is awarded by all to the Seventh Connecticut, Colonel Hawley, for their superb conduct in the advance, throughout the fight, as skirmishers. They did not falter or waver, but employed their Spencer rifles so accurately and effectively that the enemy will long have occasion to remember their presence on the field. They lost quite heavily."

No accurate list has yet come to hand, and we forbear to cause needless anxiety by an incorrect list.

The Eighth Infantry is located at Portsmouth, Va., and belongs to the 18th Army Corps, as also the 11th, 15th, 16th and 21st Connecticut regiments. The veterans of this sturdy regiment rendezvoused according to orders at Hartford, but suitable accommodations could not be obtained for any reasonable sum and they were ordered to Wallingford and quartered in a large unoccupied factory.

The veterans left New Haven Feb. 27th on the Transport Daniel Webster, and have joined their comrades in the comfortable camp at Portsmouth.

The Ninth Infantry belongs to the 19th Army Corps, as also the Twelfth and Thirteenth. It is probably in the vicinity of New Orleans. The veterans of the Ninth have been expected home, but have not yet started. The number of reenlistments has not yet been reported officially.

The Tenth Infantry has had quarters at St. Augustine, Florida. The regiment was under orders Feb. 15th, to move inland, and was probably at some point on the main coast while the expedition of Gen. Seymour advanced into the interior. The veterans are enjoying themselves as honored soldiers at home alone can. They had a noble reception, and we regret that a full account of it must be postponed until our next number.

The Eleventh Infantry rendezvoused with the Eighth, and returned with them to Portsmouth, and thence to Williamsburg. Their old Headquarters are at Gloucester Point. The comrades they left behind probably will not again join the regiment.

The Twelfth Infantry is all at home. The men who did not reenlist were placed in another regiment and will belong no more to the Twelfth.

The veterans looked finely and are now being honored and feted as unflinching soldiers in a noble cause deserve. A part of their history, very finely written, appeared in our February number, and the remainder will appear in the April number, as also a full account of their reception and perhaps, (though we hope not,) of their return.

The Thirteenth Infantry is at Thibodeaux, La. We have hoped, ere this, to greet the veterans and welcome them to their homes. They have a large number of recruits from Louisiana who cannot properly reenlist and the three fourths requisite to a furlough for the regiment, cannot readily be obtained, unless these are allowed to reenlist.

We trust that the difficulty will soon be obviated so as to enable them to enjoy the pleasant reward of their enduring patriotism.

The Fourteenth Infantry belong to the 2nd Army Corps. They are now on the Rapidan. No Connecticut regiment even of the first three hundred thousand has suffered greater privations or greater loss in battle, and we record it with pride, their record is one of exalted and stainless honor. The letter from the Fourteenth, on page 164, written by a noble officer who did his part

on the spot, abundantly refutes the misrepresentations of the New York Herald.

The Twentieth Infantry has its headquarters at Decherd, Tenn., and is still in scattered detachments guarding the railroad. It belongs to the 12th Army Corps. We regret exceedingly to record the death of Captain Upton, from the wounds barbarously inflicted on him after his capture by our heartless foes.

The Twenty-first Infantry is now at Newbern, N. C. It is one of the finest regiments in the service, and has exhibited recently coolness and steadiness when others seemed half frightened out their wits. A spirited and amusing account of recent experiences will be found among our correspondence. Col. A. H. Dutton of the Twenty-first is appointed Chief of Staff to Gen. Peck, and Lieut. Col. Burpee is in command of the regiment.

### The Ninth Army Corps.

GEN. BURNSIDE has made very urgent application to the War Department to restore the 8th, 10th, 11th, 15th, 16th and 21st Connecticut regiments to his command. He has also earnestly requested Gov. Buckingham to second his application. The first three regiments were with the gallant General in North Carolina, and there learned to love and honor him, and to put perfect confidence in him. The 10th remained in North Carolina and the 8th, 11th and 16th were under him at South Mountain and Antietam. The 8th, 11th, 15th and 16th were in the ninth corps at the battle of Fredericksburg. They would at his order have at any time carried St. Mary's heights. Believing him to have been falsely dealt with by envious subordinates, that sad disaster has not weakened their confidence in him or diminished their enthusiastic affection.

There is no doubt that the request of Gen. Burnside will be granted and that the old ninth corps will again be marshaled together, and when the grand old ninth, augmented to forty thousand men, and are led by their own matchless commander, moves against the foe, it will move with swift and resistless force to splendid victory. With trusty generals and his own sturdy veterans Burnside is invincible.

A commissioned officer and ten men, one from each company, have been detailed for recruiting service and ordered to report to Gen. Burnside.

### From the First Connecticut Artillery.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST CONNECTICUT ARTILLERY,  
Near Fort Richardson, Va.,  
February 14, 1864.)  
[Order No. 31.]

It is the painful duty of the Colonel Commanding to announce to the Regiment the death of one of its most talented officers, Captain CHARLES E. BULKELEY, who expired yesterday at Battery Garesche, Va.

Owing to their great anxiety to start for Connecticut to-day with the remains, Captain Bulkeley's relatives have declined the escort and the preliminary funeral service heretofore ordered. They are, therefore, countermanded.

Being thus deprived of the opportunity of paying the usual tokens of respect to his memory, the officers of the regiment are invited to assemble at these headquarters at 7 P. M. to-day, to give expression by some other method to the regret occasioned by his death.

As a testimonial of respect for the deceased, the officers will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

By order of Colonel ABBOT.

B. V. LEARNED,  
1st Lieut. and Adj't.

At a meeting of the officers of the First Connecticut Artillery, called on February 14th, 1864, to express their regret at the decease of their associate and friend, Captain CHARLES E. BULKELEY, First Connecticut Artillery, and their sympathy with his parents and relatives in their loss, the following resolutions were adopted:

*Resolved*, That in the decease of Captain Bulkeley, the Regiment has lost an officer whose energy of character, and whose thorough knowledge of his duties, rendered of great value to the service, and whose genial disposition and mental accomplishment made a valued friend.

Joining the Regiment just before it started for the Peninsula, Captain Bulkeley devoted himself to his new duties until his health failed under his exertions. After the return of the Regiment to the defenses of Washington, he was selected, for his proficiency, to fill the responsible duties of Adjutant of the First Battalion. Only about one month ago, he received his well-earned promotion to the grade of Captain, and now, before his company has had an opportunity to benefit from his well known ability, we are suddenly called upon to mourn his loss—a loss which, whether as an officer or as a friend, we all sincerely feel.

*Resolved*, That we tender our earnest sympathy to his parents and relatives, in their affliction, which to them must be the more severe from Captain Bulkeley's long absence from home in the discharge of his duties to his country.

*Resolved*, That Colonel Abbot be requested to communicate a copy of these resolutions to Captain Bulkeley's parents, in the hope that the knowledge of the sincere sympathy of the Regiment may alleviate their grief.

A true copy.

HENRY L. ABBOT,  
Col. First Conn. Artillery.

### A Beautiful Monument.

In the ancient family cemetery of the Griswolds at Black Hall, in Old Lyme, stands a new monument of most expressive design and elegant finish. It is erected in honor of Capt. John Griswold of Old Lyme, who was killed at the battle of Antietam. The beautiful structure was designed by Mr. Thomas Adams of Hartford, and executed in marble at his works in Hartford.

"Over the top is thrown the Union flag, with the stars and stripes cut in the marble, and each bend preserved by the artist's skill so naturally that we wonder at its perfection. Beneath, on the front of the work, is a representation of a laurel wreath—the garland for victors—in the centre of which is hung an officer's military cap, and beneath a sword, scabbard, and trappings."

This design Mr. Adams caught from visiting the home of the deceased, and seeing his sword, cap, etc., hung up in the hall, surrounded by a wreath, and with peculiar skill transferred in proper proportion to the marble. Below the wreath are the words "Antietam, September 17th, 1862," and beneath these the words which Capt. Griswold, as he lay in the hospital, mortally wounded, uttered to his honored commander, General Burnside, "I die as I have ever wished to die, for my country."

Next is this inscription: "Capt. John Griswold, born at Lyme, April 24, 1837. Mortally wounded while gallantly leading his company near the bridge at Antietam, September 17th, 1862." And last, near the base, are the heroic words of his message home—"Tell my mother I died at the head of my company." On the reverse side of the monument is a resume of his life after he graduated from Yale College. "He returned from the Pacific Ocean to bear his part in the war; volunteered in November, 1861, and fought under General Burnside at Newbern and Antietam. He cheerfully gave up his young life, rich with health and strength, and adorned with all manly accomplishments, for his country."

This monument—chaste and peculiarly appropriate in design and unsurpassed in execution—is a lasting honor to the artist and a fit tribute to a man of spotless character and matchless bravery.





## HOME DEPARTMENT.

## Our State Militia.

NUMBER FIVE.

We have in previous articles endeavored to show that our present militia system is unjust, unwise, and unpopular. Perhaps we have spent too much time and occupied too much space in seeking to make this fact apparent. For, after all, the whole matter is in a nut-shell. The State, by its legislation on the subject, virtually concedes the importance of a State Militia, and then frames a law which compels poor men to do all the work and bear all the pecuniary burdens, and, as a compensation, permits them to enjoy the inestimable privilege of protecting the persons and property of those who dodge their duty by paying an annual tax of one dollar!

Either any militia system is a transparent farce, unworthy of consuming the time of our liberal and learned legislators, or else the legislation of Connecticut on this subject has been characterized by incredible meanness. We do not believe that this illiberality has been deliberate and intentional. We cannot think that there has been a systematic design to render our Militia contemptible in the eyes of our citizens. The more charitable construction of the conduct of the Legislature is, that they have aimed to frame military laws having absolutely nothing in view but the saving of expense to tax-payers. They have not stopped to think that there were large and inevitable expenses to be met by somebody. It seems never to have occurred to them that these heavy pecuniary burdens were borne by poor men. And, most strange of all, they appear to have lost sight of the fact—staring everybody else in the face—that the sum which they refuse to appropriate, because it would fall too heavily on *all the tax-payers of the whole State*, they expect to be raised and expended by a very small fraction of that portion of our citizens who are least able to meet these expenses. We ask any man, rich or poor, wise or ignorant, gentle or simple, if such a theory and practice as this are not monstrous? Such legislation is either culpably careless, or it is sheer cowardice.

Let the issue be fairly made and fairly met. If we need no militia system, let all legislation on the subject cease, and all existing militia laws be repealed. If, on the other hand, the events of the past three years have abundantly demonstrated the imperative importance of raising and maintaining an effective militia, let such laws be enacted as

shall make equitable distribution of the expenses to be incurred. The fact that the debt of the State is already large and may be increased during the current year, is nothing to the purpose. The fact that some tax-payers may grumble at the additional burden, is equally irrelevant. If we need a State militia, we are bound by every principle of honor and justice to provide some mode of compelling every citizen to contribute his fair proportion of the amount required to make the militia respectable and respected.

Correspondents have suggested in these columns the propriety of calling a meeting of the members and friends of the Connecticut Militia, to decide upon some plan of putting these considerations prominently before the public. It is a wise and opportune suggestion. The people of Connecticut need information upon this important subject. No State has made more liberal appropriations to encourage enlistments in our volunteer army; no State has more carefully or more generously provided for the support of the families of her brave men who are maintaining the honor of Connecticut and the Union on the bloody battle field. An appeal to the justice and the common sense of the voters of the State, will not be in vain. Such an appeal should be made, and made without delay. And the field and line officers of the Connecticut Militia, having the best means of knowing what the facts in the case really are, should assemble at an early day, and make such representations of the present conditions and wants of the Militia as will commend their cause to the intelligence and sense of justice of every true and loyal son of Connecticut.

We had intended to say something in this article about the nature of the provisions required to make our Militia what it should be. These considerations must be reserved for another article.

MILITIA.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

Mr. Editor—I, with a great many others, have carefully perused the articles in the War Record, in regard to our Connecticut Militia. I think with the proper management a very effective militia force might be raised. I like the plan of my friend S., in his correspondence of last month, to call a military convention and devise some means whereby it may be an inducement to every military subject to become a member. In a great many instances persons cannot afford to buy a uniform. I would suggest the propriety of having the State furnish the uniform of the privates, and if to effect this it would be necessary to reduce their pay let it be reduced to one dollar per day, and let the general muster in the fall continue at least two weeks.

Very Respectfully Yours,

LIEUTENANT.

Ridgefield, Ct., Feb. 29, 1864.

## THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

MARCH, 1864.

\*All communications should be addressed to "THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD," New Haven, Conn.

We contend for the great inheritance of constitutional freedom transmitted from our revolutionary fathers. We engage in the struggle forced upon us, with sorrow, as against our misguided brethren, but with high heart and faith, as we war for that Union which our sainted Washington commended to our dearest affections.—*Edward Everett.*

The thorough and well written history of the Three Months' Volunteers is concluded in the present number. The other histories will rapidly follow.

The conclusion of the history of the 12th C. V., and also of the 13th, is unavoidably postponed.

A communication concerning the 28th C. V. is gratefully acknowledged. It was received too late for the present number.

We hasten to inform our subscribers in the city of New Haven of a recent discovery, which must also constitute an apology. The carrier was accustomed to take from the bindery all the city circulation—within three or four days after the issue of each number. We supposed them all delivered within that time. But meeting him in the street with a bundle of the February number of the War Record under his arm—three weeks after its issue—led us to discover that the papers were taken from the bindery to a convenient place and distributed at his leisure. This arrangement, although so neat and convenient for him, we propose immediately to disturb by employing a new carrier for the next number.

If our subscribers hereafter fail to receive the War Record regularly we would thank them to leave word at the Office, No. 16 Exchange Building, or at the bookstore of Horace C. Peck, successor to Peck, White & Peck.

THE AMERICAN CONFLICT, BY HORACE GREELY. —We have just enjoyed some hours in examining specimen pages of this history of the Rebellion. It is printed in first-rate style and will give a foretaste of the rare feast which awaits its future readers. It is not a mere history of the facts, but it will be a history of the progress of opinion before and during the war. It will combine fact and philosophy.

These pages are energetic, thorough and candid, and evince that clearness, force, and appropriateness of style which belong only to a master of the English language.

Capt. H. Atwater, 1st Cavalry, resigned Jan. 19, 1864; Chaplain H. S. Wayland, 7th Regt. resigned Jan. 7, 1864; 2d Lieut. Wm. G. Hawkins, 21st Regt., dismissed Jan. 20, 1864; Capt. B. F. Prouty, 6th C. V., resigned December 31, 1863; 2d Lieut. Philo B. Sherman, 2d Battery, resigned Jan. 13, 1864; 1st Lieut. L. L. Dyer, 14th C. V., dismissed Jan. 11, 1864; 2d Lieut. D. S. Coe, 7th Regt., honorably discharged Jan. 25, 1864; Capt. S. H. Gray, 7th Regt., honorably discharged Jan. 27, 1864; 1st Lieut. J. C. Nichols, 6th Regt., honorably discharged Jan. 31, 1864; 1st Lieut. Jesse H. Lord, 1st Cavalry, honorably discharged Feb. 17, 1864; Capt. Charles E. Bulkley, 1st Artillery, died Feb. 13, 1864.





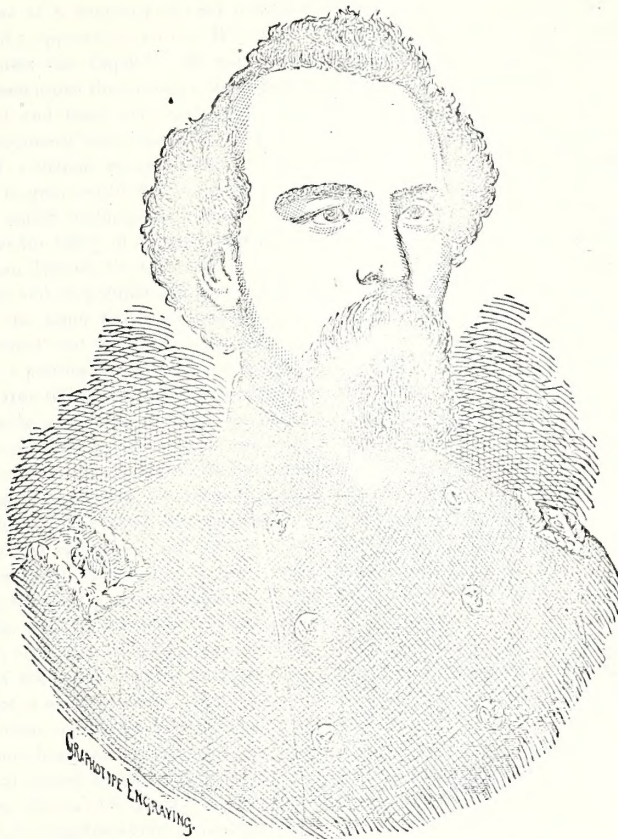
# THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

JOHN M. MORRIS, Editor.  
HORACE C. PECK, Publisher.

NEW HAVEN, APRIL, 1864.

VOL. I. No. 9.  
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*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## Colonel Charles L. Russell.

It is natural to dread the approach of death. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, under all circumstances, alike, shrink from the thought of dissolution. But in the abodes of peace the sorrowful lessons of mortality are not read as we read them in the beginnings of a great and terrible war. The death of those who early fell in the present mighty struggle for the Union moved the national heart with emotions of peculiar sadness. It taught us the wholesome truth that the soldier of to-day, who lays down his life in preserving that glorious structure which a Washington lived to build, not only claims our grief, but incites our admiration. While we were mourning the

loss of our Winthrop, our Lyon, and other victims who day by day were numbered among the slain, and while the rebellion was developing its gigantic proportions and sorrow sat heavy upon the countenances of all, the subject of this brief memoir fell a martyr to freedom, in the bloody battle on the Island of Roanoke.

Charles Lambert Russell was born in the town of Litchfield, Conn., July 25, 1828. At a very early age he removed, with his father, Samuel S. Russell, to the village of Westville, in the town of New Haven. Here he resided until he was twelve years old, when he moved to Derby, Conn., where he remained until the Rebellion broke out and he entered the army. Unblessed either with a distinguished or wealthy parentage, young Russell, like most of the sons of New Eng-

land, had to work his way in life and rise in the world by dint of his own exertions. Fully convinced of the importance of self-reliance, added to a most commendable zeal, he began early to seek every opportunity of physical, moral and mental improvement. The writer of this knew him well from his boyhood and watched him with much interest as the promises of youth gave place to ripened manhood. Scarcely had he emerged from the narrow limits of the District School when we find him figuring in the village Lyceum—a zealous, working, influential member, not a scholar, but a mere boy learning the humble trade of a tack-maker, yet eager to improve his mind by every means of intellectual culture in his power. From his scanty earnings he spent his “spare change” in the purchase of books, which formed the nucleus of a valuable select library. Naturally fond of reading and mostly self-taught, his leisure hours were spent in acquiring useful knowledge. Honest, industrious, confiding, affable in his manner, modest in his pretensions, ardent in his friendship, and identifying himself with every good work, he soon became a pattern for imitation and a leader among his companions. With such qualities of head and heart it need hardly be added that he had much influence among those in the same sphere of life, and won the confidence and esteem of all who knew him outside of that sphere.

He early displayed unusual fondness for military pursuits, and enlisted a private in a company called the “Derby Blues,” under the State organization, while yet in his teens. He soon rose to the rank of Captain, and under his command the company became one of the best drilled and disciplined in the State. Military organizations at that time had fallen into disrepute and were generally looked upon with contempt by the people; but young Russell, with his characteristic zeal and earnestness, labored assiduously for their improvement and perfection, and for his faithfulness and efficiency in military affairs he received the appointment of a regimental staff-officer, which position he held until the outbreak of the rebellion.

During the heated campaign of 1860 Capt. Russell was fully impressed that the South would make war upon the Government in case of the election of Mr. Lincoln.





In reply to the question what will be the condition of things in 1864, he remarked to the writer, "before that day arrives this country will run red with blood—I see it—I believe it, and I tremble that the *notes of preparation* are not already sounding in our ears." When the Inauguration ceremonies of President Lincoln were threatened with violence and bloodshed he voluntarily agreed to be one of a company of sixty men, well organized, to proceed at once to Washington and protect the Capitol. He publicly advocated and urged the measure, which showed his head and heart were in the right place, but subsequently abandoned the project for want of sufficient encouragement. He is entitled to great credit for the interest and anxiety which he manifested at this critical period for the safety of his government.

Captain Russell, though mild in his deportment and of peculiar gentleness of manner, at the same time was possessed of a strong mind and an unflinching will. He was not a political partisan, but an American patriot, true to his principles as the needle is to the pole, and being actuated by earnest motives and high resolves it was the height of his ambition to do his whole duty faithfully and energetically, wherever that duty called him. He loved his country, was proud of her institutions and willing to test the sincerity of his devotion to his Government in the most practical manner. Hence, when the first gun was fired on the starving garrison of Sumter, causing that mighty uprising of the people of the North, he hesitated not a moment what course to pursue. Like Putnam of old he quit his humble avocation and hastened to the work of raising troops to defend his imperiled country. The company which he formally commanded through his exertions enlisted and joined the Second Regiment under Col. Terry. Capt. Russell, from his well known ability and long acquaintance with the militia of the State, was commissioned Adjutant of this regiment. How well and heroically he performed his duties in that brief but trying and inglorious campaign of ninety days the military records bear ample testimony. He was in the engagement of Bull Run and acquitted himself with honor, receiving from General Keyes, the commander of his division, a special commendation for his coolness and bravery on that occasion. It may here be stated that no blame is attributed to either Connecticut officers or soldiers for any disgrace growing out of the defeat of the Federal forces in that disastrous battle.

After his discharge from the ninety days' service Adjutant Russell returned to his workshop in Derby, much dejected and re-

duced in his physical powers from undue exposure in the open field during the hot weather. He felt keenly the disasters of Bull Run, but was justly sensible that his countrymen, in due time, would fasten the blame where it belonged. On his return home his "mind was ill at ease" while the dreadful strife and conflict were going on in the field. His desire to aid in sustaining the Government was so strong that he immediately, and before his health had sufficiently improved, commenced the raising of another volunteer company, which was soon joined to the Eighth regiment, then being formed in New Haven. While occupying the post of Captain at this place the Governor tendered him the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the Tenth Regiment, which was mustering at that time in Hartford. There was one serious obstacle in the way of his transfer to the Tenth. The members of his company, so warmly attached to him, manifested much feeling and anxiety at the thought of his leaving them, and offered to make up from their own funds the difference of pay between a Captain and a Lieutenant-Colonelcy, provided he would remain in their company. He hesitated, and partially declined the offer of a Lieutenant-Colonelcy, but finally a compromise was made by transferring his company from the Eighth to the Tenth. He was then appointed Lieut. Colonel of the latter regiment, and shortly afterwards promoted to its Colonelcy.

This regiment was soon brought into a high state of perfection in drill and discipline. Colonel Russell, both by precept and example, labored hard to elevate the moral character of those under his command, teaching them true courage—exhorting them to respect themselves at all times as men, and to abstain from the many abuses so often practised by the soldiers. Thus, his regiment, which has since earned in the field the proud title of "the honored Tenth," before it was ordered to leave the State was universally admired and acknowledged to be inferior to none which had taken the field.

At that time the famous expedition or fleet of seventy-two vessels, under General Burnside, was being fitted out, to which the Connecticut Tenth was attached. The ninth of January, a day never to be forgotten in American annals, on a dark and foggy morning, the expedition sailed for the coast of North Carolina. Myriads on myriads of anxious hearts were lifted in earnest, humble prayer to our common Father, that He would guard and protect that little floating city as it proudly moved in martial array on the bosom of the Atlantic. After a long and perilous voyage, amid storms and gales

and shipwrecks and losses, our troops finally landed and captured, on the 8th of February, Roanoke Island. The difficulties encountered, the obstacles overcome, and the sufferings endured by the brave men under Gen. Burnside in forcing their way into Pamlico Sound and along a dangerous coast during the most inclement season of the year, are already matters of history. In storming the entrenchments of the enemy the Connecticut Tenth bore a most conspicuous part. The Twenty-fifth Massachusetts Regiment forward the van. Column after column pressed in front of the hostile battery, and as their ranks were thinned out by the murderous fire of the rebels, who greatly outnumbered them, and they were compelled to fall back, the Connecticut Tenth occupied their position and for hours braved the "iron hail of death" which poured in upon them, so that their foes themselves even wondered and believed that instead of volunteers they were regular troops. Here it was that the noble Russell met his death. At the head of his regiment, knowing no fear, he bravely led his men, and in the very hour of victory his body was pierced by a rifle ball from a concealed sharpshooter, and without uttering a word, a groan, or losing a single drop of blood, the gallant soldier expired, and his comrades in arms bore him from the field.

Thus fell in the pride of his manhood the first Connecticut Colonel who volunteered his services in this terrible conflict between loyalty and treason. In vain may the eulogist search for traits of character more noble or more generous than those that adorned his useful life. Self-educated, against the corruptions of the day, in season and out of season, Colonel Russell endeavored to square his actions among his fellow men, by the strict golden rule of moral accountability.

One of his chief characteristics was his native honesty, and this seemed ever uppermost in his mind. On one occasion he was assigned in public debate the affirmative of the question, "Is falsehood justifiable under any circumstances?" but he peremptorily refused, saying such a question was not debatable.

Colonel Russell was proverbial for his fixed and rigid habits of temperance. It is worthy of record that he was one of the few military officers who carried the force of his example in this respect into camp, and made its influence felt upon the soldiers under his charge. He never omitted to rebuke intemperance, whenever a favorable opportunity occurred. In the exercise of his discretion, he could generally do this with salutary effect, and without giving offense. In his diary, under date of February 3, 1862, which shows the





character of the man, it is written: "The evening has been enlivened by very unbecoming conduct of some of our line officers and others, by drinking too freely of beer. I notice among their number, with regret, many of our so-called temperance men. I am shocked and mortified at their example, and if the like is repeated, the offenders will hear from me in a manner that will make them feel the force of my opinion as well as position."

In his Christian character, Colonel Russell was nominally an Episcopalian. It is said of him that "the pomp and circumstance of war," instead of blunting the sensibilities of his nature and hardening his heart, as is too often the case, had a marked tendency in softening and subduing his affections, and increasing his reverence for and dependence upon the great Ruler of events. In the last entry made in his diary, only twenty-four hours prior to the battle in which he lost his life, he says: "We are happily landed on the island. This is half a victory. We hear the enemy are in strong and superior force, and what will be our condition on the morrow is known only to the Giver of all good. If we humbly put our trust in Him, and fight bravely, He will keep us in the hollow of His hand. If we fall in the midst of battle, He will protect our cause, the triumph of which will bless future generations."

Colonel Russell, in 1851, married an estimable lady, Miss Ann Eliza Mitchell, of Huntington, Conn., and three children were born to them, the eldest of which now only survives. They lived together in happy union, and when the war broke out, none parted with more tenderness of feeling, or deeper solicitude as to the issues of the conflict. Mrs. Russell made the great sacrifice, which proved to be a final one, and in giving her husband to be a martyr to liberty and right, she gave her all.

Colonel Russell was not a great, but what the world calls a good, man. He interested himself largely in the charitable institutions of the day. He was an active member of many and various moral organizations, and was ready, so far as his limited means would permit, to forward any work of private or public benevolence that he thought would in the least contribute to the happiness and welfare of his fellow beings. He was the true friend and representative of the working classes. He believed and maintained that with proper incentives to industry there was a real nobility and dignity in human labor throughout every line and department of life. He had a strong aversion to monopolized industries, and still more did he abhor the abominable doctrine and Southern

principle, that "capital should own labor." No one that knew him ever doubted the sincerity or integrity of his motives, and after he volunteered, under many discouragements, to enter the Union army, he became a universal favorite. The goodness of his heart and the loftiness of his principles, were too faintly acknowledged in life.

And thus it is, that complete justice is seldom rendered to the fame of living merit. Thousands to-day whose deeds lie buried in obscurity, shall yet rise in the future, and brighten with the praise of posterity. Thrones, and empires, and nations, may crumble to ruins; poets, and philosophers, and statesmen, may have their names enrolled in historic records, but when this terrible conflict is ended, and men have returned to their peaceful pursuits, will the children of another generation forget the memory of RUSSELL, the first volunteer Colonel of our State who left his life on the battle field? As a son, a husband, a father, a citizen, a patriot, a soldier, New England rarely chronicles a better name.

In the quiet cemetery at Birmingham, along the banks of the Housatonic, he fills a hero's grave. Those who survive this cruel war will yet erect the enduring monument that shall tell in after ages where sleep the remains of the noblest and bravest of Connecticut's patriotic dead.

#### *For the Connecticut War Record.*

##### Record of Events.

Feb. 14th. Rebel cavalry repulsed at Water Proof, La., by negro troops, assisted by gunboats.

Feb. 23, 24, 25. Bombardment of Fort Powell, Mobile Harbor, by Admiral Farragut.

March 1. Gen. Kilpatrick within the second line of the defenses of the city of Richmond.

March 2. Brilliant cavalry expedition, under Gen. Custer, on the left flank of Lee's army. Death of Col. Dahlgren and capture of his command, at Stevensville, Va.

March 4. Return of Sherman's expedition to Vicksburg.

March 5. Enemy repulsed at Yazoo City, Miss., after a severe fight.

March 6. Successful raid of Gen. Wistar to King's and Queen's Court House, Va.

March 8. Shelling of Charleston, S. C. Enemy driven back by the gunboats on the Chowan river, above Plymouth, N. C. Skirmish between Union negro cavalry and the rebel cavalry at Suffolk, Va.

March 9. Capture of Decatur, Ala., by Gen. Dodge.

March 10. Rebel batteries on the Washi-

ta river, at Trinity and Harrisonburgh, silenced by Porter's gunboats. Pilatka, Fla., occupied by the Union forces.

March 13. Evacuation of Indianola, Texas, by the Federals.

March 14. Capture of Fort DeRussey, La., by the expedition of Gen. A. J. Smith; 322 men and ten guns captured.

March 16. Occupation of Alexandria, La. Guerrilla camps broken up near Bennett's Ferry, Tenn., by Gen. Hobson.

March 17. Successful raid of Gen. Graham into Matthews and Gloucester Counties, Va.

March 21. Battle near Alexandria, La. Capture of 200 rebels and 4 guns, by Gen. A. J. Smith.

March 24. Surrender of Union City, Tenn., and 400 men, by Col. Hawkins, to the rebel General Forrest.

March 25. Gen. Forrest severely repulsed by Col. Hicks, at Paducah, Ky.; 300 rebels killed and 900 wounded.

March 28. Copperhead outbreak at Charleston, Coles Co., Ill.

March 29. Capture of a rebel signal party, by a portion of the crew of the Minnesota, at the head of Chuckatuck Creek, Va.

#### *For the Connecticut War Record.*

##### Review of Events.

##### NUMBER NINE.

General Sherman's expedition into the heart of Mississippi, upon which the nation had based so many fond anticipations, returned to Vicksburg without seeming to have accomplished anything worthy of its magnitude. General Smith's cooperating cavalry column, which was to have reached Sherman from Memphis, failed to get through, and this failure prevented the expedition from accomplishing more than it did. For it would have been impossible for Sherman to have maintained his army in the heart of the enemy's country unless he himself had a powerful cavalry force, or unless the attention of the rebel cavalry had been drawn away from him. But from the absence of Smith, he must have inferred the prospective presence of Forrest. If his ally should not come to help him, his antagonist would soon be there to attack him. Accordingly, after having penetrated to Meridian, one hundred and fifty miles eastward, and having pushed the army of Gen. Polk across the Tombigbee, he leisurely retreated to Vicksburg.

Yet this great expedition was by no means fruitless. The damage it inflicted upon the enemy was enormous. One hundred and fifty miles of railway were torn up; thirty mills and ten thousand bales of cotton





burned; two million bushels of corn destroyed; two hundred prisoners captured, and nearly eight thousand negroes liberated. Besides these material results, there was this great military advantage gained: The railroad east from Vicksburg, across the entire State of Mississippi, was rendered utterly useless. Now no rebel force can ever besiege Vicksburg, unless its supplies and materials of war be brought over this road, and it will take months for the Confederates to repair it, if indeed they are ever able to do it. The large national garrison at Vicksburg is thus relieved, and can be safely used against some other point of the enemy's line.

Such, then, are the actual results of this great expedition of General Sherman. What would have been attempted had it been joined by the cavalry of Gen. Smith, is not told us. Only one suggestion is submitted. Sherman, in his official report of the expedition, asserts that Smith was ordered to be at Meridian on the 10th of March. Gen. Polk, in his retreat, did not evacuate that place till the 14th, four days later. Might it not have been designed that Smith's cavalry should have reached the rear of Polk, destroyed his railroad communications, and either forced him to fight with Sherman, or to scatter his army in hopeless confusion?

An investigation ought to be instituted in reference to the conduct of Gen. Smith. As has been seen, he ought to have been at Meridian by the 10th ult., whereas he did not leave Colliersville, in the State of Tennessee, till the 11th ult. It took him *nine* days to march from Colliersville to West Point, Miss., where he was beaten and forced to retire. *In less than four days he reached Colliersville on his retreat!*

The past month has witnessed another and probably the last attempt that will be made to capture the city of Richmond by a force of cavalry. The chances of success are too uncertain, and the hazard too great. Yet this last enterprise was finely conceived, and as far as skill, energy, and daring could go, admirably executed.

In the first place, Gen. Custer, with a respectable force of cavalry, was sent to the left of Gen. Lee's army to produce a diversion in favor of Kilpatrick. This move was eminently successful. The rebel cavalry fairly swarmed about Custer, and his skill in extricating his command deserves the highest praise.

Before Gen. Lee was aware of it, Kilpatrick, with a strong force of cavalry, had passed his right, and was already in his rear. Col. Dahlgren was then dispatched, with a picked command, southwesterly, under instructions to cross the James river, approach

Richmond from the south, and, if possible, liberate the Union prisoners on Belle Island. Kilpatrick himself took the direct route to Richmond, destroying the railroads as he advanced. The Confederate capital was completely surprised, so that its citizens read in the daily morning papers of the reported advance of the Yankees, who in truth were already within their second line of defenses. After waiting some time and Col. Dahlgren not being heard from, Gen. Kilpatrick reluctantly concluded to withdraw. Meanwhile Dahlgren had struck the James river near Goochland Court House, where, according to the information of his guide, there was a bridge by which he could cross. This information was false, and, for his treachery, the guide was immediately hung. Col. Dahlgren then advanced towards Richmond from the west; but falling in with a force of rebel infantry, he was obliged to make a wide detour to the north. The larger portion of his command rejoined Kilpatrick. Dahlgren himself, however, with a small party of men, became separated, and, while gallantly endeavoring to cut his way through, he fell into an ambush and was killed, and the most of his men captured. Gen. Kilpatrick marched down the Peninsula, and in due time arrived safely within Gen. Butler's lines.

In the trans-Mississippi department the several national armies are in motion. Gens. Steele and Thayer are moving down from Arkansas. Gen. Banks is ascending from the Gulf, while General A. J. Smith, together with Admiral Porter's gunboats, is advancing up the Red river. Fort DeRusse—a most formidable work situated on the Red river, and commanding it—has already been taken, and thus far every movement has been successful.

But the most significant event of the past month is the elevation of Ulysses S. Grant to the rank of Lieutenant General and to the command of all the armies of the United States. He has at once and earnestly entered upon the duties of this high position. No man ever will, perchance no man ever can, deserve more highly of the nation than Gen. Grant, if to the laurels of Vicksburg he shall add the capture of Richmond.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### The Thirteenth.

In your September number is given an account of the Thirteenth from its organization to its arrival at Alexandria. I will briefly trace its history from that time to the present.

Leaving its resting place on Bayou Beauf near Alexandria on the morning of May 14th, it retraced its steps toward

Opelousas, striking off to the left at Cheneyville and marching along Bayou De Glace, to Simsport, a distance of eighty miles, marched in three days and a half, most of it through deep mud with one day of drenching rain.

At Simsport we were ferried across the Atchafalaya on flat-boats, by contrabands, keeping time with their oars to their solemn, minor songs. Disembarking we bivouacked on a beautiful spot on the banks of that swiftly flowing stream. Here we rested three days for the other divisions of the army to join us, and on the 21st of May started once more with anxious hearts for Port Hudson.

Early in the morning of the 22d, we reached Bayou Sara, fifteen miles above Port Hudson, and heard the booming of mortars and explosion of shells, sounds not unknown, and with which the next fifty days were to make us very familiar. Our march down the river was uninterrupted, excepting by occasional guerrilla firing. On the 24th we reached our place, as near as was convenient, and the memorable siege commenced. The last few miles before coming in sight of the breastworks, was continual skirmishing, gradually driving the rebels from tree to tree, and from ravine to ravine. During the skirmishing of Sunday, 1st Serg't Torrence of Co. F. was killed, and his companions obliged to leave his body on the field, where it was found and buried on the 27th. From the 24th to the 27th our position was on the brow of a hill, on the Clinton road, a place of which the enemy had perfect range, and which during those days and afterwards, was completely ploughed over by solid shot, shell and grape. Here, from a lookout in a tall tree, we ascertained what was occurring in front, and what effect our own shot produced. This tree soon was made a target for sharpshooters, and became too hot for comfort.

On the morning of the 27th May, after a fierce artillery duel of several hours, the roll of musketry grew loud and near, and the Thirteenth were ordered toward the right to support Gen. Weitzel, who was fighting hard and said to be gaining ground. We were soon in position in line of battle, waiting orders to move into the iron death-storm in front, when we were ordered to support a battery, which was then hard at work. There we remained for hours, while shot and shell passed over and around us, tearing down trees, covering us with branches and





leaves, but strangely doing no injury to our ranks. All day we waited there, while hundreds of wounded were carried past, our own loss being but two or three wounded by stray bullets. At dusk the firing ceased, and it became known we were repulsed with terrible loss. During the night the Battery (Duryea's Regular) was placed in position on the brow of a ravine, within easy musket range of the rebel parapet, hasty breastworks of cotton bales were thrown up, and our regiment lay back of the battery sheltered by fallen trees and the top of the ravine. Here we remained in caves and hollows in the side of the ravine until June 14th. Although our sharpshooters were continually fighting duels with the rebels, none in the regiment were killed, and only occasionally a man was wounded. One day Lt. Beckwith, while trying to punish an impudent rebel, exposed one foot too much, and immediately became a toe-martyr. Every night our battery would stir them up inside the works, and succeed in drawing on us the fire of the old ten inch "Demoralizer," which would send its shells over and among us, with a noise like a creaking wheelbarrow, but "nobody was hurt," though several were badly scared. After two or three night's experience we could sleep as well as ever, and not know until morning our narrow escapes. About the first of June Lt. Col. Warner was obliged by indisposition to leave the regiment and go to New Orleans, and the command devolved on Capt. A. Comstock, who remained in command during the siege and until the 1st of November.

On June 14th, the second assault took place, followed by the second repulse. Of this enough has been already written, and little enough is known at home. Few, but those who survived it, know what an indescribably terrible day it was. The regiment starting in the reserve at day-break, found itself in three hours in the extreme advance, within less than a stone's throw of the works, unable to advance further. Col. Holcomb of the 1st La., (white,) formerly our Major, was in command of our brigade until his death. He fell as we charged over the top of a ravine near the parapet—fell while with drawn sword he turned to rally once more his rapidly thinning ranks. He was a noble-hearted gentleman, a brave and efficient officer, and died as he had lived. Near him Lt. Strickland of the 13th, was killed, and among the wounded were Capt. Grosvenor and Lt. Gardner.

The sufferings of that day and its terrible scenes will never be forgotten. Early in the day Gen. Paine was severely wounded, and his place was taken by Col. Birge. All day long we lay in the scorching sun, on the side of a hill, partly sheltered from sharpshooters, and at night with the other troops were ordered to retreat to our old positions, leaving the dead and many wounded on the field. As Dickens has said of another battlefield, "Heaven keep us from again having knowledge of the sights the moon beheld upon that field, when coming up above the black line of distant rising ground, softened and blurred at the edge by trees, she rose into the sky and looked upon that plain, strewn with upturned faces, that had once at mother's breasts sought mother's eyes, or slumbered happily."

Immediately after the repulse, Gen. Banks called for a Storming Party of 1000 men, who would agree to take the place or die. Our position was becoming critical. Our base of supplies distant, forage scarce, our rear continually harassed by cavalry, and in constant expectation of an attack in force, which we were poorly prepared to resist, it was becoming necessary to take the place or raise the siege. Accordingly the call was made. You know how well the 13th responded. Its Colonel (Birge) led the stormers. TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE of its men and all but one of the officers volunteered. No other regiment furnished one-eighth as many. Fortunately the place surrendered July 8th, and the expected sacrifice was not made. On the 9th the formal surrender took place, and the "Storming Party," led by Col. Birge and bearing the 13th's flag, were the first to enter in triumph, and it was before them, that the rebels were obliged to "ground arms."

On July 11th, the regiment left with Grover's Division for Donaldsonville, where Dick Taylor's army had been blockading the river, and assaulting the fort.

Soon after our arrival he commenced a hasty retreat for the Tchêche. Gen. Banks ordered Gen. Grover to send him his two best regiments for special service. Gen. Grover sent the 12th and 13th *Connecticut*. This while he had the entire 19th corps to select from.

We were immediately sent under Col. Peck of the 12th to Brashear City by sea, to endeavor to intercept the retreat. It was too late to accomplish much. A few

prisoners and heavy guns were taken, and the two regiments were stationed to hold the place and fight mosquitoes until communication was reopened with New Orleans.

The 12th commenced repairing engines, the 13th building railroad bridges, and in a few days we had a locomotive in running order, and the road repaired as far as Bayou Beuf, the place where all our baggage was destroyed while we were at Port Hudson.

Soon after communication was opened we were ordered to Carrollton, and thence to this place, where we have since remained resting and recruiting after a long and wearisome campaign.

We have had several changes in the regiment. Col. Birge has been appointed Brigadier by the President, for gallant conduct at Port Hudson and elsewhere, and no one in the Department wears the star more worthily or gracefully.

Capt. Blinn has been appointed Colonel; Capt. Sprague, Lt. Col., and Capt. Comstock, Major. Lt. Col. Sprague, however, has accepted the command of the 3d regiment Corps de Afrique. Capt. Cornwell is in command of a company of Cavalry, detached from the regiment for important service around this post. Capt. Grosvenor has taken command of the 2nd regiment Corps de Afrique at Ship Island. Capt. Tisdale is Lt. Col. of a white regiment raised in New Orleans for the defense of that city.

Adjutant Whittlesey has resigned on account of ill health. Capts. McCord and Finley, Surgeon Clary and Lts. Tibbets and Norman are home on furlough. Lt. Bishop is Acting Quartermaster.

J. C.

THIBODEAUX, LA., Dec. 15th, 1863.

### The Roll of Honor.

We are happy again to make grateful acknowledgment to our unknown and modest friend from Norwich, who sends us a very carefully prepared list of names for a roll of honor, which we thus commence:

NORWICH, March 11, 1864.

Editor Connecticut War Record:

DEAR SIR—The enclosed list of volunteers for the storming party of Port Hudson, covers all from Connecticut regiments, and may be of service to you. It is taken from Gen. Birge's list, and is reliable:

The volunteers from the Thirteenth comprised





nearly the entire regiment, and all officers present for duty, with two exceptions.

I send also Banks' general order on the occasion.

Yours truly,

"IGNOTUSQUE MODESTUS"?

Say I. Q. M., for short.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,  
19TH ARMY CORPS,  
BEFORE PORT HUDSON, June 15, 1863.

[General Orders No. 49.]

The Commanding General congratulates the troops before Port Hudson upon the steady advance made upon the enemy's works, and is confident of an immediate and triumphant issue of the contest. We are at all points upon the threshold of his fortifications; one more advance, and they are ours. For the last duty that victory imposes, the Commanding General summons the bold men of the Corps to the organization of a storming column of a thousand men, to vindicate the flag of the Union and the memory of its defenders who have fallen. Let them come forward.

Officers who lead the column of victory in this last assault, may be assured of the just recognition of their services, by promotion; and every officer and soldier who shares its perils and its glory, shall receive a medal fit to commemorate the first grand success of the campaign of 1863 for the freedom of the Mississippi. His name will be placed in general orders upon the roll of honor.

Division commanders will at once report the names of the officers and men who may volunteer for this service, in order that the organization of the column may be completed without delay.

By command of Maj. Gen. BANKS.

[Signed] RICHARD B. IRWIN,  
Asst. Adj. Gen.

[Official. A. A. G.]

STAFF OF COMMANDING OFFICER OF COLUMN.

Colonel Henry W. Birge, (13th C. V.) commanding 3d Brigade, Grover's Division.  
Captain Edward C. Weeks, (Acting Master U. S. N.) A. A. D. C. Birge's Staff.  
Captain Charles L. Norton, (25th C. V.) A. D. C. Birge's Staff.  
Asst. Surgeon George Clary, (13th C. V.) do.

FIELD AND STAFF, FIRST BATTALION.

George A. Harmount, (Adjutant 12th C. V.) Adjutant.  
Hospital Steward Wm. Bishop, (13th C. V.)

13TH REGIMENT CONN. VOLUNTEERS.

Co. A.

1st Lieut. Charles E. Tibbetts, 2d Lieut. John C. Kinney.

Corporals Francis J. Wolf, Christopher Fagan, Andrew Black.

Privates Michael Cunningham, Walter Egan, John Fagan, Francis Gaffrey, James Gilbert, Edward Lautz, Joseph Mack, John Martin, John McGuire, Henry Morton, John O'Keefe, Loren Penfield, John Quigley, Thomas Riley, Charles Rowell, John Smith, Edward Stone.

Co. B.

Captain Apollon Comstock,  
2d Lieut. Louis Beckwith.

Sergeants George E. Fancher, Alonzo Wheeler, George H. Pratt.

Corporals Roswell Taylor, Francis E. Weed, Isaac W. Bishop.

Privates George M. Balling, John J. Brown, Wm. E. Casey, Bathazar Emmerich, Peter Geutin, Dennis Higganey, Wm. W. Jones, John Klein, Benjamin L. Mead, James Mohren, Charles Nich-

ols, Victor Pinsard, George Prindle, Mozart J. Robertson, Sidney B. Ruggles, Felix Scheryer, Louis Schmidt, Frederick L. Sturgis.

Co. C.

Captain Charles D. Blinn,  
2d Lieutenant Newton W. Perkins.

Sergeants Everett S. Dunbar, Charles H. Gaylord, John N. Lyman, John Maddox.

Corporals Lewis Hark, Homer M. Welch, Everett E. Dunbar.

Privates Willis Barnes, Seymour Buckley, Chauncey Griffin, Charles Hotchkiss, Charles Mitchell, John Odell, Frederick Pindar, Joseph H. Pratt, George Roraback, Mortimer H. Scott, Joseph Taylor, Daniel Thompson.

Co. D.

Captain Charles J. Fuller,  
1st Lieutenant Perry Averill.

Sergeants John J. Squires, Ezra M. Hall,  
Corporals William Finimore, Andrew Holford, Edward Altano.

Privates Thomas B. Andrews, Anemar Astenhoffer, Henry F. Bishop, Charles Britz, John Crovey, John Dillon, John Fee, Thomas Fitzpatrick, Grotis Folkling, Henry F. Fox, Joseph A. Gardner, Newton Gaylord, Gasper Heidricks, Louis Hettinger, Julius Camp, Henry Kuhlman, Henry Long, George Lesser, Luke McCabe, Frederick Poush, Henry E. Pulling, Horace B. Stoddard, Wm. H. Tucker, Martin Tyler, Louis Walters, Edward Welden.

Co. E.

2d Lieutenant Charles H. Benton,  
Sergeants Nicholas Schue, Richard Crolley.

Corporals Robert C. Barry, Leonard F. Dugall,  
Privates Jacob Brown, Adam Gize, Frederick Harris, George W. Howland, Michael Murphy,

Charles F. Odekofer, Fritz Odekofer, F. F. Pfeiffer, Andy Regan, Frederick Schuh, Joseph Vogel, August Wilson.

Co. F.

Sergeants Eugene S. Nash, John T. Reynolds,  
Corporal James Case.

Privates James Barry, George Bogue, David Brown, Henry Clousent, James Cosgrove, Byron Crocker, Henry Finney, David Jacques, Abel Johnson, Patrick Leach, Patrick Martin, Thomas McCormick, James O'Neil, Thomas Powers, Orrin Price, Theodore Siceel.

Co. G.

Captain Denison H. Finley,  
Sergeants Samuel L. Cook, Charles B. Hutchins,

John W. Bradley, Francis Huxford,  
Corporals Timothy Allen, Louis Fostick, Moses Gay, Edward Bogue.

Privates Frank Austin, George J. Austin, John Brand, John Ceressole, Wm. B. Crawford, Charles Culver, James Gay, Albert Hopkins, John Hunk, Henry A. Hurlburt, Asahel Ingraham, Jeremi S. Jordan, Michael Kearney, Joseph Kenble, Albert Lehlitner, William M. Maynard, William J. McGrath, John McKevan, Daniel Moore, Morris Newhouse, Timothy O'Connell, William H. Reynolds, Ellis B. Robinson, Henry Robinson, John Ryan, Anton Scholasser, Martin Shaddie, Martin Shurer, Charles Siddus, Edward Skinner, John Suarman, Anson F. Super, L. W. Tinker.

Co. H.

Captain Homer B. Sprague,  
Sergeant William H. Huntley.

Corporals George H. Twitchell, Thomas Harrison.

Privates Philo Andrews, Heman W. Bailey, Miriam Backman, John Blake, Dennis Doyle, Francis Patterson, William H. Smith.

Co. I.

1st Lieutenant Frank Welles, 2d Lieutenant Louis Miesner.

Sergeants Abner N. Steny, Samuel Taylor, Sander Engelbert, John Duress.

Corporals Francis W. Preston, Joseph Franz, Garrett Herbert.

Privates William Albretch, Fritz Brownman, Ulrich Burghardt, Michael Burke, James Dillon, Patrick Hines, Thomas McGee, Clifford C. Newbu-

ry, Henry Keltrath, Edward Smith, Edward Thomas, Henry Whiteman.

Co. K.

1st Lieutenant William F. Norman, 2d Lieutenant Charles Daniels.

Sergeants Miles J. Beecher, George A. Winslow, Charles E. Humphrey.

Corporals Herman Sanders, Herbert C. Baldwin, Robert Hohinger, John Nugent.

Privates John Bennett, Benjamin E. Benson, Frank C. Bristol, George Chancey, William J. Cojer, Thomas Duffy, Samuel Eaves, Edward Ellison, John Gall, Thomas Griffin, William Kraiger, Peter Mahoney, Thomas Morris, Richard O'Donnell, George C. Russell, Bernard Stamford, John Story, Bartlett Tiernan.

1ST REGIMENT LOUISIANA (WHITE.)

2d Lieutenant James T. Smith, formerly of the 13th C. V.

12TH CONN. VOLS.

Co. A.

Private Charles J. Constantine.

Co. B.

Sergeant John Muller.

Private Charles Dubois.

Co. C.

Corporal John Moore.

Privates George F. Dixon, Willoughby Hull, William Putnam, Christopher Spies, John P. Woodward.

Co. D.

Sergeant Alexander Cohn.

Corporals George Shaw, James Robinsen.

Privates Leonard Farrell, George Kohlen, Reuben Miles, Frederick C. Payne.

Co. E.

Private Edward Millerick.

Co. F.

Private James H. Scranton.

Co. G.

Captain Lester E. Bralev.

1st Lieutenant A. Dwight McCall.

Sergeant C. E. McLaughlin.

Corporal John T. Gordon.

Privates Oliver C. Andrews, James E. Chase, James Dunn, Patrick Fitzpatrick, Patrick Franny, William Jobin, Joseph W. Weeks.

Co. H.

Sergeants John W. Phelps, Solomon E. Whiting, Joseph W. Carter.

Privates William Converse, Hugh Donnelly, Warren Garnon, Milo P. Higley, William Leming, Thomas McKay, Melvin S. Nichols.

Co. K.

1st Lieutenant Stanton Allyn.

Privates Frank Beaumont, Daniel B. Loomis, Albert M. Perkins.

25TH CONN. VOLS.

Adjutant Henry C. Ward.

Sergeant Major Charles F. Ulrich.

1st Lieutenant Henry H. Godell, Co. F.

Privates Samuel Slesinger, John Williams, Co. H; Eli Hull, Co. B.

The *Norwich Bulletin* states on the authority of Lieut.-Col. Farnsworth, of the First Connecticut Cavalry, recently from Libby Prison, "that at one time there were three hundred New England shoemakers on Belle Island, and that although at that time, men were dying on the Island from starvation, at the rate of forty a day, every one of them refused, indignantly, all offers of extra rations and other privileges, if they would work for the Confederacy. They would stay there and starve, before they would ever draw a stitch or drive a peg for the rebel Confederacy. All honor to the New England shoemakers."

2d Lieut. Horace H. Gore, 1st Cavalry, having become disabled from wounds received in action, and the U. S. mustering officer declining to accept him, on those grounds his commission was revoked Feb. 6, 1864.





## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

From the Sixteenth Regiment.

NEWBERN, N. C., March 20, 1864.

*Editor Conn. War Record:*

And again the time has come to communicate with you, and again I contribute my little parcel of regimental news and gossip to the columns of the War Record. Very quiet times I have to tell you of, in a very quiet little town. All the month of February we passed at Plymouth, contemplating all day long the charred ruins of the village, the dark shrubbery of the swamps, and the broad, silent river. And all night long we could hear the majestic roar of the frogs, relieved now and then by the cry of the watch on our gunboats, "Twelve o'clock, and all's well." This dreariness was interrupted by naught but the efforts at military display that took place daily. First of all, regimental guard mounting. The band posts itself in the very centre of an open space, and blows with might and main. Thereupon the details for guard from the various companies make their appearance, with gloves on their fingers, and, I had almost said, "bells on their toes"—their accoutrements all bright and brassy, and their guns polished to the highest point of brilliancy. They are conducted by the orderly sergeants, who, bravely decked out with sash and chevrons, place them on a line with the music, and then elevate their hangers in the same manner that Edgardo does his dagger in the last act of Lucia, but in a reverse position, and not with any suicidal intentions. This is the salute. All being in line, the music stops, and the Adjutant, who is fastened to an immense sword, which fate and a strong belt compel him to drag along, advances to the front, followed by the officers commanding the guard, a sergeant, corporal, and private. They are solemnly commanded to "bout face," and to "make their guard, march!" all of which they seem to accomplish by walking off in single file, and hiding themselves behind the ranks.

Upon this follows the "inspection of arms." The band gives a melancholy tune, and the officers keep time by rattling the ramrods of the arms to be inspected in the barrels of the guns. Now, two individuals with scarlet sashes draped around their bosoms, much in the way little girls wear their pink ribbons at parties, post themselves in front of the guard. They are the old and new officers of the day. The troops beat off—vulgo, the musicians march up and down, playing a tune; the guard presents arms; one of the red-sashed individuals raises his cap; the

Adjutant turns about several times, and then—all go home to breakfast. This is excessively amusing, when you see it every morning, and have got used to it.

After this we always had a post guard mounting, which is the same thing on a larger scale. In the evening, dress parade gave our band and the drum corps of the adjoining regiments an opportunity to vie in the production of strong sounds and musical noise, which opportunity they availed themselves of with all the zest of pipers of two rival Highland clans.

Very soon the attack on Newbern called the Fifteenth Connecticut Volunteers down to that place, and we were left alone, the sole remnant of that once so glorious and happy family of Connecticut regiments, "Harland's Brigade." The name and the headquarters of the brigade were yet retained, but it represented the shadow, not the thing. To speak about the "brigade," when but one small regiment was left, seemed much the same thing as for some dilapidated gentleman to christen his bare nook of a room "apartments."

But better things were in store. One quiet evening a dispatch boat arrived in hot haste, calling for the Sixteenth to go to Newbern. Not knowing what new danger might threaten that often attacked town, we went on board without bag or baggage, and arrived at Newbern the following evening. To our pleasure, we found the alarm but one of Gen. Peck's "scares," and had to content ourselves with sleeping on the boat, instead of on laurels. Next day we went into barracks near the Fifteenth, where we remain at present. We were heartily glad to see our comrades from the sister regiment. Col. Upham looks better, and Dr. Holcomb taller than ever. The men were in very fine spirits.

Things are much dearer in Newbern than at Plymouth. While eggs, chickens, and other nice productions were cheap enough at the latter place to bring them within reach of every man in the regiment, they are so dear at Newbern as almost to deprive the officers of any aspirations to such fare. On the other hand, mail opportunities are more frequent and regular here, since at Plymouth they undoubtedly possessed the attributes generally ascribed to angels' visits. It resolves itself, then, into a question between food for the stomach and food for the heart: between dinner and a letter. But, "whatever others may do," as for me, give me dinner before a letter.

Major Pasco, for a time retained at Plymouth as a scapegoat for the sins charged to the regiment, has rejoined as here. He succeeded in having an interview with Gen.

Butler, where he undoubtedly asserted his innocence in terms of burning eloquence, and, anyway, succeeded in convincing the hero of New Orleans of his dutiful conduct. An order to that effect has been issued by that aged abomination of rebeldom, and it restores the Major at once to that liberty for which people used to fight in the good old times of General Washington. Apropos of that *pater patrie*, we celebrated his birthday in Plymouth. Two days previous to the day, a large and enthusiastic meeting resolved unanimously, that "the 22d of February was Washington's birthday." Then they made arrangements for celebrating it. On the day itself, a good deal of speaking was done; some music, vocal and instrumental, performed, and a "pious improvement of the occasion" attempted by some reverend gentlemen.

And now I turn to a sad part of my letter. Captain E. H. Mix, who was detained at Portsmouth in the same manner and for the same reasons as Major Pasco, was liberated at the same time. He attempted to rejoin his regiment by the first opportunity. Passing on a small steamer through the Albatross Canal, he arrived at Coinjock, a village on the North river. This is the spot where another small steamer from Roanoke Island generally connects with the boat from Portsmouth. Owing to fears of guerrillas, the steamer from Roanoke had not been sent, thus causing a delay whose extent could not be estimated. Captain Mix, with three or four other officers equally eager to rejoin their commands, embarked on a fishing schooner, whose destination was Roanoke Island. While in Pamlico Sound a squall struck the schooner, and the sail veered about suddenly, causing the boom to strike both Captain Mix and another officer, who sat smoking on deck—perhaps on the bulwarks—and throwing both overboard. It was blowing a gale, and the schooner was carried rapidly before the wind. Notwithstanding this, the single small boat which was on board was at once lowered, and attempted to reach and pick up the unfortunates, who were by this time some distance from the schooner. They made first for Capt. Mix's companion, who was both the nearer and seemed to be the most exhausted. They reached him as he was sinking for the last time, and nought but his outstretched hand remained visible. His they seized, and having with great difficulty hauled him into the boat, went on to rescue the Captain. He had kept well up until this time, but just then, with the boat about twenty-five feet distant from him, sank, never to rise again. They waited, and searched, and beat





the waters, but no trace of the deceased was discovered. He was a good swimmer, but at the time encumbered with a heavy overcoat and large boots.

Captain Mix came out as Captain of Co. B, Sixteenth Connecticut Volunteers, having previously served as Lieutenant in the First Conn. Artillery. He is the last of the original Captains of the regiment, five of whom are now in their graves.

The deceased was tall, of good figure, and prepossessing face. His pale complexion, large dark eyes, and fine black moustache, gave him a *distingue* look. He was genial in manners, of average general knowledge, and very well versed in the tactics and drill discipline of the army—far better than most officers of his rank. He was well liked by his company, and much regretted by the regiment.

A meeting was held on receipt of the melancholy intelligence, and appropriate resolutions adopted, which will no doubt reach you by another channel. There is little hope of recovering the body, the shores being extensive and swampy.

I knew him well. May God rest his soul, and the waters sweep gently over his deeply buried remains.

Yours truly,

HORSE JOHN.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### From the Twenty-first Regiment.

#### CHAPTER FOURTH.

At my last writing, our camp was located but a few rods north of the city of Newbern, on the right bank of the Neuse, and near Fort Totten, where, after two weeks of industrious labor, in the intervals between drills and other duties, we had fitted up our quarters with a view to comfort and convenience, and with the fond expectation of enjoying the fruits of our labors until at least the opening of the spring campaign. But, alas! for our fond anticipations. How soon they vanished into thin air and passed away before the startling orders which came to us upon that Sabbath morning, just fourteen days after our arrival in Newbern! While the deep and solemn toned church bells were ringing the summons to church and to worship, reminding us of the Sabbaths in old New England and the days and scenes of long ago, the sound of the "long roll" fell suddenly upon our ears, calling us to other duties, and forcibly reminding us that though the Sabbath was made for man, it was not made for the soldier.

Whether *all* these movements made by our armies upon the Sabbath are absolutely necessary or not, I shall not pretend to say,

but that some of them are absolutely unnecessary there is, in my opinion, not the shadow of a doubt. Still, the first and greatest duty of the soldier being obedience to orders, he is in duty bound to abide by the orders of his superiors, whether they may seem to him to be right or wrong, and with them alone the responsibility must necessarily rest.

Obedient to orders, we embarked on board the steamer Thomas Colyer, and leaving Newbern, proceeded to Washington, N. C., where we arrived on the following morning, Feb. 29th. Here we found a pleasant little town, situated upon the left bank of the Tar river, at the head of steamboat navigation, very prettily laid out, but occupied at the present time mostly by the families of the First North Carolina Infantry Regiment, at present on duty here, and other regiments from this State, the original inhabitants having, many of them, left for more congenial homes within the Confederate lines. The business part of the town is mostly occupied by sutlers and bangers-on to the army, and by the Quartermaster and Commissary Departments.

The troops here on our arrival were under command of Colonel McChesney, of the First N. C. Regiment, who has since been relieved by General Harland.

Having disembarked, we went into camp just upon the outskirts of the town, near Fort Washington. Only four companies of the regiment, however, remained here, the remainder being detached to garrison the different forts constituting the defenses of the town. The following is the disposition of the different companies: Companies A, G, F, and C near Fort Washington; E and B at Hill's Point, about six miles down the river; H at Rodman's Point, about three miles below the town and on the right bank of the river; Co. D at Fort Jack, immediately opposite to and across the river from the town; Co. I at Fort Jones, on the left bank of the river, and at the outskirts of the town. Company K being assigned to duty in a fort at Newbern previous to our leaving the city, did not accompany the regiment here, but still remains on duty there.

General Harland arrived here on Sunday morning to take command of this sub-district, and reviewed the troops composing the command.

The Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Twenty-first Connecticut Regiments have lately been formed into a new brigade, to be called the "Connecticut Brigade," and is at present under command of Colonel Frank Beach, of the Sixteenth.

The health of the regiment is remarkably good, and but very few cases of sickness are reported. Religious exercises are held by the Chaplain in one of the churches in the town, both upon the Sabbath and during the week, and are well attended.

The echoes of a glorious Union victory come to us to-day from the granite hills of old New Hampshire, telling us that that noble old State still stands firm for the Administration and a vigorous prosecution of the war, and that she still remains true to the brave soldiers who have gone forth to fight her battles in the field.

May the echoes of a still greater victory soon come to us from old Connecticut, and be echoed throughout all rebeldom, sending terror to the hearts of all traitors everywhere, and reminding them that the soul of old John Brown is still marching on, and will continue to march on until this inhuman rebellion is effectually and eternally crushed, and the supremacy of the Government established in all the land.

The following list, showing the original officers of the regiment and all the changes since its organization at Norwich, Conn., Sept. 5, 1862, will be found of interest by friends of the regiment, and therefore valuable as a matter of record:

#### FIELD AND STAFF.

A. H. Dutton, Colonel.  
Thomas J. Burpee, Lieutenant Colonel.  
Hiram B. Crosby, Major.  
C. E. Dutton, Adjutant, promoted to Captain Co. H, Dec. 20, 1862.  
H. W. Richmond, Quartermaster; resigned Feb. 17, 1863.  
Wm. Soule, Surgeon; resigned Feb. 23, 1863.  
Lewis E. Dixon, 1st Asst. Surgeon; resigned Jan. 24, 1863.  
J. Hamilton Lee, 2d Asst. Surgeon; promoted Surgeon, April 21, 1863.  
John E. Wood, Chaplain; resigned Jan. 8, 1863.  
Charles J. Tennant, Assistant Surgeon.  
Frank C. Jeffrey, Adjutant.  
Edward Gallup, Quartermaster.  
Thomas G. Brown, Chaplain.  
One vacancy.

#### COMPANY A.

Joseph Jordan, Jr., Captain; resigned Jan. 7, 1863.  
N. A. Belden, 1st Lieut.; promoted Captain Jan. 7, 1863.  
Philo F. Talcott, 2d Lieut.; promoted 1st Lieut. Co. I, Oct. 12, 1862.  
Chas. A. Brand, 2d Lieut.; promoted 1st Lieut. Co. K, Nov. 8, 1862.  
Wm. W. Latham, 2d Lieut.; promoted 1st Lieut. Co. A, May 18, 1862.  
Frank C. Jeffrey, 1st Lieut.; promoted Adjutant, Feb. 22, 1863.  
Wm. G. Hawkins, 2d Lieut.; dismissed Jan. 20, 1864.

#### COMPANY B.

Charles J. Martin, Captain; resigned Oct. 16, 1862.  
J. H. Martin, 1st Lieut.; resigned Oct. 17, 1862.  
D. G. Knox, 2d Lieut.; resigned Oct. 21, 1862.  
H. J. Phillips, Captain; resigned June 4, 1862.





George P. Edwards, 1st Lieut.; resigned Feb. 23, 1863.  
 A. B. Johnson, Captain; transferred to Co. I, Nov. 24, 1862.  
 F. C. Jeffrey, 2d Lieut.; promoted 1st Lieut. Co. A, Jan. 7, 1863.  
 John F. Trumbull, 2d Lieut.; promoted 1st Lieut., Feb. 23, 1863.  
 John F. Trumbull, 1st Lieut.; dismissed Jan. 28, 1864.  
 Walter P. Long, 2d Lieut.  
 Isaac D. Kenyon, Captain.  
 Wm. S. Hubbell, 1st Lieut.

## COMPANY C.

John E. Wood, Captain; appointed Chaplain, Sept. 15, 1862.  
 Jas. H. Latham, 1st Lieut.; promoted Captain, Sept. 15, 1862.  
 John F. Randall, 2d Lieut.; promoted 1st Lieut., Feb. 15, 1862.  
 John F. Randall, 1st Lieut.; resigned August 11, 1863.  
 George P. Edwards, 2d Lieut.; promoted 1st Lieut. Co. B, Nov. 24, 1863.  
 William J. Marble, 2d Lieut.; resigned Feb. 23, 1863.  
 Cyrus W. Cook, 2d Lieut.; promoted to be 1st Lieut., Aug. 11, 1863.  
 Aaron S. Dutton, 2d Lieut.

## COMPANY D.

Charles G. Southworth, Captain; resigned Nov. 24, 1862.  
 F. S. Long, 1st Lieut.; promoted Captain, July 26, 1863.  
 Alvin Crane, 2d Lieut.; promoted 1st Lieut., July 26, 1863.  
 William Clapp, Captain; resigned July 26, 1863.  
 Charles Fenton, 2d Lieut.

## COMPANY E.

Charles T. Stanton, Captain.  
 Henry R. Jennings, 1st Lieutenant.  
 Franklin H. Davis, 2d Lieut.; resigned Dec. 22, 1862.  
 Elisha B. Chipman, 2d Lieutenant.

## COMPANY F.

William Spittle, Captain.  
 Henry J. Phillips, 1st Lieut.; promoted Captain Co. B, Nov. 24, 1862.  
 Frank Fowler, 2d Lieutenant.  
 Delos D. Brown, 1st Lieutenant.

## COMPANY G.

James F. Brown, Captain.  
 Isaac D. Kenyon, 1st Lieut.; promoted Captain Co. B, June 4, 1863.  
 E. Perry Packer, 2d Lieut.; promoted 1st Lieut., June 4, 1863.  
 Hamlet F. Roberts, 2d Lieutenant.

## COMPANY H.

Ralph C. Foote, Captain; resigned Dec. 20, 1863.  
 Delos D. Brown, 1st Lieut.; transferred to Co. F, Nov. 24, 1862.  
 Denison L. Brown, 2d Lieut.; resigned Oct. 11, 1862.  
 George W. Shepard, 2d Lieut.; promoted 1st Lieut., Nov. 24, 1862.  
 Wm. S. Hubbell, 2d Lieut.; promoted 1st Lieut., Feb. 1, 1864.  
 F. W. H. Buell, 2d Lieutenant.  
 C. E. Dutton, Captain.

## COMPANY I.

David Dickerson, Captain; resigned Oct. 9, 1862.  
 Charles H. Mather, 1st Lieut.; resigned Oct. 12, 1862.  
 James Stanley, 2d Lieut.; promoted 1st Lieut., Feb. 23, 1863.  
 Philo F. Talcott, 1st Lieut.; transferred to Co. K, Nov. 8, 1862.  
 William Clapp, Captain; transferred to Co. D, Nov. 24, 1862.  
 A. B. Johnson, Captain.  
 Chris. A. Brand, 1st Lieut.; resigned Feb. 23, 1863.

William F. Walker, 2d Lieutenant.

## COMPANY K.

Jeremiah M. Shepard, Captain.  
 William Clapp, 1st Lieut.; promoted Captain Co. I, Oct. 9, 1862.  
 Harry L. Wilson, 2d Lieut.; resigned Oct. 11, 1862.  
 A. B. Johnson, 1st Lieut.; promoted Captain Co. B, Nov. 8, 1862.  
 J. D. Plunkett, 2d Lieut.; resigned Dec. 20, 1862.  
 Philo F. Talcott, 1st Lieut.; transferred from Co. I, Nov. 24, 1862.  
 Chris. A. Brand, 1st Lieut.; transferred to Co. I, Nov. 8, 1862.  
 John L. Shepard, 2d Lieut.; resigned Sept. 21, 1863.  
 Luther W. Curtis, 2d Lieutenant.

## NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Christopher A. Brand, Sergt. Maj.; promoted 2d Lieut., Oct. 12, 1862.  
 Edward Gallup, Q. M. Sergt.; promoted Quartermaster, Feb. 21, 1863.  
 James D. Plunkett, Com. Sergt.; promoted 2d Lieut., Oct. 11, 1862.  
 James E. Barbour, Hosp. Steward; discharged for disability.  
 Henry R. Young, Sergt. Major; transferred to Invalid Corps.  
 Luther N. Curtis, Sergt. Major; promoted 2d Lieut. Jan. 26, 1864.  
 Orlan D. Glazier, Sergt. Major.  
 Ransom Jackson, Q. M. Sergt.  
 Albert T. Childs, Com. Sergt.  
 Julian N. Parker, Hosp. Steward.

## D. E. L.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*  
**From the Twelfth Regiment.**

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Jan. 24, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—We are *Veterans* now. The Twelfth Regiment Connecticut Volunteers has done its duty well, and its concerns are closed up. We are the same soldiers, but the United States and we have made a new bargain, by which we expect to get a little money and the United States a little more service. Those members of the Twelfth who did not choose to re-enlist will serve their time out in some other regiment in this department, so that this letter must close up the history of one of Connecticut's best regiments, and commence the history of the first regiment in the 19th Army Corps, that re-enlisted as veterans. Perhaps we shall not be disowned by Connecticut for stepping up a little higher, and we may still hope to be heard through the columns of the *War Record*, as we are to be credited on her quota, "four hundred and fifty able-bodied soldiers."

A month ago we had hardly heard the word "veterans." The orders from the War Department had just begun to reach us. We considered them candidly, we concluded "that would do," and Uncle Sam might count on us for another three years. Many motives, perhaps, influenced us, but allow me, your correspondent, personally to state that pure

patriotism must have the credit for the strongest influence in causing the Twelfth to re-enlist. I have become acquainted with the motives that influenced the men—have talked the matter over with them around their camp fires, have listened to their conversation, and must give this as my testimony.

We must admit that at first our faith as a regiment was not strong in the belief that all would be done for us that was promised, for very fresh in our minds was the remembrance of our disappointment and chagrin when the furloughs promised each company, and drawn by lot, all came back "*disapproved*," as the exigencies of the service would not admit of their being given—but we concluded we would keep our faith, do our part well, and take the consequences. So we re-enlisted and at this moment are being paid off both back pay and bounty, and advance pay and bounty, preparatory to going home to Connecticut for thirty days.

At the time the matter of re-enlisting was first broached, the regiment numbered less than four hundred. *Almost all* signed the paper promising to re-enlist, and the Chaplain was sent to New Orleans, to post up the scattered men as to the action of the regiment. The regiment speedily followed him, and in the cold and rain of the first days of January took up quarters in the Picayune Cotton Press in the lower part of the city of New Orleans. The passage was made as speedily as possible, but the men obtained little, and the horses nothing to eat, for nearly three days. The regiment was ordered to New Orleans by Gen. Franklin, to prepare for furlough, and Gen. Emory, in whose division we were, issued the following congratulatory order on our leaving:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION,  
 NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS,  
 NEW IBERIA, LA., Jan 1, 1864.)  
 GENERAL ORDERS No. 2.

The Twelfth Connecticut Volunteers, Lieut. Col. F. H. Peck, Commanding, having re-enlisted, will comply with Special Orders No. 1, from Headquarters 19th Army Corps, and proceed to New Orleans.

The General Commanding the Division thinks it due to this regiment, and to the Lieutenant Colonel Commanding it, to express his high opinion of its good conduct, whether in the face of the enemy or in camp, and especially the promptness with which it has come forward to re-enlist under the first call of the President of the United States.

The regiment is the first that has been called upon under the law. It has set a good example.





The country, and the authorities which represent the country will not fail to honor the Twelfth Connecticut.

By command of Brig. Gen. EMORY.  
FREDERICK SPEED, A. A. General.

The idea of an immediate furlough of thirty days, gave life to some who had been long in hospitals, from every department where men had been detailed. When they heard the Twelfth was on its way North they came flocking in, and at last, even Fort Livingston, down on the Gulf, where about thirty of the Twelfth had been for three months, released her hold upon them, and they too, eager to enlist, returned in season to add their names to the honored roll. One class of our men we fear will be disappointed—those forty who enlisted from Louisiana, soon after we arrived here. Nobody seems to own them. Unlike Massachusetts, Connecticut refused to give bounty to non-residents, and all these faithful soldiers get for their service is thirteen dollars per month. Not a dollar for families, and now no bounty from the State of Connecticut is offered them, so it seems fated that we part company and leave them to serve out their time in some other organization.

Col. Colburn, although detached from the regiment for more than a year, has not been idle. A man of his energy must work. He accomplished a great deal as Superintendent of the Opelousas Railroad, and after being relieved of that and the Jackson Railroad, which he put in running order as far as Pass Manchac, he finished the steamboat he had been building for the United States Government. The "Col. Colburn," as she is called, is a beautiful boat, very compact, and a great improvement in speed, economy, and space, over the common river boats. One of the immense flats he built has been of untold service in crossing troops at Berwick's Bay, and in transporting cargoes up and down the Teche. Col. Colburn has had pressing offers to build more boats for private parties, but he is in Government service yet.

Imagine the Twelfth, with nearly six hundred men, again transformed from the mud of New Iberia to the paved streets of New Orleans; the rusty old clothes in which we have always appeared in the field, giving place to new dress suits, and men better appareled think better of themselves. Although their bed is not the best, being the hard, cold ground under the cotton sheds, yet now the intense and disagreeable cold of the first weeks of the month has given place

to warm and balmy spring-like days, we endure more easily the hardship.

Those unaccustomed to a soldier's life know little what they endure of personal discomfort. Think of two years' life without sleeping in a bed! without undressing a single night! A board or the ground your softest bed; the ration of the soldier's possessing little variety many might object to; but it is wonderful how one gets used to these things, and eats to live, not lives to eat. But, Mr. Editor, we don't care for the hardships, *we are in for putting down this rebellion*, and sweeping the rebels from the face of the earth, and *we are going to stick to it*; we won't mind the hardship if we can be of service to the cause, and we are showing the rebels, some of whom in this section know the Twelfth Connecticut well, that we can *hold out as long as they can*.

For the Connecticut War Record.

#### Tenth Regiment Conn. Vols.

St. AUGUSTINE, Fla., March 2d, 1864.

MR. EDITOR—Since my last communication, our regiment has experienced many changes. You will remember when I last wrote we were congratulating ourselves upon the quiet and security of our position. Scarcely had my letter left here, when Dickerson ambushed our wood-choppers' guard, killing one man, mortally wounding Lieutenant Walker of the Twenty-fourth Regiment Mass. Vols., who had command, and gobbling up twenty-one of our men besides. This affair cast quite a gloom over the whole command of this post, and resulted in securely fastening the stable door, which might as well have been done before. Well, then came the veteran volunteer enlistment scheme, (which, by the way, we think is the master stroke of policy of the War Department,) which our men were rather shy of at first; but when General Aiken came and the subject became better understood, our men took hold of it in earnest, and just now our veterans are in Connecticut, enjoying the benefits of their furloughs. For reenlistments in proportion to the number of eligible men, the Tenth is second to no regiment in the service.

Lieutenant Colonel Leggett, who lost a leg in front of Fort Wagner, rejoined us here January 6th, and probably no officer on rejoining his command was ever greeted with such loud and hearty welcomes.

Our veteran volunteers, in company with those of the Twenty-fourth Mass. Vols., left here February 15th. Next day an order came for the balance of the regiment to pack up and be ready to proceed to a point on the St. John's river. This order was afterward countermanded, and the remnant of the Twenty-fourth Regiment has since gone to Jacksonville, which has left the Tenth in sole command of this place. Yes, Mr. Editor, we now run this machine. Colonel Otis commands the post, and Colonel Leggett commands the fort; and we also furnish a provost marshal, a post quartermaster, and a post adjutant, besides any

quantity of minor offices filled from our ranks. Since we have run the machine, many matters which were previously wrapped in mystery are now plain as day. For instance, on our way down here and during our stay at Fernandina, everybody was loud in praise of this place, and the great abundance of not only the necessities but luxuries of life, which could be procured at reasonable rates; but when we got here, we found that our hotel table was only furnished with the barest necessities, and that often with difficulty, while some officers of other regiments, in private boarding-houses, were living in the greatest luxury. You see, on certain days trading was allowed across the lines. On these occasions the produce of the surrounding country was brought in, and bought up by those having access or the necessary authority, and then distributed according to the judgment of the provost marshal; which was so one-sided that our officers at one time were asked one dollar per dozen for eggs, when at the same time they were brought to our lines in large quantities and sold at mere nominal prices; so much so, that one favored individual took twelve dozen to his own cheek, while we were blaming the poverty of the place.

We are now living in comparative luxury, and having knickknacks which we had long since forgot. Some of our officers even have thrifty looking hens and roosters stalking about their tent doors. Altogether, we are about as favorably situated now as we have ever been, and are not slow to appreciate our condition.

Our numbers are now so small that it takes nearly every second man daily to do the duty, which has been reduced as much as possible, to correspond with our numbers. We, however, take every opportunity to make ourselves familiar with the use of the big guns in the fort, and have already gained some knowledge in gunnery.

It is now spring here. Roses have for some time been in full bloom; peach trees have been in flower all winter, and the trees would now be all dressed in green, but for a very cold snap which we had about ten days ago. However, the trees are now pushing out again, and the black, frost-bitten leaves will soon be concealed by the new dress.

Yours,

OPTICUS.

For the Connecticut War Record.

#### The Second Connecticut Artillery.

February 29, 1864.

The last Record stated that this regiment needed two companies (three hundred men) to fill it to the maximum; but before that statement reached the public the men were all enlisted and the regiment eighteen hundred strong. In about sixty days better than eleven hundred were added to our number—a success in recruiting probably unequalled, of late, in any part of the country. With full ranks we are now marching onward and upward in proficiency with encouraging rapidity, determined not to be excelled by any regiment in the service, regular or volunteer. Five and a half hours daily officers and men are hard at work drilling—one and a half in the morning, and two each A. M. and P. M.

This brigade, consisting of the First and Second Conn. Art., was reviewed by Gov. Buckingham, on the plain near Fort Worth, Thursday, 11th inst. After the review he expressed a desire of taking each man by the hand, in testimony of his appreciation of the soldier's services, but as this was impracticable, the regiments each formed in hollow squares to receive him. Even these, however, were too large for him to address, so a bow





and a smile around the lines cheered these self-denying sons of the State. In his familiar words to the officers he related the felicitous anecdote that a widower with a large family of children was about to marry a widow with also quite a family. His neighbors, wondering, asked how he would manage the two classes. He replied he intended to mix his ten and her nine so together one would not be known from the other. In this way he would have the old and new men of the regiment managed—both made so equally proficient one would not be known from the other.

On the following Saturday, with Colonel Almy, he made a flying trip to this regiment, and took a hurried look at Forts Ellsworth and Williams, witnessing the proficiency of the men in artillery and infantry practice. In his brief yet happy and acceptable remarks, he said he could confidently say he had never seen it excelled. Never, indeed, did the men more "get up on their muscle," and it is doubtful whether any general in the service could have so fully called out their best effort. His well-known goodness and interest in the soldier appealed to them, and they seemed to feel that it was a true friend and not a mere titled spectator who was before them. He did not forget the hospital, though he had but a moment, and thus he gave the sick a look at his benevolent countenance, cheering to them.

It has been a query in the minds of officers and men how this regiment was so readily changed from infantry to artillery. We all rejoiced in the change, but knew not what influential friend we had so near the powers that be. This is at last solved, and it would seem that we are indebted for the honor to General Barney, Chief of Artillery of the defenses of Washington. In his reviews of the regiments and inspections of the forts he appears to have become satisfied that the regiment deserved the honor. On behalf of the regiment I will venture, if anything so manifestly felt among us can be called a venture, to express grateful acknowledgments.

Seventy-five men under Lieutenant Shumway, with J. B. Andrews as surgeon, with an equal number from several other regiments, left on the 15th inst. for the vicinity of Falls Church to cut timber.

Gambling having greatly increased since the coming of the new recruits, Colonel Kellogg issued an order, on the 2d inst., prohibiting it on the part of officers or enlisted men, under penalty of arrest and preferring of charges.

Eight have died during the month: Leander Ide, Co. K, Feb. 9; John Thomas, Feb. 14; H. L. Thomas, Feb. 20; Ira S. Bradley, Feb. 21; Banks Lounsbury, Feb. 23; G. W. Harrington, Co. K, Feb. 26; W. R. Hubbard, Feb. 28; Carl Vollassen, Co. B, Feb. 28.

H.

#### For the Connecticut War Record.

##### From the Twentieth.

MR. EDITOR:—This regiment is now stationed along the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, in squads, for a distance of forty or fifty miles. Its previous history, its brave conduct at the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, its forced marches, its picketings, its reconnoissances, and its experience with guerrillas, all tend to place this regiment among the most effective in the service from the good old State of Connecticut. Its duties the past winter have been very arduous, and twice within a few weeks has it suffered from guerrilla raids. At Tracy City, in January, Company B, stationed at this place, was surprised by about 150 mounted land pirates, who dashed into our lines and attempted to capture or murder our boys. David Rowel, a guard, was shot dead from the first fire. Captain Upson, commander of the post, was murdered in cold blood. While he was trying to join his company, only a few rods distant, he was shot twice through his body after his surrender, and has since died from the effects of his wounds. He was one of our finest and most gallant officers, beloved by all, a Christian gentleman and a most honorable and high-minded man. Peace to his ashes. Lieut. Jepson showed the

genuine Yankee pluck in bravely defending his little band of soldiers against the one hundred and fifty rebels who tried in vain to drive them from their stockade.

A part of this same force of guerrillas on the 16th of March attacked a freight train of eleven cars about seven miles from Tullahoma. A rail had cautiously been displaced from the track, which threw off the approaching train with terrible crash. Instantly a gang of rebels jumped from behind trees and ledges and commenced the work of blood-hed and plunder upon the passengers, simultaneously firing the train, which was loaded with hay, lumber, etc. Captain Beardsley, our brigade inspector, who is sometimes *unlucky*, then again *lucky*, happened unfortunately to be on board. Three soldiers were shot down by his side and a musket was leveled and fired at him which missed its mark, just grazing his neck. Beardsley shouted at the top of his voice, "will you murder us all in cold blood?" "Yes, if you don't surrender," was the reply. "Well, you see we are *unarmed* and at your mercy." Captain Beardsley, in company with two lieutenants and three negroes, brakemen on the train, was then taken under a guard and run off three miles into a dense wood. The poor negroes were shot. Beardsley expected the same fate, but was finally robbed, simply of his watch, three hundred and eighty dollars in money, his coat, hat and boots, and then asked to sign a parole. He refused, and after stripping the two lieutenants who were with him of all they had, they were then left by their cut-throats to grope their way back through the woods barefooted, which they did, guided by the light of the burning cars. Beardsley was the only one of the captured who belonged to the Twentieth Regiment, and we were all rejoiced when he returned to headquarters a *live* Yankee, and narrated to us his inhuman capture and miraculous escape from a band of murderers. This spirit of barbarism is all over these regions. It is extensive throughout the South, it ranges along our western frontier, and it will yet be in the North if not trodden under the iron heel of loyalty.

Rumors are afloat in camp that the Twentieth is again to be joined to the army of the Potomac. I hope this will prove true. Since our regiment left Connecticut it has suffered materially in the loss of officers by way of death, resignations, &c. Nine captains and twelve lieutenants beside Lieut. Col. Wooster, promoted and transferred to the Colonelcy of the 29th C. V., are gone from us, making in all, twenty-two officers lost to the regiment since our muster in New Haven, August, 1862. But we are still well officered, and shall give in the future, as we have in the past, a good account of ourselves.

The War Record is a most welcome messenger among our boys. The health of our regiment is good. A few weeks ago we were favored with some good esculents from Connecticut, through some kind hearted ladies of Bridgeport and Derby. God bless the noble hearted women of our land, who provide for the poor soldiers.

Yours Truly, PICKET.

COWAN, Tenn., March 23, 1864.

#### For the Connecticut War Record.

##### From the Fifth Regiment.

CAMP FIFTH CONN. VETERAN VOLS.,  
DEQUEED, TENN., March 27th, 1864.

DEAR RECORD: After "thirty days in the State," the Veteran Volunteers of the Fifth Connecticut, leaving Wallingford on the 9th of the present month, were conveyed in a respectable manner, (for soldiers,) as far as Indianapolis, where we exchanged the doubtful comforts of second class for the certain discomforts of freight cars.

It would be useless to attempt a description of the thumps, bumps, contusions, jams, knocks, whacks, cracks, pokes and jars experienced by the "Soldier Patriots of Connecticut" while in process of transportation as Government freight—one thing is certain, we found plenty of exercise in jumping from the cars, and pushing the train up each successive grade from Indianapolis to De-

cherd, the locomotive having been constructed for the Government by contract. If the wishes of the Fifth Veterans could be complied with every greenback the contractor received would be turned into a blister, and so applied as to render a sitting posture very uncomfortable to that genius for several months to come.

Well, we have been home, and have distributed our bounty in various ways, each to his own taste, and have returned fully satisfied to accept the stern realities of the coming months—hoping however that the end of this "cruel war" is not far distant.

Whatever there may have been during those four weeks which would now justify regret, there is at least one consolation to be found in the fact that so many of the V. V.'s found opportunity to enter upon that "hard road to travel" which poets call wedded bliss; for such a time marrying and giving in marriage, the Nutmeg State probably never saw before, and a pump-handle movement of the right arm, accompanied by "accept my congratulations," has become, by its hourly enactment, as familiar as the words "fall in" in July last.

The sudden change experienced by the regiment from "shingles" and pork to the delicacies of home has produced its fruit, and there are many men complaining in the different companies; the number of sick is however being greatly reduced by the care of the Surgeon.

The return of those temporarily transferred during our absence in the State, and the renewal of the usual discipline give things quite a natural appearance once more.

What the future has in store for us, we of course cannot tell, but await further developments with perfect patience.

CO. A.

## PERSONAL.

### List of Appointments and Promotions in the Connecticut Volunteer Force, during March, 1864.

#### (OFFICIAL.)

##### 1ST ARTILLERY.

2d Lieut. Cornelius Gillette, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from March 16, 1864, vice Osborn, promoted.

2d Lieut. Wm. H. Rogers, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from March 16, 1864, vice Hatfield, promoted.

2d Lieut. George L. Turner, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from March 16, 1864, vice Bulkeley, promoted.

Charles H. Owen, of Hartford, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from March 19, 1864, vice Sedgwick, honorably discharged.

##### 2d ARTILLERY.

Philip E. Chapin, of New Hartford, is hereby appointed 1st Lieut., with rank from March 5, 1864.

1st Lieut. Benjamin S. Hosford, to be Captain, with rank from March 15, 1864, vice Ellis, promoted.

Sergt. Maj. Lewis Munger, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from March 15, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Sergt. Oscar Platt, of Co. K, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from March 15, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Sergt. Henry Skinner, of Co. E, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from March 15, 1864, vice Marsh, promoted.

1st Lieut. Frederick M. Berry, to be Captain, with rank from March 26, 1864, vice Williams, resigned.

##### 5TH REGIMENT.

Asst. Surgeon Evelyn S. Bissell, to be Surgeon, with rank from March 12, 1864, vice Bennett, honorably discharged.

##### 6TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Horatio D. Eaton, to be Captain, with rank from Feb. 19, 1864, vice Hudson, resigned.

2d Lieut. Andrew Marshal, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 13, 1864, vice Eaton, promoted.





2d Lieut. Charles J. Buckbee, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from March 17, 1864, vice Stottlar, resigned.

Private Wm. H. H. Wooster, of Co. E, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from March 1, 1864, vice Brown, resigned.

1st Sergt. John Waters, of Co. I, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 19, 1864, vice Marshal, promoted.

1st Sergt. Norman Provost, of Co. D, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from March 17, 1864, vice Buckbee, promoted.

#### 7TH REGIMENT.

Asst. Surgeon Horace P. Porter, to be Surgeon of the 10th Regt. Conn. Vols., with rank from March 14, 1864, vice Newton, resigned.

1st Lieut. Jeremiah Townsend, to be Captain, with rank from Jan. 29th, 1864, vice Gray, resigned.

1st Lieut. Edwin S. Perry, to be Captain, with rank from Feb. 29, 1864, vice Skinner, resigned.

2d Lieut. John J. Hutchinson, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from March 1, 1864, vice Townsend, promoted.

2d Lieut. William S. Marble, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from March 1, 1864, vice Perry, promoted.

2d Lieut. Charles E. Barker, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 21, 1864, vice Dempsey, killed in battle.

1st Sergt. Henry B. Lee, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from March 1, 1864, vice Barker, promoted.

1st Sergt. Henry H. Pierce, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from March 1, 1864, vice Coe, resigned.

Sergt. Edward J. Merriam, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from March 1, 1864, vice Marble, promoted.

Sergt. Newton Baldwin, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from March 1, 1864, vice Hutchinson, promoted.

#### 8TH REGIMENT.

Sergt. Alanson O. Wells, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from March 22, 1864, vice Rathbun, promoted.

#### 10TH REGIMENT.

2d Lieut. Benjamin Wright, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from March 16, 1864, vice Tomlinson, dismissed.

#### 12TH REGIMENT.

2d Lieut. George W. Stedman, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from March 19, 1864, vice Francis, deceased.

#### 14TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Henry B. Goddard, to be Captain, vice Townsend, dismissed.

2d Lieut. George N. Brigham, to be 1st Lieut., vice Nichols, promoted.

2d Lieut. Frank E. Stoughton, to be 1st Lieut., vice Hawley, resigned.

Sergt. Maj. Wm. Murdock, to be 1st Lieut., vice Dyer, dismissed.

1st Sergt. J. Frank Morgan, to be 2d Lieut., vice Galpin, dismissed.

1st Sergt. Franklin Bartlett, to be 2d Lieut., vice Hart, deceased.

1st Sergt. Perkins Bartholomew, to be 2d Lieut., vice Brigham, promoted.

All to take rank from the 19th day of March, 1864.

1st Lieut. John G. Pelton, to be Captain, with rank from March 21, 1864, vice Lucas, discharged.

#### 15TH REGIMENT.

1st Sergt. Augustus Roderiques, to be 2d Lieut., vice Chaplin, discharged to accept a commission in another regiment.

Sergt. John H. Hall, to be 2d Lieut., vice Lindsey, promoted.

All to take rank from the 1st day of March, 1864.

#### 17TH REGIMENT.

2d Lieut. George B. Ruggles, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from March 18, 1864, vice Lees, resigned.

Sergt. Maj. Henry McDonough, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from March 18, 1864, vice Hubbell, promoted.

#### 20TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Ambrose E. Beardsley, to be Captain,

with rank from March 5, 1864, vice Upson, deceased.

Major Philo P. Buckingham, to be Lieut. Col., vice Wooster, transferred and promoted to be Col. of the 29th Regt. C. V.

Captain Henry C. Pardee, to be Major, vice Buckingham, promoted.

1st Lieut. David R. Brown, to be Captain, vice Pardee, promoted.

2d Lieut. Theodore Jepson, to be 1st Lieut., vice Beardsley, promoted.

2d Lieut. Wm. W. Spencer, to be 1st Lieut., vice Brown, promoted.

Principal Musician Wm. H. H. Johnson, to be 2d Lieut., vice Sherman, dismissed.

1st Sergt. Arthur Boardman, to be 2d Lieut., vice Jepson, promoted.

Sergt. Nathan B. Abbott, to be 2d Lieut., vice Spencer, promoted.

All to take rank from the 22d day of March, 1864.

#### 21ST REGIMENT.

Private Theodore J. Holmes to be Chaplain 1st Regt. Conn. Cavalry, with rank from March 7th, 1864.

Rev. Edwin Warriner has resigned his position as Chaplain of the First Connecticut Cavalry.

Rev. Mr. Warriner left Connecticut with the first battalion of cavalry and has served faithfully through every hardship and peril for twenty-seven months. His health will hardly permit him to risk another active campaign, and with reluctance he resigns his position. He has always been faithful, energetic and efficient. He is respected and beloved by his regiment, and go where he will, he has their heartfelt wishes for his welfare and happiness.

Rev. Theodore J. Holmes, of the Twenty-first Infantry, has been promoted to be Chaplain of the First Cavalry. At the last call for troops, Rev. Mr. Holmes felt it his duty to set a right example by leaving his church and people in East Hartford, and entering the army voluntarily as a private. He chose to be assigned to the Twenty-first Infantry. While in the conscript camp he was detailed as chaplain of this post. As such he labored with great earnestness and efficiency.

Through his instrumentality, chiefly, a large and comfortable chapel was speedily erected, a suitable library and reading room established. Exercises, varied and instructive, almost every evening, served to attract and improve large numbers of men temporarily stationed at the camp. A large and flourishing school was instituted, and by the aid of kind friends in New Haven, carried on with enthusiasm and great success.

Mr. Holmes endeared himself to all in the camp by his genuine manliness, sincere sympathy and honest efficiency.

When elected by the unanimous vote of the officers of the First Cavalry to be their Chaplain, the men and officers at the camp, while they regretted to lose his services, could but express their sincere congratulation, and good wishes.

His old parishioners in East Hartford expressed their high appreciation and hearty good will by presenting him with a fine set of horse equipments and a purse of three hundred dollars.

Mr. Holmes is admirably adapted in every respect for the position of chaplain, and will speedily win the respect and esteem of his new and gallant parishioners.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 15, 1864.

The undersigned has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of a large and elegant Bible, from the members of Co. A, Seventh C. V. For this unexpected but most welcome remembrance he returns to the members of the company his grateful thanks.

H. L. WAYLAND,  
Late Chaplain Seventh Conn.

Captain A. G. Warner, of Co. I, First Connecticut Cavalry, on the 11th inst. was presented with a splendid sabre, sash, and belt, by his company, as a testimonial of sincere respect and esteem.

PRESENTATION.—Captain Joseph H. Nickerson, of the Eleventh Regiment, has been presented, by a few friends, with a very handsome sword, sash, and belt. Captain Nickerson enlisted as a private, and has been with the Eleventh during its whole term of service. He has won his shoulder straps by bravery and efficiency, and is well worthy of the flattering testimonial which he has received.

From the Journal and Courier.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I beg leave to avail myself of your journal to give publicity to this acknowledgment of the testimonial which I have this morning received, in an informal and unexpected manner, from the "Veteran Volunteers" of my company. In the present thus made to me, consisting of a superb sword, sash and belt, I recognize not only the fact that the kind feelings with which I cannot but regard the men whom I collected two years and a half ago, and with whom I have since passed through so many arduous services, is in some degree reciprocated. I find in it, also, that the rigor of military discipline which I have endeavored to maintain at the hazard of personal popularity, is not inconsistent with the most valuable regard of those upon whom it is exercised.

I am, &c.,

THEODORE BACON,

Capt. 7th C. V., Comdg. Co. F.

New Haven, Feb. 22, 1864.

Assistant Surgeon E. L. Bissell, of the Fifth Connecticut, has recently been appointed Surgeon of the regiment. He has shown great courage on the battle field and efficiency in the hospital. He has twice been made prisoner by the rebels.

Dr. C. V. Creed (colored) of New Haven, has been appointed surgeon of the Thirtieth C. V. Dr. Creed is a graduate of the New Haven Medical College, and bears a good reputation as a skillful physician.

Colonel Noble, of the Seventeenth C. V., has many warm friends, and they have recently manifested their high appreciation of his character and services by sending him a superb set of horse equipments. The letter of presentation is signed B. K. Mills, H. R. Parrott. The eloquent letter of acknowledgment from Colonel Noble closes thus:

"You will please say to those friends whose gift you have tendered me in terms so kind and commendatory, that I am deeply sensible to the good opinion which prompted their generosity. While God spares my life and my strength, I trust I may not be found truant to them, or to that service in which I hope to help make for our country a future brighter, more glorious and serene. Hoping ere long to tread with you the pathway of a peaceful life at home, I am, with sentiments of the most kindly regard, truly your friend,

W. H. NOBLE,

Colonel 17th Regiment C. V."

Charles P. Brown, Adjutant of the Fifteenth C. V., has been appointed to a position on the staff of Major General Peck, of the Department of North Carolina.

Lieutenant Colonel Moegling, of the Eleventh C. V., who has been on recruiting service in the State, has returned to his regiment. He has been quite energetic and successful in recruiting, having obtained more than one hundred men, in spite of the inducement offered to men to enlist in artillery and cavalry. He is very glad to rejoin his gallant regiment, and hopes soon to see active and decisive campaigning.

HOSPITAL 3D DIVISION, 2D ARMY CORPS, }  
March 18th, 1864. }

MR. EDITOR:—Private Fleetwood C. Toplis, Co. I, Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers, has just been promoted to Hospital Steward in the United States Army.

He wishes through the columns of the War Record to express his sincere thanks to Surgeon Dudley, surgeon in charge Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers, also to the other officers of the regiment, for their kindness and courtesy to him during his sojourn with them.





Rev. Jacob Eaton of Meriden has reenlisted as a veteran, and reported for duty at the Conscript Camp, March 29th. Mr. Eaton first enlisted as a private in the 8th C. V., and served faithfully for nearly seven months. He was then promoted to be First Lieutenant of Co. B. He was severely wounded while bravely urging on his gallant men in the fierce fight at Antietam, and was soon after honorably discharged.

He has labored energetically at home in every way to promote the common righteous cause—but his heart has burned to be again in active service—and he at last felt that he must again enlist. He did so, and reported for duty at the Conscript Camp. He was at once detailed by Capt. Wm. B. Sears as Post Chaplain. He has entered upon these duties with enthusiasm and energy.

He has already had several meetings of great interest—has supplied all with Testaments and good reading, and will at once reorganize the school so successfully started by Chaplain Holmes.

Mr. Eaton, earnest, energetic and capable, will do a noble work as Chaplain.

Mr. Jesse H. Lord of Hartford, who, with Capt. Gore, recruited a full and excellent Company for the First Connecticut Cavalry, received a commission as First Lieutenant, but before he was mustered into the service, threw up the commission on account of illness and the claims of an invalid wife.

Mr. Lord, since his recovery, has become local editor of the Hartford Post, a position for which he is admirably qualified. His pen will add much of value and interest to the columns of the Post.

## REGIMENTAL.

### The Location of Regiments.

(OFFICIAL.)

1st squad Cavalry—Hartwood Church, Va., Aug. 31, 1863.

1st Regt. Cavalry, Col. Wm. S. Fish—1st Brigade, 3d Division, Cavalry Corps, Army of Potomac, April 1, 1864.

1st Light Battery, Capt. Alfred P. Rockwell—Folly Island, S. C., April 1, 1864.

2d Light Battery, Captain John W. Sterling—Department of the Gulf, via New Orleans.

1st Artillery, Col. Henry L. Abbott—Fort Richardson, Va., April 1, 1864.

2d Artillery, Col. E. S. Kellogg—Fort Ellsworth, Va., March 11, 1864.

5th Regt., Col. Warren W. Packer—Cowan, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1863.

6th Regt., Col. Redfield Duryee—Hilton Head, S. C., April 1, 1864.

7th Regt., Col. Joseph R. Hawley—Jacksonville, Fla., April 1, 1864.

8th Regiment, Col. John E. Ward—Portsmouth, Va., April 1, 1864.

9th Regt., Lieut. Col. Richard Fitzgibbons—via New Orleans, April 1, 1864.

10th Regt., Major E. S. Greeley commanding—St. Augustine, Fla., April 1, 1864.

11th Regt., Col. G. A. Stedman—Gloucester Point, Va., April 1, 1864.

12th Regt., Lieut. Col. F. H. Peck commanding—Hartford, Conn., April 1, 1864.

13th Regt., Col. Charles D. Blinn—Thibodeaux, La., April 1, 1864.

14th Regt., Col. Theodore G. Ellis—In the field, via Washington, April 1, 1864.

15th Regt., Col. Charles L. Upham—Newbern, N. C., April 1, 1864.

16th Regt., Lieut. Col. John H. Burnham commanding—Newbern, N. C., April 1, 1864.

17th Regt., Col. Wm. H. Noble—Folly Island, S. C., April 1, 1864.

18th Regt., Major Henry Peale commanding—Martinsburg, Va., Feb. 14, 1864.

20th Regt., Col. Samuel Ross—12th Army Corps, Decherd, Tenn.

21st Regt., Col. A. H. Dutton—Morehead City, N. C., Feb. 11, 1864.

The 2d Artillery and the 1st Artillery, except batteries B and M, are ordered to the front in the Army of the Potomac, as infantry. The defenses at Washington are to be manned by the Veteran Reserve Corps. Every able-bodied man who can be spared will doubtless be sent to the field, to make victory swift and sure. Batteries B and M have been for a long time among the reserve artillery of the Army of the Potomac. We insert the following from Battery M:

CAMP OF SIEGE BATTERY M, }  
Near Brandy, Va., }  
March 8th, 1864. }

MR. EDITOR:—In looking over the list of promotions from the Second Conn. Regiment (Three Months) in the Jan'y number of your paper, I find the name of William H. Brown, now a First Lieutenant in the First Artillery. In your list you have him down as a private in the Second Regiment. That is a mistake, for he was not in the three months' service at all. Being a member of Co. G, Second Regiment, at that time I know he was not in the regiment, but first entered the service as First Lieutenant, which position he still holds, and is at present Acting Brigade Quartermaster, but will soon receive his appointment as such.

Our brigade, consisting of six batteries, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Brady, was reviewed on Monday, the 17th inst., by Colonel Burton, who is at present in command of the reserve. Everything passed off pleasantly, and to the satisfaction of the commander and the spectators present, among whom I noticed several ladies.

Nothing more has of late occurred to break the dull monotony of camp life, which at present is very irksome, and I think if our friends at home knew how highly we prize reading matter, they would send us books or papers.

More anon.

"TREGOR."

The Seventh Infantry is filled to the maximum. Lieutenant Colonel Rodman, while his wound disabled him from field service, with characteristic energy has labored diligently and successfully to fill up the ranks of the gallant Seventh. He will soon rejoin his comrades, and will receive a rousing welcome.

The 8th Infantry have had several accessions to their ranks, but are not yet full.

The Eleventh Infantry is full, and the recruiting officers are ordered to return to their regiment. Sergeant Dickinson, who has been on recruiting service in the State for a year and a half, returns as Second Lieutenant.

The Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Twenty-first regiments are stationed at Plymouth, N. C., and are in a brigade commanded by Colonel Frank Beach, of the Sixteenth. One hundred and seventeen men and twelve commissioned officers from the Fifteenth came home on furlough, for the purpose of exercising the right of franchise. Their furlough expires on the 20th of April.

The Eighteenth Infantry is now in the State. Upwards of six hundred came home on a short furlough. They brought along their guns and equipments, and will probably join the Ninth Army Corps at Annapolis. Gen. Burnside is anxious to obtain as many Connecticut troops as possible. It is exceedingly pleasant to go from Martinsburg to Annapolis by way of Connecticut.

The 29th Regiment is now at Annapolis in tents, while the majority of the troops there are in barracks. Such things are noticed but do not depress the men—on the other hand, it makes them even more resolute by their deeds to compel respect and justice.

The splendid pistols made at Colt's factory for presentation to General Grant, were not destroyed. They had been sent to Tiffany & Co. New York, to receive their gold mountings.

## CASUALTIES.

### In Memoriam.

JULIUS HOTCHKISS, Cheshire.

The funeral of Julius Hotchkiss was very numerously attended (considering the condition of the roads) at the Congregational house of worship, in Cheshire, Jan. 29th, 1864.

The deceased was so young in years and so heroic in conduct, that he deserves particular notice. The following extracts are from the funeral address delivered on the occasion by Rev. Jacob Eaton, of Meriden:

"With sorrowful admiration I now refer to the youthful patriot whose motionless and mute form lies before us. Though young in years, he was mature in loyalty, in firmness, in uncomplaining devotion to his country. Although I knew him not, yet I have heard enough of his conduct while he was a soldier to assure me that I am paying a tribute of respect and admiration to a deserving young man, to an unflinching patriot. His record while in the service was untarnished by either misbehavior or fear. It was marked by faithfulness, and adorned with acts of conspicuous courage. He enlisted in a company from his own town, which joined the gallant Twentieth Regiment Connecticut Volunteers. An officer in his own company has assured me of the manly conduct, soldierly bearing, social excellence, and unbending courage of the one whose form lies here, covered with the starry flag which he followed and honored in the fire and smoke of battle. Among the hundreds of heroic men of the Twentieth who stood on the fiery front at Chancellorsville, in the face of overwhelming numbers, after all our other regiments had withdrawn, JULIUS HOTCHKISS was conspicuous for courage.

"The following incident, related by an eye witness, shows that the deceased possessed in a high degree those rare qualities which make a true soldier. While withdrawing from the place where his noble regiment had been decimated and outflanked, he was ordered to halt and surrender by a rebel soldier. Young Hotchkiss replied with great coolness, '*I don't think you are in earnest.*' The advancing rebel instantly fired at his adversary, the ball almost grazing our hero's head. The deceased immediately faced about, took deliberate aim, and made his pursuer bite the dust of Chancellorsville. Few manifest such self-possession and courage under fire. He was truly brave, even heroic. He exhibited the same steadiness of nerve and lofty courage at the battle of Gettysburg. After his regiment joined the Army of the Cumberland, his health failed. He was finally ordered to report at the hospital in New Haven. He reached Cincinnati, Ohio, and there died of chronic diarrhea, Jan. 18th, 1864. His request to a friend that only men who had been in their country's service should bear his body to the grave, shows the sublime spirit which animated his noble young heart."

HEADQUARTERS BUCKINGHAM LEGION, }  
20th Conn. Vols., }  
COWAN, Te., March 6. }

[Orders No. 52.]

On the 20th of January, 1864, about 1 o'clock P. M., a force of rebel cavalry, numbering between two and three hundred, and claiming to be a part of the Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, under the com-





mand of Major W. S. Blasse, rode rapidly into Tracey City, Tenn., a small place upon the Cumberland Mountains, some twenty-two miles from any other point garrisoned by United States forces. This post, established for the protection of the coal mines worked in part for the Government, was commanded by Captain Andrew Upson, Co. K, Twentieth Connecticut Volunteers, and garrisoned by Co. B of this regiment and a small detachment of Co. E, Fifth Connecticut Volunteers. The movement of this mounted force was so rapid as to overcome the pickets and enter the place without alarm. They shot at the first sentinel they encountered, and mortally wounded private David B. Rowell, of Co. B. They moved rapidly forward in such a manner as to surround Captain Upson at his quarters, and separate him from his command. He yielded to overpowering numbers, threw down his weapons, and surrendered, and as he did so, was twice shot by murderous foes, one ball passing from shoulder to shoulder, across his back, another entering his left side and passing inward and upward through his left lung, and lodged in his neck.

Capt. in Upson remained a prisoner in the hands of his assailants until night, while they in vain tried to capture the small but determined force there stationed. Of these wounds he lingered until the evening of the 19th day of February, 1864, when death released him from his pains.

Captain Upson entered the military service as First Lieutenant of Company E, August, 1862. He was upright, impartial, honest, vigilant, humane, and brave. He graduated at Yale College in the class of '49, and to his scholarly attainments added an eminently practical mind. As a soldier he shrank from no duty, and on the battle field he braved danger. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Chancellorsville on the 3d May, 1863, and was marched from thence to Libby Prison. He shared with this regiment its privations, its exhausting marches, its dangers. His highly cultivated intellect, his refined taste, his upright, temperate, pure life and brave heart, won the love and admiration of all that knew him. He passed safely the deadly conflict of battle, and fell at the hands of an assassin.

His companions in arms have submitted the following resolves, which are hereby ordered to be recorded as a just tribute to departed worth:

WHEREAS, Our late companion in arms, Captain ANDREW UPSON, Company K, Twentieth Conn. Volunteers, has fallen under a blow struck by an unmanly foe, and is never more to share in our struggles or triumphs on earthly fields, therefore

*Resolved*, That in his death we have lost a noble associate and friend, his family a true husband and father, the community in which he lived a valued citizen, honor and truth a faithful representative, the cause in which he fell a brave defender, and Christianity a consistent exemplar.

*Resolved*, That with us his memory shall be ever green, and it becomes us to imitate his fidelity, follow his example, copy his noble traits of character, and cultivate the mental attainments which adorned his course.

*Resolved*, That our grief for his loss is ameliorated by the assurance given by his life, that he has secured a victory over the last dread foe, and that he has entered on the enjoyment of a full reward for his struggles, in the world of perpetual peace.

*Resolved*, That we tender to the stricken rela-

tives of the deceased the sympathies of soldiers' hearts, and pledge to them that we will not forget those in whom he cherished a kindly interest.

By order of Lieut. Colonel WM. B. WOOSTER, commanding regiment.

HORACE G. H. TARR,  
1st Lieut. and Adj't. 20th C. V. I.

### On the Death of Lieutenant Tracy, of the Twenty-ninth.

A FAREWELL FROM HIS SOLDIER COMRADES.

O, breathe his name gently, his spirit hath fled,  
He hath gone to the one who gave him;  
And hushed and unbroken upon his low bed,  
While the wild rose in summer shall bloom o'er  
his head,  
He sleeps like the millions before him.

O, breathe his name gently, so sacred and dear  
To the hearts of all who knew him;  
And forgive if his comrade, the soldier, a tear  
Of regret should shed above him.

His heart was so light, and so buoyant his song,  
That the sunshine seemed ever about him;  
We miss the glad smile that had cheered our lone  
hours,

And the days grow long without him.

Farewell, youthful brother, thou hast left us  
awhile,

Thou hast joined that heavenly army;  
Promoted from earth to the ranks above,  
Commissioned from Jesus, thou'lt reign in thy  
love;

O, brother, watch over and help us.

We are bound, angel brother, on a rough,  
rugged way.

The sword and the bullet our weapons;  
Through carnage, and bloodshed, and death's  
chilling tide,

We're encamped on a battle-field dizzy and wide,  
O, brother, watch over and aid us.

Farewell, angel brother, thy hardships are o'er,  
While ours are but scarcely beginning;  
And the thunder and carnage, the war rattle bold,  
May chant our death anthem, while mangled and  
cold

Our hearts grow still in our bodies.

Sleep on, youthful brother, the ever green sod  
Of thy own native land for a pillow;  
The wild birds shall carol above thy still bed,  
And the green boughs shall wave above thy low  
head.

We leave thee at rest forever.

LU. SPALDING.

### Rev. James Averill, Chaplain 23d Regiment.

Rev. James Averill was born at Griswold, Connecticut, on the 29th May, 1825, the son of Deacon James Averill and Lucy Button, his wife. These parents, having served God faithfully to a good old age, fell asleep on two successive days in February, 1854, and were laid to rest in the same grave. The family home was a very retired farm in the northeast part of the town, from whence the subject of this sketch went forth first to the academy in the adjoining town of Plainfield, then to the college at Amherst, where he graduated in 1837, and finally to the Theological School at New Haven. Soon after leaving the latter institution, he went to Shrewsbury, Mass., where he was ordained Pastor, June 22, 1841, and remained in charge until broken down in health by excessive labors in a season of religious revival in 1848. He then spent a few years in New Haven and Berlin, and on the recovery of

his health, accepted a call to settle in Plymouth Hollow, where he was installed Pastor October 12, 1852, and remained in charge precisely ten years.

Soon after completing this term of service, he accepted the chaplaincy of the Twenty-third Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, and sailed with them for Louisiana early in December. The voyage was very trying to his health and strength, and the malarious climate, to which he was exposed aggravated his tendencies to disease. Friends suggested to him the expediency of an immediate return to the North, but he felt strong reluctance to abandon his post of duty. At length, however, on the 28th May, 1863, he was suddenly attacked with fainting, followed by fever. The end rapidly drew on, though for a time hope of his recovery was cherished. The disease soon accomplished its appointed work, and he sank quietly to rest, at 4 o'clock P. M., June 11, 1863, a few days more than forty-eight years old.

Mr. Averill was married first to Elizabeth, only daughter of C. A. Judson, Esq., of New Haven, who died about 1833; and secondly, to Miss S. Augusta Carpenter, of Greenfield, Mass., who survives him. He also left five children, the oldest son being Hospital Steward of the Second Regiment Connecticut Heavy Artillery.

Mr. Averill was highly esteemed by numerous friends for his fine qualities of mind and heart. He was especially a sincere and true man, a shrewd observer, a sound thinker, an efficient worker, a practical, earnest, and devout Christian.

His remains, after having rested for a time in a vault in New Orleans, were brought to New Haven and laid by the side of his first wife, on the 17th February, 1864. Appropriate funeral services were held at the Centre Church, conducted by the Rev. Dr. Bacon and the Rev. R. C. Learned of Plymouth. The peculiar severity of the weather that day, prevented a large attendance, and interfered with the arrangements for a military escort. There were present, however, besides the bereaved family and its connections, a number of his late parishioners, and other mourning friends. E.

### Thoughts suggested by the Death of Alexis J. Seymour, Co. I, First Conn. Artillery.

We are all mourners; when a soldier dies  
He opes the fountain of a nation's tears;  
We all are bound to him by closest ties,  
By mutual suffering through these bloody years.

From camp to fireside, over all the land,  
What earnest words fly swiftly to and fro!  
God pity those who read with trembling hand  
That last sad message—death has laid him low.

Think kindly of the soldier as ye gaze  
For the last time on that pale face to-day;  
Think of his weary, self-denying days,  
As that cold, coffin form to rest ye lay.

Sleep, brother, with thy comrades, 'neath the snow,  
Another offering at Freedom's shrine;  
And as the years successive come and go,  
How bright each sacrificial name will shine!

Dear to our hearts is yonder snowy hill,  
Where our brave, honored soldier brothers lie.  
Though they are dead, their deeds are living still;  
The memory of such can never die.

TERRYVILLE, January 10th, 1864.





### Lieutenant Robert Dempsey.

Accounts of the late unfortunate affair at Olustee, Florida, put among the killed, the name of Robert Dempsey, 1st Lieut., Co. E. 7th Conn. We are not at present in possession of any details of the circumstances of his death. But we have ample assurance, from his past life, that it was incurred in the honorable and brave discharge of his duty.

I knew Mr. Dempsey from the time of the formation of the regiment. No one could know him without being impressed with his conscientious faithfulness to his duties, and with his uncompromising loyalty. He had a just and clear view of the nature of the struggle in which we are engaged. Long ago, when the war was but in its beginning, he saw slavery in its true position as the spring of our evil, and though often almost alone in his views he held and expressed them in the midst of whatever opposition.

On the 17th of June last, the regiment being then at St. Augustine, celebrated the anniversary of Bunker Hill by a meeting and speeches. Mr. Dempsey made an admirable address on that occasion in which he expressed his profound admiration for the sentiments of New England. His enthusiasm in behalf of New England was the more noteworthy as he was not himself of New England birth or descent. He was of Irish family and was a consistent Catholic. Although a Catholic, he had no bigoted prejudice in behalf of the forms of that Church. He always by his example encouraged the members of his company in attending on the ministrations of the Chaplain.

At the battle of James Island, while bravely discharging his duties, Mr. D. was severely wounded in the shoulder. The injury, though not fatal, was painful and tedious.

He has now given the crowning proof of his loyalty, and has made the last proud sacrifice for the cause of liberty and order. He will live in the affection and memory of his comrades and fellow soldiers, as well as in the tender regrets of his bereaved widow.

H. L. W.

In our March number we printed the regimental order concerning the death of Captain Charles E. Bulkeley, of Co. E, First C. V. Artillery. Captain Bulkeley died of typhoid fever and pneumonia, after a short and severe illness, at Battery Gareschie. Captain Bulkeley was a son of Hon. E. A. Bulkeley, of Hartford. He graduated from the Hartford High School, afterwards graduated from Yale College, then studied law in the office of his father. He responded promptly to the first call of the President, and served faithfully in Co. A. in the First Regiment of Three Months' Volunteers. He was appointed Lieutenant in the 1st Artillery, and afterwards deservedly promoted to be Captain. He shared the hardships and perils of the Peninsula campaign, and enjoyed the subsequent ease and quiet in the defenses of Washington. He was a man of superior attainments and noble character.

An old lady recently sent a donation to the Washington Sanitary Commission, with the following unique and patriotic inscription:

CHESTER TOWN, N. Y.

These socks were spun and knit by Mrs. Zeruiah Clapp, 96 years old, whose hands in youth were engaged in moulding bullets for the Revolutionary War. *Keep the toes of these socks towards the rebels!*

In Cincinnati, the other day, a wealthy Quaker refused to give any money to aid the war, but said there was a loose \$100 note at his office, which the committee might find.

## HOME DEPARTMENT.

### "Causes which prevent men from becoming members of Military Companies."

I shall consider in this article some of the most prominent causes which, in my judgment, deter men from becoming members of State Militia Companies.

1. The difficulty experienced in raising money by private subscription to procure suitable uniforms, and the inability of laboring men to procure their own. Those who would become members of military companies, especially in our manufacturing villages and agricultural towns are laboring men, of very limited means. How, under existing circumstances, can such men without injury to themselves or their families, expend respectively, twenty-five dollars for an uniform? At the greatly increased price of rents, of fuel, of food, of apparel—of everything which laboring men use and consume, they can barely support themselves and their families, and therefore can afford no outlays for things not absolutely necessary and imperatively demanded.

2. The loss of much valuable time for which members of military companies receive no adequate remuneration. To attain any accurate and respectable knowledge of the use of arms and military evolutions, at least one evening each week, should be devoted exclusively to drill. At least three hours should be devoted to drill each evening. This would amount to one hundred and fifty-six hours or thirteen working days in a year. This time, estimated at a fair valuation, would be worth pecuniarily twenty-six dollars; and if devoted to mental improvement, through reading and study, it would be worth vastly more. But, says Mr. Smallview, your citizen-soldiers would not have employment in the evening if they did not drill. But I know many young men who have work every week-day evening, and who lose pecuniarily every time they do military duty.

3. The numerous incidental expenses of a military company which can only be met by requiring regular dues or payments from the members. The members of the company to which I belong pay the sum of twenty-five cents respectively each month, to defray incidental expenses. This takes three dollars a year from each one. Incidental expenses include cost of publishing the Constitution and By-Laws of the company, cost of fuel, lights and numerous other essential things. The money is not expended for convivial suppers and strong drink, for our company is organized on strictly honest, moral and temperance principles.

4. The disrepute into which our militia system has fallen in the estimation of the public. (1.) The people consider it inefficient. (2.) Many think any militia system useless. These things deter many from becoming members of military companies.

5. The principal of all prominent causes is the seeming unwillingness of our Legislature to pass such laws and make such provisions as would stimulate and encourage men to enter the militia service. Our Meriden company could be increased to the maximum number at once, were we assured that the men would be uniformed. Many of our most worthy young men would become members, had they adequate encouragement. Better, far better give up our militia system, than to make the service a positive burden and almost a dishonor to our citizen soldiers. If young men will give their

time in order to prepare themselves to defend the Commonwealth of Connecticut, and, if necessary, the National Government, the men who make and unmake our laws should see that those young men are not subjected to pecuniary loss, by reason of doing military service. We are in earnest when we say, give us a plain, carefully devised, adequate, effective militia law, or immediately abolish our present inoperative militia system. We need a law full of justice, wisdom, and sound common sense. Unless something shall be soon done to place our domestic force on an honorable and permanent footing, it will exist only in name. The thorough organization and proper encouragement of a State Militia force is not a question of mere parties and politics. Ever loyal man, every lover of American nationality, every one who would place our popular governments beyond the reach of designing and traitorous men at home, and of invasion from abroad, has a direct interest in securing an effective and permanent militia force. The age of bullets has not passed, and human justice and freedom cannot afford to be found disarmed and defenceless amid despotic and disorganizing forces. A well organized, well disciplined military force is essential to the safety and success of even a republican government. We have neglected this fact, and relied too much upon the supposed impossibility of a treasonable and armed resistance to the laws and the Constitution of the land. We should become wiser from the bloody and terrible lessons of the present. I consider the military force of England the best regulated and most efficient of any European power. Volunteer companies have been organized throughout that country, and now constitute a well disciplined force of riflemen sixty thousand strong. This force may be called upon for home defense, and may be termed the militia force of the crown. Men of wealth, influence and high social position have either joined these volunteer companies or assisted in their organization. The Earl of Derby armed and equipped one company at his own expense. Frequent shooting at target with the rifle for prizes gives this large force an accuracy of aim which must tell greatly in its favor if called into service.

MERIDEN, March 23, 1864.

### Our Veterans.

NUMBER THREE.

We had hoped this month to record the return and reception of the 9th and 13th C. V., and thus complete the history of the most cheering and gratifying episode of the great war. These regiments have not at this date arrived, though soon expected. As we wish to describe very minutely, we must postpone the record of the 10th, and give that in full of the 12th.

#### THE TWELFTH REGIMENT.

The 12th arrived at New York on the steamer Mississippi, Wednesday night, Feb. 10th, and at New Haven on the steamer Traveler, Friday morning, Feb. 12th.

They were met at the dock by the city authorities and escort. By the latter, through misapprehension, they were delayed for some time, *breakfastless*. The escort was at length formed, and consisted of

Fair Haven Band.  
Battalion Veteran Reserve Corps.  
New Haven Grays.  
A company from Russell's School.  
National Blues.  
Light Guard.  
City Officers in Carriages.





New Haven Band,

12th Regiment,

450 reënlisted Veterans,

Commanded by Lieut. Col. Frank H. Peck.

The military reception and route of procession was the same as on former occasions. The morning was damp and chill, but that did not intimidate the people. They turned out and thronged the streets to look upon the hardy veterans with admiration, and greet them with hearty cheers. The hearty huzzas and shouts of glad recognition by old friends; the frequent pealing of bells, rung with right good will; the rapid booming of cannon, and the enlivening music blended in uproarious demonstration of a joyous welcome.

With firm and practised step the veterans moved along the crowded streets, trying to seem indifferent, yet all the while proudly and plainly appreciating the fact that the honor and welcome was for them, and that no men but veteran defenders of the flag we love can ever move the whole people to such grateful enthusiasm.

At Music Hall, the indefatigable committee, composed principally of Major B. F. Mansfield, had provided an abundant supply of exactly suitable viands. The veterans comprehended the state of the case instantly, and lost no time in proving themselves equal to the important occasion.

After the bountiful repast, Mayor Tyler welcomed the men in a brief and graceful address.

#### ADDRESS OF MAYOR TYLER.

*Colonel Peck, Officers and Soldiers of the Twelfth Connecticut Volunteers:*—Standing before you in behalf of the city, we welcome you to Connecticut and to New Haven, and we welcome and congratulate you on your return to the State whose honor you have so nobly and gallantly defended. We do not tender you this welcome that you should feel under any obligations to us. We are simply discharging our duty to you. We honor you for the part you have taken, leaving the comforts of society and home, and enduring the perils of warfare and the field; and at the call of your country you have again responded and entered the service for another term of three years.

We feel that you have honored us, and also the name of American soldiers and American patriotism. It is a high honor to you, that after facing the dangers of the field for two years, as American soldiers, you have again entered the service. We thank you, brave defenders, for it is through you we have been permitted to remain at home enjoying peace and comfort. It is through those who have, through patriotism, become soldiers, that we are thus happily situated. We thank you for the privilege of having you as guests on this occasion.

#### RESPONSE OF LIEUT. COL. PECK.

"In behalf of the officers and members of the regiment, I thank you. We have been reminded many times that we were not forgotten by the friends at home. For a long period we have felt we possessed your friendship. But we feel that your generous demonstrations are entirely beyond our deserve. Two years ago this month, we left this city to join the army of General Butler. Since that time we have been in active service in the face of the enemy—how active that service has been, four hundred vacancies on our rolls to-day, show. But discouragements and failures have never yet appalled us, we assure you. On the contrary, not to have reënlisted would have seemed like abandoning the principles which actuated us in entering the service. At a proper time we shall be ready to take the field again. And let me say it depends upon you who remain at home, as much, if not more, than upon us, what the result of this contest will be. You who remain enjoying the blessings of peace should see to it that you are loyal in your legislation, loyal in your conversation, loyal in all things; and we pledge you our lives to carry your flag and our flag with honor into the face of the enemy."

The speaking ended, the regiment was escorted by the National Blues to the passenger depot, and took the cars for Hartford at 12 o'clock.

Mayor Tyler, Aldermen Marble, Chatfield, Johnson, and others of the New Haven Committee, proceeded to Hartford to take part in the recep-

tion; but as the authorities of that city took no part, officially, in the reception, they became the guests of Wm. Collins, Esq., whose courtesy they will long remember with pleasure.

#### THE RECEPTION AT HARTFORD.

The Twelfth was handsomely received by a neat escort, under command of Colonel Burnham. The enthusiasm displayed was fully equal to that at New Haven. The people were abroad. All true hearts joined in expressing sincere respect and grateful affection. The regiment was conducted to a truly inviting collation in the City Hall. The welcoming speech was eloquently made by Hon. Ezra Hall, of Marlboro.

#### ADDRESS OF HON. EZRA HALL.

*Officers and Soldiers of the Twelfth Connecticut:* Brave veterans of the Republic! Two years ago, in the cold of winter, when the air was heavy with the noise of gathering hosts; when even the south wind seemed hostile to the air that bathes our Northern hills, vitalizing our civilization; when the nation was holding out its bleeding hands, and its flag lay prostrate, torn and dishonored; when the long roll of the drum summoned the nation to war, you gathered, a thousand noble, gallant men. The Commonwealth under whose laws you organized, looked on with pride as you left your barracks, moved to New York, passed the Atlantic coast, swept the Gulf, and at last encamped on a hostile shore.

For two long and weary years, under a tropical sun, and in the face of the enemy, you have borne bravely the burden of the war; your history is left in the sands of Ship Island, invovnen in the defense and renovation of New Orleans. Yes! you helped turn the key that opened the gates of the West. Your names will be forever associated with Irish Bend, Camp Bissell, Thibodeaux, Labadieville, and Port Hudson. No brighter page was ever written than this on which your names appear. It will live with the ever rolling waters of the Mississippi that lave the banks on which you fought. In the trench, in the skirmish, in the hospital, on the fortifications, on the march, or in thickest fight, you have always been equal to the hour. Your heroism in the long and perilous fight of forty-two days at Port Hudson, is left in uneffaceable characters on the nation's records.

With this noble history you come back to the warm embraces of friends and to a grateful people. Mothers, sisters, lovers, wives, and friends, will all extend the hand of welcome and offer you a holy kiss. At your deliverance, emotions of thankfulness will go up from many a New England hearth to Him who has returned you home in safety. In behalf of those gathered to do you honor, I say a thousand times welcome to your homes and to the State which claims with pride your deeds. Your torn and tattered colors, your thinned ranks and weary-looking countenances, evidence well your deeds of valor, and show us the cost of our liberties, and the worth of freedom. You have battled for truth, for God, and for country; you have acted upon an issue that concerns more than the present generation. It has been the question of all the centuries past, and will be the war-cry of coming ages.

But while you go to the bosom of your homes and friends, I cannot forget the brave, devoted boys of your regiment who never will come back. They sleep, yet live; they have as a sacrifice given all for country and principle. Some of them rest along the unfriendly shores of the South; others have been carried to their burial to the more welcome churchyards of the North. Their friends watch in vain for their returning steps, and will hear no more the sweet sound of their voice. But for them I say, their hero friends sleep well. Their memories are embalmed in the feelings of a thankful people, and the sacred spots where they fell shall be memorable as the places where immortal principles gathered new life.

"They cannot die! immortal worth

Outlasts the shock of time—

\* \* \* \* \*

They live! on every hill and plain,

By every gleaming river,

Where'er their glowing feet have trod.

They live! and they live forever."

As additional proof of your patriotism and courage you have reënlisted, the crowning work of noble deeds. You have done this knowing the trials and realities of war. In this act of yours and of the army, the nation sees her deliverance. It shows an undying devotion to country and to republican principles.

You are received to day not as the soldiers of victory merely, as were the soldiers of the Roman capital, but as soldiers fighting in a cause in which victory means the triumph of right, and safety to the Republic. As you marched to-day in the gaze of the multitude, I saw in the eye of the little boy, the maiden fair, the middle-aged, and the old man, whose silvery head tells too plainly that he cannot enjoy the full fruits of your labor, the certainty of our national success, and the morning of a more perfect civilization.

Your regiment and its history has an intimate connection with Hartford and its vicinity. You were organized and led out by one of the most honored and eloquent of the city or State—by the noble, gallant, and patriotic Denning. [Loud cheers.] To-day he stands in Congress, as when with you in arms, earnest for the Republic and the supremacy of her laws. Some of your number were members of the military organizations of the city. I see in your line officers members of the Hartford City Guard—the brave Captain Dickinson and Lieutenant Buckley; and in your staff, Adjutant Smith. In behalf of that company, the pride of the city, in all the enthusiasm of their manhood, I offer to them and every member of the Guard an earnest and hearty reception.

And I would not forget the brave Colonel Colburn, [cheers.] whom the Government has called to another field of duty. I well remember, too, that the soldier loves equally the leader who goes out and returns with him, leading him to victory, sharing with him the trials of the field, and rejoicing with him when the hours go well. All honor to Lieutenant Colonel Peck and his associates, [cheers.] who, though honored with their scars and weary with the march and the fight, are with the soldiers of the Twelfth still. Your history has more than a local interest; it is national. You were a part of the Gulf Squadron which moved with its thundering guns to the Crescent City. You were under the general command of the bold, living, resolute, and iron-willed Butler, [tremendous applause.] at whose order New Orleans came back to the authority of the United States—a man who lives in and comprehends the issue of this hour; a man who put under his heel the secession of Louisiana, and taught woman, who for the first time was heedless of her interest in the stars and stripes, to respect the Northern soldier and the laws he was sent to enforce; a man who, alone of all our generals, believes in dealing with traitors as the old revolutionary soldier would deal with the Tories of the Revolution, by giving them "shot, grape, and hell." [Great applause.] Jackson-like, he ordered and executed. The glory which hangs over the Department of the Gulf, tinges with interest your history. Well may you recount for the coming thirty days you remain at home, and for all your lives, the stories of the camp, the victories you have won, and the glories that hang over every page of your history in the service of the country. Every home is indebted to you. For our rights and liberties you have fought. For our institutions and for republican government your comrades have laid down their lives. Sacred be their memory! May it grow brighter and greener with the coming years, and to you, thrice welcome, brave sons of Connecticut! in whose acts the history of the founders of American nationality reappears. Shall the flag they loved and handed to you be dishonored?

No! lift your banner toward the sky,

More proudly now that tempests blow!

Like your brave fathers, do or die,

Till treason in the dust lies low.

The conclusion of the address was honored with hearty cheers. Blessing was then invoked by





Rev. Mr. Fisher, and the veterans were invited to perform their part of the entertainment. Their part was rapidly executed, without embarrassment, and with entire success and satisfaction.

After the collation, the happy but weary men rolled themselves in their blankets, for a good nap on the floor of the hall. In the morning they received passes until Tuesday, 15th, and then returned to receive their thirty days' furlough.

The Twelfth brings home 463 officers and men. They are sunbrowned, hardy, stalwart and healthy, an honor to any army or any nation on the globe.

They bring with them a few loyal Louisiana men, who have been members of the regiment long enough to become veterans. They are astonished at the prosperity of the North, and highly gratified at the splendid reception of the Twelfth. All the officers and men express themselves surprised and delighted at the enthusiastic honor with which they were received.

The regiment has a fine brass band, of which James Heartman, of New Orleans, is leader.

The Twelfth left the State for Ship Island in February, 1862, and taking part in the expedition against New Orleans, was the first regiment to ascend the river after the surrender of Forts Jackson and St. Philip. This fact having been denied, it is thus reasserted by Hon. Henry C. Deming, the former Colonel of the regiment:

"The Twelfth Regiment left anchorage between Forts Jackson and St. Philip, aboard the E. Wilder Farley, on the evening of April 20th, and anchored before New Orleans on the evening of April 30th. Gen. Butler and Staff, with the Thirty-first Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, did not reach New Orleans until the morning of May 1st, and as they passed the E. Wilder Farley, cheered her as she lay at anchor before the city. It is a fact that the Thirty-first Massachusetts volunteers was the first regiment that landed in the city, but not the first regiment which reached it. The Twelfth Regiment Connecticut Volunteers could not land, because it was aboard a sailing vessel which had been left by the towboat, and was at the mercy of the current. The Mississippi was a steamer."

The regiment remained for some months subsequent to the capture of New Orleans near the city, in the brigade of Gen. Phelps. They were placed in the brigade of General Weitzel in September, 1862, and remained under him through his entire campaign; took an active part in the battles of Labadieville, the destruction of the Confederate steamer Cotton, and Camp Bisland; occupied Alexandria on Red River, and were forty-two days under fire at Port Hudson; they then occupied Donaldsonville and Brashear City, going around by the Gulf. They also joined in the feints through Western Louisiana to Opelousas, while General Banks made a landing in Texas. A finely written account of the several movements and achievements of which the above is but an outline, will be found in the February and April numbers of the War Record.

We add, in closing, the impartial testimonial of the commanding General to the gallantry and high worth of this sturdy regiment:

HEADQUARTERS 1ST DIVISION, 19TH A. C.,  
New Iberia, La., Jan. 1st, 1864.

[General Order No. 2.]

The Twelfth Connecticut Volunteers, Lieutenant Colonel F. H. Peck commanding, having reenlisted, will comply with special orders No. 1, from headquarters Nineteenth Army Corps, and proceed to New Orleans.

The General commanding the division thinks it due to this regiment and to the Lieutenant Colonel commanding it, to express his high opinion of its good conduct, whether in the face of the enemy or in camp, and especially the promptness in which it has come forward to reenlist under the first call of the President of the United States.

The regiment is the first that has been called upon under the law. It has set a good example. The country, and the authorities which represent the country, will not fail to honor the Twelfth Connecticut.

By command of Brig. Gen. EMORY.

[Signed] FREDERIC SPEED, A. A. G.

### Recruiting and the Quota.

Not a few fearful minds, noting the absence of public concern and anxiety in regard to the war, and the evidences of unusual prosperity which every Northern city, village and hamlet exhibits, have indulged in forebodings of disaster and perhaps ruin to the people and the country. They say there is no enthusiasm, no deep and earnest sentiment, moving the people to manifestations such as were witnessed here two years ago, when the purses of the rich, the labor of the active, the influence of the powerful, and the services of all, were freely offered and pressed upon the Government,—when crowded meetings, addressed by the most eloquent speakers, whose every sentence contained an apostrophe to the "old flag" whose tri-colored folds repeated themselves upon the walls, depended from the ceiling, draped the speaker's stand, and festooned the arches, were held in every place where a hall could be found sufficiently large to contain the eager crowds which thronged to the meeting.

But, a few facts and a little reflection will convince even these doubters, and serve to allay much of the anxiety which troubles many sincere lovers of the country. The spasmodic efforts of excited communities, moved by a powerful patriotic impulse, are known no more; but instead, we have an established system of action, infinitely more effective, though less demonstrative. The grand Union meetings are no longer held; for those who before attended to arouse or be aroused, are not only awake, but working. Proffers publicly made of money have been succeeded by a steady flow of contributions through organizations whose branches reach every family, receiving the mite of the widow and the princely benefactions of the wealthy. The spectacle of whole regiments of reenlisted veterans, and the smoked and tattered flags they proudly bear, has displaced the exhibition of the banner draped hall, and speeches and music. The people everywhere, however outwardly absorbed in business and money-making, are at work with a determination of will and an earnestness of purpose in regard to this rebellion which only a righteous cause and a deep seated confidence in ultimate success could inspire.

Without mentioning those gigantic organizations of benevolent aid to the soldier, and consequently support to the Government, the Sanitary Commission and the Soldiers' Aid Societies, which are supported wholly by the voluntary contributions of the people on a scale of magnificence in extent and resources never exhibited by the benefaction of any Government institution, the steady flow of recruits into the army is of itself sufficient to dissipate all doubts of the ultimate success of the Government, and to exonerate the people from any charge of lukewarmness. During the four months ending March 1st, nearly six thousand men volunteered and were mustered into the United States service, equal to a regiment and a half each month. When, after the first uprising of the people, have we by popular enthusiasm raised six regiments in four months? Yet it has been done during these winter months of apparent apathy. In the four weeks of February, fourteen hundred and fifty-six men voluntarily enlisted and were mustered. The flow of recruits is so regular that at any provost marshal's office the number of each week to come can be estimated with almost unflinching exactness; and as the source from emigration appears to be almost inexhaustible, there

is not much to fear from the want of material for the army. Probably the present system of recruiting will not be much changed while the war continues, except where the conscription takes its place. The order issued a few weeks since, making the United States recruiting fees payable to all persons who present volunteers, instead of confining it as before to regularly appointed agents, does not seem to have materially affected the regular routine of the work. The delays and annoyances of recruiting inseparable from the provost marshals' offices, are so distasteful to most persons that the temptation of the fees is insufficient to induce them to avail themselves of the privilege. Besides, the agents will give nearly if not quite as much as the Government, and pay the cash down, waiting themselves for the collection of their fees.

The quota of the State under all calls is filled, but still the recruits flow steadily in.

By a recent order, two hundred thousand men more are called for. Yet the quota of the State is announced by the Adjutant General as filled, including the requisition under this last call. To Adjutant General Morse the people are largely indebted for this result. By his persistence the National Government has at last yielded a right tardily—tardily, but all the more welcome that it was so long waited for. Two years ago and more the Governor allowed the enlistment of a squadron of cavalry for a regiment to be recruited from the New England States and New York, each State to be credited with the men enlisted from its inhabitants. After the regiment had been mustered in, a subsequent order transferred the whole organization to the State furnishing the largest number of men. According to this order, the whole regiment was credited to New York. Connecticut, therefore, while furnishing the regular State assistance to the families of the men of the regiment belonging here, has been deprived of their credit on her quota. This is now corrected.

Notwithstanding the announcement that the State's quota is filled, as many recruits are offered as before. Many towns avail themselves of the facilities offered by the general disposition to enlist, and are either filling their own quotas or accumulating a surplus to their credit in case of any future call. This is a very encouraging and favorable sign. There is no reason for despondency. Connecticut has always borne her share of the burdens of war, and her people will not fail now. Let the work of recruiting go on. Continually is disease and casualty encroaching on the ranks of the defenders of the country, and the true policy is to as constantly replenish, and if possible increase the numbers of our men in the field, not only as a means of disheartening the managers of the rebellion and rendering powerless their sympathizers in the North, but to cheer and sustain those who have borne the "burden and heat of the day." A steady "continuance in well doing" seems to be an essential element of the nation's success.

### THE QUOTA OF THE STATE.

Steady, daily increase is being made to the number of Connecticut volunteers in the field. Through the offices of the District Provost Marshals, and the regular recruiting stations, the number of recruits added each month to our force is over one thousand. Since the recruiting under the present system was begun, last fall, the number enlisted in the State, up to March 1st, is 5,956, to which





add the number for March, 1,023, and we have a total of 6,979, or, in round numbers, 7,000 men in about five months. So the State has actually raised seven entire regiments during the last five months. It is a good record; and what makes it more encouraging is the fact that although the announcement was made some weeks ago that the quota of the State was filled under all calls, yet the falling off in the number enlisted the past month is scarcely noticeable, when the approach of spring and the increasing demand for labor at unusually high wages is taken into consideration.

It may be safely stated that the number required of Connecticut by the National Government has been furnished, with a handsome surplus in reserve, to apply on any future requisition. But the work should not stop. No efforts should be spared to place the people of the State beyond the contingency of a draft. What may be the future requirements of the public service for men cannot be foreseen, and it is the dictate of sound policy as well as true patriotism to forestall the demands of the government.

Quite a number have been recently added to the credit of the State through the exertions of Adjutant General Morse. For a long time there had been a difference between the rolls in the Adjutant General's office here and those in the corresponding department in Washington. This difference has been adjusted, and the State is now credited with 1,586 men not before counted for Connecticut. Of this number are 162 men composing the Connecticut squadron of the Harris-Light Cavalry, 57 men not before credited on account of difference in muster-in rolls, and 1,367 recruits.

The work of recruiting will proceed during the present month with somewhat less of success than heretofore, for the requirements of every branch of mechanical business, and especially agriculture, will attract many to civil pursuits who otherwise would enter the field.

### Pensions, Bounties, and Arrears of Pay.

We have been kindly furnished with the following important facts by Henry Rogers, Esq., of this city, who thoroughly understands these matters, and has been very successful in the prosecution and collection of claims in the different departments during the past year.

Officers and soldiers who have resigned or have been honorably discharged in consequence of disability contracted in the military or naval service of the United States, whether said disability is the result of wounds or disease, are entitled to receive pensions during the continuance of such disability. Widows, minor children under sixteen years of age, mothers dependent for support upon persons who have been engaged in the military or naval service, and have died or contracted disability therein which has resulted in death, and orphan sisters dependent in like manner, are also entitled to receive pensions—only one full pension being granted on account of such deceased person. A bounty of \$100 is due the following parties, viz. Soldiers who have been honorably discharged from any cause after a service of two years, or those who have been discharged in consequence of wounds received in battle without regard to term of service. Relatives of deceased soldiers are entitled to bounty in the following order, viz. widows, children, fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters—a mother of a deceased soldier is entitled to the \$100 bounty though the father may be living, if the latter has abandoned the support of his family. Parties having claims for pensions, bounty, and arrears

of pay, should intrust them to a competent Attorney, and thereby save needless expense and delay. Owing to the numerous claims filed in the different departments, some delay is unavoidable.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Captain E. M. Lee, formerly of Guilford, Connecticut. He belonged to the Fifth Michigan Cavalry, and was taken prisoner during a charge on Stuart's cavalry, near Warrenton, October 19, 1863:

LIBBY PRISON, Dec. 20, 1863.

\* \* \* \* To-day, the sunlight of a beautiful Sabbath streams with unwonted brightness through the narrow prison windows, reminding us that God bestows it alike on all, and that only man places a screen between it and us.

My little household (one member) is located in a room with three hundred other men, of every grade of commission in the service. Four other rooms in the prison are occupied by officers, making a total of between eleven and twelve hundred. The authorities here have ceased to receive stores from associations or private individuals at the North, so I am now reduced to the inconsiderable rations issued by the South to its soldiers and prisoners. Hunger stares us in the face, but does not frighten me. Better men than I have suffered—better men than I have died. The last fate may not necessarily be mine, however, for the rations supplied will keep soul and body together. My health, too, is excellent; so you see I am well qualified for the experience which will go to make up a part of the great problem of life we are all trying to solve. Never believe that I am disheartened, for "none of these things move me." No human misfortune can swerve me from the purpose to *live*, or else *die*, for the glorious flag of our Union.

Yours truly,

E. M. L.

The members of Co. D, Thirtieth C. V., recently presented to Lieutenant John E. Wheelock an elegant sword, sash, and belt. The affair occurred in the chapel at the Conscript Camp, Fair Haven. An opening speech was made by T. Jones, and the presentation speech by Orderly Sergeant Wm. J. Whipple. Both speeches were well worded and delivered, and reflect credit on the soldiers who made them. Lieutenant Wheelock responded briefly, but handsomely.

### Military Schools.

The rapid increase of military schools is characteristic of the age. The value of early military training, in forming the bearing and character of men, is now clearly felt and appreciated.

Among this class of schools, it gives us pleasure to notice one recently established by C. W. Pettibone, in a beautiful and healthy location in Winchester, Conn.

Mr. Pettibone was Colonel of the "fighting Tenth C. V.," but his health failing him he resigned, and has now opened this select military school.

Col. Pettibone is a finished scholar and a man of high character. His school will be unsurpassed in educational advantages, and afford also opportunities for military training.

One of the neatest inventions of the day is the new *Magic Button Key*, just brought into market by Camp & St. John of New Haven. It is simple and reliable, and will save for the soldiers, especially, many stitches and the loss of many buttons.

## THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD

APRIL, 1864.

\* All communications should be addressed to "THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD," New Haven, Conn.

One of the most serious mistakes of those who are not versed in liberty, is to imagine that *liberty* consists in withholding the necessary power from government.

FRANCIS LIEBER.

At the risk of incurring the charge of vanity and self-adulation, we print two or three of many unsought expressions of commendation from our gallant subscribers in the field. One soldier writes, "The War Record is an excellent paper, just what we soldiers want, and its appearance is hailed every month with joy." Another writes, "We become more and more interested every month in the War Record. It seems to be improved in every number." That is just what we aim to do. Still another writes us, "The boys begin almost with the month to ask for the War Records, anxious to have them arrive."

We are compelled to postpone the record of the reception of the Tenth Regiment—also the flag presentation and departure of the Twenty-ninth Regiment—an excellent account of the battle of Olustee, with several other matters of value. Our readers shall have all these as rapidly as we can crowd them into our columns.

In our last issue, we adverted to the dilatoriness of our city carrier with some severity. He pleads in extenuation that he was quite ill, and could not do better. We desire to do no one injustice, and cheerfully give him the benefit of his explanation.

In our February number we expressed a desire to know and thank the donor of that sturdy and tireless Union sheet, "The Knoxville Whig and Rebel Ventilator." We venture to print the reply to our request.

CINCINNATI, O., March 14th, 1864.

Editor of "Connecticut War Record."

DEAR SIR:—The seventh number of your excellent paper reached us this morning. After reading it nearly through, we came upon your inquiry as to who sent you the Whig. By this note you shall know his name. An unconditional Union East Tennessean, General Agent for the paper in all the loyal States. The North knows nothing of the value of this Union, or the cost of it by experience. We have lost everything, suffered everything, endured every threat, menace, and invective, every injury at the hands of the rebels—our tormentors and persecutors—are financially ruined, and everything gone but character, honor, *love of our country*, and the emblem of our Nation's honor. *These remain inviolate*, and—thank God!—as unshaken as the mountains that begirt the Eastern section of our beautiful State.

I must close, and in so doing I have the honor to subscribe myself,

Yours truly,

A. E. BLUNT,

General Agent of Knoxville Whig.

C. S. Hubbard of New Haven, is the authorized agent for the Whig in New England, except Massachusetts.

Back Numbers 10 cents per copy.





# THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

JOHN M. MORRIS, Editor. }  
HORACE C. PECK, Publisher. }

NEW HAVEN, MAY, 1864.

{ VOL. I. No. 10.  
{ \$1 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## Record of Events.

March 28. Rebels defeated at the mouth of Cane River, La.; 500 prisoners taken. Capture of Eagle Pass, 400 miles above Brownsville, Texas.

March 29. Colonel Clayton defeats the rebels at Longview, Ark., taking 320 prisoners.

March 30. Unsuccessful cavalry skirmish with Forrest at Somerville, Tenn. Colonel Clayton defeats the enemy at Monticello, Ark.

April 2. Skirmish between Grierson and Forrest near Somerville, Tenn. Enemy's cavalry repulsed by Steele's rear guard in Southwestern Arkansas.

April 4. Successful cavalry fight under Steele on the south side of the Little Missouri River, Ark.

April 8. National troops under Banks defeated at Sabine Cross Roads, La.

April 9. Rebels defeated at Pleasant Hill, La., by Gen. Banks; 600 prisoners taken.

April 11. Rebel cavalry repulsed at Roseville, on the Ark. River.

April 12. Rebels capture Fort Pillow, Tenn., and massacre the garrison. Gunboats silence the rebel batteries on the Red River above Grand Encore, killing and wounding 500. Rebel cavalry defeated at Paintsville, Ky.

April 13. Successful raid to Smithfield, Va., by Gen. Graham.

April 14. Rebels surprised at Half Mountain, Ky.; 70 prisoners taken. Evacuation of Pilatka, Fla., by the Federals.

April 19. Gunboat Southfield sunk by a rebel ram at Plymouth, N. C.

April 22. Rebels capture Plymouth, N. C.; loss of 1500 men (among them the 16th Conn.) and 20 guns. Successful naval expedition up the Rappahannock.

April 23. Surprise and capture of 30 Federal pickets at Nickajack Gap, Ga.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## Review of Events.

NUMBER TEN.

The three disasters, at Fort Pillow, on the upper waters of the Red River, and at Ply-

mouth, in North Carolina, constitute the principal military events of the past month.

The massacre of the brave garrison at Fort Pillow, after they had surrendered, was an act of such savage ferocity and brutality that the world would hesitate to believe it of men professing to be civilized, were not the fact as patent as the sun in heaven. The garrison consisted of two hundred white troops and four hundred negroes. From sunrise till 4 P. M. this little band had held at bay three or four thousand of the rebels under Forrest. Finally the enemy succeeded in reaching a deep ravine about thirty yards from the fort, whose sides were so steep that it was impossible for the fire from the fort to reach its bottom. Under cover of this ravine the rebels formed for the final assault. They were successful only by reason of their superior numbers. The negroes did not flatter or flinch till it was evident they were overpowered. Then they broke and ran towards the river. Thereupon ensued a scene of horrible barbarity that beggars description. Whether wounded or not, the negro soldiers of the Republic were indiscriminately butchered in cold blood. No distinction was paid to age or sex. Negro children and negro women were alike slaughtered. Every mark of incarnate hate and devilry was displayed. Even the dead had no right to Christian treatment. Their bodies were piled together and burned. Several wounded negro soldiers were buried alive. One of these was compelled to help in digging his own grave. Wyoming could have been no more atrocious. Here is the doctrine that "the negro has no rights that the white man is bound to respect" with a vengeance. Nor were the white officers commanding these negroes, or the native white Tennesseans, exempt from the slaughter. No quarter was designed to have been given them, and but few escaped. Unmistakably this daring outrage calls down upon the head of the so-called confederacy the unmitigated curse of modern civilization, and demands at the hands of our Government an immediate and terrible retaliation.

After Franklin had reached Alexandria by way of the Teche and had there united with the victorious division of Smith, the combined expeditionary force, under the personal direction of Gen. Banks, ascended the Red River as far as Grand Ecore. At this point

a portion of the army, on board the transports, and the gunboats, were directed to ascend still further to Springfield Landing, while the main body of the army was to march overland to the same place. The advance by land from Grand Ecore began on the 6th ult. Two cavalry brigades were in the extreme front. Then followed the 13th Corps. Then came an interminable train of wagons, containing ammunition and subsistence. Behind these was the 19th Corps. Last of all were the troops of that noble soldier, Andrew Jackson Smith. There does not seem to have been but one road on which the army was thus marching, and along this road each corps was immediately followed by its own transportation. The result of this arrangement was, that the army became stretched along a line of fifteen miles or more from front to rear, and that, too, with but a single road to bring up the troops from the rear to the front, and that road, too, blocked up with transportation wagons. Such a method is exactly adapted for an army on the march which does not expect to give or receive battle; but for fighting it is dangerous. If the head of the column be attacked the remainder cannot be brought up in time to save it from being crushed; and this was the fact in the present instance. Besides, the transportation, immediately following the leading divisions, not only chokes up the road, but also is in great danger of being lost; and this, too, was the fact in this instance.

The 13th Corps, forming, with the cavalry, the extreme advance, was attacked by the enemy in overwhelming force at Sabine Cross Roads, at 2 P. M. of the 8th ult., and, after obstinate fighting, was routed, losing all its transportation and twenty guns. The 19th Corps succeeded in checking the pursuit of the enemy, though the battle raged with great fury till darkness terminated it. During the night Banks withdrew his advance to Pleasant Hill, where Gen. Smith, after infinite difficulty, had brought up his command. The Union army, two-thirds of which had just been beaten in detail, was now concentrated, and on the next day had a fair chance to show what it could do when properly handled. The 19th Corps was drawn up in front, and behind it, concealed by the nature of the ground, were the vete-





rans of Smith, in two lines, with artillery bristling along their whole extent. The rebels, exultant and confident of victory, dashed with great fury against the 19th Corps, which, fighting bravely and inflicting severe loss upon the enemy, slowly fell back and passed through Smith's lines. Thinking that they had won the day, the rebels pressed on with great vigor till they reached a position completely commanded by the artillery and rifles of Smith's division. The order to fire was at once given, and it is reported that one thousand of the enemy were killed and wounded by this single discharge. Smith at once followed up his advantage, and cleared the field with the bayonet, taking six hundred prisoners. Thus ended the fighting of the day, with a substantial victory for the national army. Why this victory was not followed up by Gen. Banks, is not positively known. But large quantities of his supplies, ammunition and transportation had been captured, and without these it was difficult to advance. Besides, he had lost some four thousand men in these engagements, and though the enemy had probably suffered as severely, yet these, and perhaps other reasons, induced him to fall back to Grand Ecore, to which place also the gunboats were obliged to return.

Of the circumstances attending the surrender of the forts at Plymouth and their garrison of fifteen hundred men, it is known that these forts sustained an attack of four days' duration, and that at last they were taken only by storm, after five distinct and terrible repulses; and it is reported, on good authority, that the loss of the rebels was seventeen hundred killed and wounded. If this be so, the national troops fought most heroically, selling themselves more than man for man, and the rebels purchased the glory of a victory at a frightful sacrifice of life.

The primary cause of the disaster was the fact that a rebel ram succeeded in running down the Roanoke river, destroying some gunboats, and eluding, under cover of darkness, the heavy guns of the forts. Once below Plymouth, the ram effectually prevented reinforcements to the beleaguered garrison. Precautions should have been taken to have had the banks of the river well lighted by bonfires, so that the ram could not have passed down without being seen. But upon the navy rested the chief responsibility of maintaining communications with Plymouth, and this disaster is therefore attributable either to the misfortune or lack of foresight of the Navy Department.

The year has thus far opened unfavorably, and doubtless our ears would be deafened with clamors against the Administration,

were we not holding our breath, as it were, in expectation of the terrible storm of war which will soon break with appalling fury over the fields of the Old Dominion.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### The Twelfth---(Regimental History.)

*(Continued.)*

A permanent camp was made on Burton's plantation, one mile below Tibodeauxville. This was a very strong seecesh country. Gens. Bragg and Polk, Col. Burton and Major Potts, and many other prominent secessionists, owned plantations about Tibodeauxville. After about two weeks without tents, our camp equipage came by the Opelousas Railroad, and we remained in this mud most of the winter. Lieutenant Colonel Colburn was appointed Superintendent of the New Orleans and Opelousas Railroad, and Commissary Sergeant C. W. Greene Secretary of the road. Major Peck took command of the Twelfth. They were thoroughly exercised in bayonet practice, and all camp duties strictly observed. General Weitzel was a great favorite, and the men seemed to have the most perfect confidence in him. The Reserve Brigade went on an expedition up the Teche, to destroy the gunboat J. A. Cotton, in January, 1863. The cavalry were transported with the batteries across the Achafalaya, to go by land, and the infantry, under General Weitzel, preceded by several gunboats, under Commodore Buchanan, passed up and landed at Patersonville, and, marching a mile or two beyond the village, formed line of battle, and there slept in a cornfield. No rebels appeared in force, and next morning we went on through some of the stoutest cane, so that it was almost impossible to go in line of battle. That morning's march of five miles will be remembered by those engaged in it. Before noon, the huge boat, with her rebel flag, was in plain view, and, being aground, she remained until we were quite abreast of her, when, after some of her men were shot by our sharpshooters along the bank, and under a terrible fire from our artillery, she backed off around a bend in the bayou. Her armament was powerful, and she used it well while she could. The obstructions prevented our gunboats ascending the bayou. We advanced a little more, and formed for a severe battle in case she came down again. The Twelfth were on the left of the advance. After a few hours her black smoke was seen at the bend in the bayou, and all eyes were turned up the river as her shot ploughed up the ground around us; but our line wavered

not. In a moment the artillery opened upon her, and taught her, by many a shot crashing through her woodwork, she must be off or sink. We slept that night in a cane-field, in the extreme advance. It was bitter cold, and a moderate rain added not a little to our discomfort. Our rations that day were raw pork and hard bread, but food never tasted better. By daylight next morning we saw the bright fire made by the burning of the saucy gunboat. She was so disabled the rebels concluded to fire her, and she lays in the Teche a charred, unsightly mass. The object of our expedition being accomplished, we returned, and before the next morning were all landed in Brashear City, and next night arrived at our old camp in Tibodeaux, to find all our floors and lumber gone, so we slept on the ground. We have spent winters in Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, among the hills, along the streams, and by the sea shore, but we never suffered more from cold than on this expedition. Twice had the Twelfth done their duty on the battle field, and, as good soldiers, endured the hardships incident to the expedition without complaint.

In February we moved to Brashear, and remained in Camp Reno and at Bayou Boeuf until the first of April, when we joined the grand expedition through Western Louisiana, ending with the capture of Port Hudson. In March, Co. A was detailed with a company from the 160th N. Y. to go as sharpshooters on board the gunboat Diana, on a reconnoissance into Grand Lake. Capt. Peirson, thinking he could run the gauntlet of the forces along the Teche, came out through the Achapalaya, and the rebels opened upon them so severely with artillery and sharpshooters that they were obliged to surrender. Capt. Peirson was killed at the first shot, and nearly every officer wounded. Lieut. Francis, who had volunteered on the boat, was shot through the body. He had just returned to the regiment, having been taken prisoner at Labadeville, and, after a few weeks on corn meal in several of the Confederate prisons, was exchanged. Lieuts. Bulkley and Laure, with Sergt. Maj. Chas. Sherman and thirty men of Co. A, were captured. One private was killed, and several wounded. In a few days they were paroled, except the officers, and sent back. They fought well as long as there was any chance. Co. A's revolving rifle, a present from Col. Colt of Hartford, was fired while the ammunition lasted, and then taken apart and thrown into the bayou in different places.

About the first of April we crossed the bay, the advance brigade of the Nineteenth Army Corps. At Bisland, on the exact





ground where we had fought the steamer Cotton, the rebels had erected a line of fortifications, extending from the bayou to the swamp. On Sunday, April 12th, we attacked the place, and all day the roar of artillery and the crash of small arms told how fearfully the contest raged. The Twelfth supported a battery on the left, and were under fire nearly all day, but at night withdrew out of range, but still in the front, watched and slept alternately, often alarmed by picket firing. Monday morning we supported the Indiana Parrots, and in the afternoon advanced through the cane-field to the extreme front, while the bullets from the front and from the woods on the left zip through the cane continually. The Twelfth skirmished and supported a battery, and for hours every shot from the enemy and from our own guns passed over their heads. Maj. Lewis lost his horse, two men were killed, and Lieut. Taintor, of Co. C, wounded by a shot from our own batteries.

It was a fearful day. Scarcely four hundred yards from the enemy's batteries, our brave boys lay concealed by a plantation ditch, and saw the grape and canister sweep along just over their heads. The regiment remained under fire until dark, when they were withdrawn and allowed a night of rest, a little in the rear of the front line. General Weitzel expected the enemy would evacuate that night, but as the pickets failed to inform him that they were going, we did not pursue until morning. The column was early set in motion, and that night rested a few miles beyond Franklin. The force sent around by Irish Bend failed to prevent the escape of the rebels, and, except stragglers that were picked up, we obtained no prisoners. Our loss at Bisland was two killed and thirteen wounded, some of whom afterwards died. The army moved on to Opelusas, 110 miles from Brashear, and there rested a few weeks. A large amount of cotton and sugar was taken out of this country. While at Opelusas the force was reviewed by General Banks. The Twelfth was on picket four days and nights in succession. The band which had been formed from the regiment in March and were left to practice at Brashear, joined us and were present at dress parade.

On Monday afternoon, May 4th, formed line and marched on through Washington, where we halted a short time to repair a bridge, and then marched till 2 A. M. At 7½ the line was again in motion. General Dwight's brigade had seven miles the start of us. Thursday night, just at his rear, about 10 P. M., we marched into Alexandria, having made thirty-four miles the last

day. On this very severe march the men suffered from blistered feet. Friday changed our camp to a grove on the bank of the Red river, about two miles above Alexandria. Saturday night marched six miles, slept few hours in a cornfield, and Sunday marched twenty-eight miles up Red river. Monday afternoon marched six miles further, to the pine woods, where we found beach, oak, and pine trees, that looked like home. We returned to our camp same night, and next day to our position on the river above Alexandria. Thursday, May 14th, relieve the Sixth N. Y. at Alexandria, who go home. Sunday the whole force evacuate the place and march twenty-five miles. Monday, 18th, Twelfth on picket duty. It was getting very hot, and our water was of the poorest kind, obtained from a small bayou where men bathed and horses drank. Moved camp several times, and once, when some cavalry were captured, we marched several miles in advance and returned, in one of the most severe dusts ever raised. That night at 11 P. M. we marched silently away, and by 12 M. made twenty-five miles. The heat, dust, and hunger made this our most severe day. Next day reached Simsport, on the Achafalaya. Sunday, after all the train and about three thousand negroes had crossed, we embarked on the "Laurel Hill." Our pickets were the last to leave. We sailed up to the Mississippi and down to Bayou Sara, where, landing Monday morning, May 25th, we marched to the rear of Port Hudson, some eighteen miles. A large well there supplied water about one hour, when it was completely dried. Tuesday moved forward and occupied ground where our troops had driven away the rebels that day, in line of battle. People in civil life might think that at such a time there would be a great deal of solemnity. We were face to face with a terrible fortress, and many, we knew not who, must be mangled and die in its capture; the moment was approaching when the word "forward" would be given, and no matter what dangers were encountered, they must be braved; but we noticed no perceptible difference in the appearance of the men, so habituated do they become to danger. The Twelfth lay there in line as calmly as if awaiting transportation in Hartford. Wednesday morning came, and at 6 o'clock we were ready to go through the woods which lay between us and the rebel earthworks. As straight as the nature of the ground would allow, the line entered and passed on in the woods; then, marching by the flank, we passed two brigades in line, and now the shell and round shot began to cut through the trees; but on we go. The

crashing was terrific. Large trees were cut off and came smashing to the ground, and the solid shot would pass apparently a quarter of a mile through the tops of the trees, whistling and crashing, and then bury themselves in the earth.

After passing the third and last line of battle, the Twelfth were ordered to skirmish in front of the division, and if possible drive away the artillerists, by sharpshooters, from the rebel guns, so that our artillery could get in position. Just as they were filing off to execute this order, Major Lewis falls, struck by a grape-shot, making a ghastly wound near the collar bone on the right side. Several others are wounded, and every one wonders that any one can live; a man's life is worth nothing apparently, so many are falling on every side. The Twelfth are sent out deployed, covering a large space, and drive the gunners away from four pieces, which gave rise to the story that the Twelfth had taken four pieces of artillery. Our artillery is not long in getting a position from which they dismount these troublesome pieces of the rebels. The skirmishers cross the terrible ravine, filled with fallen trees and rubbish, and stand on one side, the rebel parapet only a few feet from them. Capt. Brennan received a ball in the arm while skirmishing.

Now was the golden opportunity. It was hardly 10 o'clock, and one more advance would give us their works. Will it be made? The other regiments of the Reserve Brigade fought splendidly, drove the enemy from the ravines, taking some prisoners, and occupying a position of safety and strength scarce two hundred yards from the rebel rifle pits. No further advance is made. One brigade could not do it alone—broken, torn, and mangled, hundreds having been killed and wounded—and as support did not come up, the brave men rested where they were. All day the Twelfth skirmished, three companies at a time, until their ammunition was exhausted, and then their places were supplied by others. Never did men behave better; never did the officers have more perfect control over the men, or men spring to execute orders more promptly, than in this terrible ravine, dealing death to many a rebel, and dealing with death themselves. The companies as they returned brought their wounded with them, but left their dead, as they could not be brought off. After dark, the cooks who had prepared coffee and meat, brought in to the tired men who picketed the ravine that night. So blind was the way that one of our cooks came near carrying his hot coffee to the rebels, but, when challenged by their sentries on





the parapet, concluded he was too far in advance, and withdrew a little.

The next day the regiment joined their brigade in a very small ravine, which was exposed to a flank fire. A flag of truce from 2 P. M. until 7 enabled us to bury our dead, but as soon as it was withdrawn, such a terrific fire from large and small arms is seldom heard. Crash went the shell from multitudes of death-dealing cannon, and the "zip" "zip" of Minié balls just over our heads was constant for an hour. Our boys got the better of them, and after a while the fire slackened. Putting up logs with rifle embrasures, they were posted as sharpshooters. In this ravine, hardly one hundred and fifty yards from the enemy, the Twelfth lay day and night unrelieved—except for three days, when we were sent out to capture some rebels that troubled our rear—from this time (May 28th) until July 9th, when we marched triumphant from our dens into Port Hudson. Almost daily some one was killed or wounded; but, with only dirty water from a brook to drink, with food all brought in, cooked more than a mile to the rear, losing strength, losing faith, losing life, they stuck to their post.

In two attacks they participated. On the 10th of June, when Cos. A, B, and K passed over into the terrible ravine on our left, where a man could hardly go in the day time, and because orders were not carried out by the other troops, they drew the enemy's concentrated fire, and seventeen out of thirty-four of Co. B were killed and wounded. Captains Grannis, Clarke, and Reach were wounded and taken to the hospital in the rear, together with more than thirty men. Co. G were ordered out to cover the return of the others. The 14th of June will long be remembered by the brave army besieging Port Hudson. About 12 o'clock, midnight, the Twelfth left their position. It was intensely dark. The guide who was sent to direct them lost his way; an aid of General Weitzel, who came to his rescue, lost his way; the regiment got separated by flanks, but, after considerable wandering, came together and entered the ditch leading up to the parapet where the assault was to be made before daylight. The place could not be carried, at least on that Sabbath day, and there our men lay in the ravines and behind stumps and logs, in the boiling sun, without food and drink, until night, when, weaker and more discouraged, they returned to their old watch. Our loss in that charge was about twenty-five. When the storming column was formed, the Twelfth furnished a goodly number of officers and men.

The days from the 1st of July until the surrender were dark indeed. A large force

of Confederates, with several batteries, blockaded the river within sixty miles of New Orleans, and had overrun all the country which nearly a year before we had wrested from them by the battle of Labadieville. But when the power of man failed, the Almighty appeared for our salvation. Vicksburg fell, and Port Hudson was out of provisions. The corn, cattle, and most of the mules, had been eaten, and no hope from outside appearing, they surrendered; and on that day, long to be remembered—the 9th of July—we marched into the place and past the six thousand prisoners drawn up to surrender. The Reserve Brigade immediately took boats, and the next morning landed at Donaldsonville. We were fired into by some rebels on the bank, but no one of the Twelfth injured. What looking men! After a march of three hundred miles and an imprisonment of forty-two days, the regiment, less the one hundred and eight men killed and wounded in that long siege, once more breathe freely. The work is not done yet, however.

The rebels had taken Brashear City, the Opelousa Railroad for nearly fifty miles, and held all LaFourche district except the memorable little fort at Donaldsonville, where one hundred fought one thousand, and won the battle. After two weeks' stay on the river bank at Donaldsonville, the Twelfth and Thirteenth C. V., under command of Lieut. Col. Peck, on the steamer Crescent, passed down the river and around to Brashear City. We found our gunboats there, but the rebels had fled. All our baggage, camp equipage, papers, books, library, and everything that belonged to the regiment, except what they had with them, was gone. With the boards and timber left in that now desolate place, the men made themselves bunks, and a little protection from the sun, but none from the mosquitoes. The water was very brackish, and no wonder that in one month one hundred men were sick with intermittent fever. A train of sixty cars had been burned on the track, and all the bridges down to fifteen miles from New Orleans met the same fate. A detachment from the Twelfth and Thirteenth, under Lieut. McCall, cleared off the rubbish, relaid the rails, and rebuilt a long bridge over Bayou Ramus. They worked the last night until morning, and finished the job in season to meet the railroad hands from the city at Bayou Boeuf. Capt. Lowell, of Co. H, by eight hours' labor put one railroad engine in running order, which the rebels thought they had entirely disabled. In a few days, connection was again complete to the city, and the paymaster, ever welcome, now doubly so, paid us from 1st of January to 1st of July.

About the 1st of September the regiment were ordered to Algiers, to go on the expedition to Sabine Pass, but, by the merest accident, were left behind, and possibly escaped capture. Here, for the first time since April, they slept under canvas, having obtained shelter tents for the men and "A" tents for the officers, such as are allowed servants. Sickness, principally chills and fever, spread rapidly, and when the regiment were ordered again to Brashear, to go on the great expedition into Western Louisiana, they mustered not more than two hundred rifles. The Twelfth is an intelligent regiment, as is proved from their correspondence and from the thorough manner in which the library was read before its capture at Brashear City. The fighting force of the Twelfth has been diminished by detail very much; sometimes our list of "absent on duty" has reached two hundred. Col. Deming was twice sent North, then four months Mayor of New Orleans. Col. Colburn for nearly a year was in charge of the Opelousa Railroad, building transports and other work at New Orleans, assisted materially by Sergt. C. W. Greene, Secretary of the Opelousa Railroad and afterwards Asst. Superintendent, and A. S. Greene, Secretary of the Jackson. Dr. Brownell was on Gen. Butler's Staff, then in charge some months of St. James Hospital. Drs. Leavenworth, Cummings, and Lines have been on duty in the city. Capt. Lewis, Clark, Frankau, Lieuts. Brennan, Buckley, Lowell, Clark, Cornwall, Potter, and Har-mount, have acted as Provost Marshals. Lieut. Hanks, later Colonel, has been superintendent of contrabands on General Banks' Staff, assisted by a corps of members of the Twelfth. Lieut. O'Neil was Ordnance Officer about a year on Gen. Weitzel's Staff. Large numbers have obtained commissions in new regiments raised in Louisiana, while the Twelfth has furnished quartermaster and commissary clerks, telegraph operators, wagon masters, blacksmiths, butlers, herds-men, secretaries and clerks, hospital stewards, nurses; in fact, every department of military life has drawn on the Twelfth for material.

The drum corps, which at one time was one of the finest in the department, are not all as true as steel, and have given place in a measure to the fine band raised in the regiment, which lately entertain and inspire us with their music. Lieut. James Smith, with his provost guard selected from the Twelfth at Port Hudson, was of immense service in keeping men up to the front. In the first four days he reports finding only one man from the Twelfth shirking duty. We have our black list also of men who have left us.





We trust God will forgive them for deserting their country in time of peril; we cannot.

We should do injustice and leave this sketch incomplete, if we omit to mention the faithful colored men, who, as cooks and servants, have done immense service to the

Twelfth. Willing to labor, often abused in words, they have shown themselves worthy of the freedom which we trust this war will ensure to them. The Toms, Sams, Jerrys, Georges, &c., may never be known to the world, but they will be held in grateful re-

membrance by many a soldier to whom they have done a kindness in the first two years of our military life.

Subjoined is a list of the changes and promotions in two years:

NAME.	RANK.		COMPANY.		DATE OF COMMISSIONS.		Remarks.
	First.	Second.	From.	To.	First.	Second.	
H. C. Deming,	Colonel.				Jan. 1, 1862.		Resigned Jan. 31, 1863.
Ledyard Colburn,	Lieut. Colonel.	Colonel.			Jan. 1, 1862.	Jan. 31, 1863.	
F. H. Peck,	Major.	Lieut. Colonel.			Feb., 1862.	Jan. 31, 1863.	
George N. Lewis,	Captain Co. A.	Major.			Jan. 1, 1862.	Jan. 31, 1863.	Wounded at Port Hudson.
Wm. R. Brownell,	Surgeon.				Jan. 1, 1862.		
M. C. Leavenworth,	1st Asst. Surg.				Jan. 1, 1862.		Died, December, 1862.
John Welch,	2d Asst. Surg.				Jan. 1, 1862.		Died, March, 1862.
James R. Cummings,	2d Asst. Surg.	1st Asst. Surg.			June, 1862.	Dec., 1863.	
Jarius F. Lines,	2d Asst. Surg.						
James H. Bradford,	Chaplain.				Feb. 12, 1862.		
S. B. Ives,	Adjutant.				Jan. 1, 1862.		Resigned, December, 1862.
George A. Harmount,	1st Lieut. Co. E.	Adjutant.				April, 1863.	
C. V. R. Pond,	Quartermaster.						Resigned, December, 1862.
Henry C. Tuttle,	Private.	Quartermaster.				October, 1863.	
George N. Lewis,	Captain.	Major.	A.		Jan. 1, 1862.	Jan. 31, 1863.	
John Brennan,	1st Lieutenant.	Captain.	A.	H.	Jan. 1, 1862.	July 7, 1863.	Transferred to Co. A, April 1, 1863.
William S. Buckley,	2d Lieutenant.	1st Lieutenant.	A.	A.	Jan. 1, 1862.	July 7, 1862.	Prisoner from March, 1863, in Texas.
Charles Laurie,	Ord. Sergeant.	2d Lieutenant.	A.	A.		July 7, 1862.	Promoted to 1st Lieut. Co. E, October, 1863.
Samuel H. Granniss,	Captain.		B.		Jan. 1, 1862.		Wounded at Port Hudson.
Charles O'Neil,	1st Lieutenant.		B.		Jan. 1, 1862.		Ord. Officer on Gen. Weitzel's Staff.
J. L. Francis,	Sergeant Major.	2d Lieutenant.		B.		June 11, 1862.	(Promoted to 1st Lieut. Co. K, August, 1862,
							wounded Mar. 1863, died Nov., 1863, at Vicksb.
Frank Smith,	Ord. Sergeant.	2d Lieutenant.	F.	B.		Sept. 20, 1862.	Sent North for conscripts, August, 1863.
L. A. Dickinson,	Captain.		C.		Jan. 1, 1862.		
William Berry,	2d Lieutenant.	1st Lieutenant.	I.	C.	June 11, 1862.	Oct. 1, 1863.	
H. S. Taintor,	2d Lieutenant.		C.		Jan., 1862.		Wounded, April, 1862; resigned, surg. certificate.
Horace E. Phelps,	Ord. Sergeant.	2d Lieutenant.	C.	C.		Oct. 1, 1863.	
Nathan Frankau,	Captain.		D.		Jan. 1, 1862.		Dismissed U. S. service, Nov. 19, 1862.
H. F. Chappell,	1st Lieutenant.	Captain.	D.		Jan. 1, 1862.	Nov. 19, 1863.	
James E. Smith,	2d Lieutenant.	1st Lieutenant.	G.	D.		Nov. 19, 1862.	Acting Adjutant from September, 1862.
George D. Potter,	2d Lieutenant.		D.		Jan. 1, 1862.		Resigned, surg. certificate, Feb. 4, 1863.
H. J. Fletcher,	Corporal.	2d Lieutenant.	I.	D.		Feb. 4, 1863.	
S. D. Byxbee,	Captain.		E.		Jan. 1, 1862.		Resigned, July, 1863, surg. certificate.
A. C. Hendricks,	1st Lieutenant.	Captain.	C.	E.	Jan. 1, 1862.	Oct. 1, 1863.	
Albert Bogart,	1st Lieutenant.		E.		Jan. 1, 1862.		Resigned, March, 1862.
Ed. Nearing,	2d Lieutenant.		E.		Jan. 1, 1862.		Resigned, June 11, 1862.
George A. Harmount,	2d Lieutenant.	1st Lieutenant.	B.	E.	Jan. 1, 1862.	June 11, 1862.	Adj. Apr. 1862, Lt. Col. 4th La. Eng., Sept., 1863.
Charles Laurie,	2d Lieutenant.	1st Lieutenant.	A.	E.		Oct., 1863.	Prisoner from March, 1863, in Texas.
J. Crossman,	Ord. Sergeant.	2d Lieutenant.	E.			May, 1862.	
S. E. Clark,	Captain.		F.		Jan. 1, 1862.		Wounded at Port Hudson.
Theodore Clark,	2d Lieutenant.	1st Lieutenant.	F.	F.	Jan. 1, 1862.	April 1, 1863.	
E. W. Bushnell,	Ord. Sergeant.	2d Lieutenant.	F.	F.		April 1, 1863.	Sent North for conscripts, August, 1863.
L. E. Braley,	Captain.		G.		Jan. 1, 1862.		Sent North for conscripts, August, 1863.
A. D. McCall,	1st Lieutenant.		G.		Jan. 1, 1862.		
John Hurlburt,	2d Lieutenant.		G.		Jan. 1, 1862.		Resigned, surg. cert., June 6, 1862.
S. Hinsdale,	Com. Sergeant.	2d Lieutenant.		G.		June 6, 1862.	(Resigned to accept Paymaster's commission in U. S. Navy, Aug. 9, 1862.
James E. Smith,	Ord. Sergeant.	2d Lieutenant.	C.	G.		Aug. 10, 1862.	
George W. Stedman,	Ord. Sergeant.	2d Lieutenant.	K.	G.		March, 1863.	Wounded at Port Hudson.
Joseph Troy,	Captain.		H.		Jan. 1, 1862.		Died, June, 1862.
A. T. Ashmead,	1st Lieutenant.	Captain.	H.	H.	Jan. 1, 1862.	June 22, 1863.	Resigned, surg. certificate, June 22, 1862.
John Brennan,	1st Lieutenant.	Captain.	A.	H.	Jan. 1, 1862.	July 4, 1862.	Transferred to Co. A, April 2, 1863.
J. P. Lowell,	1st Lieutenant.	Captain.	F.	H.	Jan. 1, 1862.	April 2, 1863.	Acting Adjutant from Sept. 23.
George H. Hanks,	2d Lieutenant.	1st Lieutenant.	H.	H.	Jan. 1, 1862.		Disch. to be Col. 15th Corps D'Afrique, Aug., 1863.
Charles H. Seabert,	Ord. Sergeant.	2d Lieutenant.	B.	H.			Discharged, surg. certificate, April, 1863.
Charles O. Roome,	Ord. Sergeant.	2d Lieutenant.	H.	H.		June 24, 1863.	
J. M. Deforest,	Captain.		I.		Jan. 1, 1862.		Acting Major from July to November, 1863.
Charles Cornwall,	1st Lieutenant.		I.		Jan. 1, 1862.		Died, June 7, 1862.
Stephen Ball,	2d Lieutenant.	1st Lieutenant.	I.	I.	Jan. 1, 1862.	June 11, 1862.	Acting Q. M. from April to September, 1863.
William Berry,	Ord. Sergeant.	2d Lieutenant.	G.	I.		June 11, 1862.	Promoted to 1st Lieut. Co. A, October 1, 1863.
E. K. Abbott,	Captain.		K.		Jan. 1, 1862.		Resigned, August 20, 1862.
James D. Roach,	1st Lieutenant.	Captain.	K.	K.	Jan. 1, 1862.	Sept. 20, 1862.	Wounded at Port Hudson.
James L. Francis,	2d Lieutenant.	1st Lieutenant.	B.	K.	June 11, 1862.	Sept. 20, 1862.	Wounded March, 1863, died November, 1863.
Stanton Allen,	2d Lieutenant.		K.		Jan. 1, 1862.		Died, August, 1863.

The following officers have received commissions who formerly belonged to the Twelfth C. V.: Co. A—Julius Johnson, G. P. Simmons, 2d Corps D'Afrique. Co. B—S. G. Lewis, 2d Corps D'Afrique. Co. C—R. B. Rogers, 2d La.; Henry E. Blakeslee, 4th Corps D'Afrique; Ed. Burnham, 2d Corps D'Afrique; John Moore, Walter Hutchinson, 15th Corps D'Afrique. Co. D—Sergt. Goff and Sergt. Fred. Grant, 4th Corps D'Afrique; Sergt. J. Turner, 15th Corps D'Afrique. Co. H—Sergt. Whitin, Sergt. Grant, Sergt. Crane, Corp. Crane, Corps D'Afrique. Co. I—George Ely, A. B. Bartram, Corps D'Afrique. Co. K—S. W. Rice, 4th Corps D'Afrique; Sergt. Maj. Sherman, 15th Corps D'Afrique; Howard L. Hine, Co. B, promoted to be Commissary Sergeant, vice Green, discharged; John Mullen, Co. B, promoted to be Sergeant Major, vice Sherman. Stephen Hubbard, Quartermaster Sergeant, vice Hinsdale, promoted.

Yours,

J. H. F.





## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

## From the Sixteenth Regiment.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., April 18th, 1864.

*Editor of Connecticut War Record:*

I have a tale to unfold, and a story to relate, and a yarn to spin. It is a tale of storms, and a story of the sea, and a yarn of the Sixteenth Connecticut. As angels are supposed to keep a record of all human sufferings, I have no doubt that an angel was detailed to attend us on the journey from Newbern to Plymouth. If he would condescend to let me use his notes, I could give you all the details; but angels are not so accommodating now-a-days as in the times of the prophets, when they would sometimes exhibit to human eye their reports to divine headquarters. Besides, my communications with regions above are momentarily cut off. Therefore, oh, War Record! content ye with the outlines of my tale, and the skeleton of my story, and the ends of my yarn.

On Sunday, March —, we were ordered to embark. It was at seven o'clock in the evening. Many, following the pious inclination of their hearts, had gone to church in town. These returned but in time to join the departing column. Everything was on board before twelve—everything except the bedsteads and tables, which, by special orders, were kindly treated to a bath in the river, and left there, while the desolate owners made great moan. We steamed down the river at midnight. No sooner had we reached the Sound, than a mighty storm arose, agitating the waves of the deep and the stomachs of those on board. Both were turned. The contents of Pamlico Sound and of the stomachs of the Sixteenth Connecticut Volunteers were "thrown up" simultaneously, with great violence. The storm raged fearfully. The boat was packed so closely that those on the weather side of the upper deck could not budge, and they were consequently fully exposed to all the violence of the storm and the sharp, driving spray, which continually deluged that side of the vessel. Very little way was made. The storm raged all day and all of the following night. At eight o'clock that evening, we ran aground not far from Roanoke Island. The captain gave as reason that the wind had driven great quantities of water out of the Sound. The storm continued all of that day and next night. There was something very harassing in this delay, as the men were unprovided with rations for so long a time. The officers, with noble sympathy for the sufferings of their men, determined to content themselves with an equally small

amount of food. True, some cavaliers hinted that want of money to pay for meals on board constituted the reason for their abstinence, but we are well aware that noble conduct is always subject to base insinuations. On the third day after starting from Newbern, the steamer General Berry took the regiment on board and carried us to Plymouth, where we went into camp at once.

Our sufferings were great during this journey. We lay in dense rows on deck—"threes and braes," as the Highlanders say—with the storm beating down upon us, for three days; now covered with sharp crystals of snow, then deluged by spray, again frozen over with hail; sea-sick the first day, in want of food during the rest. There was but one consolation in all this, viz.: that, being aground, we could not go down. When we landed at Plymouth, prospects were scarce improved. A soppy, snow-covered plain, of the consistence of hasty pudding, for a camping ground! Those who have been soldiers know what that means; those who have not, may imagine.

Lieut. Strong and Capt. Barnum have been relieved from arrest, the sentences of the court martial in their case being promulgated. Lieut. Strong was found "not guilty," and honorably acquitted. His case stood thus: Being home on a leave of absence of ten days, he was incautious enough to express a determination to have fifteen days, to an enlisted man whom he met at home. But at the expiration of the ten days, his eyes being really in a bad state, he procured a certificate of disability from Surgeon Jewett, of New Haven, and staid five days longer. This formed the basis of the charge. It seems that exception is taken to Surgeon Jewett's certificates, and promises exacted not to avail oneself of these means of extending a leave or furlough. Captain Barnum's sentence was to be reprimanded. The charge was "neglect of duty," I believe.

Dr. N. Nickersen, absent from the regiment on detached duty for over seven months, has returned to us. He was at different periods in charge of the 19th Wisconsin Volunteers, Examining Surgeon of Recruits at Newbern, and one of the Hospital Surgeons at Morehead City.

Lieut. Dickerson, who intended to resign and go home as 1st Lieut. Co. H, has been prevailed upon to crush the rebellion a little longer, as Captain Co. B.

Lieut. Miller, Co. C, has been detailed as enlisting officer for the navy, and many of our men have applied for transfer to that service.

Lieut. Waters, for some time in charge of Co. F, has returned to his own company, C.

My budget would be exhausted but for one laughable event. About the first of this month an order came for a number of officers and a number of men, all specified by name, to report at Newbern to an aid of General Butler. As all the men were voters and republicans, and election at hand, the rumor quickly spread that they were going home to vote. Those left behind accordingly grunted, and growled, and howled. Some lifted up their voices and wept aloud. After some five or six days the detachment returned, chopfallen, with dreadful accounts of perils suffered on the vasty deep; of shipwreck near Hatteras; of getting aground in the Sound; nothing to eat; nothing to do but growl; and finally of being ordered back. A grin illumined the faces of the "rejected," and all manner of fun was poked at the unfortunate expeditionists.

Personally and publicly I must thank the Adjutant for his exertions on board the "Thomas Collyier," during the voyage from Newbern to Plymouth. He spent his time in the kitchen, having coffee and potatoes prepared for the men, and then got them down by dozens to eat it. Though, owing to the circumstances, he could do but little, he was the only officer on board who attempted to do that little. I myself am indebted to him for two potatoes and a cup of coffee. They came in need.

I understand just now that one of our companies is ordered to Roanoke Island.

We have brigade drill every day, General Wessels drilling the four regiments stationed here.

LITTLE MARE.

## From the Twentieth Regiment.

HEADQUARTERS 20TH C. V.,  
COWAN, TENN., April 19th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—If you can think of any word which expresses something all of one sort better than the word "homogeneous," please understand that it describes the situation and life of our regiment for the past few months. We lie quietly in our numerous lairs along the line of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, ready to spring up and fight if the enemy show a disposition to be aggressive. Should he attempt to burn our bridges, destroy our water-tanks, tear up our rails, he would be likely to find us in the *objective* case—a grammatical attitude which we have maintained all through the winter and thus far through the spring. He may come upon us at any time, but so far he has certainly behaved very prudently toward the Twentieth. We are willing he should continue the exercise of such commendable discretion as much longer as he pleases.

I believe the old soldiers like this duty, on





the whole, better than campaigning, being content to look back to Chancellorsville and Gettysburg for their only reminiscences of battles. This is comparatively easy duty; but it is just the kind of work in which we all grow lazy and lose the perfection of true soldierly attainment. It also exposes our men to the baneful influence of whisky smugglers, who are sure to find, at some of our several posts, an opportunity to get their liquid mischief into circulation. No vigilance which a regimental officer can exercise will fully prevent this evil.

And there is another evil to which we are exposed in consequence of our scattered condition, far more than would be the case were we encamped together or moving in a body. You will understand what it is when I quote the remark of Gen. Mitchell, that "the women of Alabama were more destructive to his army than the men who fought them with bullets." Doubtless the General was right. It is easy to believe it, after one becomes aware of the terrible lack of intelligence and morality which is noticeable on all sides in the Southwest. I think we have suffered less than many regiments circumstanced as we are would have suffered—for I am confident that our standard of morality is higher than that of many other regiments. But what similar body of men, so situated, was ever found in which there were not some who would do well to familiarize themselves with the seventh chapter of Proverbs?

Just now the shadow of some coming event falls over us to diversify the monotony of our uneventful existence. We think we shall move, but, like all good soldiers, we are determined not to go a step toward front or rear till we are ordered so to do. Our old corps organization is broken up. Gen. Slocum, who has so creditably commanded us for the last eighteen months, called on us last week, and gave us his parting address. The star, our corps badge, a badge we have been proud to wear, must henceforth lose its significance to us. This may seem a little thing to speak about, but, sir, a man who wears a star on his hat through marches and battles, and weary months of soldier duty, comes at last to feel for it an affection akin to that which is cherished for that banner where the stars form such a gallant constellation. The badge of the corps becomes a thing to be loved and honored. But a truce to astronomy.

We are consolidated with the Eleventh Corps, and are yet doubtful of the numerical designation of the new organization. But whatever may be our number, one thing is certain: Gen. Hooker is our leader—the gallant, brilliant, Fighting Joe Hooker—who

knows how to feed an army and how to capture Lookout Mountain, besides other things which the country will learn during this opening campaign.

We shall probably lose our Colonel, who is, doubtless, to command a brigade in one of the new divisions; a position for which his talents and experience amply fit him. In that case, Lieut. Col. Buckingham will command us, as we have turned over our old Lieut. Col. to the 29th C. V., cordially wishing him all joy over his promotion, and all possible success in his new field, feeling confident too, that whatever may be true of other colored regiments, that one will be well commanded.

We are interested, as soldiers always are, in our prospects; the change, and what it heralded, have furnished us topics for speculation and wonder for several days. Of one thing we all feel pretty sure. General Hooker's new, large corps, will not be kept guarding railroads very much longer; he will lead us toward the front. Such is our conviction.

I may write you again from the valley at the base of Lookout, or possibly, from some point far more advanced. Or, I may not be able to write you at all. Campaigning is not favorable to correspondence, and we feel that that is before us. God send it may not be labor lost.

F.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### From the Tenth Regiment

St. AUGUSTINE, Fla., March, 1864.

Connecticut soldiers now alone patrol the streets of this ancient city, and guard its crumbling walls. Colonel Otis commands the post, having headquarters in the Gibbs House, fronting the plaza. Capt. Engles is Provost Marshal, Lieut. Wright Post Adjutant, and Lieut. Palmer Post Quartermaster. Lieut. Colonel Leggett is in command at Fort Marion, where the regiment is now quartered. Provost, picket, and garrison duty combined, presses heavily on the men, in the absence of the veterans; but the work is done cheerfully, and is well done. Recruits are coming in steadily to swell the muster roll, and there is now reason to hope that the regiment may again be a full one. The sick list is exceedingly small, as is apt to be the case where there is special call for arduous service, it being one of the peculiarities of this regiment that its men are willing to postpone sickness if there is anything more important to be attended to. This peculiarity is so marked as to be deserving of special mention. More of the men are to be relied on for a fight than for any holiday performance; more for a skirmish than for a dress parade; for a battle than for a review. For instance: at one time on Morris Island, when the greater part of both officers and men were so exhausted by the labors of the prolonged siege as to be really unfit for service, only seven officers were reported for daily duty; but at a night alarm, when an attack was anticipated, fifteen officers were with the regiment, with a proportional in-

crease in the number of men. Again, when an attack was made on our outposts near this place, in December last, the available force of the regiment was at battalion drill below the city. The sound of the long roll aroused not only those who were already equipped, but the weak and exhausted ones in camp and hospital, giving them new strength and energy by its inspiring call; and by the time the regiment had reached the camp on its way from the parade ground to the front, one hundred additional men stood in marching order, ready to fall in and have a part in the expected fray. Said an orderly sergeant the other day, in speaking on this point: "There are fourteen of our company on the sick list to-day. Now, from what I know of these men, I venture to say that every one of them would be on duty if there was a fight before night." When starting towards Tarboro, and again towards Goldsboro, in North Carolina, men who had been some time off duty from sickness, and who really lacked strength for the undertaking, begged the privilege of going with their companions, and some actually shed tears because they were ordered to stay behind. Not for months previous had the regiment turned out as many men at any one time as left Newbern in the expedition toward Charleston, in January of last year, when an early fight was confidently anticipated, because Gen. Foster was then in command.

It is such things as these that entitle this regiment to be called "The Fighting Tenth."

CHAPLAIN.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### From the Fourteenth Regiment.

CAMP 14TH CONN. VOLUNTEERS,  
STONY MOUNTAIN, Va., March 28th, 1864.

*Editor War Record:*

It is true, as you doubtless well know, that look where you will, you will find no class of men more cheerful, or more ready to make the most bitter experience distill some drops of pleasure, than the volunteer soldier. Although they have much to depress them, they uniformly bear up, and are remarkably light-hearted and joyous, and enter into any amusement which may present itself with a zeal which is commendable.

The 17th of this month (St. Patrick's Day) was, in our camp, a day replete with fun and frolic; and it has occurred to me that mayhap it would not be *mal apropos* to indite a brief summary of the numerous acts in the farces then enacted.

The Colonel had kindly given a holiday—exemption from drill—for the occasion, and the whole regiment were permitted to be spectators of the numerous scenes which took place in their proper order, and all of which passed off in a manner highly gratifying to those engaged, as well as to the numerous outsiders. The tableaux, theatricals, &c., came off within the spacious lecture room, which sometimes is used as a music hall for our splendid band to practice in, and still less often for the holding of divine service. The timber for this magnificent edifice was cut and prepared wholly by the self-sacrificing efforts of the members of the band, while our accommodating and generous hearted Quartermaster furnished the necessary mule power by which it was transported from the woods to the foundation; unlike one other temple—for at the building of that, the timber was floated from Joppa. Willing hands in this case framed and roofed it, while





from a deserted secesh house numerous windows found their way.

On the momentous day in question the house was filled with a large and appreciative, as well as attentive, audience. The windows were darkened, and the room unlighted save by the numerous tallow dips, which shed a glorious illumination upon the stage. The order of exercises was as follows:

TABLEAUX I.—"Uncas; or, The Indian Chief."  
Music by the Drum Corps—"Hail to the Chief."

TABLEAUX II.—"The Hebrew Children; or, Isaac and Levi."

Music.—Chorus: "Where, oh! where are the Hebrew Children?"

This tableaux was exceedingly well received, and the only fault which I noticed was the anachronism of Levi wearing a pair of spectacles, the invention of which, if my memory serves me, is of a later date than the time of Levi.

## PART II.

I.—"Dialogue between Alexander the Great and a Robber."

Alexander, . . . . . Henry Lee.  
Robber, . . . . . Mr. Sprenkle.

Although this was an old piece, the characters were well represented, and it was received with a storm of applause.

Music by the Band—"Anvil Chorus."

## II.—"Jeff. Davis' Dream."

Jeff. Davis, . . . . . Mr. D. Sprenkle.  
Alex. Stephens, . . . . . Mr. F. Sprenkle.  
Gen. Bragg, . . . . . Mr. Coite.  
Gen. Lee, . . . . . Mr. Westover.  
A. Lincoln, . . . . . Mr. Brock.  
Horace Greeley, . . . . . Mr. Tomlinson.  
Devil, . . . . . Mr. Lillebridge.

Attendant imps—George, Ben, Isaac, &c., &c.

Uproarious laughter greeted this piece from its commencement to its very close; and as the curtain fell, the various actors were time and again called before the screen.

The indoor portion of the entertainment was now concluded, and the assembly took its way to the parade ground, keeping step to the music of the band, as National and "Emerald" airs "floated through the circumambient ether," where a horse race was soon arranged, under the supervision of Mr. Seymour, an adept in such matters, who was appointed judge of the race. Mr. Westover entered the chestnut horse owned by the Doctor, and known through the regiment as "Quinine," and Mr. Simonds entered the Major's yellow horse. After a few false starts, they got the word "go!" and took a spanking gait, keeping neck and neck until some one cried out in a stentorian tone, "sound!" when up broke "Quinine," and yellow came in easily ahead. There is no doubt but that the race would have terminated the same had not "Quinine" broken, for the nankeen horse of the Major is known through the whole corps as a very remarkable animal.

Games of foot-ball now were entered upon, in which Messrs. Hurd and Hannah particularly distinguished themselves, and the afternoon's gayety closed, with no serious result save an accidental black eye for Mr. Seymour, the which he bears with becoming grace, not unmixed with dignity.

Happily yours,

E. B.

For the Connecticut War Record.

## From the First Conn. Light Battery.

FIRST LIGHT BATTERY C. V.,  
FOLLY ISLAND, S. C., Feb. 24th, 1864.

Editor War Record:

Your former correspondent gave you an outline of our history from the formation of the Battery until we came to this island. We have been here since last July, and have spent the time doing picket duty, drilling, and the usual camp duties incident to a soldier's life.

Forty-seven of the Battery have reenlisted, and perhaps a few more will yet do so. Forty-five of those who were furloughed have just returned, after an absence of forty-seven days. While they were gone, we had a detail from the infantry to help us. We have received eleven recruits, and are daily expecting about twenty more, which will fill up the Battery to its maximum standard.

The 7th inst. one section of the Battery, two sections of a New York battery, and sixteen regiments of infantry from this island, went on an expedition across Hiawah and Seabrook to John's Island, and were gone five days. The object of the expedition is said to have been to detain or draw rebel troops there, while the Florida expedition, which left Hilton Head about the same time, should accomplish its object.

We suppose that we accomplished all that was intended, though we had but little fighting.

While lying in camp we try to spend the time as advantageously as possible. We have organized a Lyceum, which promises to be both entertaining and instructive. We have a library of nearly two hundred volumes, partly the gift of friends, but principally purchased with the company funds, which most of us think a good investment, for, as our Captain remarked to us, we had saved from the stomach to feed the brain.

We have a chapel tent, (though near worn out,) the gift of friends in Connecticut, in which we hold three weekly prayer meetings. The Lord has blessed us in the conversion of several of our company.

From our camp we can view the fleet in Charleston harbor, our works on Morris Island, and nearly the whole line of rebel works which defend the city. The sight of the shells, with lighted fuse, as we view them at night, in their flight from our batteries to the enemy, and from their batteries toward us, is a spectacle so unique and impressive as not to be easily forgotten.

A SUBSCRIBER.

For the Connecticut War Record.

## From the Second Connecticut Light Battery.

BRASHEAR CITY, La., March 21, 1864.

The Battery left New Orleans on the 1st inst., and crossing the river to Algiers, took the cars for this place, arriving here the same day. We are comfortably quartered on an old sugar plantation, the mansion house answering for a hospital, the overseer's house serving for officers' headquarters, while for the men the less pretending cabins which the slaves formerly occupied surpass in comfort and convenience the best arranged Sibley tent.

The Battery has recently received an addition of forty-one new recruits, who are mostly veteran soldiers. About a dozen more are daily expected, when the Battery will have more than its maximum. There will be none too many, however, to

discharge properly the duties required of us. We are now required to furnish two small details for picket duty, the troops formerly doing that duty having been sent to the front, where active operations are in progress. The picket duty, however, is not irksome nor disagreeable, and the posts being one on a bayou and the other on Lake Poloude, where there is good fishing, there are always volunteers enough for the detail.

We were roused up at midnight the other night by a report that the rebels had taken Franklin, about twenty-five miles from here. We harnessed and packed knapsacks, waiting till daylight, when it was ascertained that the report had no real foundation.

The campaign has fairly commenced in this department, and troops are now moving upon Alexandria, on the Red river. Our principal duty is to guard this place, which it is necessary to hold as a base of supplies and a means of communication.

UNION.

For the Connecticut War Record.

## From the Eleventh Regiment.

WILLIAMSBURG, Va., April 4th, 1864.

Dear Editor:—

You have already told your readers of the pleasant reception the Eighth and Eleventh received on our way to our homes. Friday, the 15th of January, was a Good Friday for us. New Haven and Hartford were never more pleasant in our eyes. How we passed those thirty days, how we found our old friends, how we made some new ones, how the home cupboard looked and what was in the apple bin, how we invested some of our money and how we squandered more, how we were greeted, and how we said good bye—all this is personal history, and belongs not to a record of public events. There were some conquests; alas! there were some defeats; but not in that kind of war which you record.

Our thirty days were quickly over, passing as a tale that is told. We came together when our furloughs were out, (but not our visits,) and from Hartford traveled down to Wallingford, and quartered in a brick factory near the station house. We found it like a hive in winter. Our coming acted like a summer day, with a stone thrown against the side of the hive. The old factory forgot its emptiness and silence, and never did machinery so fill it and craze it as did we. There we passed twelve days, long enough to learn that Wallingford is a fine New England village, with a grand old street bordered with noble trees; that it has its share of tasteful houses and good people; and while we remember the loyal inhabitants there as most courteous to us and kind to our sick, we bear witness that its whisky is of the most villainous kind.

Saturday, the 27th of February, we took cars for a transport waiting for us off Long Wharf, New Haven. It was the Dan Webster, nasty below and cold and cheerless on deck. Misery loves company, and we had it in our brothers of the Eighth and in recruits joining us on board the boat. Our tedious voyage was lengthened at first by an opposing tide, secondly by adverse winds, then by a fog, and all the time by the slowness of the old craft itself. Speaking of the aggregate, we were crowded, ill fed, sea-sick, and generally profane and wicked.

Finally, after being "tossed much by sea," we tried that by land. Wednesday, March 2d, we





disembarked without regret, and took McClellan's mud and corduroy to Williamsburg, one of the oldest, fairest, and most historic towns in this part of Virginia. The 139th New York had left us, as their successors, very fair quarters. Our officers, for the most part, are in log houses, that are good, not to say elegant; though our frequent rains are making dirty havoc with the Virginia clay in the cracks, which, at the best, is but an extemporized mortar. I can say nothing in praise of one house, however, unless I speak of the inhabitant, and it is as well to pass him.

At first the split clapboard houses sufficed for our number of men, but now we are becoming great in numbers, as we modestly suppose we were before in suffering and in valor. The little regiment that went home 300 strong now counts 860, and we have room for a few more good men. None others need apply. They will come to a post of honor; for we hold the advance towards Richmond from the south, and our pickets mark the limits of rebellion in this direction; and to a post of suffering, too, if they pass many of these rainy nights as some of us have. We are becoming amphibious, though from the sameness of our rations we can hardly be called omnivorous.

While we mention our increase, we have also to record the loss of some of our veterans, who repeatedly escaped death in battle, only to meet it in another form.

## DIED.

Charles H. Frink, Co. I, Jan. 24th, 1864, at Sharon.

Aaron Robinson, Co. A, Feb. 24th, at Wallingford.

William Mantz, Co. A, Feb. 28th, at New York.

Asa Weeks, Co. F, March 9th, at Yorktown.

Oscar G. Daniels, Co. K, March 3d, at New Haven.

Yours for the war, and longer, der.

## For the Connecticut War Record.

## From the Eighth Regiment.

CAMP OF EIGHTH REGIMENT C. V.,  
DEEP CREEK, Va.,  
April 11th, 1864. }

FRIEND MORRIS: At the request of one who has often favored you in former months, but who is particularly occupied just now, I send you a line. The month which has now passed since we came to Deep Creek, has been a very severe one for our men. We came here to do picket duty, and we have enough of it for our number of men to endure, even in usually pleasant weather; but thus far we have experienced an almost uninterrupted succession of storms. Cold northeast winds, bringing torrents of rain, have swept over us day after day and night after night. Snow, also, has oftentimes fallen abundantly. Pleasant days have been angel visits indeed, hailed with rapture, but vanishing as we turned to enjoy. Of course we have had additions not a few to our hospital inmates, but we are happy to say most of the cases have not proved severe, and the health of the regiment has really been improving—for when we first returned from Connecticut, after the severe exposure endured on the passage, following as that exposure did the relaxation, and in many cases the dissipation, of the thirty days' furlough, a large number was added to the sick list. With one exception, however, these have all become convalescent, and most returned to

duty. One man, with lungs previously weak, if not diseased, was never well after we came on shore. He lingered with much suffering about four weeks, when he died, and we laid his body in the narrow bed beside those comrades who had died at the old camp near Portsmouth. The head-board tells the simple tale: "Edwin E. Westover, Co. K, 8th Reg. C. V. I.; died March 26th, 1864." We dropped our tear of sympathy for the lone wife and fatherless child, as well as for the bereaved parents at his home in New Britain, Conn., nor did we forget the brothers of our comrade serving in other parts of the army of our country. The new men who have joined us are daily becoming (some of them slowly enough, but becoming) initiated into camp life and duty. Among them are those who are true men and will become soldiers, worthy of their country and their flag. Others will prove of no benefit to the regiment, either in camp or on the field. A number of these have early exhibited their characters, by generously leaving their rations and quarters all to others, while they have volunteered to provide for themselves. That however, is too much of a good thing, and our kind Uncle Samuel provides for such over-generous men certain private apartments which honest people at home would not enjoy. One of these individuals has recently appeared in court martial, and others will soon follow.

Our regimental band is now doing finely, and enlivens many an evening hour in camp with their stirring music. Every such entertainment is a benefit to the whole camp. For the time the sound of profanity is hushed and purer, sweeter feelings pervade all hearts. This reminds me of other sources of entertainment now in vogue in our camp. Since we returned from Connecticut, new aspirations have possessed many of our men. Former associates had been found advancing in science, in morality, in piety. The soldiers felt the contrast. Not a few resolved then for the future to aim high and strivenobly. Some of them are hoping to enter college if they live to return home, and Greek, Latin, and algebra fill many an otherwise leisure hour. French and German are also pursued.

Some of our men are emulous of position in the *Corps D'Afrique*, and they are seizing every opportunity to refresh their minds in history, geography, and mathematics, as well as tactics. The regiment library is eagerly read by all classes, they not unfrequently turning away from their cards to improve mind and heart. Then we have a flourishing lyceum, which now bids fair to make some persons statesmen as well as soldiers. Our prayer meetings are attended by increasing numbers, and divine service on the Sabbath is more largely honored by both officers and private soldiers. Several persons, we think, have been renewed in heart by the Holy Ghost, and new voices thus heard in the place of social prayer. Officers of the line as well as of the staff now kneel in these praying circles, and speak words of sweet encouragement to the chaplain and the men. In the same quarters where profanity has been marked, morning and evening devotions are now paid; so that we believe, in spite of all the impiety of the army and the unmitigated corruption and villainy of some of the recruits, there is a happy increase of healthy religious principle and feeling. The total abstinence pledge has also been traveling through the regiment. Eighteen commissioned officers led the roll, and one hundred

and fifty other men added their signatures. The idea is salutary for the present. Never existed a happier feeling among officers towards each other, or between officers and men, than now. In a single word, we are *soldiers*. Together we are battling sloth and immorality now, and holding ourselves ready to battle rebels and guerrillas whenever we can find them.

Give a word of cheer from the Veteran Eighth to all the friends at home, and tell them to hold on with brave hearts; for with God as our leader, Buckingham reflected again, and Lincoln about to be, (so the soldiers say,) our country is yet to be emancipated and saved.

Yours ever,

CHAPLAIN.

## For the Connecticut War Record.

## From the Twenty-ninth Infantry.

IN CAMP, 3 MILES FROM ANNAPOLIS, Md.,  
March 31st, 1864. }

Mr. Editor:—

In your Record for March, the Twenty-ninth Infantry were reported in barracks at New Haven, guarding white men. Since then a change has come over the spirit of our lives—though were our dreams told, they would have us still at home.

On the 19th inst. there came a staunch, new vessel to New Haven, and the early morning of the 20th—beautiful Sabbath that it was—saw us slowly moving from the end of Long Wharf, that goal of our school-boy walks and scene of idle dreams amongst the little shipping of our city, toward those circumstances which call for the exercise of the greatest manhood. That calm spring day launched us indeed into a new life.

What preceded our departure, your readers doubtless have from the editorial pen. We were much encouraged and pleased by the ovation which surrounded our progress through New Haven. The flags thrown out as we passed residences of patriotic citizens, particularly in Elm street, and the good will manifested on all hands, wrought the enthusiasm of our soldiers to the highest pitch, and seemed to drown all the grumbling naturally attendant upon being cheated out of bounties and kept back from pay. And I believe the reverence for the color which we received that day is even greater with us than it is with white volunteers for their standards. Notwithstanding, the men seem to think that, after all, the most important color to have and to fight under is that of the United States.

But to drop the story of our departure, of which now we only think to compare in our minds the day, so far distant, when a war-worn battalion, dusty and stained, but, strange though it be, not tanned by exposure, shall cheer friends in Chapel street once more, and receive its well earned laurels. The friends of the regiment of course want to know what our condition is here. It is by no means the best, though we don't grumble. A soldier requires, first, the sound, well-made body well clothed; secondly, the musket and accoutrements; thirdly, the tent and the rubber blanket, without which the sound man soon becomes weak. But most of all, the perfect soldier demands strict discipline and general good usage; respect for his manhood and character.

The Twenty-ninth has excellent men, well clothed. It has nothing else. Two weeks in Annapolis, and yet without arms! Tents are deigned us, but those who ought to know say that a black





man can do without a rubber blanket. Discipline we maintain by persuasion only, mounting guard with sticks and cornstalks, or with nothing. Outside our own camp, there is small respect for our manhood.

As we marched through the streets of the sin-rotted town of Annapolis, a woman,

"Fashioned not slenderly,  
Old, and not fair,"

flung open her door, looked with evil eye up and down our black line, and cried, with a Southern oath, "You d—d black sons of b—s! you'd better go home, d—n you! What did you come down here for?"

Such greetings, of which we received plenty less striking, we expected and enjoyed. But when, after we had been assigned to barracks, and then were told that when so promised it was thought we were white, and that now we could go into tents, we began to see shadows on our pathway. Ben Butler once reigned in Annapolis. Alas! that now he is afar off. But his happy rule was too short for him to squelch one insignificant corporation, called the "Annapolis and Elk Ridge R.R. Co." Soldiers of the United States in uniform, off duty or on, dark complexioned, cannot ride on their cars without a pass certifying that they are free men. Preposterous idea! that any one in the service of our free government can be a slave. Most foolish notion! that it is the duty of some petty marshal to enforce the unreasonable and quibbling rules of a disloyal corporation.

Thus at every side the black soldier is met by the announcement, old and trite though it be, that he is a "dog of a nigger."

But, notwithstanding all our poverty, all the sneers and trials which we encounter now, or in the future may be called to endure, there are in the men of this regiment qualities which adverse circumstances will but develop, and which shall assert our claims in such a manner as to convince the most querulous. Beginning early, we mean so to educate our men as to make them the best of soldiers, and when they become citizens, law abiding.

Not a straggler fell from our ranks in our long march to the transport at New Haven, and the medical inspector in his visit to-day, has done us the honor to pronounce our camp the cleanest and best in the department.

Within a day or two we have been joined by the 26th U. S., from New York City, and by the 1st Michigan C. V., both splendidly equipped in every respect, the latter even to a band, while we are objects of charity. Who wants to pity us?

We have at last a Major. Captain Ward, of Co. E, a most finished officer and gentleman, has received the promotion, which gives entire satisfaction. The regiment now needs its Lieutenant Colonel, two 1st Lieutenants, and a chaplain.

Yours truly,

B. W. E.

### From the First Connecticut Cavalry.

CAMP OF THE FIRST CONN. CAVALRY,  
STEVENSBURG, VA., April 21, 1864. }

MR. EDITOR:—The First Connecticut Cavalry, when last reported to the War Record, was at Baltimore, under orders to join the army of the Potomac. Leaving Camp Chesbrough on the 8th of last month, the regiment marched via Annapolis Junction, Washington, Fairfax Court

House, Warrenton Junction, arriving on the 25th at our assigned post in the First Brigade, Third Division of the Cavalry Corps. After several days of fruitless search for a dry spot upon which to encamp, we found a good site where our tents were pitched, and where they have remained till the present time. We are situated about two miles from the rebel pickets, within sight of their camp fires, and upon an elevation which commands a view not only of many interesting points in rebeldom, but of a delightful country on this side of the Rapidan. The Blue Ridge, its peaks still covered with snow, towers magnificently to the West. In almost every direction, scattered over valleys and hills, are camps without number. Within a mile lies Stevensburg, though what, we are told, was once a pretty rural village, is, like all this section of Virginia, a desolate ruin.

For several weeks after our encampment, the weather was cold and wet, making summer quarters—tents without fires—anything but pleasant. The men, however, bore their discomforts with great cheerfulness, like true soldiers, and but a small number became sick. The health of the regiment is remarkably good: out of 768—our aggregate now in camp—not more than 25 or 30 on an average, daily, require medical attention. The most even of these, disabled by ordinary colds or other slight disorder. It will be, perhaps, a relief to many anxious friends to know that we have a surgeon, Major George A. Hurlburt, who understands how to care for the sanitary interests of a camp, a man skilled in his profession, and besides, a kind hearted gentleman; all regiments are not so fortunate. Colonel Wm. S. Fish, our commanding officer, is still detained in Washington, much to our regret that military qualities so rare as his should be, at a time like this, lost to us and to the service. Our Lieutenant Colonel, Charles Farnsworth, is at the parole camp, Annapolis, having been released from Libby Prison. He was captured July 14th, 1863, while on a scout from Harper's Ferry, and since then, till the 14th of last month, suffered patiently that worst experience which soldiers for the Union have been called to bear—confinement in a rebel dungeon. We feel that the regiment has been honored by the heroism of his unflinching fortitude there not less than by the fidelity of his service while he was with us in camp or in the field. He will be welcomed back whenever his exchange can be effected.

In the absence of colonel and lieutenant colonel the regiment is commanded by Major E. Blakeslee, an experienced and accomplished officer, who is earnest and untiring in endeavor to promote the efficiency of his command. Our other field officers are Major George O. Marcy and Major Brayton Ives, the latter of whom, though absent now, is expected soon to rejoin us.

With regard to the general condition of the regiment there is nothing especially interesting to communicate.

We have had but two deaths since our record was sent you in February.

On the 14th of March James Foster, of Company M, from Meriden, died of typhoid fever at Baltimore, after a sickness of about two months. Leaving an attractive home, in the full vigor of early manhood, inspired by the hope of contributing to the support of the Government, he fell at the very threshold of the service. But though he did not

die in battle, he is as really to be counted, with the multitudes in the army slain by disease, among the martyrs of the war.

April 5th, Sergt. George A. Fish, of Company H, died near Grove Church, Va., from injuries inflicted by guerrillas a few days before. He received over twenty wounds, the more serious of them after he had surrendered and with his own revolver. He was a tried and trusted soldier, always ready, wherever duty called. At the time when he with his party were attacked two members of Company H were taken prisoners and are now in the hands of the enemy—Frederick Tetro and Daniel Mehan. Picketing and scouting constitute just now our principal work. About thirty-three per cent. of the regiment are all the while at the very extreme front. Detachments remain out three or four days, sometimes twice as long, and are then relieved. There is every indication that Virginia is to witness within the next sixty days the great shock of the war. We of the First Connecticut Cavalry are glad that it is to be our privilege to share in a struggle which, with the blessing of Providence, may virtually finish the rebellion, and we mean to do our whole duty.

H.

### Second Connecticut Artillery.

April 25, 1864.

Amid the extensive moving of regiments, preparatory to the Spring campaign, it has been expected this regiment would receive marching orders. If Madam Rumor could have sent us to the front, to Tennessee, or to Texas even, we should most assuredly have gone, if not as artillery then as infantry; for she has labored industriously and perseveringly to accomplish it. Nevertheless, we are still here in the region of Alexandria, Va., that secess and corrupting city, the moral miasma of which this regiment has breathed to its great detriment since it left Connecticut. Not, however, because the regiment has not been offered for the field, for this has been several times requested by the proper officer. Still like good soldiers, carrying out their first duty, we are obeying orders, and remain in garrison, while others have gone and are going to reap glory, possibly shame, more certainly depletion.

Fort Ellsworth, the nearest to Alexandria, is one of the oldest forts in this line of defenses, and was commenced by the Ellsworth Zouaves just after the taking of Alexandria. It is located on Suters Hill (not Shutters as it is sometimes called,) on the east front of which was once a large and beautiful residence, burned some time before the war, owned by Richard Dulaney, a relative of the Fairfaxes. The building now standing and occupied by officers, is said to have been built by Dulaney expressly for Rob. Ashby, strongly secess in sentiment, cousin to Col. Ashby of the Black Horse Cavalry (rebel.) A large brick cistern connected with the barn of the original building, was for a time used by our troops as a magazine, but lately dug up for the bricks. I am told, (whether truthfully or not I cannot say,) by an old inhabitant, that Washington would like to have had the capitol located upon this hill, but was unwilling to ask so much for his own state. A beautiful location indeed would it have had, commanding a view of the Potomac for miles. In the southeast corner of the fort on this hill, early in the war a soldier was hung, for killing a female in Alexandria. The





regiments of the region were called out to witness the execution. This fort has been garrisoned at different times by five or more different regiments. In the fort are several brass pieces used in the Mexican war, bearing the inscription, "Duncan, Paloalto, Resaco, Monterey, Molino, Cherubusco, Mexico." In this fort there is also kept as a curiosity, a singular piece of naval artillery, called a short cannonade, a thirty-two-pounder—so estimated probably in its day—said to have been left by the English in the war of 1812 but must have been cast long before that. In contrast with the other guns of the fort it shows the very great improvement made in that line; for it excites wonder if it can ever have been either of the cannon or mortar kind. This fort is now undergoing extensive repairs and alterations.

Fort Williams, the next on the west, was built last year, and in a manner showing that time and experience have wrought improvement in the construction of such fortifications. And as great pains have been taken and taste displayed in ornamenting and grassing it, it is a gem of its kind, and one of the few forts in the line uniformly reported by inspecting officers as "ex" (excellent.) This fort is on the grounds once owned and occupied, but deserted five days after President Lincoln's inauguration, by Cooper, now Adj. Gen. of the Rebel army, formerly of the War Department, Washington. Only a few days before leaving, speaking with a neighbor of the course the south were taking, he remarked, as he may yet find sorrowfully truthful, that "it had everything to lose and nothing to gain." The day before departing he seemed in much trouble of mind and was observed very anxiously pacing the piazza of his house. His furniture was removed by his son-in-law, Col. Whraton of our troops, but was afterwards confiscated and sold by the government. Cooper married Miss Mary Mason, sister to Mason, of Mason and Slidel notoriety; and this may account in part for his going over to the south; at least some of his late neighbors so think, who speak quite highly of him as a neighbor. The cellar of his house is the bomb-proof of the fort.

Fort Worth, the next and largest of the three garrisoned by this regiment, is on the grounds formerly owned by a Mr. Hurbert, who was in company with Rob. Ashby, in the mercantile business in Alexandria. He was a bachelor, and is now or was a Col. in the rebel army, and is reported to have lost a leg in the war. His house stood within the fort. In this fort are two of the famous Whitworth guns, presented to the Government by loyal Americans in Europe, said to carry six miles. It is reported that Gen. Hooker fired one of them at a house five miles distant and hit it. There are also in this fort several of the guns used by Majors Hemingway and Kellogg of the first Connecticut, the latter now Col. of this regiment, in the Peninsula campaign, and drawn at night by the men up the steep declivity of Malvern Hill, where it was supposed impossible to get them. But in the morning there they were ready to open upon the enemy. The limbers of some of them show the hunger of the mules used day and night in that famous seven days' fight. They so gnawed the tongues of the limbers that to save them they were obliged to hitch them elsewhere. In getting into position in our battle, while going through a grove the tongue of our guns was broken by running straddle of a tree. There, under the fire of two heavy batteries,

finding the needed tools as best they could, a white oak tree of the right size was cut and a new tongue roughly made and the gun soon on its way. That tongue still serves the gun. This fort is commanded by Major James Hubbard; Fort Williams by Major William B. Ellis; Fort Ellsworth by Major James Q. Rice.

The building now occupied as the headquarters of the regiment, before the breaking out of the war was the residence of a Mr. Whitmore, also a merchant in Alexandria. Anticipating the war he went north and purchased a large stock of goods on credit, which he took to Richmond. This is the last known of him, except that he is reported to have become quite wealthy, and all in real estate.

The hospital of the regiment was the residence of Bishop John Johns of the diocese of Virginia, and President of the Theological Institute of Virginia, the buildings of which with a number of barracks erected by Government, are now occupied by the Fairfax Seminary Hospital. On the morning of the entering of the Ellsworth Zouaves into Alexandria, the Bishop took fright and fled with his family in his carriage, leaving the breakfast dishes on the table, remarking to his servants that he would be back in about a fortnight; for that was supposed to be as long as the Yankees could stay this side of the Potomac. His furniture, books, papers and letters were all left and are now scattered, save the library which is said to have been taken by Government.

### The Tenth Regiment leaves Florida.

Quite an exciting little adventure enlivened the last days of the Tenth at St. Augustine. About nine o'clock on Saturday evening, 17th inst., Captain Eagles, the Provost Marshal, was informed by some fishermen of a suspicious craft seen about dusk at Matanzas Inlet, some twenty miles below. At once the Captain hurried to the dock, hailed the blockading schooner Beauregard, which was then in harbor with a recently captured prize, and soon had arrangements completed for pursuit in the gig and cutter, under command of Lieutenant Colby, executive officer of the Beauregard. The captain accompanying them they reached Matanzas about 2 A. M. At break of day they discovered the schooner going over the bar, and the gig gave chase. Lieutenant Colby had the helm, six men were at the oars, and Captain Eagles stood amidships with his rifle. The race was quite exciting. Gaining on the schooner, the Captain fired at her, but she paid no attention to the shot. He fired again, and she lowered her foresail and hove to. The gig ran alongside and took her as a prize. She proved to be a schooner of about twenty tons burthen, originally the pilot boat Lehigh, sold at Key West only about two months since, and taken to Nassau for blockade running. She was now bound to Confederate waters for cotton, having on board bagging, some 50,000 percussion caps, and a lot of private stores. Her crew consisted of a captain, one other white man, and three negroes. But for the timely notice of the St. Augustine fishermen she would have escaped capture.

The schooner Beauregard, once a rebel privateer, has been very successful in prize-taking, this being her seventeenth capture in about five months. Her officers were grateful to Captain

Eagles for his efficient aid in this instance, and he entered into the affair with the same heartiness as if the rebels were on land.

On Sabbath morning the propeller Tappahannock reached St. Augustine from Jacksonville, bringing the Seventeenth Connecticut Volunteers, Colonel Noble commanding, to relieve the Tenth, that the latter might go north for more active service. The Seventeenth shows a fine set of men, and was very soon settled down in quarters, having dress parade at sunset on the plaza. In the evening a farewell religious service was conducted in the Episcopal church by the Chaplain of the Tenth. Both regiments were largely represented in officers and men, and many citizens were present. The house was crowded, and a large number stood about the door, unable to obtain admission. Later the band of the Tenth gave some fine music in the moonlight on the plaza, continuing to play until far towards morning.

On Monday, at 2 P. M., the Seventeenth marched from the barracks to the fort to escort the Tenth to the pier. At the dock and along the sea wall the citizens had assembled in crowds to give a parting salute to the Tenth boys, and tears were as freely shed, and hands clasped as warmly, and as kind words of farewell uttered, as though it were a regiment leaving home for the war, rather than the removal of an armed band from a place but lately looked upon as hostile territory. As the Tappahannock moved into the stream, the Seventeenth boys gave hearty cheers, citizens waved their handkerchiefs, the band of the Tenth responded, the steam whistle echoed the hurrahs, and then the Beauregard thundered out her artillery greeting, having her entire set of bunting, naval signals and all, displayed in her rigging, in honor of the occasion.

The administration of Colonel Otis as Post Commandant at St. Augustine won for him golden opinions from all sides. Union citizens felt that their rights were never more jealously guarded, nor was less laxity shown toward those deemed disloyal. "Seecesh" inhabitants said that they were never more honorably or humanely dealt by; while visiting civilians expressed gratitude for the uniform courtesy and kindness shown towards them by the military commandant.

Warm attachments have been formed in all these months of pleasant intercourse at St. Augustine. The Tenth boys have many friends there whom they will not soon forget, nor by whom they will be soon forgotten. Colonel Noble now commands the post, and it is a matter of rejoicing to the citizens that a Connecticut officer is again placed over them. Lieutenant Chatfield, from Bridgeport, a fine young officer, is Post Adjutant, and Lieutenant Ward Post Quartermaster. Capt. French is Provost Marshal.

N. C. T.  
PORT ROYAL HARBOR, S. C., April 22nd, 1864.

### True Benevolence.

Governor Buckingham, a few weeks since, ordered the State Treasurer to credit his salary for the past year, and a half to the State Fund, for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers.

This is but one of many unostentatious exhibitions of the noble beneficence and abiding sympathy for the soldier, which animates the large heart of our honored chief magistrate.





## PERSONAL.

## List of Appointments and Promotions in the Connecticut Volunteer Force, during April, 1864.

## (OFFICIAL.)

## 1ST CONN. CAVALRY.

Sergt. Alfred V. Burnham, to be 2d Lieut., vice Bradley, discharged, with rank from the 31st day of March, 1864.

Brayton Ives, of New Haven, to be Major, to fill an original vacancy, with rank from the 12th day of April, 1864.

2d Lieut. Alfred V. Burnham, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from April 23d, 1864, vice Lord, resigned.

1st Lieut. Edward W. Whitaker, of the 2d N. Y. Cavalry, to be Captain 1st Regt. Conn. Cavalry, with rank from the 23d day of April, 1864, vice Sterling, dismissed.

## 1ST CONN. ARTILLERY.

1st Lieut. William G. Pride, to be Captain, vice Buckley, deceased.

2d Lieut. William W. Pardee to be 1st Lieut., vice Pride, promoted.

Sergt. Charles A. Truesdell, of Co. A, to be 2d Lieut., vice Williams, promoted.

Sergt. Eben, P. Hall, of Co. C, to be 2d Lieut., vice Gillett, promoted.

Sergt. Maj. Thomas J. Beers, to be 2d Lieut., vice Rogers, promoted.

Q. M. Sergt. William R. Guernsey, of Co. I, to be 2d Lieut., vice Pardee, promoted.

Sergt. Lewis B. Sturgess, of Co. B, to be 2d Lieut., to fill an original vacancy.

All to take rank from the 1st day of April, 1864.

John S. Delevan, of Albany, N. Y., to be 1st Asst. Surgeon, vice Morton, declined.

Nathaniel Matson, of Schodack, N. Y., to be 2d Asst. Surgeon, vice Hoyt, resigned.

Both with rank from the 7th day of April, 1864.

Sergt. Martin L. Church, to be 2d Lieut., vice Dyer, resigned, with rank from the 18th day of April, 1864.

## 2D CONN. ARTILLERY.

1st Lieut. Walter Burnham, to be Captain, vice Sperry, resigned.

Sergt. Homer S. Curtis, to be 2d Lieut., vice Candee, promoted.

Sergt. William L. Twiss, to be 2d Lieut., vice Harley, promoted.

All to take rank from the 21st day of April, 1864.

1st Lieut. Augustus H. Fenn, to be Captain, vice Rice, promoted.

2d Lieut. Edward S. Hubbard, to be 1st Lieut., vice Lee, promoted.

2d Lieut. Franklin J. Candee, to be 1st Lieut., vice Hosford, promoted.

2d Lieut. Warren Alford, to be 1st Lieut., vice Deane, promoted.

2d Lieut. James P. McCabe, to be 1st Lieut., to fill an original vacancy.

2d Lieut. Edward Hurley, to be 1st Lieut., to fill an original vacancy.

All to take rank from the 31st day of March, 1864.

## 7TH REGIMENT.

2d Asst. Surgeon Elmore C. Hine, to be 1st Asst. Surgeon, vice Porter, promoted.

Private Samuel B. Shepard, M. D., of Co. F, 6th Regt. C. V., to be 2d Asst. Surgeon 7th Regt. C. V., vice Hine, promoted.

Both with rank from the 20th day of April, 1864.

Rev. Jacob Eaton, of West Meriden, is hereby appointed Chaplain 7th Regt. C. V., with rank from April 23d, 1864, vice Wayland, resigned.

## 9TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. William A. Lee, to be Captain, vice Sawyer, resigned.

2d Lieut. Michael Mullens, to be 1st Lieut., vice O'Sullivan, resigned.

2d Lieut. David C. Warner, to be 1st Lieut., vice Payne, promoted.

Sergt. Maj. John Bolger, to be 2d Lieut., vice Cole, resigned.

All to take rank from the 1st day of April, 1864.

## 11TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Amos S. Allen, to be Captain, vice Bray, resigned.

2d Lieut. James E. Fuller, to be 1st Lieut., vice Allen, promoted.

2d Lieut. Wm. E. Horton, to be 1st Lieut., vice Nickerson, promoted.

2d Lieut. John Snifflins, to be 1st Lieut., vice Warren, promoted.

2d Lieut. Charles H. Simmons, to be 1st Lieut., vice Brown, promoted.

2d Lieut. Samuel B. Horne, to be 1st Lieut., vice Rice, promoted.

Sergt. Maj. Erastus Blackmar, to be 2d Lieut., vice Horne, promoted.

All to take rank from the 1st day of April, 1864.

Sergt. Henry A. Walker, to be 2d Lieut., vice Simmons, promoted.

1st Sergt. Christian Quinn, to be 2d Lieut., vice Snifflins, promoted.

Sergt. William G. Dickinson, to be 2d Lieut., vice Fuller, promoted.

All to take rank from the 2d day of April, 1864.

## 12TH REGIMENT.

Sergt. Maj. John Mullen, to be 2d Lieut., vice Stedman, promoted, with rank from the 11th day of April, 1864.

## 16TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Alfred A. Dickerson, to be Captain, vice Mix, deceased, with rank from the 1st day of April, 1864.

## 17TH REGIMENT.

1st Asst. Surgeon Sabin Stocking, 8th Regt. C. V., to be Surgeon, vice Hubbard, resigned, with rank from the 18th day of April, 1864.

## 18TH REGIMENT.

1st Sergt. Edward S. Hinkley, to be 2d Lieut., vice Washburn, appointed Captain U. S. colored troops, with rank from the 12th day of April, 1864.

## 20TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. and Adjt. Horace G. H. Tarr, to be Captain, vice Guilford, dismissed, with rank from the 19th day of April, 1864.

Cornelius J. Dubois, of New Haven, to be Adjt., vice Tarr, promoted, with rank from the 19th day of April, 1864.

1st Sergt. Roland E. Paddock, to be 2d Lieut., vice Hall, resigned, with rank from the 20th day of April, 1864.

## 2D LIGHT BATTERY.

1st Sergt. Frank H. Whitney, to be 2d Lieut., vice Sherman, resigned, with rank from the 1st day of April, 1863.

At a meeting of Co. I, 2d Regiment C. M., held at their armory, April 7th, 1864, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

WHEREAS, Our Captain, Rev. Jacob Eaton, has again entered the service of his country, thus giving renewed evidence of his love for the Union which our fathers ordained—

*Resolved*, That while we part from him with feelings of sorrow, yet we bid him God speed in his noble work, feeling assured as we do that in whatever situation he may be placed, he will bear an unsullied reputation as a Christian minister—one who not only points to the path of duty, but leads the way.

*Resolved*, That to Captain Eaton our thanks are due for the lively interest he has ever manifested in our welfare as a company and as men, knowing as we do that to him more than any other person we are indebted for our organization; and we pray that the God of Battles may be his shield and friend amid all peril and danger; and when the national flag shall again float triumphantly over all our country, and the last rebel be subdued, may He bring him back to family and

friends, to enjoy in peace the blessings of that liberty which his labors have aided in preserving from the assaults of foreign foes and domestic traitors.

*Resolved*, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be presented to Captain Eaton, and that the same be published in the Meriden Recorder and the Connecticut War Record.

E. W. BLISS, 1st Lieutenant, }  
W. W. LEE, 2d Lieutenant, } Committee.  
R. L. SMITH, 1st Sergeant, }  
JOHN BARTON, Secretary.

## "FORT BUTLER,"

DONALDSONVILLE, La. }

## Editor Connecticut War Record:

DEAR SIR—As we "sogers," in looking over "home news," (as contained in the periodicals which we occasionally receive from friends at the North,) frequently find misstatements and errors, we think it proper to make such corrections as justice seems to demand. In your published list of officers and men who were former members of the 1st, 2d, and 3d Connecticut regiments, I notice the names of R. E. Holcomb, George A. Wayne, James M. Gardner, James T. Smith, D. E. Jones, John Kearney, and Leonidas R. Hall, as belonging to the First Louisiana (colored) Regiment. Now, at the risk of giving the good people of Connecticut the idea that we are "Northern men with Southern principles," we wish it distinctly understood that we prefer not to be classed with officers of negro regiments. We belong to the "First Louisiana Infantry Volunteers," (white) being the first Union regiment raised in any disloyal State. Richard E. Holcomb, our former Colonel, came to the Department of the Gulf as Major of the Thirtieth Conn. Vols.; was promoted to the command of this regiment by Gen. B. F. Butler, Aug. 8th, 1862; was killed while leading his command at the gallant charge before Port Hudson, June 14th, 1863. He was wounded in the charge of May 27th, but like a noble soldier, which he most certainly was, he refused to leave his post; and when the order to attack was given, on the eventful 14th of June, he threw aside his crutches, and took his position at the head of the brigade, which he was temporarily commanding.

George A. Wayne is the Captain of Company H; James M. Gardner 1st Lieut. Company G; James T. Smith 1st Lieut. Company D; Devereaux E. Jones 2d Lieut. Company B; John Kearney 2d Lieut. Company D; Leonidas R. Hall 1st Lieut. Company H.

The Northern people seem to believe that all Louisiana troops are negroes, while the fact is, Louisiana has furnished two regiments of infantry, two of cavalry, and one battery light artillery, of white troops. Connecticut has the honor of having furnished more officers for these same regiments than any other State in the Union.

Hoping that you will give this a publication, thereby greatly obliging your many friends in this regiment,

I have the honor to be,

Very Respectfully,

Your obdt servant,

LEONIDAS R. HALL,

1st Lt. 1st La. I. V.

Lieut. G. W. Darling, of the 1st R. I. Cavalry, has been presented by the soldiers at the Conscript Camp at Fair Haven with a superb silver mounted sword, sash, and shoulder straps.

Lieut. E. W. Whitaker, of the Conn. Squadron in the Harris Light Cavalry, and long an efficient aid of the adventurous Kilpatrick, has been promoted to be Captain. He will return to the regiment to command his company, but is at present an aid-de-camp to Gen. J. H. Wilson, commanding 3d Division Cavalry Corps. Captain Whitaker is a brave, faithful, and accomplished officer. His advancement is well deserved.

Lieut. Augustus Rodriguez is the fortunate recipient of an elegant sword, sash, and belt, from the members of Co. I, 15th Conn. Infantry.





Henry P. Goddard, of the Fourteenth Regiment, has been promoted to a captaincy. He is Ordinance Officer in the Artillery Brigade, 2d Corps. Capt. Goddard was formerly connected with the Norwich Bulletin.

Lieut. John G. Pelton, of the Fourteenth Infantry, has been promoted to be Captain and assigned to a position on the staff of Maj. Gen. Hancock. The sons of Connecticut are justly rising every day to stations of honor and influence.

James H. Ricard of Pomfret, who has lately been appointed captain of the 19th U. S. colored troops, was presented by his friends with an elegant sword, sash, and belt, previous to his departure for his regiment.—*Press*.

Acting Lieut. Warrington Roath has received from friends in Norwich, as evidence of their high opinion of his courage and manliness, a gold mounted sword, with a scabbard of silver. Lieut. Roath served as a private in the 2d C. V. I. (three months,) was then appointed Acting Master, and has since, by recommendation of Commander Read, been promoted, for good conduct, to be Acting Volunteer Lieutenant. He commands the U. S. brig Bohio.

Brig. Gen. Edward Harland, formerly the accomplished Colonel of the 8th Infantry, was commander of the sub-district of the Pamlico, with headquarters at Washington, N. C. The officers on his staff are Lieut. W. M. Pratt, A. A. A. G.; Lieut. Charles J. Arms, A. D. C.; Lieut. N. P. Ives, C. S. Had Gen. Harland been ordered to defend the town, he would have made a most gallant and persistent fight.

Rev. Jacob Eaton, Post Chaplain at the Conscript Camp, has been appointed Chaplain of the Seventh Infantry. He will join his regiment at the earliest possible moment after the necessary papers are obtained. All who know Mr. Eaton believe him admirably qualified for the responsible position to which he is elected and commissioned. He goes forth with an earnest, manly, Christian heart, and with cordial good wishes and sincere prayers of a host of warm friends.

Rev. John D. Jones, of New Haven, has enlisted as a private in the Seventeenth C. V. He reported for duty at the U. S. Rendezvous, May 2d, and was detailed as Post Chaplain in place of Rev. Jacob Eaton, just promoted. Rev. Mr. Jones is a man of good talents and wide experience as an evangelist in the West and elsewhere. He is a man of vigor, an energetic preacher, and will do an excellent work among the soldiers.

## REGIMENTAL.

### The Location of Regiments

IN THE CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEER FORCE, MAY 1, 1864.

1st Regt. Cavalry, Maj. E. Blakeslee, commanding, 1st Brigade, Cavalry Corps—Army of the Potomac, April 17, 1864.

1st Light Battery, Capt. Alfred P. Rockwell—Folly Island, S. C., April 1, 1864.

2d Light Battery, Capt. John W. Sterling—Department of the Gulf, via New Orleans, April 1, 1864.

1st Artillery, Col. H. L. Abbott—Fort Richardson, Va., April 27, 1864.

2d Artillery, Col. E. S. Kellogg—Fort Ellsworth, Va., April 18, 1864.

5th Regt., Col. Warren W. Packer—Decherd, Tenn., April 3d, 1864.

6th Regt., Col. Redfield Duryee—Fortress Monroe.

7th Regt., Col. Joseph R. Hawley—Fortress Monroe.

8th Regt., Col. J. E. Ward—Department of Virginia, via Fortress Monroe.

9th Regt., Col. Thomas W. Cahill—New Haven, Conn., April 18, 1864.

10th Regt., Maj. E. S. Greeley, commanding—Department of the South, via Hilton Head.

11th Regt., Col. G. A. Stedman—Department of Virginia, via Fortress Monroe.

12th Regt., Lieut. Col. F. H. Peck—Conscript Camp, Fair Haven, Conn.

13th Regt., Col. Charles D. Blinn—Alexandria, La., April 4, 1864.

14th Regt., Col. Theodore G. Ellis—In the field, via Washington, April 1, 1864.

15th Regt., Col. Charles L. Upham—Newbern, N. C., April 1, 1864.

16th Regt., Lieut. Col. John H. Burnham—Department of Virginia, via Fortress Monroe.

17th Regt., Col. Wm. H. Noble—Folly Island, S. C., April 1, 1864.

18th Regt., Major Henry Peale—Harper's Ferry, Va., April 21, 1864.

20th Regt., Col. Samuel Ross, 12th A. C.—Cowan, Tenn., April 11, 1864.

21st Regt., Col. A. H. Dutton—Washington, N. C., March 31, 1864.

1st Squad Cavalry—2d N. Y. Cavalry.

### ITEMS SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE OFFICIAL, OR OF LATER DATE.

The 1st Cavalry are at Stevensburg, Va.

The 1st and 2d Artillery have been for a month expecting orders to go to the front as infantry, but are still in the defenses of Washington.

"Trebor" informs us that batteries B and M of the 1st Artillery, for a long time with the siege artillery of the Army of the Potomac, recently turned over their batteries to the proper authorities at Washington Arsenal, and have joined the regiment at Fort Ward, near Alexandria, Va.

The First Light Battery has left Folly Island, and is at Gloucester Point.

The exact location of the Sixth is not known. Major Klein, with 40 veterans who reenlisted after the return of the main body to Connecticut, were ordered to remain at the U. S. rendezvous at Fair Haven until the regiment was heard from. The regiment has been ordered to the peninsula, it is supposed, and is daily expected at Yorktown, but up to April 28th had not arrived. The 7th and 10th have reached Yorktown. The 8th and 11th are also there, making four Connecticut regiments at that point, and another on the way thither. All superfluous baggage has been sent to Fortress Monroe for storage. Every circumstance points to active, stern work.

The Connecticut brigade is hopelessly broken up. The 8th is brigaded with the 10th and 13th N. H. and 118th N. Y. The 11th is in a separate brigade, commanded by Colonel Stedman of the 11th.

The veterans of the 12th reported promptly on the expiration of their furloughs, and were rendezvoused at Wallingford. On Sunday, April 24, they embarked for New York, and were there stopped, ordered back, and finally quartered at the U. S. Rendezvous at Fair Haven, where they now are, expecting daily to be ordered to the field. The reason alleged for their detention is a mild case of small pox, on account of which, it is said, they could not comply with the quarantine regulations; but it is more generally believed that they are detained so as to be forwarded at the right moment to swell the columns of the immense and daily augmenting Army of the Potomac. It is quietly reported that the whole 19th Corps is ordered North from the Red River. This is the corps to which the 9th, 12th and 13th belong. Concentration seems to be the military maxim of to-day.

The 13th is in the 19th Corps, and formed a part of the troops of the Red River expedition. They were doubtless engaged in the disastrous fights along the river, but no definite intelligence has yet come to hand.

The 16th Regiment is said to be at Americus, Georgia. They were captured after a heroic resistance at Plymouth. We can yet learn little more.

The only intelligence obtained by flag of truce was that no officer higher in rank than Captain was injured. The casualties in the Sixteenth are probably few. Col. Beach and Lieut. Col. Burnham have been heard from at Libby Prison. Adjutant Clapp writes from Salisbury, on the way to Georgia. Surgeon Meyer has arrived at Annapolis. Captain Wheeler and Lieutenant Barnes, of the 15th regt., detached as staff officers, were doubtless captured. Portions of the regiment escaped. Co. H. was on Roanoke Island, and still remains there. Capt. Pomeroy, with a detachment which had been on recruiting service in the State, had reached Newbern on his way to the regiment, but could proceed no further. Lieut. A. J. Case with two men is on duty at the U. S. rendezvous, and thus escaped capture. Yet, a true soldier, he would prefer to share the fortunes of his brave comrades.

The 17th has taken the place of the 10th at St. Augustine. Col. Noble commands the post.

The 20th has been relieved from duty as railroad guard, and ere this is doubtless in Lookout Valley. The regiment is in a brigade commanded by Col. Ross, and in the new corps consolidated from the 11th and 20th, commanded by "Fighting Joe Hooker."

The 21st has been stationed for some time at Washington, N. C. The place has been evacuated, and the 21st ordered to Fort Monroe.

The 29th at latest dates was at Beaufort, S. C.

## CASUALTIES.

HEADQUARTERS 16TH REG'T C. V. INF'Y, }  
NEWBERN, N. C., }  
March 11th, 1864. }

At a meeting of all the commissioned officers of the regiment, held on Friday evening, March 11th, 1864, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

When, in the inscrutable dealings of the All-wise, a friend who has accompanied us in the daily walks of life, has been suddenly stricken down, and, the natural order of things being reversed, an aged father is left to mourn the loss of a son in the first glow of manhood; when the soldier who has braved death in battle, and whose breast is ever bared to the whistling bullet, is snatched from the bloody glory of dying in his country's cause, to perish alone and uncheered—with no banner above him but the silent clouds, no sounds around him but the rush of waters; when an officer, in eager obedience to the calls of duty and honor, wrestling with all obstacles to reach his post, is stopped midway by the awful hand of God, and buried where watery deeps are his eternal pall—it is suitable and proper that his brother officers and the regiment to which he has been attached, in deep grief for his misfortune and in heartfelt sympathy with his family at their grievous loss, sadly moved by their inability to give the remains the last honors due to the soldier—to shroud it in his country's flag, and fire the volley over his grave—should solemnly unite to give expression to their admiration of the virtues of the deceased, and their sorrow for his untimely end.

We therefore, the commissioned officers of the Sixteenth Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, for ourselves and in behalf of the regiment which we represent, do unanimously adopt the following preamble and resolutions:

WHEREAS, Our friend and comrade, Captain E. H. Mix, while on his way to rejoin the regiment, did attempt to obviate an unfortunate delay by





embarking on a sailing vessel for Roanoke, and was accidentally knocked overboard by a blow from the boom, and drowned ere assistance could reach him; and

WHEREAS, The deceased had become endeared to us by long association and many admirable qualities, and moreover was the last of the original captains of the regiment, therefore

*Resolved*, That while we bow submissively to the Almighty's decree, yet we deeply deplore the fate which has deprived us so suddenly of a friend manly and accomplished; a comrade affectionate and true, and of a fellow soldier whose counsels in the early organization of the regiment were of great service, and whose memory will be cherished while the regiment has a history.

*Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with the family of the deceased in their bereavement, and mingle our grief with theirs over the loss of so good a son and brother.

*Resolved*, That in respect to the memory of the deceased, we will wear the customary badge of mourning for thirty days.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased, and published in each of the Hartford papers and the Connecticut War Record.

JOHN H. BURNHAM,

Lieut. Col. Commanding, and President.

JOHN B. CLAPP, 1st Lt. and Adj't and Sec'y.

HEADQUARTERS 16TH CONN. VOLS.,  
Camp at Newbern, N. C.,  
11th March, 1864.

[General Orders No. 4.]

The Lieutenant Colonel Commanding announces to the regiment with profound regret the sudden death of Captain EDWARD H. MIX, Co. B.

He was on his way to rejoin the regiment, when, on the 7th inst., while sailing through Albermarle Sound, he was suddenly thrown overboard and drowned.

Captain Mix was one of the first officers to commence recruiting for the regiment, and was identified with it to the time of his untimely end. He had previously served some time creditably in the First Connecticut Artillery, and with the knowledge there gained rendered valuable assistance during the earlier days of the organization of the regiment.

By his superior ability as an officer, and his genial qualities as a companion and a gentleman, he won for himself the approbation of his superiors, the friendship and good will of his brother officers, and the respect and confidence of his men.

The fact that he was the only one left to us of our original captains, makes his loss doubly felt, and the commanding officer trusts that his memory may be cherished by the whole command.

The usual badge of mourning will be worn by the officers for thirty days.

By order of JOHN H. BURNHAM, Lieutenant Colonel commanding.

JOHN B. CLAPP, Adjutant.

BRIDGEPORT, March 30th, 1864.

Editor of the War Record:

DEAR SIR:—Please insert the following, taken from the Standard:

"Died, in hospital at Brashear City, La., July 7th, Sergt. Fred. L. Curtis, of Co. I, 23d Regt. C. V., aged 24 years, 10 months.

"In the Standard of the 26th, among the deaths, is that of Fred. L. Curtis, of Co. I, 23d Regt. C. V. It is with feelings of the profoundest grief that the brother soldiers and numerous other friends of this young man deplore his early death. Stricken down in all the pride and glory of an opening manhood and on the threshold of a life that promised him so much happiness and prosperity, it was hard for him to leave this bright and beautiful world behind. As a soldier he ever discharged his duties faithfully and punctually, and won for himself the highest regard of his superior officers, as well as of his fellow soldiers. With them indeed he was a favorite, for he always had a kindly word, a pleasant smile, or a friendly jest for each and every one. Character-

ized by the loftiest sense of honor, and the determination to do right at all hazards and under all circumstances, his integrity was not to be bent. With talents of the first order, a good education, and a well cultivated mind, he united a spirit of resolution and an energy of will that would have insured him success in any of the paths of life. Slightly wounded at the battle of Brashear City, he was taken prisoner with the others. A few days afterwards he fell sick, and died on the 7th of July. He sleeps far away from that New England home he loved so well and yearned after so strongly, adding another to the long list of youthful heroes who have offered themselves up as sacrifices on the altar of their country. n. c. v."

Captain E. W. Gibbons.

Died, in hospital opposite Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 19th, 1862, Capt. Elijah W. Gibbons, Captain of Co. B, 14th Conn. Vols., aged 31 years.

Captain Gibbons was a native of Middletown, Conn. At the age of 19 years he was made the subject of God's renewing grace and united with the Baptist Church in his native place, of which church he continued a consistent and worthy member until his decease. Few youth give themselves so completely to the service of Christ at once as he did. His heart entered into sympathy with the church in all its interests and labors. He was a constant attendant upon all the services of the church, and a faithful worker in the prayer and conference meetings. He was efficient in instituting and maintaining devotional meetings for youthful disciples, and a most active and faithful supporter of the Sabbath School, and was accustomed to attend his pastor on his preaching excursions to out districts. In the summer of 1861 he enlisted into the military service of his country, and went from this State holding the position of 1st Lieut. of a company in the 4th Conn. Vols., now 1st Artillery. He resigned his position in that regiment in May, 1862, and returning home, assumed his duties in the church with his old enthusiasm. When in the course of last summer the earnest call for more Union troops was made, Lieut. G. again enlisted, and soon recruited a company for the 14th Conn. Regiment, of which he was elected Captain. From the time his regiment left Hartford in August last until he fell upon the field, Captain G. shared all the fortunes of his company, never being behind the regiment a day and never neglecting his duty to his men. He led his company into the bloody field of Antietam gallantly. At the attack on the rebel batteries at Fredericksburg, Dec. 13th, while advancing courageously with his company, he fell, his thigh shattered by a shot from the enemy. While he lingered a few days in great suffering, he manifested becoming resignation and patience, and died with the breath of prayer upon his lips. Capt. G. was dear to a large circle of friends. His family is overwhelmed with sorrow. His fellow-officers and the men of his company mourn for him as brothers mourn. He fell in the strength and beauty of early manhood, slain for his country, a victim of vile, dark treason. He died as the saint dieth, passing from earth's convulsive, changeful life to immortality.

Now sadly we weep, that in life's brightest bloom One so noble as he should sink to the tomb;  
For in order he led in the van of the host,  
And he fell like a soldier—he died at his post!  
Victorious his fall; for he rose as he fell,  
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell,  
He has passed o'er the sea; he has reached the bright coast;  
For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post. s.

For the Connecticut War Record.

JOHN L. PRESTON, of Cheshire, Conn., a private in Co. A, 20th Regt. C. V., was killed at the battle of Chancellorsville, May 3d, 1863. He was born in Hamden, Conn., July 23, 1830. At an early age he was left an orphan, but his character for honesty and good behavior won for him many friends. At the age of 18 years he was hopefully converted to Christ and united with the Baptist Church, of which he continued a member up to

the time of his death. In the Sabbath School he took an active part, laboring faithfully for the souls committed to his care. At the call of his country he bade farewell to his family and friends and went forth to battle for the cause of truth and liberty. The Captain of the company to which he belonged thus speaks of him: "No man belonging to my company was better fitted to appear before his Maker than John L. Preston, and none did their duty as soldiers with more cheerfulness, none more ready to assist their comrades. When the day of danger came, he who was most fearful lest he might do some one wrong, showed the resolution and courage of a true soldier. His death wound was most honorable, right in the forehead, and he fell with hardly a struggle." He leaves a wife and two children to mourn his loss, yet we mourn not as those without hope. The thoughts of his rest shall soothe our sad grief, till the days of our exile have passed away. To meet him in glory will be sweet relief. We'll hail, then, the dawn of that glorious day.

Sergeant James Foster.

A meeting of the Union Guard of Meriden, was held in their armory, March 19th, 1864.

A committee, composed of Captain Jacob Eaton, Lieutenant W. W. Lee, and First Sergeant R. L. Smith, presented the following resolutions; which, after appropriate remarks, were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It hath pleased the Divine Father, "Who doeth all things well," to remove by death our esteemed friend and worthy companion in arms, Sergeant James Foster, who, at the time of his decease, was also a member of the First Conn. Cavalry, and as we would in our associated capacity, give a clear and permanent expression to our high appreciation of the social excellencies, untarnished virtues, soldierly attainments, and patriotic devotion of the one thus early and suddenly removed from a beloved family, and a wide circle of endeared friends—therefore,

*Resolved*, That it is with feelings of deep and unfeigned sorrow that we deplore the death of Sergeant James Foster, which occurred at Baltimore, Maryland, March 14th, 1864, and that in this dispensation we have lost a true friend, and our country a worthy and noble defender.

*Resolved*, That we do not view the death of our friend and fellow soldier by disease, soon after he had entered the active service of his country, and before he had met the enemies of that country on the bloody field, as a life wasted, and a death without effect in advancing our cause, but as another precious inspiring example of that sublime devotion to Divine and Human Right, which has been so often exhibited by our friends and fellow citizens in this wasting struggle, a devotion which will ultimately triumph over the enemies of law, justice and liberty; and in view of this, and thousands of similar sacrifices, we will devote ourselves with greater interest and untiring zeal to the work of crushing forever a causeless and most cruel rebellion.

*Resolved*, That the interests involved in this struggle are too important and enduring, and that we, as individuals, and as a people, have suffered and sacrificed too much, to seek and accept any peace, except that which shall be based on the unqualified submission of our enemies to the Constitution and Laws of the United States, a peace which shall be founded upon justice, and hence, both honorable and permanent.

*Resolved*, That we hereby tender our unfeigned sympathy to, and manifest our kindly regards for the afflicted family and other relatives of the deceased, rejoicing that there is much in their bereavement to mitigate their sorrow, and "give songs in the night."

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, to the Meriden Recorder and Connecticut War Record for publication.

JACOB EATON, }  
W. W. LEE, } Committee.  
R. L. SMITH, }

GEORGE PECK, Secretary.





## HOME DEPARTMENT.

## Our Veterans.

NUMBER FOUR.

## THE TENTH REGIMENT.

The reenlisted veterans of the Tenth arrived from St. Augustine, Fla., by the steamer Atlantic, Friday, Feb. 19th, and at New Haven by steamer Granite State the same evening. They remained on board all night, and left for Hartford early Saturday morning. Meanwhile they were visited by some of the city authorities, by Colonel Pardee, formerly a noble member of the Tenth, and other prominent citizens. Refreshments in abundance were distributed among the hungry men.

The regiment reached Hartford at 9.15 A. M., and were received with military honors and a national salute on the Park. The escort was formed on High street, and marched in the following order:

Colonel George S. Burnham.  
Aid. Marshal. Aid.  
Lieutenant J. S. Ives. Lt. Col. D. A. Road.  
Battalion Veteran Reserve Corps,  
Major George A. Washburn.  
First Company Governor's Foot Guard,  
Major L. E. Hunt.  
Hartford City Guard,  
Captain John K. Williams.  
275 Veterans of the Tenth Regiment, under command of Major E. S. Greeley.

The line of march was up High to Church st.; up Church to Main; down Main to the Stone Bridge; and countermarch up Main to Central Row; down Central Row to Market street; up Market to City Hall.

The unusual severity of the weather did not deter the friends of the nation and the soldiers from participating in the rousing welcome which all felt the heroes of Roanoke Island, of Newbern, of Kingston, of Whitehall, of Goldsboro, and of Morris Island and Wagner, so richly deserve. Cheers and blessings greeted the noble braves at every point of the route.

The national colors were displayed everywhere, in single flags and in tasteful groupings, waving proud welcome, and inspiring enthusiasm and patriotism. Everybody marked with happy admiration the firm step, the healthy strength, the heightened manhood, of this splendid body of invincible patriots.

The City Hall was handsomely decorated with national colors, and over the stage, in large letters, was written the sincere sentiment of every true and generous heart, "Welcome, Veterans!" The galleries were crowded with patriotic ladies, appreciating and enjoying the scene as only American women can.

The collation was excellent, substantial, and plentiful—in short, just the thing.

After all were seated, Rev. Mr. Calkins was introduced by Colonel Burnham, and addressed the veterans.

## ADDRESS OF REV. MR. CALKINS.

*Officers and Soldiers of the Tenth Regiment, and fellow citizens of Connecticut and the United States:*—I have the honor, by the kind invitation of the committee appointed to receive you, to offer you a single word, for I know that you have before you a welcome so much warmer than can be tendered here that the briefest word will be acceptable.

I know that in the Roman Republic, when soldiers returned from the scene of their conflicts, the multitude thronged to do them honor; and from windows and housetops, as the triumphal procession marched, led in front by the Roman Senate and citizens, followed by the captives of war, and lastly by the veterans who had won the victory, the populace manifested their joy in loud huzzas and other signs of earnest welcome. But, soldiers, you have marched through our streets to-day with nobler tread than did ever the warriors of ancient Rome, for your triumphs have been sealed with the blood of heroes who fought to preserve the integrity of our National Union against the wicked efforts of domestic foes. It was recorded in Rome that celebrations should be given to only those men

who fought in defense of the Republic; but you have done more than this—you have been fighting worse than foreign foes—an enemy whose flag is polluted with the stain of oaths falsely given, with treason, and fraud. Every Roman triumph decreed every captive human being to bondage; but your triumphs strike off the shackles of oppression, and give freedom to the enslaved.

You have now come home to share for a brief time its comforts, and we bid you a hearty welcome. We remember you as you went away from us, with full ranks and stout hearts; we remember that then many despaired of the Republic, but that you had firm faith in the success of your cause; we remember you at Roanoke Island, at Kingston, and in other noted battles and engagements, where you have reflected honor upon yourselves and upon your State and nation; we remember, also, with sorrowing hearts, your lamented dead, Russell, Drake, and others, whose lives have been freely offered up, that the nation might live; we remember all your noble deeds and sacrifices, and will never forget them until memory shall be dead in the grave.

Your triumph of reenlistment is one of your greatest triumphs. You have seen many hard-fought battles, and know what the Republic is worth. I never had such pride in humanity as I have experienced since these veteran regiments have come home to us, after reenlisting for the war. God bless you, soldiers! for your courage and devotion to the old flag in so doing. God bless you, I say; and may He in His Divine goodness make you welcome to the homes you will soon seek, the sweetest and most precious earthly hands and hearts can give, and when you have passed through these enjoyments among those most loved by you, and return to the mutual scenes of the field and camp, may you soon come back to us to celebrate your final triumph over rebellion crushed, final peace restored, and freedom and liberty everywhere prevailing throughout the length and breadth of the nation. (Loud applause.)

After these remarks, divine blessing was invoked by the Rev. Mr. Leek. Colonel Burnham then rose and made the following brief and highly satisfactory speech:

*Soldiers:* You have been so used to the double-quick, that you have taken us by the rapidity of your movements in reaching here; but we have prepared a repast for you, to which you are now invited; and I assure you that though you come to the ice-bound North, our hearts are none the less warm with gratitude toward you. Boys, take hold. (Cheers.)

With three cheers, and a "tiger" not greatly prolonged, the boys took hold.

When the repast was nearly concluded, Chaplain Trumbull was espied making his way through the hall, with his wife and little girl. The boys hailed his appearance with repeated cheers, and insisted that he should make a speech.

## REMARKS OF CHAPLAIN TRUMBULL.

*Companions of the Tenth:* I am glad to see you here in my own home. I am glad you are here to prove what I have so often said about you: that you are men of whom Connecticut may well be proud. You have shown your devotion to the cause by reenlisting for three years, and I believe you would enlist for thirty years, if necessary to secure the full triumph of that flag. (Applause.)

But not all of your number are here. Over forty of your officers and men are gone. And some who are now here will not be here again. You know that well. But I honor you for what you have done, and for what you will do. More than sixty times have you been in line of battle, and you will, if need be, be in line of battle sixty or a hundred times more, and go forward and never flinch. (Applause.)

I have heard it said that veterans reenlisted for the bounties and furloughs. When I was in prison at Columbia, S. C. I saw that tested. There were soldiers and sailors suffering for the want of a little money. But when Beauregard's officers came and offered them money without stint, and furloughs to go where they pleased, if they would

answer a few questions about our army, not one American soldier or sailor listened—there wasn't money enough coined to buy up these soldiers. (Applause.) When at Whitehall our forces were being swept by a murderous fire, the river was behind them, but no bridge, and volunteers were called for to swim that icy stream and fell trees in the face of that deadly fire, they sprang forward from the Connecticut Tenth. Every one of those volunteers is here to-day. (Applause.) When an expedition to attack Fort Sumter was forming, and men were wanted to march to certain death—to carry powder to blow up the postern gate of Sumter, that others might obtain entrance over their bodies—volunteers stepped forward from the Connecticut Tenth. Every one of those men is here to-day. (Applause.)

I am glad to meet you here, soldiers, and I ask no better place than to be with you anywhere, till our work shall be ended. (Applause and cheers.)

The speech was heartily applauded. Chaplain Trumbull is deservedly honored and beloved by the gallant men of the Tenth. No class of men more quickly than soldiers appreciate manly and generous Christian character, or are more ready to bear honest testimony to such character.

The veterans have recently presented to the Chaplain an elegant sword, sash, and belt. In the hilt of the sword is set a silver cross, and on the blade is engraved an open Bible and an appropriate text of scripture.

The men received their furloughs nearly all on Saturday, dated Feb. 20th.

## CONDITION OF THE REGIMENT.

The regiment, including recruits, now numbers upward of six hundred, under command of Colonel John L. Otis.

The returning veterans are commanded by the following officers:

Major E. S. GREELEY, commanding the battalion.

Captains Charles C. Brewster, E. D. S. Good-year, S. L. White, B. L. Greaves, Frank Hawkins, Lieutenants G. N. Mallory, Francis C. Hickerson, James H. Lindsley, Wm. L. Savage; and Chaplain H. Clay Trumbull.

The Tenth has this splendid record: It has fought in severe and bloody contests, and was never yet repulsed.

We hope to print in our columns a minute and just record of its unsurpassed achievements. Till then we simply quote the careful and deserved praise of Joseph D. Williams, late Adjutant General of the State. He said:

"No regiment in the field has seen more active service, better sustained the reputation of Connecticut troops, or met with greater loss of officers in action, than the Tenth."

Roanoke Island, Newbern, Kinston, Goldsboro, Whitehall, Fort Wagner, and Fort Gregg, will not be forgotten while the Stars and Stripes are known and honored.

We here insert an outline of the movements of the gallant Tenth, sent to us from West Winsted by a member of the regiment, who signs himself "G. W. R."

*Arrivals and Departures of the Tenth Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, including battles, skirmishes, &c., from Oct. 30th, 1861, to 19th February, 1864:*

## THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.

Left Hartford, Conn., Oct. 30th, 1861.  
Arrived at Annapolis, Md., Nov. 2d, 1861.  
Left Annapolis, Md., Jan. 9th, 1862.  
Arrived at Fortress Monroe, Va., Jan. 11th, 1862.  
Left Fortress Monroe, Va., Jan. 15th, 1862.  
Arrived at Hatteras Inlet, N. C., Jan. 15th, 1862.  
Left Hatteras Inlet, N. C., Feb. 4th, 1862.  
Arrived off Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 5th, 1862.  
Bombardment of Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 7th, 1862.  
Battle of Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 8th, 1862.  
Left Roanoke Island, N. C., March 11th, 1862.  
Arrived at Hatteras Inlet, N. C., March 11th, 1862.  
Left Hatteras Inlet, N. C., March 12th, 1862.





Arrived off Slooam's Creek, in Neuse river, N. C., March 13th, 1862.  
 Battle of Newbern, N. C., March 14th, 1862.  
 Left Newbern, N. C., Oct. 27th, 1862.  
 Arrived at Washington, N. C., Oct. 28th, 1862.  
 Left Washington, N. C., Nov. 3d, 1862.  
 Skirmish at Rawl's Mills, N. C., Nov. 3d, 1862.  
 Occupied Williamson, N. C., Nov. 4th, 1862.  
 Left Williamson, N. C., Nov. 4th, 1862.  
 Occupied Hamilton, N. C., Nov. 5th, 1862.  
 Left Hamilton, N. C., Nov. 5th, 1862.  
 Arrived at Tarboro Forks, N. C., Nov. 8th, 1862.  
 Left Tarboro Forks, N. C., Nov. 9th, 1862.  
 Arrived at Plymouth, N. C., Nov. 10th, 1862.  
 Left Plymouth, N. C., Nov. 11th, 1862.  
 Arrived at Newbern, N. C., Nov. 12th, 1862.  
 Left Newbern, N. C., Dec. 2d, 1862.  
 Arrived at Roanoke Island, N. C., Dec. 4th, 1862.  
 Left Roanoke Island, N. C., Dec. 5th, 1862.  
 Arrived at Newbern, N. C., Dec. 5th, 1862.  
 Left Newbern, N. C., Dec. 10th, 1862.  
 Skirmish at Southwest Creek, Dec. 15th, 1862.  
 Battle of Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14th, 1862.  
 Battle of Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16th, 1862.  
 Battle of Goldsboro, N. C., Dec. 17th, 1862.  
 Arrived at Newbern, N. C., Dec. 20th, 1862.

#### FOSTER'S SOUTHERN EXPEDITION.

Left Newbern, N. C., Jan. 26th, 1863.  
 Arrived at Morehead City, N. C., Jan. 26th, 1863.  
 Left Morehead City, N. C., Jan. 28th, 1863.  
 Arrived at Port Royal, S. C., Feb. 1st, 1863.  
 Disembarked at Port Royal, S. C., Feb. 2th, 1863.  
 Left Port Royal, S. C., March 28th, 1863.  
 Arrived at Seabrook Island, S. C., March 28th, 1863.  
 Left Seabrook Island, S. C., July 6th, 1863.  
 Arrived at James Island, S. C., July 10th, 1863.  
 Battle of James Island, S. C., July 16th, 1863.  
 Left James Island, S. C., July 16th, 1863.  
 Arrived on Cole Island, S. C., July 17th, 1863.  
 Left Cole Island, S. C., July 17th, 1863.  
 Arrived on Folly and crossed to Morris Island, July 18th, 1863.  
 Bayonet charge on Fort Wagner, Charleston harbor, July 18th, 1863.  
 Assault on Fort Sumter, Sept. 9th, 1863.  
 Left Morris Island, S. C., Oct. 27th, 1863.  
 Arrived at Port Royal, S. C., Oct. 27th, 1863.  
 Left Port Royal, S. C., Oct. 27th, 1863.  
 Arrived at Fernandina, Fla., Oct. 28th, 1863.  
 Left Fernandina, Fla., Oct. 31st, 1863.  
 Arrived at St. Augustine, Fla., Oct. 31st, 1863.  
 Left St. Augustine, Fla., Feb. 11th, 1864.  
 Arrived at Hilton Head, S. C., Feb. 13th, 1864.  
 Left Hilton Head, S. C., Feb. 15th, 1864.  
 Arrived at New York, Feb. 18th, 1864.  
 Left New York, Feb. 18th, 1864.  
 Arrived at New Haven, Conn., Feb. 18th, 1864.  
 Left New Haven, Conn., Feb. 19th, 1864.  
 Arrived in Hartford, Conn., Feb. 19th, 1864.

#### EXTENSION OF FURLOUGHS.

The Twelfth Regiment reported in due form at Hartford on the 17th, and the furloughs of the men were extended for twenty days, to enable them to vote at the State election.

This act is eminently just, because the laws do not permit these, our noblest citizens, to vote in the field; and it is entirely consistent with the public interest, because they are not now especially needed in the department to which they belong.

The Tenth Regiment rendezvoused at Hartford on the day of the expiration of their furloughs. They were present, be it said to their enduring honor, almost to a man. The same agreeable extension of their visit was also granted to them as to the Twelfth, and for the same reasons.

The veterans of the Tenth and Twelfth, at the expiration of their second furloughs, reported promptly. The Tenth was ordered to report at Washington, and there expected to join their splendid old commander, Gen. Burnside. But they were sent to Yorktown, and will, with the Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Eleventh, and First Light Battery, advance up the peninsula under Gens. Butler and Smith. The Twelfth is still at New Haven, awaiting transportation to New Orleans.

#### OTHER VETERAN REGIMENTS.

The veteran regiments which have now returned to their posts of duty, are the Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Tenth and Eleventh regiments of infantry, and portions of the First Artillery, the First Light Battery, and the First Cavalry.

The conduct of the veterans at home has been, for the most part, such as to thoroughly disprove the frequent assertion of those who hate the soldiers and the cause for which they contend, that army life destroys character and unfits men for social and civil duties. While at home, the great majority of the men were hardly seen abroad, but remained quietly ensconced among admiring and happy friends. Many a soldier has surprised and gratified his friends by his increased manliness and intelligence, and pride, not shame, has moistened the eye of many a fond mother and gentle wife or sister, when they looked upon the erect form and noble bearing of their loved soldier.

Some in every community have spent the time of their furlough in uproarious carousal, and squandered the large bounty in open and reckless profligacy; and these men, seen and noticed so much more than the others, have created an erroneous impression concerning the average character of the veterans.

But if those who are acquainted with the veterans will suppose an equal number of men selected from the wealthy, the middle classes, and the poor, in the same proportion as the veterans are, and suppose this number of men to be on holiday among us, with plenty of money, they will at once be convinced that there would be quite as large an amount of dissipation and extravagance as we have yet witnessed. The conduct of the veterans, taken as a whole, has been highly creditable to them. They have done us all good; they have increased our patriotism, augmented our confidence in the army and the Government, and strengthened our purpose to sustain them heartily to the victorious end of our great conflict. They return bearing the admiring respect and the sincere blessing of every patriot.

#### U. S. RENDEZVOUS.

We give this month the report from the Rendezvous (better but improperly known as the Conscript Camp) for the months of March and April.

On the first of March the Rendezvous was crowded to its utmost capacity. The rolls indicated its inmates to number two thousand two hundred and twenty-one.

The months of March and April have been months of departure more than arrival, and the morning reports of May 1st, indicate the presence of 791 recruits, 108 detached men and officers, and 84 men and officers of Co. D, 30th Regiment; a total of 983. This is exclusive of the 12th Infantry, temporarily quartered there. The average number of recruits has been about 14 per day, and as the State has already furnished more than her quota under all calls, we have an excellent prospect of entirely avoiding the draft in the good old commonwealth of Connecticut.

#### DEPARTURE OF THE TWENTY-NINTH CONN. INFANTRY.

Orders were issued several times to this regiment to be in readiness to march; but on Saturday, March 29th, the large side-wheel steam transport Warrior appeared at the mouth of the harbor, rendering the movement certain. The impatient men hailed the approaching steamer with cheers, and were quickly prepared for departure.

A little past noon the regiment left camp, and were formed on their parade ground in double columns, at half distance, closed in mass, to receive the flag of the State of Connecticut. At 2 P. M., Rev. Dr. Bacon, accompanied by Major General Russell, Mayor Tyler, Major Wayland, and Alderman Marble, arrived in a hack, and took position in front of the regiment.

A colored lady, very neatly and appropriately dressed, now came forward, bearing the magnificent colors, and handing them to Dr. Bacon, modestly retired from the front.

Dr. Bacon, receiving the colors, stood in the hack and addressed Colonel Wooster and the men of the regiment.

#### ADDRESS OF REV. DR. BACON.

I have been requested, Colonel Wooster, in behalf of the colored women, the friends of the regiment, and of citizens of New Haven who have aided in behalf of those citizens by their contributions, to present to you and to the regiment which you command, this flag, bearing upon its folds the device of the State of Connecticut. We rejoice, as citizens of New Haven and of Connecticut, that the command of this regiment has devolved upon one already experienced in the military service of our country, and one who already bears a name illustrious in our history. We feel a deep interest, a special interest in many respects, in the well being and well doing of the regiment which is to march under this banner, and, with your leave, sir, I will say a few words to the men of your command.

Soldiers! you are to march under the stars and stripes, the flag of our common country, the old flag which reminds us of all the glories, of all the historic memories, of our common country since it became a country, and which is now bright with the light of universal justice and universal liberty. We give you this flag to march under, which tells you that you are a Connecticut regiment, and it is our confident expectation that you as a regiment will do honor to the State of Connecticut, as well as to the stars and stripes.

And in order to do this, you must bring back this flag when you return without any dishonor. We have seen the flags which some of our regiments have borne to the field of conflict, returned tattered and torn, but glorious with the memories of the conflicts and victories they have won. We expect to see this flag returned with like honor; and let me say to you in behalf of the donors, in behalf of the citizens of this place, and in behalf of the people of Connecticut, that we expect you to do well for your country, well for your State, well for yourselves and for the race with which you are identified.

In order to do this, you must respect yourselves, and that you may respect yourselves, you must be worthy of respect. No man can respect another, unless he is worthy of the respect of his fellow-men; and your good behavior as soldiers, in camp, in the field, everywhere; your obedience, prompt obedience, of all your superiors, your kindness and fidelity one to another, your respect for one another, your confidence in one another, are necessary to make this regiment what it should be, and what we hope it will be.

I see among you those who were born and brought up in Connecticut, and you owe much to this State. You have had the benefit of our civilization, the benefit of our laws, the benefit of our schools; you are educated, you can read and write; you are men! and those among you who have come from different and distant parts of the country, to march in these many ranks and to fight side by side with you, for those great interests of our common country which are now the interests of your race—they are men! All of you owe something to the State of Connecticut. The State of Connecticut, I trust, will hereafter be proud of you. I trust, that when peace shall return once more, and our whole country shall become the land of the free; when this regiment shall have been disbanded and these men shall have returned to their families and peaceful employments, it will be a credit to any one, to every one of you, to have it said, that man served in the Twenty-ninth.

Let it be the ambition of every one of you to honor this flag and to win new and honorable names for the regiment in which you serve; and may God be with you and lead you to many victories. May God be with you and bring you back in victory and in peace.

#### RESPONSE OF COL. WOOSTER.

Dr. Bacon: Allow me, in behalf of the regiment I now have the honor to command, to tender to you, and through you to the donors of that flag, our thanks for it. It is certainly, for latter days, the first time the banner of the State of Connecticut has been entrusted to this class of citizens. We will endeavor—we make no boastful pretensions—we will endeavor, I say, never to dishonor the old





State which so nobly has borne herself thus far in the conflict.

At the close of Col. Wooster's address, the elegant flag was handed to the tall color sergeant, who took his position in the line with evident pride and resolute purpose. The men of the Twenty-ninth, many of them well known and worthy citizens of New Haven, seemed thoroughly to appreciate the high and sacred emblem which is entrusted to their keeping, and will do all that men can do to achieve new renown beneath its inspiring folds. Thus ended the presentation.

The large concourse which had assembled to witness the presentation were kept from crowding about the regiment by the guard stationed for that purpose. By this arrangement all confusion was avoided, and every one was able to see distinctly. All other matters connected with the departure of the regiment were prearranged with the same good judgment and completeness, and the whole affair exhibits again the superior business capacity and tireless energy of Captain W. B. Sears, and the efficiency of his subordinate officers.

The Twenty-ninth is a regiment of first rate material, and is splendidly officered; no Connecticut regiment can be more so. Col. Wm. B. Wooster has made a very favorable impression upon all, during the few days which he has spent here, and no one doubts that such a regiment, under his command, will do splendid and honorable service.

The regiment has on its rolls 1,005 men and officers. Nearly one hundred men are sick at the Knight Hospital, but will be sent forward as fast as convalescent.

The regiment proceeds to Annapolis, and will be joined by the Ninth Army Corps, to be commanded by the gallant Burnside.

Immediately after the presentation, the regiment marched through the principal streets to Long Wharf, halting a while on the green. Along the line of march flags were freely displayed, and all the usual demonstrations of interest and approval were manifested. The streets were crowded. The regiment exhibited great enthusiasm, and repeatedly cheered the flags as they passed, and were many times answered by cheers from the sidewalks. Derisive ejaculations were few—for every honest spectator, whatever his general opinions, was compelled to believe that the colored men of the Twenty-ninth will be sturdy and efficient soldiers.

The regiment was marched on board the Warrior about six o'clock, and left the harbor the next morning at eight.

#### PRESENT OFFICERS OF THE TWENTY-NINTH INFANTRY.

Colonel—Wm. B. Wooster, of Derby.  
Adjutant—J. Lewis Spaulding, Norwich.  
Quartermaster—J. H. Goodwin, East Haven.  
Surgeon—J. F. Stevenson, Boston.  
Assistant Surgeon—H. B. Crandall, New York.  
Assistant Surgeon—J. H. Rand, New York.  
Captains—D. Torrance, Norwich; H. C. Ward, Hartford; F. F. Camp, Middletown; E. W. Bacon, New Haven; E. A. Thorp, North Haven; Chas. Griswold, Guilford; Wm. J. Ross, Norwich; A. Washburne, Lebanon; Thos. Dunlap, Philadelphia; Daniel A. Lyon, North Woodstock.

1st Lieutenants—J. F. Sweetland, New Haven; T. J. Bennett, New Haven; G. W. Stewart, East Haddam; E. P. Rodgers, Norwich; H. G. Marshal, Milford; W. L. Leonard, Norwich; H. H. Brown, Thompson; C. H. Carpenter, Norwich.

2d Lieutenants—L. R. McDonough, Westport; D. Mortimer Lee, New London; E. S. Bristol, New Haven; John Bishop, New London; T. H. McKinley, Litchfield; J. W. Hyde, New Haven; W. H. Bevin, Chatham; Edward Coe, New Haven; Ransom Kenyon, Westerly, R. I.; Wm. P. Brooks, Meriden.

Sergeant Major—H. N. Loudon, New Haven.  
Quartermaster Sergeant—D. S. Lathrop, New Haven.

Com. Sergeant—Joseph Cassell, New Haven.  
Hospital Steward—D. W. Dimock, Regular Army.

#### THE VETERAN RESERVE CORPS.

Four companies of the Third Regiment V. R. C. have been for months located at the Rendezvous

in New Haven. This detachment has been ordered to Washington for duty in the defenses of the city, relieving, with other detachments, the First and Second Conn. Artillery. The artillery regiments are to be sent to the front as infantry. The detachment of the V. R. C. at Hartford has been ordered to proceed to the camp in New Haven, and is probably expected to perform all the duty devolving on the large number relieved. A similar procedure in all the States will relieve a large number of efficient troops about Washington, and send them into active service.

The officers of the detachment ordered to New Haven are:

Major George A. Washburn, commanding battalion,  
Captain James Bell,  
Captain Edward J. Merrills,  
1st Lieut. George I. Brown,  
2d Lieut. Leonard J. Whiting.

The officers of the detachment ordered to Washington are:

Lieut. Col. John Spiedel, commanding battalion,  
Captain John H. Weeks,  
Captain Jacob H. Beattles,  
Captain George S. Smith,  
Captain Gustavus M. Palmer,  
1st Lieut. Wm. K. Tilston, Acting Adjutant,  
1st Lieut. George F. Scheyer,  
2d Lieut. Robert Lafflag.

This detachment started for Washington March 31st.

#### VIEWS OF THE CAMP.

Just as they left the camp they were halted, and a photograph of the battalion was taken by Mr. Drew. A number of excellent views of the camp, and different objects in the camp, forming a rare series, have been taken by the same artist, in the best style of photographic art. These pictures are for sale at the chapel of the camp, by Rev. John D. Jones, and money obtained from the sale will be expended in increasing the library, or promoting in other ways the intellectual and moral welfare of the men in the camp.

CAPT. W. B. SEARS.—We learn with regret that Capt. Wm. B. Sears, the present efficient camp commandant, is soon to be relieved, and will join his regiment, the 2d R. I. Infantry. "Under his careful and energetic supervision, the camp at Fair Haven has assumed a most desirable and pleasant appearance. The camp is now enclosed with a high board fence, along the top of which is a row of spikes, which must awaken no pleasant reflections on the minds of the would-be deserters. Walks have been made, drains dug, the chapel floored, and everywhere one sees evidences of marked and desirable change. The commanding officer is peculiarly adapted to his situation. Not only does he insist on thorough military discipline, but favors and forwards every movement which has in view the intellectual and spiritual welfare of the men."

Co. D, of the 36th regiment, have given expression to their high appreciation of Capt. Sears by presenting him with a superb sword, a very elegant sash, together with holsters and pistols, sword-knot, hat-cord, and shoulder-straps.

#### Soldiers' Aid Associations.

When British soldiers languished and died, almost unattended, in the crowded and ill-managed hospitals at Scutari, far away from home, the victims of red tape heartlessness and circumlocution, imbecility, England and the civilized world was startled by the presumption of a single young woman, whose energy routed incompetence from its stronghold, brought sympathy to the heart-sick soldier, health to his frame, and tearful smiles to his eye. Through the exertions of Florence Nightingale, the effects of the governmental apathy were remedied by the generous contributions of a people whose hearts responded liberally to the appeal

for aid. It was a noble spectacle, this ready support of a tender-hearted girl in her contest with long established precedent and authority. It convinced the world that the claims of human suffering, when properly urged, are stronger than either law or custom. So here (but not because of imbecility, nor official tardiness, but because of the immense labor so suddenly thrust upon the machinery of the government, adjusted rather to peaceful times) has arisen not one, but thousands, of Florence Nightingales. They have spent laborious days and weary nights in the hospitals, amid scenes of sickening horror sufficient to appal the stoutest heart and unsettle the most rigid nerves. They have made their own homes temporary hospitals for strangers, linked to their sympathies only by the mutual tie of love of country, and willingness to do and suffer for it. But, most of all, they have busied themselves, week after week and month after month, with the making up of garments and the preparation of delicacies and mendicaments for the sick and wounded soldiers of the Republic.

The better to make effective this widely extended labor of love, associations were formed uniting these household mills of mercy, and pouring them in one wide, deep stream of benefaction into the ocean of misery created by this inhuman rebellion. The Soldiers' Aids have perfectly answered the demands of the hour. Each of the larger towns in the State has one of these organizations, and nearly every village has its little society, which utilizes and concentrates the labor of the ready hands found in every dwelling. These smaller societies, for convenience, act through the larger associations, which thus become centres of reception and distribution. Each society, however, is independent of the others, acting together not from any bond of association, but simply for convenience and increased effectiveness. Thus the Aid Society in Hartford receives the contributions of many smaller ones in the villages most convenient of access from that city, and that in New Haven is the agent for the towns and villages in that vicinity. In every instance these Aids have been instituted and managed entirely by ladies, who solicit contributions, give out the work to be done, manufacture from the raw material, inspect, pack and prepare for transportation, and assume the responsibilities of the reception, care and transmission of the immense stores of food, clothing, medicines, books, necessities, luxuries, and comforts, which make the rooms of one of these larger societies resemble some extensive governmental depot.

To give a more definite idea of the objects, results, and mode of operation of these societies, we give a brief notice of one, which will serve as a sketch of all, for they are identical in aim and in management:

The Hartford Soldiers' Aid Association was organized immediately after the fall of Sumter, in the spring of 1861. Although in its first organization it was designed for the benefit of Connecticut volunteers, it has given two-thirds of all its supplies to the U. S. Sanitary Commission, for all the soldiers of the Union. It still, however, claims the privilege to minister primarily to Connecticut soldiers, whenever they may require its assistance. Since its formation, this association has received in cash donations more than twenty-five thousand dollars, and of supplies, other than money, the value of at least sixty thousand dollars





has been distributed from its stores. Many of these supplies and a portion of the money has been received through societies in auxiliary towns for which that in Hartford acts as agent. Some idea of the magnitude of this volunteer benefaction may be obtained from the fact that the ordinary distributions of the Hartford society per month amount now to more than a thousand dollars. Of course there are occasions, as after a great battle, when the demand much exceeds these ordinary disbursements. But assistance to the soldier himself does not comprehend all the charities of this truly Christian organization. The families of our brave volunteers are sought out, and their sorrows and sufferings are soothed and allayed by sympathy and assistance.

But a few extracts from the annual report of the Hartford society will give a better idea of the Aid Societies of the country than any general description. The report alluded to says:

"Our work has been both general and special. Under the first division, we have contributed liberally to the stores of the Sanitary Commission, through their agency in New York, in the full confidence that all supplies thus sent would be wisely distributed among the soldiers of the Union, of whatever State and section. In pursuance of the same general object, we have sent contributions of clothing, &c., to no less than nine U. S. hospitals in different cities and towns, always at the request of some reliable official, and always with the understanding that the articles so sent should be divided among *all* needy soldiers. During the year (1863) we have sent boxes of supplies to four relief associations—the Connecticut Soldiers' Relief Association, of Washington; the New England Rooms, New York city, and the two Union Relief Associations of Baltimore. The object of the former has been to aid Connecticut soldiers in the hospitals and camps of Washington, and since no great battles have recently occurred in that vicinity, the number of men requiring its assistance is now very small. It was otherwise a year ago, and their annual report shows that a large amount of supplies were sent to them, as occasion required, from our Association.

"Under 'special relief' we class the support of a special agency to sick and wounded soldiers, contributions to various relief associations, and the supplies furnished to Connecticut regiments in the field, as well as to their families at home.

"In the early part of the year 1863, Mr. Cushman was laboring on our behalf among the hospitals and camps of Washington. He was untiring in his efforts to promote the welfare of our soldiers, and we have abundant evidence of the great good which he accomplished. After his return home in March, we did not deem it expedient to employ another agent until after the occurrence in July of the bloody battle of Gettysburg. Moved by a desire to minister to the wants of the wounded and dying on that sanguinary field, Mr. Virgil Cornish again offered his services to our Association, and armed with a commission from Governor Buckingham as agent for the State of Connecticut, and amply provided with funds specially contributed by gentlemen of this city to our general fund, he went for the second time on this errand of mercy and philanthropy, and visited hospitals in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Annapolis, York, Columbia, Harrisburg, Hagerstown, Frederick City, Harper's Ferry and Gettysburg, containing over thirty thousand patients, of whom about five hundred only were

Connecticut men. He distributed supplies in many of these places, and gave money in small amounts to those men who were in need. At Gettysburg most of his time was spent, and he speaks in the highest tones of commendation of the work done there by the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. The boxes of stimulants, clothing, &c., which we consigned to him there, were distributed by his own hand, and he lost no opportunity to investigate the management of the hospitals, and to ascertain that proper attention was paid to the care and comfort of all the sufferers collected there.

"Under the head of special relief, we have recently undertaken, in a very limited measure, to strengthen the arms of our men in the field by caring for their families at home. Many who enlisted in the days of small bounties, are now compelled to pay exorbitant prices for the absolute necessities of life; and as cases of this kind have come to our knowledge, we have placed at the disposal of our city missionary, Mr. Hawley, a specific sum to be applied to their relief. He reports that he has already visited and assisted twenty-eight such families, and we hope to be enabled to do more in this direction. Nor have our gifts been limited to the city, but soldiers' families from other portions of the State have gratefully shared our ministry.

"The last, but by no means the least important branch of special relief, pertains to our duties to Connecticut regiments in the field. While we do not deem it wise or expedient to send supplies to them without an application from the surgeon, the chaplain, or some reliable officer, our hearts and our stores are always open to them, and in no case will we fail to furnish whatever they may require—whether medicines, delicacies for the sick, bedding, or hospital clothing. *We hereby invite all surgeons on duty with our regiments to make known their wants in this department, promising to give prompt attention to their requests.* It will surprise those who have been told that *all* our supplies go to Connecticut regiments, to learn that during the year 1863 only six out of the twenty-five in the field from this State—namely, the 7th, 8th, 11th, 15th, 16th, and 25th Conn. Vols.—have received special donations from us. Articles from home are especially welcome to a soldier, and we hold that the State which offers such large and tempting inducements to men to go forth from its borders to the defense of the common country, is bound, so far as practicable, to follow its sons with parental care—still to minister to their wants when languishing on beds of pain, and still to give assurances of remembrance and sympathy to those whom it has armed and equipped for the strife."

This society, like similar ones in other parts of the State, has been so well supported and sustained by voluntary contributions and liberal donations, that at the end of the year it had on hand a stock of materials and a balance in the treasury without a single unpaid obligation. An income of five hundred dollars per month from regular, systematic contributions, the gift of large-hearted men, enables the society to labor with a certainty of result unattainable by spasmodic, though perhaps at times more liberal, assistance. From cash donations alone, in 1863 the Hartford society received \$13,252.42, and it expended \$11,544.15.

This society has been longer in operation than any other in the State, and for this reason we have selected it as an example of the objects and methods of labor of Soldiers' Aids generally. The New

Haven society has probably a larger field of operations, or rather of supply, being the centre for about eighty towns. For the year ending last November, its receipts were \$8,992.60, and the expenditures \$7,164.76. From the report of this society we quote:

"During the past year liberal contributions of money have been received, and expended mostly in material for clothing, which has been speedily made available by the active industry of the loyal women of New Haven and its vicinity, which, with the donations of the towns above mentioned, have been duly reported in the daily papers. Success and encouragement have crowned every effort, and the most entire harmony has characterized the deliberations of the Board of Managers, who, though drawn from various creeds and all denominations, have labored with the utmost unanimity in this truly Christian work.

"There have been made during the year 4,939 articles, consisting of 1,828 cotton shirts, 808 flannel shirts, 161 Canton flannel shirts, 1,133 pair drawers, 61 dressing gowns, 120 handkerchiefs, 142 towels, 638 sheets, 27 pillow cases, 7 cushions, and 735 pair socks.

"All these articles have been made gratuitously by individuals and sewing societies, or by poor needle-women, paid for their labor by benevolent ladies. Quite a number of auxiliary societies are regularly supplied with material or cut garments to be made by their members."

At the time of the issue of the report, Nov. 1st, 1862, the committee state:

"An appeal has come from the Secretary of the Sanitary Commission, who writes that their store-houses are exhausted of many of the most needed articles for the coming winter, and urges upon all its auxiliaries increased diligence and zeal in the manufacture of clothing, as well as other home products. They state that they have ample resources for the supply of all purchasable commodities, but it is on the active fingers and warm hearts of the loyal women of the North that they depend for that aid which shall bring to a wounded, perhaps dying soldier, the comforts and the memory of home."

The fear, which three years ago appeared to have some foundation, that the increase of the means and appliances of luxury and the absorbing dominion of fashion had tended to enervate and render frivolous the character of our American women, would seem to be effectually dissipated by the records of these noble charities. The women of the free States have compelled a new respect for themselves by the exhibition of the harder and sterner virtues generally claimed by the other sex as a monopoly. The courage and heroism of our volunteer soldiery in the history of this rebellion will be fitly matched by the self-denial and tireless labors of their mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts.

We regret to record the sudden decease of Russell H. Havens, in Fair Haven, Conn., May 20th, at the age of 34 years. He took deep interest in the *War Record*, and though not always precise in his business habits, he was a very energetic and successful agent. In his travels, he frequently found opportunity to give valuable information, or otherwise assist the families and friends of soldiers, and his generous heart always prompted him, even at the sacrifice of precious time, to do all that he could.





# THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

JOHN M. MORRIS, Editor.  
HORACE C. PECK, Publisher. }

NEW HAVEN, JUNE, 1864.

{ VOL. I. No. 11.  
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*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## Record of Events.

Apr. 22. Gen. Steele loses a supply train and three hundred men near Camden, Arkansas.

April 23. Loss of the gunboat Petrel on the Yazoo river, Miss. Rebels defeated at Morrill's Bluff, on the Cane river, La.

Apr. 25. Loss of a large supply train and its escort of 1500 men near Pine Bluff, Arkansas.

April 28. Evacuation of Little Washington, N. C. Rebels repulsed at Alexandria, La.

April 30. Kirby Smith severely repulsed by Steele at Jenkins' Ford, Sabine River, Ark.

May 2. Gen. Sturgis defeats Forrest near Bolivar, Tenn.

May 3 and 4. Army of the Potomac crosses the Rapidan.

May 5. Gen. Butler lands at City Point, Va. Raid of colored cavalry across the Chickahominy. The rebel ram Albermarle driven up the Roanoke river, N. C.

May 5-13. The great eight days' battle of the Wilderness and Spotsylvania Court House. Gen. Lee defeated: 8000 prisoners, 18 guns and 22 colors captured.

May 6. The gunboat Commodore Jones blown up by a torpedo at Turkey Bend, James River. Rebels defeated by Butler near Port Walthall, Va. Demonstration of the enemy against Newbern, N. C., repulsed. Rebel iron-clad North Carolina beaten off Wilmington, N. C.

May 6-7. Severe cavalry fighting between Sheridan and Stuart, at Tod's Tavern, Va.

May 7. Sherman occupies Tunnel Hill, Ga. Explosion of the gunboat Shoshonee in the James River. Butler destroys a portion of the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad.

May 8. Explosion of the gunboat Brewster in the Appomattox river. Unsuccessful assault at Rocky Faced Ridge, Ga.

May 9. Butler defeats the enemy and occupies the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad. Death of Gen. Sedgwick. Sheridan destroys Beaver Dam Station, Va.

May 9-11. Admiral Porter's gunboats pass the Falls of the Red River.

May 10. Johnston outflanked and driven from Buzzard Roost, Ga.

May 10-13. Averill destroys the South-western Railroad between Wytheville and Christianburg, West Virginia.

May 11. Sheridan captures Ashland Station, defeats Stuart at Yellow Tavern, and enters the outer works of Richmond.

May 12. General Kantz returns to City Point from his successful raid upon the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad. Butler fighting his way towards Fort Darling.

May 13. Sherman occupies Dalton, Ga. Victory of General Crooks near Newbern, West Virginia: 300 rebels captured; railroad bridges destroyed.

May 13-14. Butler carries the exterior lines of Fort Darling.

May 13-16. Bombardment of Fort Sumter and Charleston.

May 14-15. General Sherman defeats Johnston at Resaca, Ga., and captures 1000 prisoners and 8 guns.

May 15. The rebel Shelby repulsed at Lewisburgh, Ark. Sigel repulsed at Newmarket, Va.; 5 cannon lost.

May 16. Butler repulsed at Fort Darling and retreats to Bermuda Hundred.

May 17. Gen. Kantz returns from his successful raid upon the Richmond and Danville Railroad.

May 18. Unsuccessful assault upon the rebel position at Spotsylvania Court House. Gen. A. J. Smith defeats the rebels at Yellow Bayou, La. Sherman occupies Kingston, Ga.

May 19. Capture of Dardanelle, Ark., by the rebel Shelby. Ewell repulsed while endeavoring to turn the right of Grant's army.

May 20. Butler repulses Beauregard with great slaughter at Bermuda Hundred.

May 22. Reconnoissance in front of Butler's lines by Gen. W. F. Smith.

May 23. Gen. Grant crosses the North Anna, defeating the enemy and capturing 1000 prisoners.

May 24. Rebels repulsed at Wilson's Wharf, on the James river. Gillmore reconnoiters in front of Butler's lines. Virginia Central Railroad torn up by Grant's cavalry.

May 27-28. General Grant crosses the Pamunky at Hanover town.

May 28. Rebels defeated by McPherson near Dallas, Ga., with a loss of 2800 killed, wounded and captured. Our loss 300. Severe fight at Hawes' Shop, south of the Pamunky. Rebels driven from the field.

May 30-31. Enemy repulsed by Gen. Grant on the south side of the Pamunky.

May 30. Artillery duel between Butler and Beauregard at Bermuda Hundred.

May 31. General Sherman defeats the enemy, and occupies Marietta, Ga.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## Review of Events.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

On the 3d of May the army of the Potomac broke its camp at Culpepper, and before daybreak of the next morning commenced the crossing of the Rapidan, marching in a southeasterly direction and turning the right flank of Gen. Lee's position. The crossing was completed by the evening of the 4th, and on the morning of the 5th, as the several corps were moving into position, the enemy came up in strong force from his base at Orange Court House, advancing in a direction at right angles to our line of march. At the time when this movement was discovered, the army of the Potomac was not well concentrated. The Second corps, commanded by Hancock, was at a considerable distance to the east and south of the Fifth and Sixth corps, commanded respectively by Warren and Sedgwick; besides, Burnside's Ninth corps, being the reserves, had not as yet crossed the Rapidan.

This lack of concentration inspired the method of Lee's attack. If he could thrust his army between Hancock's corps, and those of Warren and Sedgwick, or along the river between Burnside and the rest of the army, he would be able to engage the forces of Grant in detail. To attain these ends, Gen. Lee followed his favorite policy of massing his troops and hurling them solidly upon





the coveted position. However, by dint of energetic action, Hancock was able to form on the left of Warren, who held the centre, while Sedgwick, on the right, maintained the connection of the army with the river intact.

The battle was fought in a tract of country known as the Wilderness, which is covered with a dense growth of trees and underbrush, and where the use of field artillery is absolutely impossible. And so among the tangled paths of this forest, amid a thick and deadly storm of bullets, these two huge armies fought each other till far into the night.

On the next day, both armies were reinforced—the Rebels by Longstreet's corps, and the Union army by Burnside's reserves. Both sides were eager for the affray. Grant had ordered a general advance at 5 A. M. But the enemy had anticipated him by some fifteen minutes, and began the battle by attacking Gen. Sedgwick, on the right, with great fury, and renewing the attack at intervals till half past ten in the forenoon. However, they gained no ground. In fact, our own line on the right was pushed forward a few hundred yards. Promptly at 5 A. M., Hancock, on the left, assaulted the opposing lines of the enemy, forcing him back for nearly two miles, till he was reinforced by the arrival of Longstreet. From then to the middle of the afternoon, the battle went on along the left with shifting and varying success. At one time the enemy had poured his masses around the extreme left of the line. At another time he had almost pierced the junction of the left with the centre. But Hancock would then gather up his forces and hurl them with irresistible might against the advance of his enterprising antagonist. In the space intervening between the hostile lines, the dead and wounded lay as thickly as the trees and brush with which the ground was covered. At length, toward evening, there came a lull which lasted till just before dark, when the enemy, bold and active still, broke with great fury upon the extreme right of Sedgwick, scattering it like chaff before a whirlwind and capturing the greater part of two brigades. For a moment the army was in imminent peril. But the rebels manifested no indication of following up the advantage they had won, and darkness soon settled down upon the exhausted troops of both armies.

The results of the two days fighting were obviously indecisive. The losses

on both sides were about equal. Each in turn had repulsed the several advances of its opponent. Each had stoutly maintained the possession of the ground on which it had so bravely fought. Victory had been now with us, and then with the enemy, and had finally rested with neither side.

At daybreak, on the morning of Saturday, the 7th, battle was offered by Grant, whose batteries, erected on the right during the night, commenced shelling what had been the rebel position. It soon became evident, however, that Lee had abandoned the field and was retreating, though in perfect order, towards Spottsylvania Court House. The army of the Potomac was at once put in pursuit by a different road, and on Sunday evening the heads of the opposing forces encountered each other a few miles to the north of the Court House. A severe contest ensued, in which it was proved that the enemy was in front in full force. Our advance was therefore obliged to wait until the balance of our forces had arrived. The forenoon of Monday, the 9th, was mainly spent in securing positions, and in reconnoitering those of the enemy. It was at this time that the lamented Sedgwick fell, while personally locating a battery at the extreme front. Towards evening a general advance was ordered, in which Hancock, now on the right, threw a strong body of men across the Po, and, after obstinate fighting, maintained his new position.

Tuesday morning saw these vast armies preparing for another murderous contest. Our lines were in a semicircular shape, with the wings pushed forward, while the centre was somewhat refused. The forces were distributed from the right, which lay across the Po, to the left, as follows: Hancock, Warren, Wright (commanding the 6th corps after the death of Sedgwick) and Burnside. The enemy held an interior position, curved according to the concavity of our own lines, and well protected by breastworks and rifle-pits. Along both lines batteries had been located, and the battle opened with a magnificent artillery prelude. Burnside then advanced cautiously on the left, while Warren was ordered to attack the rebel centre. This attack was made in the most gallant style, but the position of the enemy being well nigh impregnable, Warren was obliged to retire. This failure created the necessity of withdrawing Hancock's men across the Po, which was effected in good order. Towards

evening a general assault was made along the whole line. On the left a division of Wright's corps succeeded in scaling the enemy's works, capturing a thousand prisoners and several guns. But finding itself far in advance of the rest of the army, it was compelled to fall back. As heretofore night put an end to an obstinate and bloody contest.

Wednesday, the seventh day of fighting, was occupied principally with cannonading the enemy's position, and in recruiting the strength of the army. Just after midnight, however, Hancock was withdrawn from the extreme right and placed between Burnside and Wright on the left, so that our line from right to left now ran as follows: Warren, Wright, Hancock and Burnside. On Thursday, at dawn of day, Hancock pushed his men upon the enemy's works, taking them by complete surprise and capturing three thousand prisoners and eighteen guns. Besides, he had inserted himself into an important angle of the enemy's line, and Lee was forced to drive him therefrom or to retreat. He attempted the former, and at once began to concentrate his troops to recover the lost position. As soon as Hancock's success had become known other portions of our army had been sent to his support, and where the success of the morning had been won, a most terrific battle ensued, lasting for fourteen hours. The enemy made five determined but unsuccessful assaults to expel our troops. No more terrific fighting has occurred during the war; the bayonets of the opposing forces often interlocked. The hostile banners waved by the side of each other, while the roar of artillery reminded the combatants of the heights of Gettysburgh. At length night came and found our soldiers the indisputable masters of the field they had so dearly won. Under cover of the darkness the enemy withdrew to a shorter line, and immediately began to strengthen it with earthworks, abatis and rifle-pits. Meanwhile a violent storm occurred, and the mobility of our army was destroyed by the mud. Further hostilities necessarily ceased.

Thus, for eight days, these two large armies had dashed themselves against each other with relentless, unwearying fury. Indeed, the last day had been the most murderous of all, and had not the storm intervened, Grant would probably have renewed the battle on the following morning. The results of these various battles were of the most gratifying





character. The enemy had been steadily and constantly driven before the determined, irresistible advance of the Union army, and Lee, the ablest soldier of the Confederacy, had been pitted against Grant and been beaten.

The mud prevented the recurrence of active operations till the morning of the 18th, when another attack was made upon the enemy's lines. But it was found that his new position could not be carried, save by an enormous sacrifice of life. Gen. Grant, therefore, determined to flank it, by moving his army to the southeast. On the next day, however, Ewell attacked our rear and right flank, and though he was readily repulsed, yet the affair caused a delay of the flank movement till the night of the 20th. Our army then advanced in a line corresponding to that of the Richmond and Fredericksburgh railroad, and reached the North Anna on the 23d. The river was crossed the same day, and severe battles took place between portions of the two armies, in which the rebels were badly worsted, with the loss of one thousand prisoners. However, the main army of Gen. Lee had occupied a very strong position between the North and South Anna rivers, and so, after several gallant reconnaissances, Grant determined again to flank the new and formidable lines of his opponent. The army of the Potomac accordingly recrossed the North Anna and marched to Hanover town on the Pamunky river, which place it reached on the 27th. On that and the following day the army crossed the river and by the latest advices, was at Cold Harbor within ten miles of Richmond.

Subordinate to this grand advance of the army of the Potomac, was the movement of Gen. Butler up the James river to City Point. It was probably designed that Butler should hold the line of the Petersburg and Richmond railroad, and make serious demonstrations against the rebel capital. Accordingly he advanced his army, seized the railroad, approached Drury's Bluff, on which Fort Darling is situated, and was proceeding to invest it. But on the morning of the 16th ult., the rebels under cover of a thick fog, fell upon Butler's advance, threw it into great confusion, and obliged him to retreat behind his intrenchments at Bermuda Hundred. His portion of the campaign has been only in part successful. To what cause the failure is to be ascribed, cannot be now said with certainty. After his return to Bermuda Hundred, one half of

his army was detached and sent to Gen. Grant by way of the York river.

In these various operations the cavalry have played a very important part. Gen. Sheridan, commanding the cavalry of Gen. Grant, penetrated to the rear of Lee, destroyed his railroad communications, routed the rebel cavalry, killed the famous J. E. B. Stuart, and cut through the outer works of Richmond. Gen. Kantz commanding the cavalry of Gen. Butler, has ridden over the rebel territory in the most lawless manner, destroying several large bridges on the Petersburg and Weldon railroad, and on the Richmond and Danville railroad, and thus breaking up the connections of the rebel capital with the rest of the Confederacy.

Simultaneous with the advance of Grant, a column under the command of Gen. Sigel, marched up the Shenandoah Valley, with the design of cutting the Gordonsville and Lynchburgh railroad. But at Newmarket he met the enemy under Breckenridge, was defeated, with loss of five guns, and compelled to retreat. This disaster, however, does not seriously interfere with the prosecution of the movement towards Richmond. Gen. Sigel was immediately removed and Hunter appointed in his place.

Another expedition in West Virginia, under command of Gen. Crooks, designed to operate against the Virginia and East Tennessee railroad, was more successful. It ascended the Kanawha Valley, cut the railroad just mentioned, burned bridges, depots and supplies, defeated the enemy in several battles and fully accomplished the object for which it had been organized.

Simultaneous with the stirring events in Virginia, and upon a scale well nigh as grand, Gen. Sherman has commenced his campaign in Northern Georgia, with Atlanta for his objective point. His army is much superior to the enemy, and is ably commanded. His advance at first consisted of efforts to get upon the flank or into the rear of the enemy, who held such strong positions in the mountains, that to attack them in front would be sheer absurdity. The first of these positions was at Buzzard Roost, which lies at the southern outlet of a valley, situated a few miles north of Dalton. It is a deep, narrow and rugged mountain pass, from the sides of which the rebel artillery could rake the valley in every direction, and the approaches to which were defended by rifle pits and breastworks.

Sherman arrived in front of this posi-

tion on the 8th of May, and, after several days skirmishing, found to his satisfaction that to carry it was next to impossibility. Meanwhile Gen. McPherson had made a successful march by the enemy's left flank, fifteen miles southward to Snake Gap, near Resaca, and was soon followed by Sherman with the main body of the army. Gen. Johnson however at once evacuated his stronghold at Buzzard Roost, and fell back to Resaca, in time to concentrate his troops before Sherman was prepared to assault the works by which the town had been fortified.

The Union army was drawn up in Sugar Valley, on the west side of Resaca, with the right under McPherson resting on Oostanaula river, below the town, the centre under Thomas, facing it, and the left under Schofield, on the river above it. The line was seven miles in length and formed a semicircle around the enemy's position.

Skirmishing along the whole front began early on the morning of the 14th ult. At the left centre, a tremendous effort was made to carry the rebel lines by storm. The storming column reached a hill, opposite to which there was another hill where the enemy was thoroughly fortified. Between the two ran a deep and narrow creek, whose banks were thickly lined with bushes. Our troops rushed down the side of the first hill and endeavored to break through the brush and cross the brook. But they were exposed to a murderous, plunging fire of artillery and infantry, to which they were utterly unable to reply. Their formation was soon broken and they were obliged to retire. During the day the fortunes of the battle shifted hither and thither, neither side winning any decisive advantages. Towards sunset the enemy made a most determined onslaught upon our left centre. The front line was borne back in considerable confusion, but reinforcements soon arriving, the rebels were checked and compelled to retreat to their intrenchments. On our right, McPherson effected a partial lodgment within the enemy's lines, and with this the day's fighting ended.

On the next morning it was again resolved to storm the rebel works, which had caused so much trouble on the left centre. The performance of this business was assigned to Gen. Hooker. He gallantly carried his men across the space intervening between the lines, and lodged them in front of one of the enemy's strongest positions, where they were





sheltered from his fire. Hooker was fully supported by other portions of the army and successfully resisted a furious endeavor of the enemy to recover the lost ground.

During the night, Johnston, fearful of being surrounded, evacuated Resaca, and retreated towards Atlanta. Our army at once pursued, till it reached Kingston, where a halt was ordered for the purpose of bringing up supplies and reinforcements. On the 23d ult., the advance was renewed. Johnston, however, did not choose to await battle, but adhered to his policy of retreating. It is doubtful if he makes a decided stand till he arrives at Atlanta.

### The Twenty-first Regimental History.

CHAPTER SECOND, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 178.

On the 5th day of May—the next day after our return from the Chuckatuck expedition—we were ordered to "Battery Stevens," about eight miles below Suffolk, on the Nansemond river, where we remained until the 13th of May, when we were ordered to "Bowers Hill," within seven miles of Suffolk. Arriving at "Bowers Hill" the evening of the 13th, we went into camp near the line of the Seaboard and Roanoke railroad.

A large fort was soon laid out near by the railroad, and the regiment again took up the "shovel and the hoe," to engage in its construction. The weather was very warm and the air heated and dusty. Yet the men, though they much preferred to fight the rebels with muskets instead of shovels, worked faithfully and well, and in one month had nearly completed two very large and substantial Forts.

Notwithstanding, our labors here were very arduous and less agreeable perhaps than duty with the musket. I still think that at no time during our service have the regiment seemed to enjoy themselves better, or be in as good spirits as while stationed here. Our labors closed with the day, and as the cool and balmy air of evening succeeded the stifling and heated atmosphere of day, our camp became the theatre of many pleasing and joyous scenes, and the evening hours passed pleasantly and cheerfully by, made up of mirth and song. Here we were wont to witness the ludicrous and laughable exhibitions of the veritable "essence of old Virginia," in his purely original character, as he "hoed it down," amid the shouts of the side-splitting spectators in his most natural and inimitable style.

Here we were often cheered by the enlivening song as it floated out upon the still

air of evening, making echoes of melody in the old and silent woods, and bringing to our minds sweet thoughts of home, and reminding us of old and pleasing associations far back in the long ago.

Thus happily the time passed by until the 22d of June, when we again received "marching orders."

Leaving Bowers Hill in light marching order, we proceeded to Portsmouth, Va., to take part in the "White House Expedition," now more familiarly known as the "Blackberry Raid." We embarked on transports and proceeded to Yorktown, Va., where we disembarked and remained three days, when we again took transport to White House Landing, Va., arriving there the 26th. Here we pitched our shelter tents near by the site of the White House.

Major Hiram B. Crosby, then in command of the regiment, was appointed Provost Marshal and the regiment was assigned to duty at the Landing as Provost Guard, on which duty we remained until the return of the expedition. The result of the expedition having been accomplished (?) we left White House Landing, July 8th, returning by land to Yorktown. Toward evening a tremendous storm of rain set in and continued until late at night, wetting us completely through and making the road almost impassable. Baggage wagons heavily laden with grain and stores of all kind stuck fast in the mud and were burned by our troops to keep them from falling into the hands of the enemy. Men and animals worn out and exhausted by tedious and toilsome marching through mud and water over roads which in the best of weather are nearly impassable, fell out by the wayside, and, unable to continue the march, were picked up by the enemy's cavalry who followed closely upon our rear. We finally reached Yorktown, where we had hoped to take transports to Fort Monroe, but after halting one day we again resumed the march to Hampton, Va., when after a halt of one more day we embarked upon transports and proceeded to Portsmouth, Va., and returned to our old camp at Bowers Hill, having marched the entire length of the Peninsula over the worst of roads, with short rations and in the warmest days of the year.

Immediately upon our arrival in camp we received orders assigning us to Provost duty in Portsmouth, Va. Accordingly, on the morning of the following day, we broke camp and proceeded back to the city of Portsmouth and entered upon our duties as "Provost Guard," Major Hiram B. Crosby being appointed Provost Marshal.

Col. Arthur H. Dutton having been at

this time released from the command of the 3d Brigade, once more assumed command of his regiment. Lieut. Col. Thos. F. Burpee, who had been absent from the regiment for several weeks on account of ill health, returned to duty during our stay here, with restored health, and entered upon his duties with his usual energy, and did much toward bringing the regiment up to a high standard of excellence and perfection.

Our stay in Portsmouth was characterized by a deep feeling of friendship and an unity of sentiment and action between ourselves and many of the generous citizens of the place, which could but inspire the highest regard and attach us strongly to the hospitable inhabitants of this portion of the old dominion.

For the many expressions of regard and the cordial and hearty approval of the deportment and conduct of the regiment during our stay in the city, and the many flattering encomiums regarding the faithful performance of our duty, which have been bestowed upon us by both the press and the people, we can but return our kind assurances of high regard, while we shall ever cherish the remembrances of the associations formed there, as among the most happy and pleasant of our service.

The following is the report of an inspection of the 21st Conn. Volunteers, inspected by Lieut. Col. Geo. M. Guion, of the 148th New York Volunteers, September 7th, 1863, showing the condition and strength of the regiment.

NORFOLK, VA., Sept. 7th, 1863.

*Captain*—In compliance with your orders, I yesterday inspected the 21st Conn. Vols., stationed at Portsmouth, Va. I found the regiment drawn up in line on Crawford street, under command of Lieut. Col. Burpee, the Colonel being absent on special duty.

After the regiment had passed in review I made a thorough and rigid inspection of the officers and men, their arms and accoutrements, clothing and general appearance. The regiment was not maneuvered in battalion movements on account of want of space. I next inspected the Co. quarters, Hospital, Adjutant's and Quartermaster's Departments, and Company Books, and submit the following as my report.

In passing in review the companies, although small, appeared exceedingly well. The men marched with their heads square to the front, and with ranks well closed up and correctly dressed. At the conclusion the regiment was not wheeled into line, but I could not perceive that any distance was lost between the companies. The Lieut. Col. handled his regiment with much credit to himself and his command.

#### INSPECTION OF ARMS AND ACCOUTREMENTS.

The arms, which are bright, Springfield rifle muskets, were, with rare exceptions, in splendid order, almost all of them being perfectly clean, and free from dirt or rust. A few of the guns need new sights, which the regimental armorer





has as yet been unable to furnish. The accoutrements, with the exception of cartridge boxes, were in excellent condition. Many of the latter were dirty inside and quite a number need new tins.

The regiment is quite deficient in ammunition, a large number of the men having but a few rounds in their boxes. This deficiency, I am informed, is owing to the fact that requisitions for ammunition have not been promptly filled. It should be remedied without delay. The knapsacks were not brought out for inspection, having been recently condemned. The clothing was in good condition, clean and well taken care of. The general appearance of the regiment was good. The officers are intelligent and gentlemanly, and the men prompt and soldierly in their appearance.

#### COMPANY QUARTERS.

The regiment is quartered in five large buildings, two companies in each, and for neatness and order the quarters will compare favorably with those of any volunteer regiment in the service. They, as also the cook houses, are kept perfectly clean, and free from any accumulation of refuse matter.

The hospital, under the management of Surgeon Lee, shows good care and attention. The sick, numbering some eighteen, are comfortably provided with clean bedding, most of them lying upon iron bedsteads.

Company Books were, with few exceptions, correctly written up. Returns for Ordnance and Quartermaster's stores are promptly made out and forwarded. Extra issues of clothing have been charged on the muster rolls.

#### ADJUTANT'S DEPARTMENT.

The Regimental Books are correctly kept. General Orders properly filed and indexed, and all papers pertaining to the regiment carefully preserved.

#### QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT.

The returns for clothing and subsistence, forage, &c., are all made out and forwarded to July 1st. The returns for July only await the Quartermaster's signature. He being absent on special service. A regular set of books is kept.

Schools of instruction were formerly held in the regiment, but are not at present.

#### STRENGTH OF THE REGIMENT.

37 officers, 681 men.	
Present for duty, 443 men.	
On inspection, 26 officers, 195 men.	
On guard, - - - 159 "	
Special duty, - - - 89 "	
	443 "

All of which is respectfully submitted.

Very respectfully,

Your obed't servant,

GEORGE M. GIBSON,

Lt. Col. 148 N. Y.

Inspector.

To Capt. GEORGE H. JOHNSON,

Ast. Adj. Gen. District of Virginia.

Report of the inspection of the 21st C. V., inspected by Col. Michael Donohoe, 10th New Hampshire Vols., Sept. 13th, 1863.

HEAD QUARTERS, 10TH N. H. VOLS., }  
JULIAN CREEK, VA., Sept. 14, 1863. }

Captain:—Agreeable to Special Orders No. 23, Hd. Qrs., Dist. of Va., I inspected the 21st Conn.

Vols. on Sunday the 13th inst., and beg leave to submit the following report.

The regiment was formed in line on Crawford street (Portsmouth) at 10 o'clock A. M. under the command of Lieut. Col. Burpee. I find the strength of the regiment to be.

PRESENT AND ABSENT.	TOTAL.
Officers, 37	
Enlisted men, 681	718
PRESENT FOR DUTY.	TOTAL.
Officers, 30	
Enlisted men, 564	594
PRESENT AT INSPECTION.	TOTAL.
Officers, 15	
Enlisted men, 220	235

At my request the regiment was drilled in the manual of arms, and I am satisfied that few regiments can excel the 21st. I next inspected the arms, accoutrements and clothing. The arms are in excellent condition. Having examined carefully every musket in the line, I found none but what were in the best possible order. Some of the muskets are of the "Whitney" pattern, consequently difficult to keep in as good order as the "Springfield," on account of the softness of the metal and the poor finish they received at the hands of the maker. The accoutrements are also in good order, the brasses are well polished, the leather blacked and free from dirt. The inside of the cartridge boxes need a little more care, many of them having been allowed to become damp and not wiped dry. The ammunition is very poor, indeed, and I advise the commanding officer to have it condemned, and draw a new supply.

The clothing of the men is in very fine order; coats fit well and well taken care of. I believe that the general appearance of the regiment is equal, if not superior, to any that I have ever inspected. The officers appear to good advantage, and the non-commissioned officers deserve credit for their neat appearance and soldierly bearing. The quarters of the men were next examined. I found them in five buildings situated in different parts of the city. Everything was clean and comfortable at each place, but I must say that the quarters of Co. D. were the best arranged, which reflects great credit on both the officers and men of the company.

I then visited the Hospital, which is under the charge of Surgeon Lee. Much care is taken of the patients, and having lost no men by death for several months, proves the ability and attention of the Surgeon and his attendants.

The books and papers of the Adjutant's office and of the company commanders are kept as they should be. Reports are correctly made out and forwarded at the proper time, which leaves testimony to the fidelity of those officers.

In conclusion I can safely say that the condition and general appearance of the regiment is as fine as any I ever had the honor to inspect, and close observation will allow me to predict that the 21st Conn. Vols. can be relied upon in whatever position they may be placed.

Very respectfully,

Your obt. servant,

M. F. DONOHOE,

Col. 10th N. H. Vols.

GEORGE H. JOHNSON,

Capt. and A. A. G.

On the 29th of September we were ordered to Norfolk to supply the place of the

148th N. Y., who were to take our duty in Portsmouth. Our duty here was greater than when in Portsmouth, but our stay was very pleasant and agreeable to ourselves, and, judging from many expressions of appreciation and regard, was equally so to the loyal residents and occupants of the city. Those who entertained disloyal sentiments probably could not so well appreciate our faithful labors and our untiring devotion to duty.

I think, however, that in the execution of Dr. Wright, the assassin and murderer of Lieut. Sanborn, we convinced even that portion of the community that we were the faithful performers of God's service, and their conduct from that day showed that our efforts in that line of business was properly appreciated, even by them.

On the 10th day of December we were relieved by the 27th Mass. Vols., and ordered to Newport News, Va., where we arrived the same day, and encamped within a few rods of where we were when here a year ago. We are now very pleasantly situated, though we still miss our friends of the old 3d, who were with us when here a year ago, and from whom we very reluctantly parted.

We have lately been the recipients of a schooner load of good things from the Soldiers' Aid Society at Bridgeport, Conn., and others, who may rest assured that we highly appreciate their many kindnesses, and the more so from the fact that they came to us from a portion of the State from which few, if any, of our men came, and where the regiment must be but little known. This has been the only donation we have received since we came from home, with the exception of eight barrels of apples received last winter, while in the army of the Potomac.

Recruits come in slowly and steadily. Some of them need a little more age and growth in order to make good soldiers. Seventeen arrived here last week from New Haven, Conn., in charge of Capt. Wm. Spittle of the 21st Conn. Vol., now on duty at Conscript Camp; and more are expected from different parts of the State. DEL.

#### To My Mother.

BY A SOLDIER.

When the twilight stars are gleaming  
In the cold and distant sky;  
When the frosty winds of winter  
Mid the leafless branches sigh;  
When the moanings of the tempest  
Come up from the distant sea,  
Let my name not be forgotten;  
Dearest mother, think of me.

When across the quivering wire  
Comes the news of victory won,  
And you wait with fear and trembling  
News from him, thy wandering son,





Fear not, mother, God will guide me,  
 Bloody though the strife may be,  
 To His care, oh then, confide me;  
 Dearest mother, pray for me.

When the tinted shades of twilight  
 Linger round our happy home,  
 And the silver shades of evening  
 Softly glimmer, one by one;  
 When you gather 'round the table,  
 And replace the vacant chair,  
 Oh! then let my name be mentioned  
 In my mother's evening prayer.

When thy woman's intuition  
 Warns of danger lurking near;  
 When you feel the tempter's power  
 Is encompassing me here,  
 Then, dear mother, pray with fervor  
 That sufficient grace I feel  
 To encounter vice more deadly  
 Than the foe's brandished steel.

Oh, if 'mid the din of battle,  
 I am called upon to die,  
 When no loving friend is near me,  
 Soft to close my death-dim'd eye,  
 Pray, dear mother, that in heaven,  
 When thy earthly race is run,  
 That among Christ's ransomed millions  
 Thou may'st meet thy wandering son.

### Capt. John Griswold.

IN MEMORIAM.

A Dieu mon âme,  
 Ma vie au roi,  
 Mon cœur aux dames,  
 Honneur pour moi.

My soul is God's,  
 My life, my country's thine  
 My heart is, ladies, yours,  
 My honor—that is mine.

*Motto of a French Knight.*

We marched side by side from Washington to Antietam creek. My horse had been lamed, and was left at Alexandria. Thus it came, that I enjoyed those precious communications with him, whose noble death was the appropriate solution of his noble life.

He was a great hearted gentleman. Well born, liberally educated, and wonderfully retentive of all the studies in ancient and modern literature, to which he had given so much of his time. But more than this, his character was trained, and his heart disciplined. Allow me to illustrate.

The sun shone with dazzling splendor. The heat was intense. It was one of those oppressive September noons, and we had marched ten miles, over a white, dusty road during the morning. The place where we rested was a large field, skirted by a few straggling trees. Everybody was tired to death, everybody was choked by dust, everybody suffered from the great heat. I found him sitting on a clean stone, under one of the trees, covered with dust and perspiration. He immediately offered me his seat, with a polite bow, and asked me to share his dinner. Hard bread and salt beef! but eaten with elegance, and with an air that would have become a princely banquet. The conversation turned on the geological formations found in the Sandwich Islands, and he, who had been there, connected with his remarks, such brilliant descriptions of scenery and manners, that I seemed bathing with the Kanahas in their azure coves, or tasting the rare air on the summit of their volcanoes. Finally I arose, with the idea of having attended a "petit dinner," in some tasty salle or manger. "I shall throw away the contents of my

haversack now," said I, swinging that much heated receptacle of supplies in my hands. "Permit me to investigate," cried he, taking it from my hands. To shield them from the heat, the catables were lodged in a nest of hay. "This then is the reason," cried he, "for leaving your horse at Alexandria! You desire to eat its forage yourself; you Nebuchadnezzarize!" At this moment Gen. Ferraro and staff galloped by. One of the horses had a long stream of slaver pouring from its nostrils and mouth. "Behold," said he, "the sun is very hot. This poor horse's head is melting."

We admired the mountain gorges through which we passed. We saw greenwoods fair, and orchards gay, rich fields, and well-to-do farm houses. We quoted Horace, and discussed questions of moral philosophy, and skipped over literature, from St. Augustine's "De civitate Dei," to Hugo's "Les Misérables." And all this time, day or night, rain or sunshine, fatigued or fresh, hungry or satiated, he would preserve the like cheerfulness of demeanor, and never forget the least of those courtesies which make life in refined circles run in such an even course. It was as if he were never out of the drawing room, just as an Englishman is said never to leave England, no matter where he travels. He carried an imaginary "salon" with him, and whoever approached him felt that he had entered a circle of refinement. Nor was this extended to squads alone. He was particular in extending the same courtesies to the soldiers under his command.

South Mountain was reached. All night I was occupied in dressing wounds, operating or assisting at operations. A poor two roomed house, filled with wounded men, its garden choked up with the maimed and the crippled, was left in my charge next morning. Rubber blankets were suspended from the trees, to protect those in the open air from the night dews. I stopped one of the numerous teams that came in the wake of the army, and partly by entreaties, partly by imprecations, succeeded in being allowed to take some sugar, some coffee, and hard bread, therefrom. Thus my poor wounded had something to eat. My negro servant, furthermore, seized a pair of chickens and a small pig, and boiling them altogether, made some tolerable soup for the bullet riddled sufferers. The night passed. Three died. At noon on the following day, the ambulances arrived that took them to Middletown. I was at liberty to proceed. I rejoined my regiment in the evening, near the battlefield of Antietam. At eleven A. M., on the eventful day, we were ordered down to the bridge. We were on the extreme left. The two wings of the regiment deployed on either side of the bridge. He and his company advanced as skirmishers to ford the stream. His legitimate place was forty paces behind his company. But they hesitated to advance. The enemy's bullets came swiftly. Then, sword and pistol in hand, he hurried to the front, leaped into the water, and crossed. Half way across, the fatal bullet struck him. He staggered, but exerting his strength, dragged himself to the other side. One of his men followed.

They told me. In haste I mustered four men, and with a stretcher we brought him over to our side. The old Surgeon of the Regiment, in the meanwhile, brave as a lion, had snatched a musket, and leaning against one of the magnificent willows that wave over Antietam creek, blazed away at the enemy.

We took him into a low shed near the bank, and laid him on the straw. The gallant fellow, sensitive as a Roman to the exhibition of pain, like a Roman, had covered his face. When I removed the handkerchief, he was ashy pale, so much had he suffered.

"Doctor," he said, "pardon the trouble I give you, but I am mortally wounded, I believe?"

I examined. The bullet had passed through the body in the region of the stomach.

"You are, Captain," I replied.

"Then, let me die quickly and without pain, if you can," he replied. "I am perfectly happy, Doctor. This is the death I have always wished to die. Not even the pains of this body can make me unhappy. But oh!" here another spasm of suffering came on. I gave him some morphine. He felt easier. Seeing through the door of the shed, the blue water flash in the sunshine, he repeated the first lines of one of those gems of Horace, we had so often admired:

"O Tons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro,  
 Dulci digno mero, non sine floribus."

He then turned, and gave me directions regarding his baggage and servant. Having arranged his worldly affairs as well as he could, he added: "And tell them at home that I died for my country."

The habits of refined life hung to him still. He thanked me for my services in elegant phrase, and attracted my attention to the number of wounded that now filled the shed, intimating that he feared that he had monopolized too much of the time of so good a Surgeon, on the day of battle; he requested some more morphine. I administered it.

After that, I had my hands full. Still, from the midst of my task, I was summoned to the side of my Colonel, dying with four bullets through his body. I pressed the Captain's hand ere I went, and saw him no more. At the place where the Colonel lay, there were hundreds of wounded. All that day, most of that night, I worked. Even at midnight, the Chaplain of the 8th Conn., who had been under fire all day, rescuing and bearing off his wounded, brought another batch into the barn.

Next day the Quartermaster told me the rest: told me of the interview between General Burnside and our Captain; of our Captain reminding the General how he had insisted on being relieved from the office of Post Commissary at Newbern, when he heard that the 11th Conn. was going into active service; told me of the tears rolling down Burnside's cheeks; of the refined courtesy which some ten minutes previous to his decease, when the wound in his stomach caused disagreeable retchings, made him say: "Gentlemen, it is perhaps impolite to mention it at such a time, but if you will excuse me, I must evacuate my stomach;" and told me of the calm passing away of that philosophic, heroic, and christian spirit. He might have exclaimed with his favorite author:

Non usitata nec tenui ferar  
 Penna biformis per liquidum aethera  
 Vates, neque in terris morabor  
 Longius: invidiamque major  
 Urbes relinquam.

Upon his tomb stands the broken marble pillar, with his country's flag, and the laurel wreath. Below are the words: "John Griswold."

HORSE JOHN.





## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## From the Eighth Regiment.

CAMP OF EIGHTH REG. CONN. VOLS.,  
CHESTERFIELD CO., VA., May 18th, 1864. }

FRIEND MORRIS:—In my last I described the Eighth Conn. resting in camp. In this I must speak of them in the field and the trenches. The work began Saturday, May 7th. The object in view was to strike the Richmond and Petersburg R. R. Our Brigade—Gen. Burnham's—was in advance, and our regiment led the brigade. The advance of the enemy was soon found. The Eighth Conn. was the skirmishing regiment, and a more trying place can scarcely be imagined than they occupied that day. The heat was excessive and the enemy concealed. Along those ravines and in those thickets brave men fell. But firmly and steadily the advance continued. Late in the P. M. the enemy was brought into plain view and actual fight. The Eighth, tired as they were, were brought into line and in that open field withstood both artillery and infantry until, ammunition exhausted, they moved slowly to the left and came off the field with the pace and coolness of tired laborers returning from their toil. Yet not all returned—seventy-two, or one-fourth of the morning line, were killed, wounded, or missing, and only five were missing. Four lieutenants fell, two of them, Bingham and Goddard—noble men—mortally wounded. But figures do not begin to speak of that day's labor. Our gallant Colonel, so cool and so beloved, was so severely injured by a canister, that for some time he will not be able to take the field, but he did not allow it to be known until the action was over, and then not reported. Several other officers also will carry the marks of that day's bullets, but allow no record on the reports. And more than all, the utter exhaustion of such a day I cannot describe. The excitement of the fight inspired the men, although just ready to fail before. But when once off the field they seemed dying of fatigue. New men and veterans alike did grandly. The noble Eighth was approved by its General and cheered by the whole Brigade as it returned that night. A rebel Captain who fell into Union hands a few days afterwards was in that fight and wonderingly inquired what troops those were "in that open field on Saturday who could not be driven by bullets or common balls." He declared that full two hundred of a South Carolina regiment opposed to the Eighth Conn. were killed or wounded.

One day's rest was all that could be given

even after such fatigue. Thank God for that Sabbath. Monday morning we again moved on. We were to be "reserve" that day; but the P. M. found us at work. Our flank companies were deployed as skirmishers and the whole regiment at night lay on their arms in the front line of battle, where three times during the darkness the pickets before us were driven in by the enemy. We buried one noble man shot at midnight, and watched for daylight. During the A. M. we remained in the same front line under five of the enemy's guns, four companies employed as skirmishers and covering the rear, when in the P. M. the forces all retired. We were badly worn when we reached camp that night. One day of rest illly sufficed to refresh us; and we moved in the column of Thursday morning, 12th instant, like jaded horses. Officers and men were alike unfit for duty. But the afternoon and night found us again in the front line, watching a wily foe. The 13th kept us still in the advance and we bivouaced at night as before, our arms under us, and bullets whistling around us. Saturday morning the whole line advanced to the deserted breast-works on Drury's Bluff before Fort Darling—and our regiment lay in those trenches with no relief until Monday morning. The casualties during the four days during which we were thus on the front, were not great. But such unrelieved watching utterly took the heart out of our men. Many could not endure it, and were forced to leave. Those who remained were badly prepared for what was to follow.

Monday morning a dense fog settled down over all the line. The enemy, who knew every inch of the ground and who had been reinforced during the night, seized the opportunity to make a heavy assault upon the right of our army, and succeeded in driving it back. The Eighth Connecticut occupied the right of the left center and were soon attacked. Our Lieut. Colonel then in command had remarked the day previous to the General commanding our division that the right and left center were not united. Owing to a turn in the breastworks, the right was so far in advance of the left, that a whole regiment might come over a portion of the breastworks, which was unguarded, and completely flank the Eighth and the whole left. The General saw that it was a weak spot, but replied that it scarcely could be expected that the enemy, having evacuated that line of works, would attempt to retake it. Accordingly, no protection was given to that place or to our right. But on Monday morning, as the right line was being pressed, and while the

fog was so dense that a man could not be seen at a distance of ten paces, (I speak what I know,) the enemy in mass came pouring in at our right. The only alternative seemed to be, fall back or be captured. But for an hour our men battled them. Sometimes mixed with the enemy, sometimes driving them, but constantly exposed to the enfilading fire and the enemy gaining. At length, to prevent capture, our Lieut. Col. gave the order to fall back. From this order he was at first blamed, and the heroic old Eighth reported as having skedaddled. That some men straggled in the fog is true. But be it remembered that the regiment was already so flanked that the right was compelled to pass within the breastworks, and go down on the rebel side and then over those works to rejoin the regiment. Only the dense fog which at first covered the enemy now covered us. As it was, over sixty were killed, wounded, or missing, and among them a noble Captain, John McCall, dead. With this loss and four companies on the skirmish line, the regiment did seem a shattered band, and suffered reproaches that day. But the truth has become known and its deeds appreciated. When other men were captured the Eighth would not be taken by rebels. As it was, they escaped only by hand to hand combats.

Let me mention two instances. One soldier standing among the last was hailed by a stout rebel from the breastworks right above him to drop his arms and surrender. True to his cause and himself, he raised his piece, shot his antagonist dead, and escaped uninjured. One of our captains actually dragged a rebel over the breast works by the coat collar, so near were the contending parties. Added to this let me say that the four companies of skirmishers held an advanced post within four hundred yards of those breastworks for hours after our lines had all fallen back, and did not leave until so ordered at 5 P. M. Other regiments may have a nobler name for that day's efforts than we, but tell me of one from any State that could have endured more persistently than the ever brave noble old Eighth Conn.

CHAPLAIN.

## From the First Artillery, First Battalion.

FIRST BATTERY FIRST C. V. A.,  
FORT WARD, VA., May 10th, 1864. }

Dear Record:—"A soldier's life is always gay," is an old saying, but not *always* true, for garrison duty at the best is rather irksome, and more especially so to those who have been in active service any length of time, as is the case with Co's "B" and "M," of this regi-





ment, which have lately returned from the front, having been ordered back by the War Department. During their absence from the regiment they have added four more battles, viz., Fredericksburg 1st and 2d, Rappahannock Crossing and Mine Run to the list already on our flag, and we now present as long a list as a majority of our Connecticut regiments.

The regiment was lately the recipient of a splendid State Color, from "Friends in Connecticut," and they can rest assured that it will never be disgraced by this regiment.

Every Tuesday and Friday we have target practice at the different forts, under the superintendence of the Majors of the regiment, all being under the guidance of Col. Abbott. There is a great strife between the several gunners, for the best shot gets a pass to Washington for twenty-four hours.

During the last year many changes have taken place in and around the Fort, the principal of which is its enlargement, and when finished it will be the largest and consequently the strongest fort on the defenses of Washington. The work is fast approaching completion, and is performed by the 1st and 2d Regiments Heavy Artillery, the companies being detailed in regular order.

If any of our friends at home or abroad think that these two regiments are doing nothing for their country's good, let them join us without delay, and they will soon be satisfied.

Colonel Abbott (who is Acting Brigadier General) is indefatigable in his efforts to promote the welfare and happiness of his men, and they are ready and willing to follow him through wherever he may be called to lead.

The health of the boys remains good.

#### From the First Artillery.

HEADQUARTERS 1ST CONN. ARTILLERY,  
NEAR BERMUDA HUNDRED,  
May 20, 1864. }

*Mr. Editor:*—The First Regiment Connecticut Artillery left the forts on the 11th inst., and embarked on board transports at Alexandria, steamed down the river to Fortress Monroe, thence up the James river to the above named place, which is a short distance above City Point. There we disembarked, and marched six or seven miles in the hot sun, with heavy knapsacks on our backs, and pitched our camp on the line of breastworks, where we remain for the present. The line extends from the

James to the Appamatox river, and is the strongest line I ever saw.

Since our arrival we have been very busy, strengthening earthworks, felling trees, &c. The enemy are a short distance in our front, and have good range of our camp, and at times they pour the shot and shell into and around the camp in a manner rather disagreeable. A few days ago a shot struck a member of Co. D in the limb, tearing and mangling it dreadfully, and rendering amputation at the thigh necessary. The operation was performed by Dr. Skinner, our Brigade Surgeon.

Nearly every night we are awakened by the pickets firing, and the order "Fall in!" is promptly responded to by those held in reserve, to which class we belong. Colonel Abbott is Chief of Artillery along the line, and Col. Lascelles, of the Engineer Corps, Chief of Engineering. Major-General Gilmore and Brigadier-General Terry are constantly in the saddle, superintending the works, and I think if the "Johnnys" attempt to break through here they will meet with a warm reception. More anon. TREBOR.

#### For the Connecticut War Record.

##### From the 16th Conn. Vols.

Co. H, ROANOKE ISLAND, N. C.,  
May 14th, 1864. }

Since the capture of the regiment at Plymouth we hear nothing regarding it except that it is at Americus, Georgia, and that the men are well treated. Capt. Barnum of Co. H, is in command of the remnant of the regiment on this island, which now numbers two companies. Capt. Pomeroy of Co. I commands what we call Co. 2, which is composed of three or four men from each company, II excepted. They are all men who were not at Plymouth at the siege, some being absent on recruiting service, some teamsters and some recruits. We have not yet been on the island a month, but have pitched tents for the third time. It is said that three movings are as bad as a fire. How lucky that this does not apply to soldiers!

Forty men from the 16th and the same number from the 85th N. Y. left here on the steamer Rockland, accompanied by a gunboat, day before yesterday, returning this morning. They went up the Alligator river some forty miles from its mouth, landed on the right bank where a saw and grist mill was situated, which during the present week even has been doing a

flourishing business for the rebels, and destroyed it. A fine schooner named the Ann C. Davenport, of Plymouth, N. C., was awaiting a load from the mill, so our fellows kindly loaded her with four hundred bushels of corn and a quantity of lumber, which will no doubt be found useful if it is inexpensive. The vessel is already unloaded, and lies at the dock here, the observed of all observers. No enemy was found, but had the expedition been a week earlier they would have found 100 infantry and a company of cavalry to contend with. The mill was a large steam mill and was the property, I understand, of a Capt. Simms, a gentleman better known in the vicinity of the saw mill than in army circles.

ROANOKE.

#### For the Connecticut War Record.

##### From the Fifth Regiment.

OFFICERS' HOSPITAL,  
NASHVILLE, April 22d, 1864. }

*Reverend and Dear Sir:*

I am indebted to sickness for an opportunity to answer your letter of last month. The suitable leisure for a proper acknowledgment was always vanishing from me in the presence of professional duties; and I wished to take more notice of your request than to confess my inability to comply with it.

The present interest and permanent value of the memorials of Connecticut regiments which you are garnishing, cannot be estimated too highly. The "Record" must be a very welcome guest in every home that has a father, or son, or brother, in the army; and it would be chiefly on account of these anxious and interested homes that I should endeavor to find leisure to write for the "Record," if I were now with the regiment.

Some changes of organization in the Cumberland Army have occurred since our return; and we have been obliged to learn that names almost sacred with cherished associations, and titles which every soldier among us had grown proud of, must give way to the "exigencies of the service." The "12th Corps" was one day snuffed out of existence by an order of the War Department. To understand how this touches the feelings of a soldier, it needs to be remembered that the army marches by corps, camps together in corps, and fights by corps. This is the general usage; to do otherwise is the exception. The corps, in the present organization of the army, is a distinct body, with its own commander, generally an officer of national reputation; its own history, absolute and comparative; its own distinctive





badge, conspicuously worn; its traditional usages and local gossip. It is, so far as there can be such a thing in the army, a *clan*, and, like a clan, it is very apt to become warmly attached to its chief, either from his personal qualities or his military reputation, or both. The head of the Army of the Potomac, or of a western department, is too far removed from the individual soldier to win his personal attachment. The corps commander stands just at that point between out of sight and familiar nearness, which is best suited to secure the devotion of the troops.

When, therefore, we were told that the corps was broken up, that we were no longer to be known as "the 12th," we felt as if the Government had cut a bond of brotherhood and stripped off laurels purchased at great cost on the fields of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg.

In addition to this, our corps commander, Gen. Slocum, was detached from the corps. We lost both our name and our leader. This was very generally felt to be a personal loss. Gen. Slocum is a graduate of West Point, an advantage which the volunteer soldier is more apt to think of than to mention. He is very modest and unostentatious. His reputation for generalship is excellent, both in and out of the corps. The soldier compares him with Gen. Banks in kindness and ease of intercourse with his command.

And so the form of the dear old corps was put away, to be no more ours in the war, yet always to be kept among our cherished memories. But the *star* was clung to. Not a man laid it aside. We are now the 20th Corps; but the 12th corps badge is conspicuous on the hat, flames on the breast, and one sergeant, devoted to the memory of the 12th, exhibits three stars on his uniform. If an order should appear introducing a new badge, I believe the star would only be transferred to the inside of the cap. But there is no danger of this, perhaps. By very good authority we are told that the 11th Corps, which is consolidated with the 12th, are petitioning for the star. So this is likely to be the badge of the new 20th Corps.

Shortly after our return from veteran furlough, we were rejoined at Decherd by all those whom we left behind at Cowan. These came from winter quarters, of the first class for comfort; and we had come from the comforts of home. To camp down, squat on the ground, under shelter tents, was somewhat like a plunge into a winter's brook. The weather was unseasonable for this latitude, the nights being cold and windy. There was naturally some suffering in consequence, but it was chiefly in the form of colds and rheumatic pains—trifles that the

old soldier does not complain of; but they doubtless go towards the introduction of physical disabilities, which the soldiers of this war will feel as the years grow upon them. These discomforts and the confinement of camp are cheerfully submitted to; and it is pleasant to see the facility with which the regiment adapts itself to its condition. Shut in by a strict guard, within a four acre patch, it finds ample room for exercise and sport, and at times looks like a large school let loose, playing ball, pitching mule shoes, or gathered in a ring around a couple of boxers. Underneath this outburst of animal life there is much reading and considerable thought. In these low shelter tents, where there seems not room enough to do anything but sleep, there are in circulation over two hundred and fifty books, standard and popular reading, with Harper, the Atlantic, and the Eclectic every month, and weekly religious and secular papers. Among all the tents very few can be found where there is not a comfortable apparatus for writing home. So there is in camp a fair degree of mental activity along with the physical; and better than either, the affections are kept alive and strengthened by the letters coming and going between the camp and the fireside at home. Next to the prayers of our friends, which we hope are never forgotten, there is no human instrumentality that does so much to keep us from the bad as the letters we get from home. We fight more perseveringly against Apollyon, and hate him more, than we have the credit of doing; and the blessed words of sympathy and encouragement and counsel which we get from our friends, are a great cordial when we are faint, and reassure us when we are inclined to give it all up as a hopeless struggle. To all the relatives and friends of the regiment, who are asking, every day perhaps, what you can do for him whom you miss at every turn, I commend this simple but powerful instrumentality for the welfare of the soldier. You can do no greater service than to write us frequent and long letters. Let them come regularly, whether we write or not. We may be on the march, or we may have no money to buy paper, or there may be none to buy. Let the letters come, and reserve all questions of debt, and credit, and punctilio, till the war is over. You may not know how much good you are accomplishing; you probably will not right away; but when the last gun of the war has been fired and the regiments return to civil life, you will see the reward of your faithfulness in the bearing of your son, or brother, or husband, bringing back to your society a heart which you have helped to shield from

the perils that surround us. Instances occur where a letter from home has awakened a slumbering conscientiousness, and led to thought and inquiry about the welfare of the soul; and I doubt if there be any so direct method of reaching the soldier's conscience as the welcome letter from home.

Very soon after our return to Tennessee, we were made to feel that we had come into an infected district. There were rumors of small pox all along the route after we entered the department. Quite early our surgeon was called to treat a case in a battery close by. Precautions are taken to guard the regiment. They are drawn up in line one Saturday afternoon, before the door of the hospital tent, and receive on their right arm the "veteran stripe," as they humorously call it. We hoped none of ours would take this disease; hoped so all the more confidently as there was a case about a year ago among the colored camp followers, with considerable exposure of the regiment, but without the disease spreading at all. But already one was breaking out with it. Sergt. John W. Burley, Co. II, had taken it, no one knew how or where. It was a severe case of confluent small pox. Singularly, although born in Conn., Sergt. Burley had never been vaccinated. The Surgeon took measures to isolate the case, detailed two men to be with him constantly and nurse him, and himself paid close attention to him; but the disease terminated fatally on the 8th of April. Sergt. Burley's name is mentioned now with great feeling in his company. He seems to have been thoroughly liked by all, and he possessed an uprightness of character that secured him their respect. He was intelligent, thoughtful and independent. We all sympathize with his widowed mother, and the brothers and sisters who had but just parted with him on his return to the field as a veteran volunteer.

W.

For the Connecticut War Record.

#### From the Second Battery.

BRASHEAR CITY, La., }  
April 20th, 1864. }

The battery is still encamped at this place, and is discharging the duties of picket, in addition to its regular duties of guard and drill. Captain Sterling, who had been detailed for recruiting service, has rejoined the battery, and was warmly congratulated upon his return. Several who have been absent, sick in hospital (some ever since the battle of Gettysburg,) have again reached us, and the battery has now its full complement of members.

The troops at this post were recently reviewed by Adjutant General Thomas, who





improved the occasion to address the soldiers of the several commands. He was particularly complimentary to the battery, and appeared to know its history in Virginia and all through the bloody fight at Gettysburg. It was a pardonable pride if some of the old soldiers grew exultant and enthusiastic over the General's recital of that terrible contest. It was the artillery, said General Thomas, that won the battle.

We were inspected yesterday, and it is thought preparatory to the reception of marching orders. This rumor gains currency from the fact that marching orders were sent to us some time during last month, which became mislaid in the provost marshal's office at this place. Meanwhile our commanding officer was telegraphed to know why he had not reported at Franklin. Pending the explanations, another battery had taken our place, and was in the recent fight near Natchitoches.

The weather here is growing warm, and there is but little sickness among us.

UNION.

### The Sixteenth Regiment at Plymouth.

HARTFORD, CONN., June 1st, 1864.

*Editor of Connecticut War Record:*

On the 17th of April, at five P. M., I was chatting in the tent of Major Pasco of our regiment, Dr. Frick of the 103d Penn., and his lady was there also. An orderly galloped to the door, "Major, the General sends his compliments, and has heard that the picket line has been attacked." The Major, who was officer of the day, at once mounted, and rode forth to the point attacked. We quietly took an early tea, and thought it was only one of those dashes made on Plymouth now and then. Before sunset, the enemy's cavalry was to be seen in all directions, but mostly to the right. Shot and shell from the 85th N. Y. redoubt, dislodging them from several positions. This redoubt stood alone at a distance of a half-a-mile from the fortifications of the town.

And now let me give you an idea of the location: a small town on the Roanoke river, very high breastworks surround it towards the land. On the right, a swamp, crossed by a single road, comes to the foot of the breastworks. On the left, a wide open space extending from the breastworks to a creek, which empties into the Roanoke. In front, the woods cleared away to the distance of three-quarters of a mile. As for the forts, there was one on the extreme left, between the commencement of the breastworks and the river; another in the centre of the front, another on the left, protecting an open road; a redoubt half-a-mile to the right of the town; and a fort up the river at the spot where the Roanoke divides into several channels.

The transport *Massasoit* started at midnight for Roanoke Island, with her cargo of women and children, citizens and non-combatants. In the morning began a brisk cannonade of Fort Gray, up the river. The *Bombshell*, a small gunboat, which steamed up to bring ammunition to this

fort, while returning, was made a target of the rebel batteries, and being struck by eighteen solid shot, just succeeded in running ashore below the town, ere her hold was full of water.

Our pickets lay in the bushes about one quarter mile from the breastworks. Here it was that Captain Thomas Burke of the Sixteenth Connecticut Volunteers was wounded. He was distributing ammunition to his men, and the rebel sharpshooters fired at him with great pertinacity, but with little success. Finally, when he had distributed his ammunition, the captain returned to his original place, and being full of fight, he swore lustily at the sharpshooters, and waved his hat at them in bold defiance. He being then in full view, walking straight, and at no great distance from them, one succeeded in lodging a ball under his right shoulder. Let me here remark that the wound proved slight; Captain Burke continued to command his company in the following fights.

There had been no shelling of the town all that day; it seems that the enemy brought their pieces into position. At five o'clock, P. M., on the 18th, they opened from about forty guns, and continued to shell incessantly for about an hour. The redoubt of the 85th N. Y., which had defended itself heroically, was assaulted several times that night by superior numbers, and finally taken. It was only taken, however, when every officer there had been killed or wounded. On Tuesday morning at three o'clock, the rebel ram *Albemarle* slipped down the river almost unperceived. Capt. Flusser commanding two gunboats, had fastened them together in the hope of catching the ram between, and then setting his engines to work to run it aground. The ram was upon him, however, too quick, sunk one gunboat, the *Southfield*, and drove the other away, after the commander had been killed by the rebound of one of his own shells from the iron-clad walls of the enemy's vessel. The ram then took position below town. Our communications were thus cut off, and the surrender became merely a question of time; a question of how long our ammunition would last; besides, the left was scarce to be defended without gunboats. The ram shelled the town all day on the 19th.

On the 20th, early in the morning, the enemy crossed the creek, and took the town by assault from the left. Let me here mention that one company of the Second Mass. Artillery, which held the fort on that side, were too much frightened to fire a shot in opposition to the enemy, for fear of drawing the fire of the ram. The principal opposition made there was made by Colonel Frank Beach of the Sixteenth C. V., who had two small Napoleon guns bearing on the road, and who gave the enemy grape and canister until they were within a hundred paces of his guns. The number of their wounded on that spot, the horrible nature of the wounds inflicted, and the repeated wavering of their column testify to the efficiency of his resistance, which, but for the cowardice of the Mass. battery, had kept the enemy at bay.

Once in the town, but feeble resistance was made, except by Fort Williams, the fort in the centre of the front, and by the camps of the 16th C. V., and of the 103d Penn. It was a beautiful morning; the sun shone gloriously; high floated the flag on Fort Williams, looking fairer than ever. There the General was, refusing to surrender, and returning no reply to the repeated demands of the enemy. Fast boomed his guns, and kept the foe

at a distance. But ammunition failed; there was nothing to hope for, naught to expect. At noon, the white flag appeared; the glorious old banner was pulled down, and tears started to every eye, to see it succumb thus. That moment was the toughest I have lived to see in this war.

The camp of the Sixteenth Connecticut, our camp, had resisted until then. When the enemy endeavored to enter the neighboring camp of the 103d Penn., Adjutant John B. Clapp of our regiment, mustered his color guard, and other volunteers, and crying, "Come boys, let's drive those fellows out," led them against the column of rebels, and in less time than I can tell of it, shot two rebel soldiers down with his revolver, whacked a third over the head with his sword, whom he afterwards dragged in, a prisoner, and with his men succeeded in repulsing the attack. More such instances might be mentioned. Lieut.-Col. Burnham would not surrender until Fort Williams had succumbed, and only then he tied his handkerchief to his sword, and yielded to the overpowering masses of the enemy.

We were all prisoners, 2,500 men; 1 General, 3 Colonels, &c., &c. We ascertained that the enemy had 12,000 men there, and 50 guns. They had lost 1,500, we had lost 125.

At first, the surgeons were marched out with the prisoners. But Dr. Nickerson, Assistant-Surgeon of our regiment, being a mason of high rank, communicated with a rebel colonel, also a mason of high rank, and explaining to him the position of our wounded in town, requested permission for the medical officers to return and attend to them. This the said colonel procured at once, and thus we returned to our hospitals. We were well treated in the main. Such things as forcing a number of sick men to exchange their boots and shoes for the broken shoelather of the rebels, did occur; also a thorough plundering was carried on. But cruelties were not perpetrated. The fact of their sending ten wounded negroes into my hospital to be attended to, convinces me, that with the consent of the officers, no negroes were killed. They provided us liberally with food while at Plymouth.

The prisoners were marched to Tarboro, N. C. The General and staff, with the four Surgeons and two Chaplains were sent to Libby Prison, Va. The wounded and sick were left at Plymouth, N. C., in charge of three of our assistant-surgeons, aided by four Hospital Stewards.

One more fact, allow me to record: when the moment of surrender came, the color guard of the 16th C. V., aided by the Lieut.-Col. commanding, and the Adjutant burned the flag of the regiment, to keep it from falling into rebel hands.

LITTLE MARE.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### The Eleventh Regiment.

CAMP OF THE ELEVENTH CONN. VOLS.,  
May 20th, 1864.

DEAR FRIEND AND EDITOR:—We are in camp near the Appomattox, about half a mile below Port Walthal and in sight of it. Thence our line of defenses stretch to the James—a short line and now a strong one, not only by nature but by human hands also, for of late we have dug like moles and like them worked part of the time at least in darkness. The last week has proved that we could fight: we are now giving visible and tangible evidence that we can dig.





Monday the 9th of May, at dawn, we were fling out in long procession towards the arteries and nerves binding Petersburg and Richmond. We cut the last, as our pioneers felled the telegraph poles alongside the famous old turnpike, which is surely a broad, well wrought road—the Appian way of this part of the Old Dominion. We tapped the artery by ripping up some miles of the railroad, and thus destroying as we went, and fighting when we met the enemy. We crossed Baker House Creek, formed in line of battle on the left of the pike, and advancing crossed to the right of the turnpike and there did our part in clearing the Rebs out of the woods and driving them across Swift Creek.

It would be a small thing in the annals of war, but the 11th suffered a loss of two killed and ten wounded, and it was to me memorable, for then for the first time I came under fire.

Tuesday we came back to our camp, and taking one day for rest, set out very early on Thursday the 12th, for the turnpike, but to turn North feeling and fighting our way towards Richmond. Skirmishing and shelling cost us two killed and twelve wounded. It was raining; our feet were wet for three days. At night we lay down in wet clothes and on wet ground.

Warm coffee, the luxury and medicine of soldiers, could not be had; for as usual we were in the front, in the advance, by night and by day, and those little fires of wet sticks on the ground, cushioned with damp pine tassels, though only large enough to warm three or four black coffee cups, might call down the big fire of rebel guns. Slowly, cautiously we advanced, just at the right of the turnpike, the left of our brigade (the 2d of the 2d Division, 18th Army Corps,) skirting the road. We had passed Kingsland Creek; we were beyond the half-way house. Saturday, the first line of defenses, reaching out as a spur from Fort Darling, were taken. Our sharpshooters hid behind them, and crack, crack, went the rifles as continuously as the strokes of a blacksmith's hammer. We are eight and one half miles from Manchester. We talked of supping at Libby. Some of us have—too many of us; for Monday morning, in the gray of the dawn, if there could be a dawn when the fog was thick enough, hours afterwards, to hide the sun as if in an eclipse, the rebels opened on our right with war and war cry. They got in the rear of our lines, towards the James; they drove back a brigade on the left of the turnpike; they came down with heavy blows on our front. The 11th did splendidly. They stood close to the log breastwork thrown up on Sunday to shelter us from sharpshooters, and they hurled back leaden hail and death, held in reserve till the rebels came near. There was the constant crack and crash of musketry; there was the heavy boom of our Parrott guns; there was the whizz of balls as they whipped by, almost tingling the ear; there was the short sputter, as one struck tree or ground close by your side. There was not much need of words of command or of cheer on our part, for our brave boys knew their duty and they did it. But amid all this din and thunder of carnage I could hear the yells of the rebs as a fresh force came on, wave after wave, for which we were the waiting rock.

But our flank was now exposed. We were ordered back, and we came off in good order; but, after falling back about a quarter of a mile, we were ordered to the old place, behind our log defenses,

it being supposed that Brooks had regained his ground on the left. We went back, without support on either flank, took again our former place, and as the enemy had advanced meanwhile to our line, we for the time then gave them speedy death. But to stay, with cross fires raking our entire but now shortened regimental line was annihilation or capture. A retreat was ordered, and executed as best it could, but not coolly nor in the firm line of the first. Now was the time of the enemy. We lost heavily: fourteen were killed, 54 wounded, 112 missing. Capt. McDonald and Lieut. Jared E. Lewis were captured. Lts. Keaszynski and Blackman were wounded. Twice after that we formed in line of battle, and advanced, but the fighting was over. We stood the shock and dealt the enemy heavy, telling killing blows. We advanced again, on a mad errand, obeying an order founded on error. We did it without faltering, suffering much but not without giving more, and finally we were among the last to leave the field, and in the cool of the day came slowly, sadly into camp.

H. S. DE F.

#### From the First Connecticut Light Battery.

BERMUDA HUNDRED, Va.,  
May 25th, 1864. }

*Mr. Editor:*—Your last correspondent from the Battery left us quietly reposing amid the shades of the pines on Folly Island.

At that time we little thought that May Day would witness our transfer to the Department of Virginia and North Carolina.

From the very first we had been located in the Department of the South, and the fates seemed to be determined that there we should remain during our term of service. But suddenly a new order of things prevailed. The Tenth Army Corps, with which we are connected, was ordered to General Butler's department; and on the morning of April 20th the Battery left South Carolina for the more active scenes of a campaign against Richmond.

We encamped for a short time at Gloucester Point, Va., and there prepared ourselves for active field service, by sending away for storage to Norfolk, Va., all the surplus stores and clothing.

A few days sufficed to put the Battery in fighting trim; and on the 6th of May we proceeded up the James river to Bermuda Hundred Landing, a short distance above City Point, where we disembarked. With the Tenth Corps we then marched towards the Petersburg and Richmond railroad and turnpike. That night we encamped about two miles from the railroad.

On the 9th we continued our march to the road, and proceeded towards Petersburg. The Tenth and Eighteenth Corps, having destroyed several miles of railroad track and the telegraph line, halted near Petersburg. On the morning of the 10th an engagement took place between our forces and the rebels near Chester Station. In this action the Battery was engaged. After a sharp fight of several hours the enemy retreated. Our loss in this action was two men wounded,—privates Hall and Wakely,—and two horses killed.

Again, on the 12th, our forces moved towards Richmond, and carried a line of earthworks near the "half-way house" on the turnpike. On the 14th, we attacked the second line, but failed to carry it. In this engagement,—the severest in which we have been thus far,—we lost one man

(killed) on the field. One officer, Lieutenant Metcalf, mortally wounded, died the next day. Ten men wounded, and ten horses killed.

Again, on the 15th, the Battery engaged the enemy's works. Here we had one man wounded and a wheel destroyed on one of the gun carriages, by a shell from the rebel battery.

Finding the enemy too strong for us, our forces retired to their entrenchments on the 16th, where we now remain. During these six days of continued marching and fighting, the battery has received the praise of those in authority, and has added to the good reputation which it had previously gained during two and a half years of service in the department of the South.

We deeply feel the loss of our senior, First Lieutenant George Metcalf, who has been with the battery from its organization. An efficient officer, a kind hearted gentleman, and an earnest patriot: his death is a loss to the battery, the State, and the country.

He fell on the field of battle, bravely fighting for the common cause; he died at his post as the soldier dies.

We buried him in a lovely spot on the banks of the James, in the family burial ground of a loyal Virginian.

"He sleeps his last sleep—he has fought his last battle,

No sound can awake him to glory again."

The following is a list of the killed and wounded up to May 20th.

*Killed*—First Lieutenant George Metcalf and private Henry L. Wilmut.

*Wounded*—Sergeant Elijah C. Tuttle, and Privates Charles Richardson, J. H. Reynolds, A. E. Leonard, C. N. Bissell, Hart Landon, Curtis Bacon, Thomas Sullivan, Frederick Besley, Peter McGee, M. M. Hall, and E. Wakely.

The battery is now on duty in the entrenchments at the front, expecting to take the field again as soon as Gen. Butler is ready to move upon the enemy's works.

The Post Office address is: First Conn. Light Battery, First Division, Tenth Army Corps, Fort Monroe, Va.

#### The Thirtieth Infantry.

We have been furnished by the former excellent Post Chaplain, with a sketch of this regiment.

##### OFFICERS OF THE THIRTIETH REGIMENT.

Capt. Charles Robinson, Co. A. Capt. R. was formerly Sergeant in Co. C, 18th Regiment C. V., was taken prisoner at the battle of Winchester, Va., and was held in Richmond three weeks. Being senior Captain he has command of the regiment. He is a fine officer and worthy man.

Capt. R. K. Woodruff of the 30th, enlisted in the 15th Regiment C. V., and was Corporal at the time of his appointment. Capt. W. was a member of Yale College, Class of '63, when he entered the service. He is a man of superior culture, and deserves the position which he occupies.

Capt. A. L. Loomis of this regiment was a private in Co. C, 18th Regiment C. V., at the time of his promotion. Capt. L. is thorough, accurate and energetic, and in every way a good officer. He is the man to bravely lead on his soldiers, or the man to faithfully follow in this struggle.

First Lieut. Charles Ulrich, Adjutant of the 30th, was formerly Sergeant Major in the 25th C. V. He with Adjutant, now Major Ward of the 29th C. V., were the first men to volunteer to storm the works at Port Hudson, after our first assault and repulse. Adjutant Ulrich is a man of pleasing address, of true and tried courage. He,





with that capable and unassuming officer, Adjutant Ward, was ever found ready to do and dare while connected with the 25th.

First Lieut. George Greenman was a Corporal in Co. C, 18th Regiment C. V., when promoted to the 30th. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Winchester, and remained at Richmond one month.

First Lieut. A. S. Mather was also a Corporal in Company C, 18th Regiment C. V., when promoted and transferred to the 30th. He was taken prisoner at Winchester.

First Lieut. George Leach was a private in the 7th Regiment, C. V. He has behaved with marked coolness and credit in all the battles in which his gallant regiment has participated.

Second Lieut. John E. Wheelock, of Co. D, 30th Regiment, was formerly connected with a New York regiment. Lieut. W. is a superior man and officer. Possessing an excellent business education, amiable and earnest, kind to his men, he is admired by all who know him.

Second Lieut. Case, of New Hartford, was in the nine months service, and is well known in our State as an able lawyer and an earnest defender of liberty and emancipation.

Second Lieut. H. A. Bingham was a private in Co. C, 18th Regiment C. V., when promoted. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Winchester.

Here we would not fail to notice the valuable services rendered the regiment by Dr. C. V. R. Creed of New Haven. He has held the position of Acting Assistant Surgeon in the regiment. The sanitary condition of the men was remarkably good under his careful treatment. We sincerely hope the Dr. will be made head Surgeon of this fine regiment, a position for which he is well qualified and to which he is entitled. Dr. C. is universally respected and beloved by the men for his courtesy and unwearied interest in their welfare. He was commissioned by Gov. Andrews as Assistant Surgeon of the Massachusetts 55th Regiment, (colored.) But the death of his wife soon after he accepted the appointment, rendered it necessary that he should resign in order to care for his family.

The men of the 30th Regiment are of a very excellent class in morals, drill, and efficiency. A large number of the men have left comfortable situations and pleasant homes for the sake of striking a blow for freedom. There is a marked degree of intelligence among them. One Sergeant is a graduate of Oberlin University, and there are quite a number of non-commissioned officers and privates who have received a good scholastic education. Several of the men speak the German, French and Spanish languages fluently, being their native tongues. A healthier or more hardy set of men is seldom found. Considerable religious interest developed itself in the 30th before their departure. Sixteen of the men manifested their desire and purpose to become disciples of Christ at a single prayer meeting.

Many pledged themselves to a temperate and godly life, and will endeavor earnestly to keep the pledge.

Companies A, B, and C, numbering about three hundred men, were ordered to Annapolis, and are now encamped there. The men made a fine appearance as they marched to the boat, and not one was found absent at roll call after the regiment embarked. This regiment is composed of good material, and, being well officered, will honor themselves and add fresh laurels to our cause. The three companies have, we understand, been consolidated with other companies at Annapolis, forming a regiment. Company D, numbering sixty-five men, remained at the Conscript Camp, and as few recruits were received, they were consolidated with the 31st U. S. Infantry. Wherever these colored soldiers go, may God's blessing attend them. Many conversions occurred in the 30th while it remained at the camp in Fair Haven.

J. E.

Gen. Butler has issued an order forbidding the disinterment of the bodies of any soldier buried in the Department of Virginia and North Carolina until the month of October.

## PERSONAL.

### List of Appointments and Promotions in the Connecticut Volunteer Force during May, 1864.

#### 1ST CONN. CAVALRY.

2d Lieut. Wm. E. Riley to be 1st Lieut., with rank from April 29, 1864, vice Strong, discharged.  
2d Lieut. Wm. C. Spellman, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from May 5, 1864, vice Gore, discharged.  
1st Sergt. John R. Skidmore, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from May 5, 1864, vice Spellman, promoted.

1st Sergt. Wm. H. Haven, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from May 5, 1864, vice Phillips resigned.

1st Lieut. Charles H. Briggs, to be Captain, with rank from May 5, 1864, vice Marcy, promoted.

2d Lieut. Henry T. Phillips, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from May 5, 1864, vice Briggs, promoted.

Major Erastus Blakeslee to be Lieut.-Col., with rank from May 21, 1864, vice Farnsworth, discharged.

Lieut.-Col. Erastus Blakeslee to be Colonel, with rank from May 27, 1864, vice Fish, dismissed.

Major Brayton Ives to be Lieut.-Col., with rank from May 27, 1864, vice Blakeslee, promoted.

#### 2D CONN. ARTILLERY.

Major James Hubbard to be Lieut.-Col., with rank from May 13, 1864, vice Smith, resigned.

Captain Jeffrey Skinner to be Major, with rank from May 13, 1864, vice Hubbard, promoted.

#### 1ST LIGHT BATTERY.

2d Lieut. George P. Bliss to be 1st Lieut., with rank from May 25th, 1864, vice Metcalf, killed in action.

1st Sergt. Sylvanus C. Dickenson to be 2d Lieut., with rank from May 25, 1864, vice Bliss, promoted.

#### 6TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. George Soder to be Captain, with rank from May 25, 1864, vice Allen, deceased.

1st Lieut. Bennett S. Lewis to be Captain, with rank from May 25, 1864, vice Wilcox, killed in battle.

1st Lieut. Dwight A. Woodruff to be Captain, with rank from May 25, 1864, vice Eaton, killed in battle.

2d Lieut. Sidney M. Hicks to be 1st Lieut., with rank from May 25, 1864, vice Soder, promoted.

2d Lieut. Henry F. Stanley to be 1st Lieut., with rank from May 25, 1864, vice Louis, resigned.

2d Lieut. Hiram L. Grant to be 1st Lieut., with rank from May 25, 1864, vice Lewis, promoted.

2d Lieut. Gottlieb Hilderbrand to be 1st Lieut., with rank from May 25, 1864, vice Woodruff, promoted.

Sergt. Andrew Grogan to be 2d Lieut., with rank from May 25, 1864, vice Hicks, promoted.

1st Sergt. Frederick Striby, jr. to be 2d Lieut., with rank from May 25th, 1864, vice Stanley, promoted.

1st Sergt. Woodbury H. Stalee to be 2d Lieut., with rank from May 25th, 1864, vice Hilderbrand, promoted.

Sergt. George Bellows, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from May 25th, 1864, vice Grant, promoted.

2d Lieut. Norman Provost to be 1st Lieut., with rank from May 31, 1864, vice Bradley, deceased.

Sergt John P. Connell to be 2d Lieut. with rank from May 31st, 1864, vice Provost, promoted.

#### 7TH REGIMENT.

2d Lieut. Charles A. Woods to be 1st Lieut. with rank from May 2, 1864, vice ———.

Sergt Frank Hull to be Lieut. with rank from May 2, 1864, vice Wood, promoted.

#### 11TH REGIMENT.

2d Lieut. Horace L. Harvey, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from May 11th, 1864, vice Allen, promoted.

1st Sergt. David A. Hoag, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from May 11th, 1864, vice Harvey, promoted.

1st Sergt. Smith S. Gilbert, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from May 11th, 1864, vice Simmons, promoted.

1st Sergt. Samuel W. Pray, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from May 11th, 1864, vice Horne, promoted.

#### 15TH REGIMENT.

Private Frederick Elser, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from May 11th, 1864, vice Hine, resigned.

#### 21ST REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Delos D. Brown, to be Captain, with rank from May 31st, 1864, vice Johnson, promoted.

2d Lieut. Frank Fowler, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from May 31st, 1864, vice Brown, promoted.

1st Sergt. John F. French, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from May 31st, 1864, vice Fowler, promoted.

Sergeant Major O. D. Glazier, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from May 31st, 1864, vice Hubbard, promoted.

1st Sergt. John B. Brown, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from May 31st, 1864, vice Roberts, discharged.

Lieut. Col. Erastus Blakeslee, of the 1st Conn. Cavalry, has been promoted to be Colonel of that excellent regiment. Colonel Blakeslee left Yale College to enter the service. He enlisted in the first squadron of Connecticut cavalry, and has by steady, faithful and diligent service earned the position of honor and responsibility to which he is elevated. As he has filled every subordinate position with fidelity and efficiency, so we may be sure that he will still do credit to himself, honor to the State, and splendid service to the nation.

Major Brayton Ives is promoted to be Lieut. Colonel of the 1st Conn. Cavalry. Lieut. Colonel Ives has been but a short time a member of the regiment. He entered the service as Adjutant of the 5th C. V., was promoted to be Captain, and had a position on the Staff of General O. S. Ferry. He will unquestionably prove a brave and efficient officer.

Lieutenant Colonel George A. Washburn, V. R. C., is now in command of the Twentieth Regiment Veteran Reserves, at the barracks between Washington and Alexandria. All but fifty of the regiment have gone to the front to attend the removal of our wounded. Nearly the whole regiment have been sent to the rear of the army to care for the wounded and assist in removing them.

A. B. Chapin, a native of Granby, Conn., and a resident of Goldsboro, N. C., recently fled from rebellion, entering our lines at Plymouth, N. C., just before the attack on that place. Being a physician he was appointed assistant surgeon, and is now at Hampton Hospital, doing service beneath the old flag which he has never ceased to love. Mr. Chapin has hitherto avoided conscription, but could no longer escape. Determined never to enter the army to fight against his country, he risked his life in an attempt to reach our lines, and was fortunate enough to succeed.

**COLONEL HENRY CASE.**—The correspondent of the New York Tribune with Sherman's advance, in a recent letter to that paper, speaks in the highest terms of the conduct of Colonel Henry Case of the One Hundred and Twenty-Ninth Illinois Regiment, in the late fights in which General Thomas' army has been engaged. Colonel Case is a brother of S. B. Case, of Norwich, and formerly resided here. Graduating at Yale, he studied law with Judge McCurdy. Removing to Illinois, the war found him one of the first to go. Declining a colonelcy then, he enlisted as a private, and has worked up to his present position.

Norwich Courier.





Capt. Henry P. Goddard of Norwich has been honorably discharged, on account of continued disability resulting from severe wounds received at the battle of Chancellorsville. Captain Goddard went out in the Fourteenth Regiment as Sergeant Major, was promoted to be Lieutenant, and then made ordnance officer of the artillery brigade of the Second Army Corps with the rank of Captain. He is a brother of Lieutenant Alfred M. Goddard of the Eighth Regiment, who fell bravely in the recent advance on the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad.

Paymaster Horace Talcott, of the United States Army, died recently in Kentucky. He was from Glastenbury, in this State, and was a man very much respected.

Captain Henry Lee of New London, is temporarily in command of the Fourteenth Regiment. Colonel Ellis commands the brigade. Lieutenant Colonel Morse and Major Coit are both wounded.

John A. Tibbetts of New London, is appointed Commissary of Subsistence with the rank of Captain. It is a judicious and merited appointment. Captain Tibbetts was a Second Lieutenant in the Fourteenth C. V., was wounded three times and in consequence resigned soon after the battle of Gettysburg.

Captain George W. Corliss, of New Haven, late of the Fifth C. V., has been appointed a First Lieutenant in the Veteran Reserve Corps, and ordered to Washington for duty.

#### A GENUINE PATRIOT.

Lieutenant Henry W. Camp, Adjutant of the Tenth Regiment, was captured on Morris Island in July last. For ten months he lay in a rebel prison. A few days since he was paroled. On Saturday night he reached his home, with a furlough of twenty days in his pocket. On the Thursday following he learned by telegram that his exchange had been effected. Thursday night overtook him on his way to rejoin his regiment, then expecting immediate engagement under General Butler.

He was heartily welcomed by men and officers, and bore his part with characteristic coolness and bravery in the recent engagements at and near Drury's Bluff.

We will only add that the courage and nobleness of Lieutenant Camp are fully equal to his self-denying patriotism.

Lieutenant F. C. Griswold of the First Minnesota Cavalry has recently spent a few happy days among his friends in this State. Lieutenant G. belongs in Wethersfield.

He had been at the West for two years, when he decided to locate in Minnesota, for the practice of the law. He had hardly arrived at St. Paul when the terrible Indian massacres occurred. He immediately enlisted, a private and a stranger, in a company of cavalry. The company soon saw hard service and sharp fighting. He was promoted for gallantry to be sergeant and then quartermaster-sergeant. During the past winter the company was expanded to a regiment. Lieutenant G. was very active and successful in recruiting, enlisting forty men; and was commissioned as lieutenant. His company will guard a portion of the frontier for the summer. Whatever be the duties or hardships of the Indian service, this Connecticut boy will do his part bravely and efficiently.

Captain Wm. H. Sackett, who recently succeeded Captain Sears as commandant of the U. S. rendezvous, was soon relieved from the command, in order to report to his regiment, the Eleventh Infantry. The latter order was received before he came to the U. S. rendezvous; but he was, by a special order, detailed to command the camp. But this order was countermanded, and he goes to rejoin his regiment. He has rendered very important services to the regiment in recruiting.

Captain Lester E. Braley of the Twelfth Infantry is now in command of the post. Captain Braley is well acquainted with all matters in and around the camp, and will doubtless manage affairs thoroughly and satisfactorily.

## REGIMENTAL.

### The Location of Regiments.

1st Artillery—Department of Virginia, via Fortress Monroe, Col. H. L. Abbott.

2d Artillery—Army of the Potomac, via Washington, D. C., Col. E. Kellogg.

1st Cavalry—3d Division, Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac, Col. E. Blakeslee.

1st Light Battery—Department of Virginia, via Fortress Monroe, Capt. A. P. Rockwell.

2d Light Battery—Department of the Gulf, via New Orleans, Capt. J. W. Sterling.

5th Regt.—Department of the Cumberland, via Chattanooga, Tenn., Col. W. W. Packard.

6th Regt.—Department of Virginia, via Fortress Monroe, Maj. Dan'l Kline.

7th Regt.—Department of Virginia, via Fortress Monroe, Lieut. Col. Dan'l C. Rodman.

8th Regt.—Department of Virginia, via Fortress Monroe, Lieut. Col. Martin B. Smith.

9th Regt.—Department of the Gulf, via New Orleans, Col. T. W. Cahill.

10th Regt.—Gloucester Point, Va., May 3, 1864, Col. John L. Otis.

11th Regt.—Department of Virginia, via Fortress Monroe, Col. Griffin A. Stedman.

12th Regt.—Department of the Gulf, via New Orleans, Lieut. Col. F. H. Peck.

13th Regt.—Department of the Gulf, via New Orleans, Col. Chas. D. Blinn.

14th Regt.—Stony Mountain, Va., April 20, 1864, Col. W. H. Ellis.

15th Regt.—Newberne, N. C., May 9, 1864, Col. Chas. L. Upham.

16th Regt.—(Co. H.) Roanoke Island, N. C., Capt. Jos. H. Barnum.

17th Regt.—Department of the South, via Hilton Head, S. C., Col. Wm. H. Noble.

18th Regt.—Department of Virginia, via Fortress Monroe, Major Henry Peale.

20th Regt.—Department of the Cumberland, via Chattanooga, Tenn., Col. Sam'l. Ross.

21st Regt.—Department of Virginia, via Fortress Monroe, Lt. Col. Thomas F. Burpee.

1st Squad Cavalry—2d New York Cavalry.

The First Artillery is at Bermuda Hundred under Gen. Butler. The casualties thus far have been few. The regiment now numbers between fourteen and fifteen hundred. The record of the return of the veterans who did not choose to enlist and their treatment we must postpone to the next month.

The Second Artillery have at last gone to the front in the army of the Potomac. They have done terrific fighting and suffered fearful loss. No accurate record is yet received.

The First Conn. Cavalry was a part of General Sheridan's force in his recent raid. It was commanded ably by Major, now Colonel Blakeslee. The regiment was several times complimented by general officers for its services. The casualties are yet few. Chaplain Holmes is wounded and hence has not written to the War Record.

The First Squadron of Cavalry, which is a part of the Second N. Y. Cavalry, was also with Sheridan. We hope to hear from them directly. The losses of our cavalry have not at this date, June 1st, been very heavy.

The 6th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 11th, and 21st were all with Gen. Butler in the recent fights, and did execution of which the State and their friends may well be proud. We shall particularize as exact and reliable intelligence reaches us.

The 5th, 11th and 21st belong to the Eighteenth Corps, and under Gen. Smith have joined the Army of the Potomac.

The 6th, 7th and 10th are in the Tenth Corps and remain at Bermuda Hundred.

The Ninth is at the U. S. Rendezvous waiting for transportation to New Orleans. Quite a large number of its members have not reported since their furloughs have been expired.

The First Light Battery has done good service with Gen. Butler at and near Drury's Bluff.

The Second Light Battery at latest dates was still at New Orleans.

The Fifth Infantry was engaged sharply in the handsome fight and victory at Resaca, under Gen. Hooker. They fought nobly. The Twentieth Infantry was also present and did its duty firmly and happily with loss far less severe.

The Twelfth Regiment left New Haven quietly on the morning of May 8th, on the steamer Traveler, and at New York were transferred to the steamer Merrimack—passed Cape Hatteras on the 11th, Key West on the 14th—and arrived at New Orleans on the 17th. It is now pleasantly encamped at Carolon, on the bank of the Mississippi. The regiment numbered about 400 veterans and 80 recruits. Nearly 40 were left behind on sick leave.

The Thirteenth is probably at Shreveport, La. It had some part in the Red River expedition but the casualties are few, not exceeding 25 in all. It is expected home soon on furlough.

The Fourteenth is still 2d Brig., 3d Div., 2d Corps. It has fought sternly, as usual, and suffered severely.

The Sixteenth is somewhat scattered. The line officers, adjutant, chaplain, and the majority of the men are at Tarboro, N. C.—the field officers in Libby, except the colonel—the colonel and surgeons released on parole—Co. H. with individuals absent on special duty, on Roanoke Island—Lieut. Case with two men on recruiting service at the U. S. Rendezvous.

The Seventeenth is still on duty at St. Augustine, Fla. Twenty men were recently captured while on picket.

Co. D, 20th C. V. has been ordered to Willets Point, N. Y. It will there be consolidated with the 31st U. S., colored regiment. But few colored recruits have been lately received at the U. S. Rendezvous, and the attempt to raise a second colored regiment in Connecticut has proved a failure.

The Fifteenth is doing Provost duty at Newbern, N. C.

The Eighteenth was in the fight at Newmarket, Va., and did their duty well.

The Twenty-ninth is still at Beaufort, perfecting their drill and discipline.

## CASUALTIES.

LIST OF KILLED, WOUNDED AND MISSING IN THE FIFTH REGIMENT, AT THE BATTLE OF RESACA, GA., MAY 15, 1864.

#### Killed.

Co. C.—Privates Augustus W. Hoyt and Paul Mohr.

Co. D.—Privates Adolphus H. Barr and John Wilcox.

Co. F.—Private Matthias Medernack.

Co. I.—Privates John Bates and James C. Richards.

Co. K.—Private Charles Rice.

#### Wounded.

Co. B.—Privates Thaddeus Shook, side; John G. Blake, leg and side.

Co. C.—Robert Fitzmorris, finger, slight; John R. Sinclair, leg, severely; John Yux, arm, slightly; Wm. McKeagov, leg, severely.

Co. D.—Privates Jas. P. Pellett, arm, slightly; Franklin Everett, chest, slightly.

Co. E.—2d Lieut. George W. Titus, head, severely; Corporal Samuel H. Hoyt, side, severely; private George W. Buckbee, arm, severely.

Co. F.—Sergt. John H. Brewster, head, slightly;





Corp. Albert L. Rice, shoulder, slightly; Corp. John Dickson, foot, severely; privates Nathan S. Dean, lungs, severely; Samuel Briggs, ankle, slightly; John McCartney, arm, slightly.

Co. G.—Privates John Anderson, hip, slightly; John Jones, hand.

Co. H.—Privates Benjamin F. Jones, side, severely; Moses B. Wilcox, thigh, severely; William H. Bolles, arm, severely; Patrick Kelley, arm, slightly.

Co. I.—Privates James Tuttle, face, slightly; Patrick Galligan, arm, slightly; Thomas Graham, head, slightly; Richard Jones, head, slightly.

Co. K.—Sergt. George B. Lattimer, legs, severely; Sergt. Peter Carney, leg, severely; Corp. George R. Hopkins, leg, severely; privates John Adams, leg, slightly; Alonzo Buckley, groin, severely; Thomas W. Bayard, groin, slightly; Delano N. Carpenter, foot, slightly; Stephen Corcoran, arm, severely; Alexander Hadwick, leg, slightly; Robert Hodgins, arm, slightly; George D. Norton, shoulder, severely; Stiles W. Nye, arm, severely; John Rogers, leg, severely; Bernard Reynolds, bowels, severely; William D. Spicer, leg, slightly; Christopher Willincamp, leg, severely.

RECAPITULATION.—Killed 8; wounded 43. Total 51.

#### LIST OF CASUALTIES IN THE SIXTH REGIMENT DURING THE ENGAGEMENT OF MAY 10, 1864.

##### *Killed.*

Co. B.—Captain Jay P. Wilcox.

##### *Wounded.*

Co. C.—2d Lieut. Gottlieb Hilderbrand, shoulder, severely.

Co. A.—Privates John Reynolds, leg; Michael Lynch, hand.

Co. B.—William Huff, back of head; Solomon Buckland, neck.

Co. C.—Sergt. John Rattlesdorfer, shoulder; privates Philip Jost, finger; Frederick Forster, chin.

Co. D.—Sergeant John Botts, eyes; privates Edward Searies, hand; Charles H. Weed, arm; Joseph Topfer, contusion by spent ball; Joit Les, leg.

Co. E.—Privates William Pritchard, knee; Daniel Higgins, leg.

Co. F.—Private Theodore Phillips, side, severely. Co. G.—Private Joel F. Hunt, arm.

Co. H.—Corporal George Hetzel, leg; private Christopher Bernard, both hands.

Co. K.—Corporal Robert T. Sperry, thumb; private David Williams, thumb.

#### LIST OF CASUALTIES IN THE SIXTH REGIMENT DURING THE ENGAGEMENT OF MAY 20, 1864.

##### *Killed.*

Co. C.—Christopher Belchner.

Co. H.—Charles Gangloff.

##### *Wounded.*

Co. A.—Corp. James Holt, head, severely; privates Benjamin F. Heath, hand; Albert Aldrich, finger; Walcott Wetherall, contusion of elbow; Andrew Gallup, arm.

Co. B.—Privates Corydon Shephard, foot; Edward Loughrey, heel.

Co. C.—Privates Rudolph Spohel, arm; Detlef Buck, hand.

Co. D.—Sergt. George W. Finch, hand and hip; Corp. Joel M. Anderson, thumb; privates John Kennedy, leg; Henry Schofield, contusion of knee.

Co. E.—1st Lieut. William T. Bradley, abdomen, mortally; private Patrick Dalton, abdomen.

Co. G.—Privates Patrick Kellett, hip and arm; William Cobleigh, contusion of thigh; Lewis R. Cook, finger; John Murphy, arm; Sterling Bunnell, head.

Co. H.—Privates Alexander Nauman, abdomen; Conrad Bauer, face; Frederick Spear, cheek; Adam Uhl; Benjamin F. Boss, contusion of hip.

Co. I.—Privates Emil Penn, shoulder; George H. Fox groin and testicles; Michael Mallory, nose and thigh; Thomas Quinn, leg.

Co. K.—Privates Charles Green, thigh; Henry Staff, legs and testicles; William Whittam, contusion of shoulder; Henry H. Thomas, abdomen; Edgar A. Willard, hand.

#### LIST OF CASUALTIES IN THE SIXTH REGIMENT, FROM MAY 12 TO MAY 16.

##### *Killed.*

Co. B.—Private Henry Bernus.

Co. C.—Private Henry Ringe.

Co. E.—Capt. Horatio D. Eaton; private John Woods.

Co. G.—Private James Malone.

Co. H.—Private James Doyle.

Co. K.—Private Joseph Barker.

##### *Wounded and Missing, May 14, 1864.*

Co. A.—Privates William Brown, left shoulder; Edward Chapman, finger; Eben Day, arm; Dana W. Paine, body.

Co. B.—Private Patrick Fox.

Co. E.—Private Michael Brady, knee.

Co. H.—Privates William Miller, foot; Frederick Wieber, hand; Jacob Muchar, back; Albert Altis, leg; Joseph Altman, back.

##### *May 15, 1864.*

Co. B.—Corp. George Hanford, hand; private Dexter W. Ingalls, side.

Co. D.—Corporal Henry Duffy, hand; privates Frank Bryson, breast; Edgar L. Pratt, leg; Frank O'Brien, hand; Thomas Schiever, hand.

Co. I.—Private Ahanson Monroe, breast, severely.

##### *May 16, 1864.*

Lieut. Col. Lorenzo Meeker, contusion of knee. Co. H.—Captain Henry Biebel, supposed prisoner.

Co. G.—Capt. John N. Tracy, arm.

Co. D.—Capt. Charles H. Nichols, leg, slight.

Co. A.—1st Lieut. Bennett S. Lewis, side, slight.

Co. G.—1st Lieut. Charles J. Buckbee, contusion of ankle.

Co. I.—2d Lieut. Norman Provost, leg.

Co. A.—Privates William Clarke, supposed prisoner.

Co. B.—Privates Richard L. Ames, and Charles Fowler, supposed prisoners; Charles Bachtold, leg; John Foster, hand; Phillip Gallagher; John Glenn, hand; Wm. Wood, hand; Samuel Potter, thigh.

Co. C.—Corp. Edward Deming, face; privates Charles W. Paynup, abdomen; George Vogel and Jacob Ernst, supposed prisoners.

Co. D.—Privates Samuel La Broeg, breast; William S. Pratt, loin; William L. Bouton, arm; James Bunce, arm; Isaac Dingy, arm; Smith Scofield, side and arm.

Co. E.—Private John H. Arcpke, cheek; Sergt. James A. Blake, privates William Rigney, James B. Stevens, Martin Sanchio, John Sears and Miles Williams, supposed prisoners.

Co. F.—Private George W. Benham, leg; John W. Plumb, hand; Charles C. Lee, hand.

Co. G.—Privates Patrick McGee, back, Christian L. Mack, arm.

Co. H.—Corp. Louis Roselius, abdomen; private Fritz Schuster, back; John Lang, penis; August Schutt, Bernhardt Kirchhoff, and Peter Miller, supposed prisoners.

Co. I.—Privates James Brislan, side, slight; George Hoag, arm; Wm. Salar, leg; John Robinson, head.

Co. K.—Privates William Stanson, hand; John Werner, John Ferry, James Young, Asaph C. Whitecomb, Wm. Gladson, James Hine, Frederick Smith supposed prisoners.

#### LIST OF CASUALTIES IN THE SEVENTH REGIMENT IN THE ENGAGEMENT MAY 10th, 1864.

##### *Wounded.*

Co. B.—Private Chas. Vibberts.

Co. D.—Privates John Riley, Theodore Benedict, Henry S. Cole.

Co. F.—Private Chas. F. Dubois.

Co. H.—Private Jerome Snow.

Co. I.—Private Edward Eagan.

Co. K.—Private Joseph Vogt.

##### *Missing.*

Co. H.—Private Lazarus Straus.

#### LIST OF CASUALTIES IN THE SEVENTH REGIMENT ON MAY 12th, 13th AND 14th, 1864.

Co. A.—1st Sergt. David D. Keys.

Co. B.—Corp. Wm. McEwen, Privates Luke H. Lanegan, James Linton.

Co. C.—Private George W. Andrus.

Co. D.—Private Darius A. Veats.

Co. E.—Privates Harry Kimberly, Edward Sage.

Co. G.—2d Lieut. Chas. A. Wood.

Co. H.—Sergt. Chas. H. Ripley, Privates Carl Ackerman, James Elderkin, Wm. Corey.

Co. I.—Private Elezer Nodine.

##### *Wounded.*

Co. A.—Privates Spencer H. Barnham, John Gagon, John Grimes, Daniel Jones, Wm. Reid.

Co. B.—1st Sergt. Frederick H. Welton, Corp. Chauncey A. Bacon, Privates Alvin W. Bunnell, Walter F. Clarke, John Dockree, John Flannegan, Richard H. Hunter, Felix Lavoe, Michael LaForce, John Manion, Francis McNamara, Andrew Stuart.

Co. C.—Sergt. Alfred P. Greene, Privates James Kewell, Chas. W. Yale, Derrick H. Roberts, Isaiah H. Baker, Solomon Leasure.

Co. D.—Privates George W. Banker, James Ballard, Henry S. Coles, Chas. Dolph, James Howard, Wm. Hall, John Riley, George Webb, Francis Webb, Geo. B. Waterman, William Wilson.

Co. E.—Sergt. Joseph O. Banning, Privates Thomas Dobbey, James Wooster, Rowland Holt.

Co. F.—1st Sergt. Wm. H. Pierpont, Privates Jean Pett, Denman L. Shepard.

Co. G.—Privates Wm. H. Corsa, Israel C. Botsford, Henry A. Kirtland, Henry Page, John Phile, Gilbert H. Young.

Co. H.—1st Sergt. Wm. S. English, Corp. Wm. P. Carroll, Privates John M. Blood, Francis W. Barner, Joseph A. Bowen, Thomas Davidson, Horace Eldridge, Wm. H. Harrington, Ellilus S. Manwarring, James Mabey, Henry B. Peckham, Daniel Sullivan, John Sullivan, Elisha Welch, Frederick Waterman.

Co. I.—Sergt. Daniel Morgan, Privates Wm. N. Stevens, Wesley E. Preston.

Co. K.—Private Daniel Stead, Corp. Henry W. Brown, Private Silas H. Amidon, Albro B. Darby, Franklin L. Dannon, Paul Heyne, Conrad Letters, Geo. F. Plaskett, Lewis Rousewell, Theodore Rest, John Schaffner.

##### *Missing.*

Co. I.—Privates John Murray, John Morrison.

RECAPITULATION.—Killed 14; wounded 76; missing 2. Total 92.

#### LIST OF CASUALTIES IN THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, IN THE ACTION OF MAY 16th, 1864.

##### *Killed.*

Co. A.—Corporals E. Bailey and Henry C. Parker. Privates George Vibbert and G. C. Saxton.

Co. C.—Private Abraham Miner.

Co. D.—Sergeants A. B. Nichols and Augustus Feleh. Privates Phillip Fortune, Daniel R. Shelton and John Mildoon.

Co. F.—Sergt. Hobart Bailey and Private Thos. Fillburn.

Co. H.—1st Sergt. Wm. S. English.

##### *Wounded.*

Co. A.—Corporal Wm. Tyler, and Private Oscar Vibbert.

Co. B.—Private Gershaw Redway.

Co. D.—Privates James Ballard, Albert Van Tassell, Wm. Long, and John Z. Smith.

Co. E.—Private George Maxam.

Co. F.—Privates George H. Smith, Thomas Milvey, and John Hine.

Co. G.—Privates John H. Booth, Wm. Coley, Wm. D. Reid, and Chas. McVee.

Co. H.—Corporal Nicholas Walker, and Private Christopher Holmes.

##### *Missing.*

Co. A.—Sergeant Oliver D. Selden. Privates





George N. Trowbridge, H. A. Clark, R. K. Reid, Edward Fisher, John Gabriel John Megan, John Miner, John Hoffman, Samuel H. Stark, Frederick John, and Alfred Blanchard.

Co. B.—2d Lieut. Raphael Gilbert, Sergt. John Day, Corporal Milo D. Smith, Privates Peter Kelly, James Mehan, Joel L. Smith, and Peter McMahon.

Co. C.—Privates Robert Thompson and Henry Deanglist.

Co. D.—Corporals Frank R. Nash and Edward Ayres, Privates Samuel P. Armstrong, John Davis, Christian Kohenedburg, Robert Keown, Samuel K. Lyner, Edwin Lewis, Domenicia Mat-tencia, John McDermott, John Northrup, George W. Raymond, Asa Strickland, Isaac Weed, and Charles Ward.

Co. E.—Privates Garrett Rynders and Patrick Quigley.

Co. F.—Privates Matthew Beresford, Anthony Brepson, Robert Campbell, Edward D. Phelps, Stephen Richards, Henry V. Sims, and David Sliney.

Co. G.—Jerome Baldwin, Jeremiah Brown, Alexander Potocki, Albert G. Pratt, Thomas Switt, Samuel K. Whittaker, and Corp. Eben. Gorham.

Co. H.—Private Lorenzo Hull.

Co. I.—Corporals John Dales, Wm. J. Ingraham, and Henry R. Chamberlin. Privates Patrick McMahon, Rufus Aggett, Nicholas Brown, Geo. Bayer, Wm. Carroll, Edward Crow, Henry Clark, Malcom F. Feeley, John Keagan, Horace H. Messenger, Michael Nicholas, Wm. A. Southwick, Hugh Ward, and Edward O'Grady.

Co. K.—Privates Ernst Bahring and Terrance Mehan.

RECAPITULATION.—Killed, 13; wounded, 17; missing, 73. Total, 103.

#### LIST OF CASUALTIES IN THE EIGHTH REGIMENT, MAY 7TH, 1864.

##### Killed.

Co. C.—Private Carl F. Luthard.

Co. E.—Privates Lawrence Riley and Franklin M. Iose.

##### Wounded.

F. & S.—Sergt.-Major Forrest Spafford, arm, slight.

Co. A.—Privates Darius E. Malona, abdomen, seriously; John Ebi, mouth; John L. Kerchgresser, arm, slightly; Richard Brady, leg, slightly; John Doyle, breast, slightly.

Co. B.—1st Lieut. Alfred M. Goddard, abdomen, seriously, since died. Privates John Child, lungs, seriously, since dead; Wm. Wright, lost left leg; James Davidson, head, mortally, since dead.

Co. C.—Sergt. E. J. Bidwell, face, slightly. Corp. Samuel B. Hart, hand, slightly; Sergt. T. J. Hubbard, arm, seriously. Corp. Edward Carpenter, arm, slightly. Privates James Ashbey, side, slightly; Alphonse Ranza, side, seriously; Lucius Clark, side and arm, slightly.

Co. D.—1st Sergt. Wm. Huntington, leg, slightly. Corporals Stephen B. Huling, head, seriously, and E. A. Lockwood, thigh, seriously. Privates John Martin, lost right leg, and James Walsh, head and side, seriously.

Co. E.—Sergt. Silas P. Keeler, head, seriously. Corporals Jerome Evans, shoulder, slightly, and J. W. Cock, arm, slightly. Privates Philo D. Hotchkiss, lost left arm, and Horace Garagus, head, slightly.

Co. F.—2d Lieut. Anthony R. Canfield, leg, slightly. Sergt. Albert Austin, lost thumb. Corp. Charles Thompson, foot, slightly. Privates Geo. Astmas, lost leg; Richard Ambrose, lost leg; G. Beach, thigh, slightly; Josiah Parkerson, arm and breast, mortally, since dead; John H. M. Smith, leg, seriously; Frederick Smith, breast, seriously; Allen Dauchy, ankle.

Co. G.—1st Lieut. Levi C. Bingham, arm, seriously, since dead. Sergt. Geo. W. Foster, side and arm, seriously. Privates Isaac Allen foot, slightly; Henry Brannan, leg and side, seriously; Courtlandt A. Durfee, hip, seriously; Charles W. Hall, leg, slightly; Cornelius O'Connor, lost leg; Patrick Donovan, leg, slightly.

Co. H.—Privates Chas. Doulans, back, seriously; Emil Fischer, shoulder, slightly; John Morris, ankle, slightly; John Thomas, head, slightly. Corp. Chas. H. Hill, neck, slightly.

Co. I.—Privates Wm. Black, hip, seriously; W. P. Dutcher, leg, slightly; Henry Root, leg, slightly; Richard J. Worden, back, mortally; Daniel McKinnon, shoulder, slightly; Levi Cook, thigh, slightly.

Co. K.—2d Lieut. John H. Varra, hand, slightly; Sergt. Wallace F. Cloude, shoulder, slightly. Privates Benj. Beebe, arm, slightly; William E. Dudley, thigh, slightly; Lewis Allen, thigh, slightly.

##### Missing.

Co. D.—Privates Edward Bromley, John Carroll, and Nelson M. Sammes.

Co. G.—Private Elias W. Watrous.

Co. H.—Privates G. H. Bennett, John Kenny, and Marshall Barlow.

Co. K.—Private Augustus Fry.

RECAPITULATION.—Killed, wounded and missing, Commissioned Officers, 4; Enlisted Men, 68. Total, 72.

#### LIST OF CASUALTIES IN THE TENTH REGIMENT FROM MAY 13TH TO 17TH INCLUSIVE.

##### [Official]

##### Killed.

Corp. Edgar G. Smith, Co. A, May 14.

" George Wing, Co. D, May 16.

Private John F. Loveland, Co. B, May 16.

" Milo Reynolds, Co. D, May 16.

" James Hindle, Co. K, May 14.

##### Wounded.

Capt. C. C. Brewster, Co. D, leg, severe, May 14. Sergt. A. T. Penhallow, Co. H, Shoulder, slight, May 16.

Corp. H. L. Parker, Co. A, breast, slight, May 16.

" J. M. Nichols, Co. B, leg, slight, May 16.

" G. F. Otis, Co. B, hand, slight, May 16.

" A. T. Adams, Co. C, hand, slight, May 14.

" W. H. Wilcox, Co. F, hand, slight, May 14.

" Alex. Ferris, Co. I, head, serious, May 16.

Priv. Chas. Benedict, Co. A, hand, slight, May 14.

" David Durand, Co. A, leg, severe, May 14.

" C. H. Harting, Co. A, hand, slight, May 14.

" D. F. Sherman, Co. B, breast, slight, May 14.

" J. H. Everts, Co. B, foot, severe, May 14.

" Wm. Ingraham, Co. C, abdomen, mortal, May 14.

" W. J. Green, Co. C, shoulder, slight, May 16.

" Michael Collins, Co. E, hand, slight, May 16.

" Dwight Bromley, Co. F, arm, May 16.

" Morris Carroll, Co. G, hand, severe, May 13.

" S. C. Comes, Co. H, leg, May 13.

" Marcus Thomas, Co. H, breast, severe, May 16.

" D. S. White, Co. H, hip, slight, May 16.

" Harry Wilmes, Co. H, foot, May 16.

" Norval Green, Co. I, thigh, severe, May 14.

" Wm. Lowrey, Co. I, hand, slight, May 14.

" Harrison Robbins, Co. G, leg, slight, May 14.

" A. J. Moger, Co. G, hip, severe, May 16.

" Patrick Manion, Co. G, thigh, severe, May 16.

" W. M. Scott, Co. G, side, light, May 16.

" Geo. Beach, Co. K, hand, slight, May 16.

" L. H. Mouthrop, Co. K, head, slight, May 16.

" John B. Carney, Co. E, waist, severe, May 16.

HENRY W. CAMP, Ad't. 10th, C. V.

#### CASUALTIES IN THE ELEVENTH REGIMENT IN THE ENGAGEMENT AT SWIFT CREEK, NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., MAY 9TH, 1864.

##### Killed.

Co. H.—Corporal Alonzo S. Cushman, and Private Vivant Stow.

##### Wounded.

Co. A.—Private Simon Antonionio.

Co. D.—Privates Patrick Mack and John Higgins.

Co. F.—Private Morey A. Baker.

Co. G.—1st Sergt. David A. Hoag. Privates Wm. Blackmar, Andrew G. George, Homar Harvey, George Cogle, and Michael Lyon.

#### CASUALTIES OF THE ELEVENTH REGIMENT DURING OPERATIONS OF THE ARMY FROM THE 12TH TO 16TH OF MAY, 1864.

##### Killed.

Co. A.—May 12th.—Private Thomas Burke.

Co. B.—May 12th.—Private George Swanton, May 16th.—Private Owen McNeil.

Co. E.—May 16th.—Corp. Michael Gallagher, Privates Augustie Didier, Cladius Zering, Leon Paolo, and Louis Mabil.

Co. G.—May 16th.—Pierre Desones, Etimore Pinot, Michael Sullivan, and John Boudrant.

Co. K.—May 16th.—Privates Chas. Duane, and Archille Germaine.

##### Wounded.

Co. D.—May 16th.—Capt. Henry J. McDonald, prisoner. May 14th.—2d Lieut. Morris Krazynski, leg.

Co. H.—May 16th.—2d Lieut. Erastus Blackmar, shoulder.

Co. A.—May 15th.—Private John Burnham, shoulder. May 16th.—Private Phineas Barnum, arm.

Co. B.—May 16th.—Corporals Reuben Borley, thigh and arm; and Wm. Simmons, shoulder. May 14th.—Private George W. Fredenberg, arm. May 16th.—Private Morton S. Balcom, leg.

Co. C.—May 16th.—Emil Le Roy, prisoner; Ferdinand Backoltz, head, mortally; Chas. Benoit, prisoner, Frederick Faldix, arm; Frederick Knoblock, head, mortally; Henry Duting, thigh; Jacob Gruber, eye shot out; Chas. Martz, prisoner, John Miller, prisoner; Henry Hubenthal, prisoner; Martin Wentz, right leg.

Co. D.—May 16th.—James B. Stiles, side, mortally, prisoner; John McDonald, prisoner; Hobart F. Castle, knee; James Cotter, arm; Charles Wright, leg. May 15th.—Henry Monroe, leg, and Thos. O'Neil, leg.

Co. E.—May 16th.—1st Sergt. Chas. S. Spaulding, side, severely, prisoner; Privates John Adams, thigh, severely; John Welch, side, prisoner; Peter Marcus, prisoner. May 14th.—Sergt. Ira Taylor, foot. May 15th.—Private George Starr, leg, amputated. May 13th.—Isidore La Batt, shoulder.

Co. F.—May 15th.—Nathan Harrington, head. May 16th.—Corporal Edward Bennett, head and neck. Privates Jerome W. Baker, face; Asa D. Carroll, arm; Danforth Clements, breast and arm; Patrick Cross, knee; James A. Paine, jaw; Geo. Wil-on, both shoulders, and Josiah C. Newton, head.

Co. G.—May 16th.—Corporal Harris A. Tucker, leg. Privates Emery H. Tyler, arm, and Alfred Adoux, hand.

Co. H.—May 14th.—Private John Self, hand. May 16th.—Chas. S. Williams, head, Cornelius Murphy, side, prisoner.

Co. K.—May 14th.—Private Frederick Chickini, neck. May 15th.—Private John Fay, leg. May 16th.—Corporal William Williams, eye. Privates John Reach, hand; John Wilson, breast, fatally, prisoner; Stephen B. Root, shoulder; George Grover, through the body, prisoner, and George A. Shepard, arm.

##### Missing in Action.

1st Lieut. Jared E. Lewis.

Co. A.—Privates Thomas Nolan and Charles Nolan.

Co. B.—Corporal Albert S. Carpenter. Privates Alonzo J. Balcomb, Francis Bailey, Wm. Davis, James Graham, Michael Grady, Chas. W. Harris, Chas. Murphy, Wm. Potter, James Morgan, Martin Pierson, Patrick Short, James R. Bassett, Alexander Karr, George O'Massie, and Dominico Bartiono.

Co. C.—Corporals John Suffield, and John Mante. Privates J. Beangin, Charles Friedlech, Chas. Holmes, Chas. Hudson, John Johnson, Wm. Jones, Lorenz Kleinlein, Edward La Glassie, Chas. Weinberg, Samuel Johnson, Louis Straubel, Wm. A. Smith.

Co. D.—1st Sergt. Pierre A. Guy. Corporals John H. Smith, and Edward Riley. Privates Jussee Allard, Daniel Eldridge, Faulker, Sylvester O. Lord, Thomas Lang, John Meal, Timothy McCarty, James Murphy, Henry Miller, John





McDermott, — Martvan, — McGlone, — Nelson, George Smith, Wm. Thompson, and James Williams.

Co. E.—Sergeants John R. Twiss and Geo. W. Gasthwaite. Privates Eugene K. Comstock, J. Paris, James Leary, Joseph Ward, Hugh O'Donnell, Charles T. French, Charles Reade, Thomas Grimes, James Ryan, Charles Perkins, Henry Smith, and John Boardman.

Co. F.—Privates Wm. Hart, Thomas Lester, James Moore, Wm. Morrell, Timothy Quinn, Wm. Smith, Adfer L. Taylor, and James Tonor.

Co. G.—Sergeant Gilbert Ward. Privates Benjamin Beach, John Calnon, Barnett Duffy, Patrick Daley, James Farrell, Francis Frank, Jacob Gilbert, Chas. Green, George W. Johnson, John Kelly, Wm. McLean, Patrick O'Gready, Joseph Plumb, Andrew Ray, and Chas. Wiggins.

Co. H.—Corporal Oramel L. Mott. Privates Willard Botham, Narcissus Carmalis, Wm. Clarkson, Aaron Dubar, James Leary, Timothy Murphy, John Morris, Joseph M. Gettigan, Edward Smith, Pedro Toledo, and Levi Whittaker.

Co. K.—Corporals Edward Walker, and Chas. E. Post. Privates Nathaniel Brown, James Chapman, Corn Cooper, Robert Haley, James Malone, Andrew McInley, and Francis Shanley.

RECAPITULATION.—Killed 14; wounded officers, 3; enlisted men, 54; missing officer, 1; enlisted men, 112. Total, 184.

LIST OF KILLED, WOUNDED AND MISSING, IN THE EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT, IN ACTION AT NEW MARKET, VA., MAY 15TH, 1864.

#### Killed.

Co. B.—Capt. Wm. L. Spaulding.

#### Wounded.

Co. A.—Sergt. Lewis Hovey, thigh. Privates Joseph Hancock, leg; Erastus Baker, thorax; John S. Greene, hand and leg.

Co. B.—Privates Samuel K. Spaulding, thigh; Charles Smith, leg.

Co. C.—Privates Charles M. Avery, side; B. B. Brown, back and thigh; Martin Cryne; J. Cady, leg; T. F. Gordon, leg; E. Washburn, leg; Lemuel Manning, leg, slightly; P. Truman, leg; Wm. Withey, leg; Ek. Patten, arm.

Co. D.—Capt. Joseph Matthewson, arm. 1st Sergt. F. J. Aldrich, side and arm, slightly; Corporal F. H. Converse, abdomen and arm severely. Privates Joseph Heath, forehead; Edward P. Ryan, hand; Warren A. Burgess, foot, severely; Patrick Clark, hip.

Co. G.—Corporal Tracy Rogers. Private Frank Reed; Josiah Whitney.

Co. H.—1st Sergt. Wm. Carruthers. Privates E. R. Eaton, Wm. Lewis, Patrick Hewin, Chas. M. Brooks.

#### Wounded and left on the Field.

Co. C.—Private L. Hannerwas, supposed in body.

Co. E.—Corporal C. J. Williams, thorax; Private B. W. Taft, abdomen.

Co. H.—Privates Wm. H. Hall, supposed in abdomen; Joseph Abby, abdomen or breast.

#### Missing.

Co. B.—Corporal Edmund Franklin. Privates Edwin S. Bartlett, Wm. H. Pike, H. E. Matthewson, Lewis Hart.

Co. C.—Private J. Haggarty.

Co. D.—Privates Joseph W. Robinson, George Dodge, John Lums.

Co. E.—Privates W. G. Hayward, Chas. A. Jilson, James Massey.

Co. G.—Privates W. Adams, Gilbert Letcher, J. Morrison, G. W. Underwood.

Co. H.—Privates John Gager, A. D. Wilber, Joseph Golden.

RECRUITING IN CONNECTICUT.—During the month of April, the number of recruits enlisted in the State was 436, and in the month of May 144. This number, with those before credited, gives the State an excess, or surplus over all calls yet made, of 4,129. These men will apply on any future requisition.

### Lieut. Alfred Mitchell Goddard,

Born at Marietta, Ohio, June 19th, 1836.

Died at Fort Monroe, May 9th, 1864.

Lieut. Goddard was in business at the Sandwich Islands when the rebellion began. He felt that the career of the reckless men who inaugurated it would be brief—the triumph of the government and the people, speedy and decisive. Months passed, and the rebellion grew into a gigantic struggle. Perceiving this, he left his business at great sacrifice and returned to his country to enlist in her service. He was appointed 1st Lieut in Co. B, 8th C. V. I.—and at once assigned to duty as aid on the staff of Brig. Gen. Harland, who always chooses staff officers having, like himself, generous cultivation and high character. He there remained till February, 1864, performing his duties with enthusiasm and efficiency. But when spring brought prospects of active service, he felt it to be his duty to return to his company, and share the perils and hardships of the men, and to the call of duty he always gave prompt response.

The 8th was ordered up the James river under Gen. Butler. With the sturdy veterans of that splendid regiment he entered the fight for the Richmond and Petersburg railroad, on the 7th of May. It was to him the first battle. He felt somewhat anxious lest he should fail to bear himself with bravery and coolness equal to that of the veterans around him, heroes of many conflicts. He often said, and no doubt with truth, "If I ever flinch or skulk in battle, I hope I shall be shot on the spot. I never wish to survive such dishonor." His anxiety, though perhaps natural, was uncalled for. No man, in the hour of trial exhibited more genuine courage or loftier character. The testimony of Chas. M. Coit, Capt. of Co. B, himself a model of courtesy, courage and truthfulness, is peculiarly satisfying. Capt. Coit in a private letter says:

"I have no words to express my appreciation of his behavior in this his first action. He was thoughtful, considerate and commiserate. Not rash or impetuous, but cool and collected, ready for every emergency, willing for every duty."

"While most bravely fighting and cheering on our men, the fatal bullet struck him and he was taken from the field. As he was carried past me he said that he was wounded, but that he had done his duty. Most truly can I echo those last words. He had done his whole duty and no man could have better conducted himself during the trying hours of that day."

"After the battle I saw Alfred a few moments at the field hospital. He could talk but with difficulty. Said that he did not expect to live, that he was ready to go, that he could trust in his Savior."

"Alfred is truly missed throughout the entire regiment. For the short time that he had been with the regiment, he had in no common degree won the regard and esteem of all the officers."

An officer of Gen. Harland's staff, a true and noble friend, writes thus to the Bulletin:

"May God rest the soul of our martyr-hero. He is no more. But the memories which the thought of him suggests are of the most tender and pleasing character. How kind and unselfish he was! What a sturdy champion for everything just and noble and right! How he loathed oppression and injustice! How he loved his country! The writer of this humble tribute to his memory, was perhaps as intimately associated with Lieut. Goddard as any who welcomed him to the army, and is thus able to understand most

fully what his private views and motives were. Hour after hour he was wont to discuss the causes, horrors, and probable result of this war. He was unsparing in his denunciation of the system of human bondage, and firmly believed this civil war was to do it away. While his heart was tenderly susceptible to the sufferings of both parties in the great conflict, he was filled with determination to fight it to the bitter end."

It was the fortune of the writer of this sketch, to be a fellow passenger from Baltimore to Portsmouth with Lieut. Goddard, when on his way to his untried field of duty, and subsequently to have met him many times. He was a man of high purposes, sincere patriotism and unblemished character. Though he feared that he might flatter in battle, no one else had a doubt of his sturdy bravery. He possessed a clear and active mind—the prompt and accurate habits of a thorough business man—and the reliability, the trustworthiness which springs from conduct invariably honest and honorable. He won the respect and confidence of all—the sincere esteem of many noble men. The high estimation in which he was held by the people of Norwich, was evinced by the immense concourse at his funeral—and the deeply marked solemnity of all.

Lieut. Goddard was buried with military honors, at Norwich on Sunday, May 15th, 1864. An appropriate and eloquent address was delivered by Rev. Dr. Bond, at his church, and an equally impressive and beautiful tribute was spoken at the grave by Rev. Mr. Gulliver.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Court of Common Council of the city of Norwich.

WHEREAS, On Sunday last, the sad duty devolved on this board to participate in the funeral ceremonies of the late Lieut. Alfred M. Goddard of the Eighth regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, whose death occurred in consequence of a wound received in one of the recent engagements near Richmond, and being desirous of expressing our high regard for him as a citizen, and also our admiration of his worth as an officer and soldier, be it therefore

*Resolved*, That this Board, in common with this whole community, mourn his loss, as one whose modest deportment and unsullied character, gave such undoubted confidence of future usefulness, and as an efficient and trustworthy officer, whose courage and bravery now so eminently conspicuous amid the trying scenes of the battle-field.

*Resolved*, That we tender to his widowed mother our profound sympathy in this bereavement, which has deprived her of an affectionate and dutiful son, on whom she had so fondly relied to smooth the pathway of her declining years.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the mother of the deceased, attested by the mayor and clerk.

### Capt. John McCall.

Just one week from the funeral of Lieut. Goddard, Capt. John McCall of the same regiment was buried at Norwich with military and masonic honors. Lieut. Goddard had called Capt. McCall to his bedside just before he died, and entrusted him with messages for his mother. They were never delivered.—How keen the sorrow, how appalling the loss which comes upon us in this stern combat for the nation's life.

Capt. McCall was a prompt, bold, enterprising officer—a soldier by nature. He was stern and harsh when he believed it to be his duty, but in his usual conduct he was generous, just and noble. As a companion he was frank, genial and lively, as a friend manly and true hearted. We subjoin





an excellent sketch of his career by the Hon. John T. Wait, a part of which has already appeared in the *Norwich Aurora*.

In the summer of 1861, when the Government called for 800,000 men to array themselves under the national flag to crush the rebellion, among those who nobly responded to the summons was John McCall of Yantic. He enlisted as a private in Co. D, 8th regiment Connecticut Volunteers. At the election of non-commissioned officers for his company he was chosen a sergeant, and acted as such during the first few months after the regiment had been mustered into service. The death of Lieut. Charles A. Breed and the promotion of Capt. Ward to a majority opened the door for the advancement of young McCall, and he was first appointed second and then first Lieutenant of his company. Skillful as an officer, faithful in the discharge of his duties, and intrepid on the battle-field, he soon won the confidence of his superior officers and was subsequently promoted to the Captaincy of Company K, in which position he remained until his decease. He served under Gen. Burnside during his North Carolina campaign, and participated in the battles of Roanoke Island, Fort Macon, and Newbern; and when the troops who had so nobly sustained the stars and stripes on the soil of North Carolina were called north to aid in driving the rebels from Pennsylvania and Maryland, the 8th Connecticut came with them, and Capt. McCall, ever ready to endure the privations and share the perils of the battle-field, was again distinguished for his coolness and courage in the sanguinary conflicts of South Mountain and Antietam. At the last named battle he was severely wounded by a minie ball in the thigh, and being unable to leave the field with the regiment in their retreat, was taken prisoner, but immediately paroled. He was soon after exchanged, and, as soon as recovery from his wound permitted, again took command of his company.

He was at Fredericksburg under Gen. Burnside—cool, cheerful, ready for any duty. At the siege of Suffolk he was one of the band of two hundred who crossed the Nansemond in broad day light, stormed Fort Huger, and held it in the face of 10,000 rebels—one of the nearest little achievements of the war. Capt. McCall was ordered with company K, of the 8th, to take and hold the rifle-pits commanding the approach to the fort—Capt. McCall was the first man to reach the land, and his part was strictly and gallantly performed.

He was under Gen. Butler in his recent expedition up the James river for the capture of Richmond. In the bloody conflicts that have taken place between the Union and the rebel troops on the banks of that stream, the 8th regiment was placed in the front of the battle, and the family of Capt. McCall received a letter from him, dated but a day or two before he was shot, saying that though many of his comrades had been wounded or killed in the successive struggles, that he had escaped all injury. The next intelligence received by his father was a telegram that his gallant boy was dead.

At five o'clock on Saturday morning, May 14, the enemy had broken the line of Union troops, and were pressing the flank of Brooks' division. There was a severe fire along the whole line—the men lying down and firing. Capt. McCall in a sitting position. The fatal ball passed through his

heart. He rose to his feet saying, "I shall be dead in a minute," and fell backwards dead.

The loss of this gallant comrade and able officer is severely felt by the brave old regiment. He was a general favorite with the officers and men. Few of our young men, who have offered up their lives on the altar of their country, will leave a more unsullied reputation for honor, bravery and patriotism than John McCall.

Lieuts. Breed, Wait, and Goddard, and Capt. McCall, the only commissioned officers brought home to Norwich for burial, are all from the 8th regiment, and lie near each other in our beautiful cemetery on the banks of the Yantic.

The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Court of Common Council of the city of Norwich:

WHEREAS, This Board has heard with feelings of deep regret of the death of Capt. John McCall of the Eighth regiment Connecticut Volunteers, which occurred in one of the recent battles near Richmond, be it therefore

*Resolved*, That in the death of this gallant and truly meritorious officer, this community has lost one of its brightest ornaments, the regiment to which he belonged an able, skillful and courageous officer, ready at all times to share the dangers and privations of the battle-field, and to offer up his life on his country's altar.

*Resolved*, That as a token of respect for one whose conspicuous bravery at the battles of Roanoke Island, Fort Macon, Newbern, South Mountain Antietam and Fredericksburg, so justly command our admiration, we will as a body attend his funeral to-morrow afternoon.

*Resolved*, That we tender to the relatives of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy in this afflicting dispensation of Divine Providence.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the father of the deceased, attested by the mayor and clerk.

## Our Veterans.

NO. FIVE.

### THE NINTH REGIMENT.

The re-enlisted veterans of the Ninth left New Orleans, April 9th, on the Steamer Continental, and after a rapid and pleasant passage, arrived at Long Wharf in New Haven, Friday afternoon, April 15th, at five o'clock.

Brief notice had been given, but the energetic and public spirited committees had made all requisite pre-arrangements for a handsome reception.

On arrival it was discovered that the re-enlisted veterans of the Eighth Vermont were fellow passengers with the Ninth Connecticut. Our hospitalities were cordially tendered to them and gratefully accepted.

Major Mansfield was notified to multiply his rations and with alacrity, amazing to all except the Major, provided abundant and excellent entertainment for all guests expected and unexpected.

The veterans were received at the corner of Chapel and Brewery streets and the procession was formed in the following order:

Second Co. Governor's Horse Guards.

Band.

One Co. of 3d Battalion Veteran Reserve Corps, from the U. S. Rendezvous.

Detachment 2d Battalion Veteran Reserve Corps, from Knight Hospital.

Detachment of 30 men on Recruiting Service, from U. S. Rendezvous.

N. H. Grays, Capt. Northrop.

National Blues, Capt. Hollister.

Governor's Foot Guard, Major Camp.

City Guard, Capt. Richards.

Emmet Guard, Capt. Wrin.

Committee of Reception in Carriages.  
Mayor Tyler, Maj. Gen. Russell, and Father Hart,  
of St. Patrick's Church.  
Ninth C. V. Colonel Cahall,  
Band.

Eighth Vt., Colonel Dutton.

The veterans were received with genuine hearty enthusiasm. The streets and windows were crowded—flags displayed, and houses illuminated along the entire route. Enthusiastic and repeated cheers—the roar of artillery—the enlivening peal of bells—the whir and dazzling light of fireworks, completed the rousing welcome.

People soon grow weary of ordinary military displays—but the return of noble veterans seems at each recurrence to draw out fresh crowds of people, eager to do deserved honor to soldiers of genuine courage and manliness.

The veterans were conducted through the principal streets to the State House, where the bountiful and excellent collation, of which we have before spoken, had been provided under the judicious and energetic supervision of Major B. F. Mansfield.

The men, as soon as seated, were briefly addressed by Mayor Tyler.

#### INTRODUCTORY REMARKS OF MAYOR TYLER.

*Col. Cahall, and Soldiers of the Ninth*.—In behalf of the citizens of New Haven we tender to you our warmest congratulations upon your return to our city. We rejoice that we are able to tender to you our hospitalities. We are happy to meet you. We are proud of the privilege of congratulating you upon your return among us. The Rev. Mr. Hart will address you upon this occasion, and will welcome you to our hospitalities. (Great applause.)

Rev. Matthew Hart of St. Patrick's Church, New Haven, was then introduced, and made them a noble and useful speech. We are indebted to the gentlemanly reporter of the *Palladium* for an excellent report of the address of Rev. Mr. Hart.

*Officers and men of the Ninth Connecticut*.—I have been happy to listen to the words of welcome addressed to you by our worthy Chief Magistrate, Mayor Tyler. He expresses my feelings, and I doubt not he expresses the feelings of the community at large. We have reason to speak of you with pride. We admire your loyalty and bravery. When this war broke out, when those ambitious men who would not obey the nation's voice, nor be governed by the nation's will, undertook to tear asunder this great republic, to ruin our institutions, and to destroy the unity of our government for the purpose of building up an aristocracy upon this continent, for the purpose of perpetuating a state of society in this land incompatible with the laws of progress, of propagating an evil which in the darkest days of the nation's history was but tolerated; when they struck down the flag of our country from its supremacy, you, gallant officers and men of the Ninth, you filled the ranks, and went forth bravely to defend that government you had sworn with solemn oaths to uphold. (Applause.) The humble private in your ranks has deserved well of your country and your country's friends. It has been said that "Republics are ungrateful," but I think you will find here a good exception, as she is an exception to all republics we have known, in liberality, in happiness, and in prosperity. We have always had our eyes upon you. We have watched your career from the time you departed from among us to this day, with an interest bordering upon anxiety. We hoped for great things from you; and I proclaim before you that our hopes have not been disappointed, no, not in a single instance. (Applause.)

We have followed you from Ship Island to Pass Christian since your first encounters in the war, when, after having conquered the fathers you gave bread to the starving children. (Applause.) We followed you to New Orleans. We found you





in the expedition bound for Vicksburg. There many of your noble brothers in arms laid down their lives upon their country's altar. Sacred be their memories to-night. Honored be the graves in which their patriotic dust is laid to rest; and may our country, for which they died, care for their widows and orphaned ones. From Vicksburg we watched your steps to Baton Rouge, now made famous by your exploits, where, after a most desperate contest, lasting for six hours, your gallant Colonel (great applause) was placed in command, by whose efforts the day was won, and the enemy defeated, forced to retire, leaving their dead and wounded in your hands. You have done well. We are proud of you. Other regiments may have fought more than you, because they had it to do. (Laughter.) You have done all the fighting given you to do, and done it well. (Applause.) We honor you, therefore, and were proud of you when we heard of your congratulatory orders and your compliments for discipline and bravery. These orders have been read by our fellow-citizens with the utmost satisfaction. We were proud of you in the gathered dust of battle and in the bivouac, doing and suffering for your country's welfare. (Applause.) Welcome, therefore—we repeat the words of our honored chief magistrate—welcome to the City of Elms.

The reverend gentleman continued in words of excellent caution and advice. "Preserve," said he, "your *esprit du corps*." Live as brothers as well during the short time of your furlough as you have in your past term of service. Live as brothers with us, your fellow citizens, who rejoice to see you once more. You have gained much respect for yourselves far away. I have no doubt you will endeavor to preserve this respect here at home.

Men of the Ninth: let me take the liberty to explain plainly to you what has been the misfortune of the furloughed soldier. It is intoxication. It is a foolish habit to fall into. It may be unnecessary to remind you that a day given to this folly is miserably lost from the time you remain at home. Remember your wives and children. Remember that intoxication will spoil the comfort of your visit and the happiness of those you came home to see. Let none think I am trying to deprive him of rational enjoyment—something to enjoy the rations with. (Laughter and applause.) But men of the Ninth, be careful that your friends do not succeed in killing you with kindness. (Laughter and applause.) In fine, therefore, I bid you welcome and congratulate you upon your safe return home. (Great applause.)

At the conclusion of the address, His Honor Mayor Tyler invited the veterans to help themselves. They responded to the invitation with little delay and much apparent satisfaction.

The Vermont veterans seemed to enjoy the welcome, and particularly the culinary welcome. The latter part they could appreciate equally with the veterans of the Ninth. The Vermonters expressed great gratification and gave rousing cheers for Connecticut and her brave boys of the Ninth and Twelfth. They were escorted to the depot, and about eleven o'clock went on their way refreshed. Their impromptu reception was a fortunate and delightful episode, and will be long remembered with pleasure by men of brave Connecticut, and brave men of Vermont.

The returned veterans of the Ninth number about four hundred, those of the Eighth Vermont three hundred and fifty. Immediately after the collation, the boys of the Ninth were dismissed temporarily, and received their furloughs the first of the next week.

The Officers of the Ninth are the following:

Thomas W. Cahill, Colonel, New Haven.  
Richard Fitzgibbon, Lieut. Col., Bridgeport.  
Frederick Frye, Major, Bridgeport.

COMMISSIONED STAFF:—

Chas. A. Gallagher, Surgeon, New Haven.

Henry Kattenstroth, Adjutant, Bridgeport.  
Thomas Fitzgibbon, Quartermaster, Bridgeport.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.—John Bolger, Sergeant Major; Robert Kerr, Quartermaster Sergeant; Wm. Starkey, Commissary Sergeant; August Ruhl, Hospital Steward; First Musician, John Healy.

CAPTAINS.—Michael A. Williams, Patrick Garvey, John G. Healy, Lawrence O'Brien, Terence Sheridan, Addis A. Payne, Elliott M. Curtis, Thomas Healy.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.—John C. Curtis, Wm. A. Lee, Michael Kennedy, John Carroll, Francis McKeon, Garry T. Scott, Geo. W. Graham.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.—Thos. Connors, Wm. O'Reefe, Jas. Lawler, Thomas L. Wilson, Lewis H. Goodman, David C. Warner, Michael Mullins.

#### *Brief History of the Ninth.*

The Ninth was recruited to the maximum in New Haven, and left New Haven, November 4th, 1861, for Lowell, Mass. A few more men were added, and the regiment left Lowell, November 19th, and Boston November 21st, on the Steamer Constitution, in company with the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts. The regiment arrived at Ship Island, December 3d, and were the first troops to land at that point. They performed a prodigious amount of labor, and suffered great privation and exposure on the white sand of that desert island. The boys of the Ninth might justly have complained much more than they did.

In April, they made a brilliant and successful expedition to Pass Christian, putting the rebel forces to rout—breaking up their camp, and destroying military stores, without losing a man. They here, after handsomely defeating the Fourth Mississippi, captured their colors. They were with Gen. Butler in the expedition against New Orleans, and landed in New Orleans, May 2d, 1862. They marched to Camp Parapet, and thence to Vicksburg, meeting opposition only in a skirmish at Grand Gulf. At Vicksburg they lay for six weeks in June and July—suffering greatly from exposure and consequent disease. Upwards of a hundred died. They then returned to Baton Rouge and took prominent and honorable part in the sharp fight of Aug. 5th, at Baton Rouge. Gen. Williams was killed and the command devolved upon Col. Cahill.

The Colonel acquitted himself admirably, and both the Colonel and his regiment were commended in General Orders. The rebels under Gen. Breckenridge met with decided repulse. The Ninth has since been chiefly employed in guard duty at New Orleans, and outpost duty in various positions of Upper Louisiana. This monotonous life has been roused by occasional reconnaissances, in all of which the men of the Ninth have always exhibited promptness, courage and great powers of endurance. The Ninth expected to join the expedition to Mobile, but was ordered to remain at Madisonville. The regiment was ordered to New Orleans, March 12th, and embarked for home April 8th. The boys have bravely earned the right to a furlough, and are enjoying it to the utmost.

It is pleasant here to record the almost unvarying testimony of the men to the kindness, bravery and efficiency of Col. Cahill. He is evidently a judicious, thorough and enterprising officer. He has proved himself competent to command a brigade for months, and to command a force in heated and critical action. The people of Connecticut will not fail to honor Col. Cahill and the gallant Ninth.

## THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

JUNE, 1864.

"I have acted for my God and my country. May God bless you and help you to act worthy the cause you defend. Never let the old flag trail in the dust! I die happy. The future of my country will be unsullied—glorious!"

*Lieut. Levi C. Bingham, of the 8th C. V.*

Last words to his brother officers and soldiers written just before he died from a fatal wound received May 7th, 1864.

The movements of the past month have been the most gigantic and important of the war. Many brave men have nobly fallen; the nation mourns. Even if complete victory be quickly and grandly won, we shall rejoice with tearful gladness. Yet anguish must not benumb our hearts, nor anxiety paralyze our hands; there is work for all. The utmost exertion and sacrifice by rich and poor alike can alone meet the demand for supplies of every sort. Let every household utter words of vital, prayerful sympathy, and every hearthstone witness self-denying effort for our suffering heroes.

We do not print all the lists of casualties which are in our hands, because we wish to verify them all before publishing. We shall give a careful outline, as soon as it can be accurately prepared, of the several engagements in which our brave Connecticut regiments have won enduring honor.

Much valuable matter is postponed, which will appear in due time. Those who do not find full histories of regiments in which they are interested, are assured that full histories will be published as space permits. We shall print many brief biographies of the fallen brave.

Many of our volunteers who have served bravely and faithfully for three years will return to us within a few months. These men have done their duty nobly, and deserve welcome and praise. Let them be received with grateful rejoicings. Provision should be made for the appropriate and honorable reception of these worthy veterans as they come from the decimated ranks of each war-worn regiment.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the able speech of Senator Foster and other documents from Washington.

The eloquent and appropriate discourse of Rev. H. C. Trumbull to the reenlisted veterans of the Tenth Regiment C. V., was some time since received. It is very handsomely printed by Case, Lockwood & Co. of Hartford.

The report of the Bridgeport Soldiers' Aid Society is received and will be noticed as soon as space admits. The ladies of Bridgeport have labored hard and accomplished much.

Thanks are due to the Adjutant-General of Connecticut for a copy of his valuable annual report. It is full, complete, judiciously and conveniently arranged—in fact, a model of its kind.

The Legislative Statistics of Mr. Goodwin are carefully prepared and exceedingly interesting and valuable.





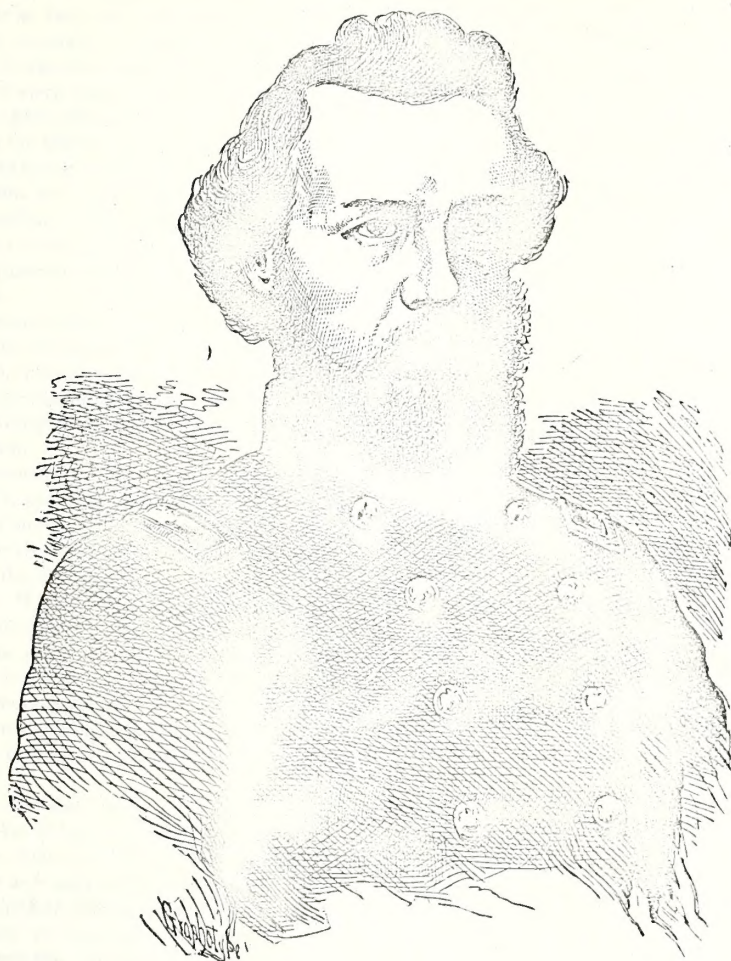
# THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

JOHN M. MORRIS, Editor.  
HORACE C. PECK, Publisher. }

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*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## Col. John L. Chatfield.

Among the gallant sons whom Connecticut has been called upon to mourn, whose valor has shed lustre upon our native state, and whose deeds will form a brilliant page in the history of the present war, no one stands higher in the estimation of all—no one is more deeply lamented—than JOHN L. CHATFIELD, late Colonel of the 6th C. V.

Of his civil life we briefly say that he was born in Oxford, Conn., Sept. 13th, 1826. He was the eldest son of *Putaski* and *Amanda Chatfield*. At the age of 17 he com-

menced an apprenticeship with Messrs. Willis and Lewis Hotchkiss & Co., builders, in Derby, Conn., making his home with Mr. Willis Hotchkiss. He remained there four years, endearing himself to the family and to all who knew him. On the 1st of May, 1848, he was married to Miss Mary A. Riggs in Derby, and remained with the above firm, working as a journeyman, between two and three years, developing unusual mechanical skill and judgment. Leaving them he removed to New Haven and was engaged there with several firms in building and superintending. On the 5th of April, 1850, his wife was taken away, leaving a child born March 11th,

named Walter Henry, who now lives in Derby.

In the fall of 1852 he removed to Waterbury, Conn., and was employed by the Waterbury Lumber and Coal Co., as head mechanic in their Steam Mill, for about three years. He then associated with his brother in the building business, and the firm were widely known as superior workmen and most reliable contractors.

He was again married on the 13th of March, 1855, to Miss Sylvia A. Ainsworth, by whom he had one child, Mary Ida, born March 23d 1858, and now living with the mother in Waterbury.

As a business man he was prompt and honorable, of sterling integrity, possessing the confidence of the entire public, and the hearty esteem of all who knew him. He identified himself with the best interests of the place where he lived, and labored constantly for its prosperity.

It is pleasant thus to do honor to an upright *business man*, but he had qualities which were early developed in another direction.

Col. Chatfield *was born for a soldier*.—Soon after going to Derby he joined a company known as the "Derby Blues," entering at 17 as a private, and before leaving Derby for New Haven holding every office in the company, up to and including the 1st Lieutenantancy.

When he removed to Waterbury he was very active in raising the "Waterbury City Guard," and at its first regular meeting in 1854, Richard Hunting was chosen Captain, and John L. Chatfield 1st Lieutenant.

On the resignation of the Captain, Lieut. Chatfield was chosen Captain, and held the office up to the time of the attack on Fort Sumter.

The "City Guard" were an enviable name for thorough discipline, precision of movement and general military efficiency, consequent upon the perseverance and admirable drilling of Capt. Chatfield, whose whole heart was in the work, and whose influence with his men was unbounded. He took great interest in the measures adopted by the State to make the militia worthy the name of soldiers. He always attended "the officers' drills," and did what he could to infuse the true military spirit into the whole corps.





He was never satisfied with present attainments, but by diligent study, by cultivating the acquaintance of officers of the regular army, and by every means at command, he labored to perfect his knowledge and regulate his practice. To those who looked upon military matters in the light of pastime, and who never troubled themselves about "tactics," except on occasions, it was always a source of wonder how Capt. Chatfield knew so much. He was never at fault, no matter what evolutions were required. The simple secret was, to him it was all a *reality*—a training for the day of stern labor in the field. No one of course believed that such a day would ever come in the history of this nation, but it was none the less an earnest effort with him.

It was in this way that he laid the foundation of that military knowledge and tact that qualified him so well for the battle field, and which has written his name high upon the scroll of fame.

When Treason opened her batteries on Sumter and the call came for 75,000 troops, Col. Chatfield, then Captain of the "City Guard," was among the *first* to tender his services to the Government, and his company joined with him.

The proclamation was issued on the 15th of April, 1861, and on the 20th Capt. Chatfield and his Company, with full ranks, left Waterbury for the encampment at New Haven, and was the *first* company accepted by the Governor. While in camp he was promoted to the rank of Major, and after arriving in Washington, early in June, he was promoted to the Colonelcy of the Third Regiment, vice Arnold, resigned.

The regiment was stationed for some time at Fairfax Court House, nearest to the enemy's lines.

The battle of "Bull Run" occurred on Sunday, the 21st of July, and the brigade of Gen. Tyler, in which were the Conn. troops, fought bravely and stood their ground to the last. Col. Chatfield distinguished himself on that occasion by his coolness and daring. His regiment was the last to leave the field—retiring in such good order that, when a squadron of rebel cavalry dashed down upon them, they simply wheeled into line, delivered their fire, charged bayonets and scattered them life chaff. He also saved a very large amount of public property indeed, nearly the only property that was saved from that day's rout.

When the three months' term expired, Col. C. returned to his home, weary and worn with heavy service, but welcomed with general acclamation. He came home, but not to rest. His country called and he heard, and at the solicitation of the Governor he

took upon himself the task of raising the 6th regiment, of which he was subsequently appointed Colonel.

Few persons know the care and anxiety, the labor and brain-work necessary for such a task, but he accomplished it, and on the 13th of Sept. 1861, was mustered again into the service of the United States, and in a few days left for Washington, with nearly a maximum regiment. But the journey, the long continued care and effort, the exposures by the way and after his arrival on "Meridian Hill," told fearfully upon him. Still he worked on and on, drilling, thinking, looking out for his men like a father for his family, until the day before the order came to move to Annapolis. He had been making a most rigid inspection of his command—spending three full hours in the heat of the day, and came into his tent exhausted. It was the drop too much in his cup of labor. He was attacked violently with the billious remittent fever, and was not able to join his regiment again till Jan. 16th, 1862, at Hilton Head, S. C.

From that time forward he was abundant in labors, doing his duty manfully at Wassau Sound, Daufuskie Island, North Edisto, at James Island and at Beaufort.

At the battle of Pocotaligo, Oct. 22d, he was placed in command of the First Brigade, with the 6th on the right. Of course he led the advance, and found the enemy strongly posted across a causeway, flanked by swamps and thickets. He had formed the whole brigade in line of battle and had just ordered them forward, himself on horseback and in advance, when he received a cannister shot in his right thigh and crawled to the rear alone.

He did not recover from that wound so as to be able to join his regiment till about the 20th of April, following, when he went to Hilton Head, and was at once made commandant of the Post, the 6th being temporarily on Folly Island, under Gen. Vogdes.

In this difficult position he had the unbounded confidence of Gen. Hunter and his Staff, and won golden opinions from officers and soldiers and civilians, for his plain common sense, his close attention to his duties, and for his soldierly bearing and orders.

He remained in this office till July 7th, when, at his own request, he was allowed to join his regiment, still at Folly Island. He did not wish to be absent, he said, when any *active* operations were on foot.

The next day after, he was ordered to take his regiment on a *night* expedition in connection with a detachment of the Seventh C. V.

It was a "forlorn hope,"—the object be-

ing to get possession of Morris Island, by landing a force about midway on the Island, on the Charleston side, and attack the heavy batteries there planted, and at the same time hold any force in check that might come from Wagner, while an attack was made in front. It was a most hazardous undertaking—the men having to move in boats directly into the enemy's lines, by strangely tortuous and untried channels, without the possibility of skirmishing or scouting.

He called his officers about him, told them what they were to do, "*if they could*"—then stopping, and looking them in the eye, "No," said he, "*there is no if—it must be done, and we can do it.*"

Providence ordered otherwise, however. There were not boats enough, and the next day the plan was changed. The troops were put into boats again and ordered to lie in Light House Inlet till the batteries on shore opened fire, and then advance, land, and do what they could; at five o'clock in the morning of the 10th of July, the signal was given, and 40 guns and mortars opened upon the unsuspecting enemy at 400 yards range. They replied briskly, raining shot and shell upon the gathered fleet of boats. One boat only was struck and sunk. The Colonel was near by, cool, helping, giving orders and at the same time advancing his boats as nearly as possible in line of battle, so as to land and move forward at once.

Gen. Strong was in command, and was beside the Col., and as the boats came to shore he jumped out first upon land, hatless and bootless, but full of life. "I do not look much like a Brig. General," said he, "but you look like boys who can fight. Threet cheers for the 6th Connecticut." He then ordered the Colonel to charge the batteries while he went back and brought up the remainder of the troops. The tide was partly out, and the shore somewhat bald, and the boys therefore protected while shot and shell filled the air. According to his usual custom, when charging batteries, he led the men forward till the moment of discharge, then ordered them to lie down, up again and advance, and down again, till near as he wished then. So quick was their double-quick, they were into the batteries and through them before the enemy could fire the already loaded pieces.

These batteries were scattered along the bluffs or sand hills, a distance of about one and one-half miles, each commanding the other, and all capable of holding at bay, as the rebels supposed, 75,000 men, and yet so quick was the advance that the Col. led the men through the whole nine gun and three mortar batteries, capturing all, and taking





over 100 prisoners, without the loss of one man and only a few slightly wounded. It was a most brilliant feat, and elicited the highest praise from the Commander-in-Chief and three Generals who witnessed it. It not only sustained the reputation of the regiment, but placed both the Colonel and his command in the first place among fighting regiments.

From that time forward the Col. was busy, night and day. Every day in company with officers of higher grade, was he called to inspect batteries building, and consulted as to the best means to attain certain ends.

Every day were he and his men under fire and his strength seemed supernatural, so little was he affected by the effort and exposure.

On the 17th of July he had been all night in a drenching rain in the trenches, and on the morning of the 18th came into camp to rest and change ammunition.

Hardly had he and the men dried their clothes and eaten their rations, when they were ordered to the front again. It had been decided to assault Wagner, after a terrific and continued bombardment.

Being the "ranking Colonel" he was assigned a brigade, but modestly declined, saying, "I wish to lead my own regiment, and stand or fall with the boys." His post was the right of the attacking column, but at the request of Gen. Strong he yielded the place to the 54th Mass., colored, saying to the General, "I do not wish to have them run over my men." "Never mind," said the General, "go forward as you think best, and pay no attention to them." The 54th advanced in line of battle. The Colonel led his men in column by companies. The order was, "charge bayonets," and the Colonel went through the line and saw every cap taken off every gun and thus advanced. When Wagner opened, the fire was so terrific and so murderous that it was not wonderful the colored troops, unused to battle, should falter and waver a little. The recoil, such as it was, carried them to the left of the 6th, leaving the front clear. They made their charge on the left and fought well, but the Col. gave the word "charge," "double-quick," and with him at their head, they scaled the outer works, waded through the moat, mounted to the parapet, and went down in among the heavy guns, driving everything before them. No support followed in time, and the enemy seeing them alone opened a triangular fire upon them, and cut them up terribly. The Colonel had his leg shattered below the knee, but he could not bear the thought of being taken prisoner, and attempted to drag himself out of the Fort. He had partially suc-

ceeded, when a shot struck his right hand and knocked his sword from his grasp. Wounded, though he was, he tried to regain it, and only gave out through excessive weakness. The only things he saved were his scabbard and body belt, and these are in the possession of his family.

By dint of great exertion and suffering, assisted by one and another he was finally placed on a cart and removed to the tent of the Sanitary Commission, and was cared for by Drs. Dibble and Marsh for a short time, and then removed to a boat and taken to Beaufort, whence he was removed in a few days to Waterbury.

While on the way to Beaufort he asked after the colors of the regiment. He was told that they were all safe, at least what was left of them. "Thank God, for that!" said he, his eye brightening. "Thank God, for that! I am so glad they are safe; keep them, keep them, as long as there is a thread left."

No man had greater love for the regimental colors. He almost adored them. They were always under his own eye, only taken out on occasions, and then with appropriate honors and under a heavy escort.

He was exhausted, somewhat, by his journey home, but yet glad to be at home. He had exacted a promise from his Chaplain that he would take him to his family when anything befel him, and he faithfully kept his word.

The fears that were entertained at first, became a reality, and on Sunday evening, Aug. 10th, surrounded by his family and few friends, this hero of many battles breathed his last. For several days he had been partially delirious, but during the forenoon a gleam of consciousness was visible—he recognized his weeping family, expressed his entire willingness and readiness to die—bade each good bye, cheerfully, and died without a struggle.

Noble! brave man! He laid himself upon the altar of his country and his country's God accepted the sacrifice and took him to himself!

May his mantle fall on many a man, who shall emulate his virtues and dare to do his deeds!

He was a Christian, not only by profession, but in practice. It was his solace in camp, and it was felt in his regiment and by others around him.

His record is a record of *love*, a record of *honor*, a King might well envy. His brave deeds and noble sacrifice will live on sunlit pages, and in warm hearts, when time shall have stretched its wings over new generations, who shall read the imperishable record

of this wicked rebellion, and bless those whose heroism saved the nation and freedom from destruction.

As his townsman beautifully said, "He lived not to disappoint, but to work out to the full, a bright and glorious destiny—leaving but the simple regret that one, so saintlessly pure, so deeply committed and devoted, should have but one life to bestow on his country and his family."

#### *For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### **Record of Events.**

June 1. Fierce assault on the enemy's position near Cold Harbor. The union lines materially advanced.

June 2. Gallant conduct and severe loss of the Second Connecticut Artillery. Attack of the enemy on the Fifth and Ninth Corps handsomely repulsed.

June 3. Heavy and obstinate attack on the whole rebel line—Union lines pushed forward but no decisive advantage gained—Union losses heavy. Sudden attack of rebels at nightfall, on Gibbon's division, handsomely repulsed.

June 3 to 7. Constant skirmishing and frequent attacks without material advantage to either party. Five successive night attacks by the rebels on advanced positions of the Union army, all repulsed with heavy loss to the rebels. Union losses since June 1st not less than 8,000 killed and wounded.

June 5. Gen. Hunter defeats Gen. W. F. Jones at Piedmont, capturing 1500 prisoners, 3000 stand of arms, three pieces of artillery, with a large quantity of stores. Gen. Jones killed on the field.

June 6. Occupation of Staunton by Gen. Hunter and the destruction of the railroad commenced. Gen. A. J. Smith defeats Gen. Marmaduke at Columbia, Ark. Union loss one hundred and twenty-five killed and wounded.

June 7. Truce of two hours. Dead and wounded lying between the lines of Lee and Meade brought off.

June 8. Morgan enters Kentucky. Gen. Sheridan sets out on his raid. Junction of Gen. Hunter with the forces of Gens. Crook and Averill.

June 9. Advance of Gen. Gillmore and Gen. Kautz on Petersburg. Return of Gillmore without loss. Kautz dashes into the town but retires; losses not more than twenty.

June 10. Defeat and capture of Gen. Hobson and 1500 men at Cynthia's, Ky., by John Morgan. Surrender of Frankfort demanded by Morgan. Gov. Bramlette refuses. Defeat of Gen. Sturgis by Gen. Forrest at Guntown, Miss. Gen. Sturgis loses his entire wagon train, a large amount





of artillery and ammunition, and probably 1000 men.

June 12. Gen. Burbridge defeats John Morgan near Cynthia, killing 300, capturing 400, and dispersing the remainder of the force. Brilliant cavalry fight at Trevilian Station. Gen. Sheridan victorious, with a loss of 575 killed, wounded and prisoners. Rebel loss much heavier. Prisoners taken 370.

June 14. Gradual advance of Sherman's lines on the rebel position at Kenesaw mountain. Rebel Gen. Polk killed.

June 15th to 18th. Constant fighting, and steady advance of the lines at Kenesaw mountain.

June 15. Advance of the 18th Corps on Petersburg. Charge of Brooks' Division, led by the Eighth Connecticut Infantry. Capture of sixteen cannon, several colors and between three and four hundred prisoners.

June 16. Gallant and successful advance of Terry's Division, 10th Army Corps, on the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad. Several miles of track destroyed. Whole rebel army delayed for a day.

June 16 to 19. Repeated and vigorous but unsuccessful assaults on the rebel works at Petersburg. Union losses above 10,000.

June 18. Gen. Hunter makes reconnaissance toward Lynchburg and retires. Loss small.

June 19. The Alabama sunk by the Kearsarge.

June 20. Rebel cavalry attack on White House repulsed with small loss.

June 21. Foster's Division, 10th Corps, crosses to the north side of the James, and entrenches at Deep Bottom, ten miles from Richmond. Union forces advance on the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad.

June 22. Union forces meet with severe repulse at the railroad, 500 killed and wounded, 1800 taken prisoners. P. & W. R. R. cut by cavalry force of Gens. Wilson and Kautz, ten miles south of Petersburg.

June 23. Gens. Wilson and Kautz advance on Petersburg and Lynchburg Railroad, destroying large quantities of stores and fifty miles of the track.

June 24. Sheridan's cavalry attacked while on the way from White House to the James river. He suffers severely, but at length repulses the enemy and inflicts heavy loss on them.

June 27. Vigorous assault ordered by Gen. Sherman, on the position of the enemy at Kenesaw mountain. Union forces repulsed with a loss of 2500. Gens. Wilson and Kautz surrounded on their return, and compelled to abandon wagon trains and prisoners, and a large portion of their artillery.

June 29. Capt. Whittaker of First Connecticut Cavalry and aid to Gen. Wilson, with forty men, cuts his way through to Gen. Meade's Headquarters, bringing intelligence of Wilson's situation. Gen. Sheridan, and also the 6th Corps, sent to the relief of Wilson.

June 30. Main portion of Kautz cavalry reached their old camp.

July 1. Main portion of Wilson's cavalry arrived safely.

#### *For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### Review of Events.

##### NO. TWELVE.

The month opens with the sanguinary operations at and near Cold Harbor. The general and now familiar movement of the army was toward its own left, so as to turn the right flank of the enemy.

The immediate design was to force the enemy's right from Cold Harbor, a point where a road nearly parallel to the enemy's lines meets several roads leading to White House, the new base, and a position very advantageous for an advance to the Chickahominy. The stubborn and bloody fight of June 1st, gave us, in spite of the desperate opposition of the rebels, this position.

Having gained Cold Harbor, the design was to force back the enemy's right across the Chickahominy and effect a passage of the stream between the main body of the enemy and the impenetrable swamps which line the banks of the river a few miles below. This was to be accomplished by continuing the movement to the enemy's right with such celerity as to anticipate the heavy columns of Gen. Lee. The movement was begun on Wednesday night, by the Second Corps, (Hancock's.) This corps marched quickly along the rear of our line and came into position on the extreme left. In the morning the fifth (Warren's) and the ninth (Burnside's) are ordered to retire from the left, and pass to the rear of the line, to compact and strengthen the whole. But the vigilant enemy comprehends the movement and makes a fierce attack on the fifth and ninth, just as they are leaving their entrenchments. The fight becomes general along the line. The movement is delayed through the day. In the night the enemy moved down the river and entrenched. At dawn of June 3d, a tremendous assault was made by the second corps, (Hancock's.) The sixth (Wright's) and the eighteenth (Smith's) followed swiftly and gallantly into the fight. They hurled back the enemy from their breastworks. But the foe massed his whole available force against our foremost divisions. They could not retain the most advanced

positions they had so splendidly carried. They fell back suddenly, with heavy loss, but entrenched themselves far in advance of the line they held in the morning. Yet the main positions were still held by the enemy. The matchless valor and persistency of our troops were unavailing. Our losses since June 1st, had been not less than 8,000.

The Union forces held their advanced positions, and both armies entrenched themselves strongly. Picket firing and skirmishing with frequent assaults and repulses occupied the armies for more than a week.

It became evident that Grant would not again attempt to cross the Chickahominy above the swamps, but would devise a new movement.

The new movement commenced at nightfall of June 12th. It was bold in conception, unparalleled in execution. The enemy, either surprised by the suddenness and celerity of the movement, or too much weakened to attempt an open field fight, made no attack. The entire army, except the Eighteenth Corps, was deliberately marched across the right flank of a powerful opposing army, without the loss of a wagon or a gun, and with a trifling loss of men in some petty skirmishes.

The wisdom of the movement across the James is obvious, whether for immediate attack or for steady advance by siege operations, on the doomed capital of rebellion. The Union forces now have bases of supplies at hand with water communications which cannot be interrupted. The rebels have distant bases with land communications which can be constantly and seriously interfered with. The gunboats can afford material assistance. The country south of the James is less favorable for defense and probably less fortified than on the north side. We have positions of great natural strength and now well fortified, by which to protect supplies, and on which to fall back in case of temporary repulse.

Men often ask why the army was not transported directly to Bermuda Hundreds, so as to precipitate fresh and full ranks against the rebel capital. We should remember that the main purpose is to cripple and scatter Lee's army—and subordinate and accessory to this, to capture Richmond. To this end Lee's army was to be weakened before it entered its strong entrenchments around Richmond.

Besides, a return to Washington would have been in the nature of a retreat, relinquishing the results of dear bought advances, uncovering Maryland to the incursions of Lee, while the army was being transported from Washington and brought into position with Bermuda Hundreds.





Gen. Grant advanced, continually pressing on the right flank of the enemy. He thus compelled Gen. Lee to keep his whole force at hand to be able to withstand him. He compelled Lee repeatedly to change front so as to face him and prevent the cutting off of the rebel communications, and as he advanced compelled Lee to fight to defend the rebel line or to abandon it. Every fight weakened Lee's Army in numbers and in prestige. Meanwhile, Grant moving to his own left, had no long lines of communication, but threw away his old base and took a new one with water communication, first at Aquia Creek, then at White House, and now at Bermuda Hundred. The wisdom of his plan is demonstrated in its execution.

The Eighteenth Corps (Smith's) marched to White House and were sent on transports to Bermuda Hundred, and, on landing, immediately crossed the Appomattox by pontoons at Point of Rocks, and pushed on to Petersburg. An hour before sunset of the 15th the whole corps were in position before the enemy's works. Brooks' division holding the center, Martindale's the right, and Hincks' the left. The order was issued to storm the works. The whole line advanced in splendid style, the charge being led in the center by the heroic fragment called the Eighth Conn. regiment. The assault was a complete success. The enemy fled in confusion, leaving as trophies in our hands 16 guns, several flags, and over three hundred prisoners.

Thus handsomely were the outworks won; but the Eighteenth Corps were not strong enough alone to attempt the second line. The Second Corps (Hancock's) was hourly expected, and had they arrived before dark, the second line might have been carried without serious loss. They arrived too late to make the attack. During the night the rebels were heavily reinforced, and the skill and celerity of movement proved almost unavailing.

It is said that the Second Corps were delayed three hours at the James river, by incorrect information concerning the rations, and thus lost the auspicious moment. How often a single, apparently insignificant, circumstance, may thwart important and otherwise well executed plans.

General Grant, however, decided on a vigorous assault at 6 P. M., of June 16th. The line was formed of the Eighteenth Corps (Smith's) on the right, the Second (now under Birney) in the centre, and the Ninth (Burnside's) on the left. The advance was promptly made; severe fighting ensued, continuing until 9 P. M. and renewed with great vehemence at 4 A. M. of the 17th. On the left the fight was short, but desperate, the

enemy were driven back with heavy loss, the position carried and firmly held. On the rest of the line the enemy held their ground. The renewal of the conflict was fixed at 4 A. M. of the 18th. The skirmishers promptly advanced, but soon reported that the enemy had retired to a new line of works. The Union lines were immediately advanced, and several desperate charges were made against the new line of works, but all were unsuccessful.

For several days both armies were occupied in entrenching themselves, and in frequent skirmishes.

On the 21st, the second Corps, (now under Birney,) the Sixth (Wright's) and Griffin's Division of the Fifth, under command of General Meade, moved across the Petersburg and Norfolk Railroad, against the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad. They found the enemy in force along the road. Early on the 22d the Union troops moved up to the attack. By some misapprehension of orders the Second Corps, in pushing through the woods advanced more rapidly than the Sixth and became separated from them. The keen eyed rebel, General Hill, perceived at once his opportunity, and thrust a division of rebels through the gap, quickly followed with his entire corps and rushed fiercely on the flank and rear of the Second Corps. The sudden onset threw even the veterans into confusion. Several entire regiments were captured, with hardly opportunity to fire a shot. The rout was speedily stayed, and the enemy handsomely repulsed. But before the Union forces were ready to advance the day was spent. Early on the 23d further reconnoissance showed the enemy to be very strongly posted, and our forces retired, having lost five hundred in killed and wounded, and seventeen hundred in prisoners.

The several disasters near Petersburg are disappointments alike to the people and to General Grant. The Union losses from June 15th to the 23d inclusive were not less than ten thousand.

These failures will protract the campaign and summon us to continued anxiety and sacrifice, but let us be patient and hopeful. On the 3d of July, 1863, nearly everybody at the North had abandoned the hope of capturing Vicksburg. The forces of General Grant win when we least expect success.

The subsequent days of June were spent in the usual entrenching, manoeuvring and skirmishing.

#### OPERATIONS OF GEN. BUTLER.

The vigorous assaults of the enemy on the works at Bermuda Hundred, during June

1st, 2d and 3d, were easily repulsed, and heavy loss inflicted.

On the 9th, a force commanded by Gen. Gillmore, and consisting of Hawley's Brigade of Infantry, a Brigade of colored troops under General Hincks, and the Cavalry Brigade of Kautz, advanced on Petersburg. Meanwhile a diversion was made by batteries and gunboats against "Fort Clifton." Our forces easily drove in the pickets and reconnoitered the enemy's works with trifling loss. General Gillmore believed them too strong to be carried by his force and leisurely retired. Meanwhile General Kautz made a detour of the town, forced the entrenchments, galloped into the streets and engaged the enemy briskly. But General Gillmore had retired and the rebels concentrated their forces against General Kautz, and compelled him to retire, with a loss of twenty-five men.

General Gillmore has been severely censured for his conduct in this affair, and it would seem as if he ought at least to have kept the enemy engaged while Kautz was operating in the rear, so as to have taken advantage of any favorable turn of affairs. Yet rebel re-enforcements might have been not far distant, while he could expect none. Besides, we do not know the nature of his orders. It is difficult to criticise until we are in possession of all the facts.

On the 16th the enemy in his haste to re-enforce Petersburg greatly weakened his line in front of General Butler. The General immediately dispatched General Terry, with a portion of the 10th Corps, to penetrate the rebel lines and tear up the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad. The task was gallantly and skillfully performed, the track torn up for several miles and the whole rebel army delayed for a day by the saucy daring and cool persistence of a single Division of troops.

On the 21st of June, Foster's Division of the Tenth Corps, very presumptuously crossed the James and entrenched themselves at Deep Bottom, ten miles from Richmond, in a very strong position, protected on both flanks by gunboats. A considerable force of rebels are posted at a distance and have made slight but entirely ineffectual attempts to dislodge our men. We still quietly remain threatening the approaches to Richmond from the North side of the James.

#### OPERATIONS OF THE CAVALRY.

On the 18th of June General Sheridan set out from the Army of the Potomac to advance on the Virginia Central Railroad, with the purpose, it is supposed, of destroying the Railroad beyond repair, and co-operating





with Gen. Hunter in the capture of Charlottsville and Gordonsville, perhaps to push on to Lynchburg. He proceeded without serious opposition until he neared Trevilian Station, when he was confronted by the rebel cavalry. A brilliant engagement followed, (on the 12th,) in which the rebels were handsomely beaten with heavy loss of killed and wounded, and three hundred and ninety prisoners. General Sheridan on the next day proceeded to tear up the railroad and commenced the advance on Gordonsville. But learning that a large force of infantry were concentrating to meet him, he withdrew without accomplishing the main object of his expedition.

On the 21st of June, the Third Division of Cavalry Corps (Wilson's) with Kautz's Division (of Butler's force) set out with the Union Infantry forces under General Meade. The disastrous repulse of the infantry has been already related. The movement of the cavalry was a decided success. They struck the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad ten miles below Petersburg, then advanced to the Petersburg and Lynchburg, and Richmond and Danville roads. Fifty miles of road were utterly destroyed, with repair shops, locomotives, trains and immense quantities of supplies. General Wilson reports that the Richmond and Danville road cannot be repaired within forty days, if all the material were at hand. The vast injury done roused the enemy to frantic exertions for the total destruction of the whole force. They were surrounded while returning by vastly superior numbers, instructed to butcher every man. But our forces resolutely cut their way through, coming in at last, worn and haggard, with the loss of wagon trains and considerable artillery, and not a few gallant men. It was, on the whole, a telling movement, thoroughly and splendidly executed.

#### OPERATIONS OF GEN. HUNTER.

On the 5th of June Gen. Hunter achieved a complete victory at Piedmont, killing the rebel Gen. W. F. Jones and dispersing his forces, capturing 1500 prisoners, 3 guns, and 3000 stands of small arms. The next day he occupied Staunton, destroying foundries, factories, and railroads, and capturing a large quantity of stores. On the 8th he effected a junction with the forces of Gens. Crook and Averill. He doubtless expected also to be here joined by Gen. Sheridan with his cavalry, and to move on to Charlottsville and Lynchburg. But he moved, without Gen. Sheridan, directly down the valley, inflicting at every step immense damage on the rebels. He struck the Lynchburg road at Liberty, destroyed it

for many miles, and arrived before Lynchburg on the 18th. Upon reconnoissance he found it too strong to be captured by his force and retired with small loss, marching westward, destroying the railroad as he moved.

Gen. Hunter has been censured for failing to capture Lynchburg. He doubtless intended to take the city and failed accomplishing his design. But it should be remembered that he was disappointed of coöperation by the cavalry of Gen. Sheridan and that the serious check of our forces at Petersburg may have enabled Lee to send forces to strengthen for a short time that important point. Gen. Hunter's forces returned by the way of Canby's Bridge to Charleston, West Virginia, thence to Parkersburg, and from Parkersburg by rail to Martinsburg.

#### AFFAIRS AT THE WEST.

On the 8th of June, John Morgan entered Kentucky by way of Pound Gap, boasting great things. On the 11th he defeated and captured Gen. Hobson and 1500 men—on the 12th was terribly whipped by Gen. Burbridge, and his whole force scattered and demoralized. His forces made expeditious retreat in small squads, by various roads, hard pursued by our victorious cavalry.

Affairs on the Mississippi are in a very confused and unsatisfactory condition. Guerrillas seem almost unchecked to overrun Mississippi, Arkansas and Southern Missouri.

The defeat of Gen. Sturgis with 5000 infantry and 3000 cavalry, at Guntown, Miss., was a serious disaster, resulting in the loss of a large wagon train, much artillery and at least 1000 men.

This unwelcome appearance is relieved by a single small but brilliant victory at Columbia, Miss., by Gen. A. J. Smith, over the rebel Gen. Marmaduke.

Affairs in the Gulf department are not exciting. Gen. Canby is busily engaged in reorganization and preparation for active work.

#### AT CHARLESTON.

Gen. Foster is feeling the force and trying the positions of the enemy. We may hope to hear a good report from this able and energetic commander.

#### OPERATIONS OF GEN. SHERMAN.

Gen. Sherman persists in his steady victorious advance on Atlanta. His army is worn by fatigue, decimated by disease and battle, yet onward, with sublime endurance and heroism they advance, driving all before them.

One serious repulse, with heavy loss, at

Kenesaw Mountain, June 27th, caused temporary apprehension lest the army of the Cumberland might fail, but even that heroic assault, at first apparently so fruitless, was speedily followed by the evacuation and precipitate flight of the enemy. Our weary but invincible troops are pressing on close to their heels. Good reports come of great success.

When the full history of this campaign is written it will be a record of heroic fortitude, invincible courage, and chivalrous individual daring, unsurpassed by any army of any nation, in any age of the world.

The rebel cavalry occasionally ride across General Sherman's communications, disturbing him however but little. He aims to keep on hand close to his army a large quantity of supplies, and thus can readily endure brief interruptions, and the rebels can make only such.

#### THE KEARSARGE AND THE ALABAMA.

Rarely has news more gratifying come to incredulous ears than that the Kearsarge had sunk the Alabama. The first real fight of the boastful pirate was her last. The Alabama was the heavier vessel, carrying one more gun than the Kearsarge, and using in the action two more. The crew of the Kearsarge was larger by twelve or thirteen men. The Kearsarge protected her wheel houses by hanging chains, but it was in no sense an iron clad. It was a fair, open contest between well matched opponents, and was decisive of the relative merits of Yankee and British ships and crews. It proves, and the spiteful anger of John Bull shows that he feels it, to prove, the decided superiority of vessels built, armed and equipped in the Yankee style over the vaunted British style, and the vast superiority of the Yankee crew in coolness and skill, over the crew trained on a British man of war, but serving on a piratical deck. The thrilling incidents of heroism and devotion to Semmes, which crowd the columns of the English papers, are gross fabrications to tickle the ears of English sympathizers, and console the desolate hearts of exiled traitors. *The fact is*, the crew had not heroism enough to make a good fight. When confronted by a ship and crew that could fight and would fight, when the stern business was to sink or be sunk, then they had not self-possession enough or skill enough to do first rate execution. Nor does the "for God's sake help me, I'm the Captain," nor the piteous beseeching to keep him out of the hands of the commander to whom he had formally surrendered, convey to us a high opinion either of the chivalry or honor of Captain Semmes. The truth is, that they





were soundly whipped, and escaped from their conquerors by the mean connivance of a base neutral, representing a nation whose history is steadily disgraced by uniform disregard of justice and honor towards the United States. The last fact detracts much from the glory and satisfaction of the triumph. Yet let us remember, that for the welfare of commerce, for the reputation of our navy and the terror of pirates, this splendid achievement is both timely and *serviceable*.

On the whole, the events of the month, while they assure us of final triumph, are such as admonish us to continued patience, diligence and energy.

## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### From the First Artillery.

HEADQUARTERS SIEGE ARTILLERY,  
IN THE FIELD, NEAR BERMUDA HUNDRED,  
June 23, 1864.

This Regiment (the 1st Conn. Artillery) left the defenses of Washington on the 11th of May, and embarked that night, in a drenching rain, on board transports at Alexandria. On the morning of the 14th, we disembarked at Bermuda Hundred, on the James, from which place we marched through the mud and rain, about six miles, to the line of intrenchments. The daily papers have given you details, not always correct, however, of what has been going on here since that time.

Immediately upon our arrival, Colonel Abbot was placed in command of all the siege artillery of these works, none of which was then in position. He was soon afterward appointed acting Chief of Engineers of these lines. Under his direction, our regiment, assisted by Colonel Sorrell's Regiment N. Y. Vol. Engineers, proceeded to strengthen the lines, which had been admirably laid out by Captain Farquhar, then Chief Engineer of this Department. Our guns were soon placed in position. The lines extend from near the "Centre House," on the James, on the right, to "Point of Rocks," on the Appomattox, on the left, with a redoubt on the other side of the Appomattox at Spring Hill, opposite "Point of Rocks,"—a pontoon bridge now extending across the river between these points.

Upon our arrival here, Major Cook, with the Third Battalion, was placed on the right; Major Trumbull, with his Battalion, (the Second,) from near the left of the sally port, extending left to include redoubt No. 3, and the First Battalion between them. Un-

der the command of Major Cook is redoubt one, Co. B, Capt. Brooks, in front of which is a small redoubt, in which, with other troops, is Lieutenant Bangs, Company M, with part of that company.

Redoubt No. 2, was originally under the command of Captain Gillette, Co. A, the redoubt and parapet on each side being manned by Companies A and L, (Captain Pride.) Companies C and E were sent out under the command of Major Cook, on the 16th, on picket duty, for about thirty-six hours. Since when no picket or infantry duty has been done by the regiment. About the 18th, Captain Pierce, Co. C, was placed under command of redoubt six, Company L. Captain Pride was also placed in relief, and Captain Gillette, Company A, of a redoubt on the extreme left of the line, near Point of Rocks; Captain Rockwell, First Connecticut Light Battery, then succeeding Captain Gillette in redoubt two. Soon after this an advanced redoubt was placed in front of redoubt six, under the command of Captain Pride with Company L, assisted by a detachment of Baker's Cavalry (dismounted,) and quite recently Captain Gillette has been changed from the redoubt at Point of Rocks, and is now in command of redoubt six, with Companies A and E,—Capt. Pierce, with Co. C, being in command of redoubt eight, which is armed with guns captured from the enemy at Petersburg. A water battery was also established lower down on the James, opposite the point where our Monitors lie. This was manned by a detachment from Company H, Lieutenant Dimock. A day or two since, Captain Hubbard, with the whole of Company H, were transferred to this command. There is also a small redoubt in front of number three, in which is Lieutenant Turner, with a detachment from Company F, assisted by a detachment of Langdon's Light Battery.

Captain Osborn, with Company G, was sent, some weeks since, to the redoubt on Spring Hill, opposite Point of Rocks, and Captain Burton, with Company I, a few days since, to the lines near Petersburg, with three thirty pound Parrott rifled guns, under the command of General Smith. Captain Bingham, with Company D, was sent yesterday to near the same point with additional guns.

From the 18th of May until the present, the regiment has been frequently under heavy fire,—our return fire being mainly from batteries Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, the advance redoubt of Captain Pride, redoubt at Spring Hill, and water battery. Lieutenant Dimock was wounded in the side slightly by a

fragment of a shell from the enemy, a day or two since.

On the 27th of May, Sergeant W. H. H. Bingham, Company G, with William B. Watson, Company H, John Riley, H. G. Scott, James R. Young and John Keaton of Company I, all privates, were returning with soldiers from other regiments from furlough, when nearly opposite William's Landing, on the James, the boat was stopped by order of General Wilder, then in command there, and volunteers called for to aid in a fight then going on at the point, the enemy being in strong force there under Fitz Hugh Lee. These six men volunteered, and were placed in charge of a ten-pound Parrott rifle gun, which they served with great effect upon the enemy, contributing in a very great degree to the important success of that day. The enemy approached within one hundred and seventy-five yards of our works there in massed columns of attack, and the effect of this gun, double-shotted, was terrific, compelling the enemy to withdraw.

Captain Pride, with Company L, had the honor of participating in another quite brilliant though short affair on the 25th of May. The enemy had driven in our pickets and captured two companies of the Seventh Connecticut, in the woods in front of this redoubt, compelling our picket line to fall back. Captain P. opened upon them with cannister, with deadly effect, causing them to retreat to cover. He sent out all his garrison excepting twenty-one men left to man the guns in the redoubt—at first forty of the cavalry and twenty-one of Company L, with instructions to form a junction with such of our pickets as had remained in line, and soon after Lieutenant Rogers of Company L, with the remainder. The rebels at this time waved a white flag from the point at which the cannister had been fired. As our skirmish line advanced to the flag, twenty-three of the enemy surrendered. The enemy suffered severely by the fire from Pride's howitzers, losing their Colonel, (Dantzler, 22d S. C.)

Our siege train has just arrived at City Point. We are of course much gratified with the honor of conducting two siege trains during this war.

On the 23d of May we lost, by expiration of term of service, three hundred and forty-nine men,—about five hundred having re-enlisted as Veteran Volunteers.

Sergeant Tucker, Company A, remained for thirty days longer. He was slightly wounded, a day or two before he concluded to remain, not enough, however, to prevent his attention to duty. His noble example





has reflected great credit upon himself. He was yesterday discharged from the service, and has the pleasing consciousness that he has won the respect of all his officers and comrades. General Butler, with his own hand, wrote at the bottom of his discharge these words:

"Sergeant Tucker most loyally remained with his regiment, after his term of service expired, doing his duty most gallantly. No soldier stands better with his officers.

[Signed,]

BENJ. F. BUTLER,  
Major-General Commanding.

To this Colonel Abbott added a letter most highly complimentary to him. Sergeant Tucker may well be proud of his position. Colonel Abbot offered to recommend him to Governor Buckingham for a commission. This, however, he declined accepting.

The casualties of the regiment since we reached these lines are as follows, viz:

*Killed*.—Privates Wm. H. Quintan and Wm. Rolleston, Co. I; Jas. McCormick, Co. K; Chas. C. Pollard, Co. G.

*Wounded*.—Lieut. George Dimock, slightly; privates William Murphy, Co. F; John R. Miller, Co. D.

I am very respectfully,

Yours truly,

NELSON L. WHITE,  
Lt. Col. 1st Conn. Art'y.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### From the Twelfth Regiment.

CARLTON, LA., June 21st, 1864.

MR. EDITOR—There is a concert in my tent to-night. Not vocal—we have very few singers in the Twelfth—not by the band, they are just going on the parade to give us the tattoo—but a certain winged insect called the "mosquito," has gathered its forces and is holding carnival to-night; perhaps they are rejoicing that we are to move soon. The orders came this morning "at a moment's notice, in light marching order;" we know what that means, exactly. The order did not surprise us, nothing does, but the five companies, B, C, E, F and K, who had just left and had fitted up for themselves clean and nice quarters in Carlton and at the great hospital half a mile below us, were taken aback a little, to be relieved by a dirty, ungoverned set of men this morning, and ordered to report back to the camp they had vacated three days ago. There is no great loss without some small gain, however. We hope the yellow fever will not visit New Orleans this summer, but no mortal man can tell, and if it should, we should prefer to be somewhere else; besides, we have been educated at the front, and although it is pleasant on some accounts to guard Q. M. stores and railroad trains, we

prefer to be where the telling blows are struck. In the great onward march of our glorious army the Nineteenth Corps must not be idle; they do not care to be, and probably will not be.

MR. EDITOR, do you know what heat is? Does old Sol come down ever in New Haven so that you draw breath as men do rations, two to get one? We get more than hot in this flat country. The sweat runs until not a dry thread is on a man, and all at once he begins to shiver, and cold chills run over him. He drops his gun, drops himself, and shakes as if he would tear his body in pieces. No amount of covering warms him until the shake is over; then follows a fever, his pulse at 130 and his body parched for an hour or two. Every other day an hour earlier these seasons of chill and fever come on and sometimes for weeks and months baffle the skill of the surgeon and claim the man as their prisoner. If there is anything that will take the starch out of a man it is a good chill. He feels so mean that he will eat as daily food that terrible bitter medicine, quinine. It is about the only thing that will affect them. Such are some of the pleasant little incidents that make up our life.

The appearance of the Twelfth regiment has improved daily since we arrived here. The men vie with each other in keeping themselves and their equipments untarnished.

The guard mounting at 7 A. M. and dress parade at 6 P. M. show as bright guns and brasses and clean clothes, and nicely blacked shoes, as any regular regiment. We believe in these things. It is a part of a soldier's duty as much to keep his clothing and equipments clean as it is to stand guard. How much the discipline of our army might be improved by proper attention to these things. A nice looking soldier with a shining gun and brasses that are bright as a mirror will think much more of himself. He will not be half as likely to do a thing discreditable to the service. For that reason, perhaps, the behavior of the members of the Twelfth is very highly spoken of both by the General in command and by citizens whose premises and persons they guard. Sickness increases as the summer advances. At this season of the year every effort should be made to give the soldiers as many vegetables as possible. Their living is hard enough at best. It is they who carry the muskets, who make the sacrifice in this war. It is they who endure the hardship.

Some of the men who were left behind in Connecticut have been reported dead; we believe, however, the Provost Marshal will bring them to life again. Among all the

efforts at improvements we think the band has tried as hard to perfect themselves as any class. Their music is so good that the men have determined to help the officers bear the burden of their support.

Well, friends in Connecticut, here goes for the front. Dress coats, shoulder scales, white gloves, go into that large box and stay in New Orleans till Richmond falls, and Atlanta is ours—shall we add, till peace comes to us again. God grant us a decisive conflict.

Yours,

J. H. B.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

#### From The Sixteenth Regiment.

CAMP OF DETACHMENT, 16TH CONN. VOLS. }  
ROANOKE ISLAND, N. C., June 22d, 1864. }

MR. EDITOR:—There have been two more raids, excursions, or expeditions made during the present month; one at Edenton and the other to Hertford, a thriving place some twelve miles from Edenton. The result was in each case successful, and lumber, &c., was brought back in large quantities, with the loss of one man who deserted at Hertford. The deserter was formerly in the rebel army belonging to a Texas regiment, and had but recently joined the Sixteenth. Another of the new recruits, while on guard, two or three weeks ago, was found dead a few rods from his beat by the relief sentry, he having fallen in a fit and died before he was discovered. His name was Samuel Johnson, and his friends reside in Baltimore or Washington. Our regiment is kept up with at least an attempt at the old style; dress parades weekly, astonishing the gazing assemblers who stare with undisguised wonder at the novel sight. Capt. Barnum acts as Colonel, Capt. Pomeroy, the only commissioned officer with us except the Captain commanding, acts as Major; 1st Sergt. Robinson acting Lieut. in command of Co. H; Sergt. Fenn acts as Lieut. in command of Co. Q, and Sergt. Roys as Adjutant. Then we have a Corporal (Carter) to act as Sergt. Major, and frequently privates act as Corporals. It really seems as though all we wanted to enable us to get along very comfortably as a regiment was a few competent men to act as privates. There seems to be the sticker. The men can be found for all the other branches of the business, but an *eligible opportunity awaits a few competent men to act as privates*. Surgeon Meyer has not yet joined the regiment and it is doubtful if he does at present. He is an excellent surgeon and his presence will be welcome to all of us who have ever had occasion to come under his care. The health of the regiment is good at present, but at the same time we would like to see the pleasant face of the doctor.

ROANOKE.





*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### From the Fourteenth Regiment.

CAMP OF THE 14TH CONN. VOLS.  
11 MILES NORTH OF RICHMOND, VA.,  
June 9th, 1864. }

MR. EDITOR:—In compliance with your request I send you a list of the casualties in this regiment from the commencement of the campaign up to the present date. I cannot attempt at this time to give you an account of what the regiment has done. Suffice it to say that we have taken a part in all the movements of the Second Corps, and have been engaged some seven or eight times, not wholly without credit to the regiment.

Colonel Carroll, our brigade commander, who is a regular officer and one of the best in the army, told us that in the battles of the 5th and 6th "the Fourteenth did nobly, men couldn't have done better." This we consider high praise, coming from such a source.

In the charge made by our corps upon the morning of the 12th of May, after pursuing the fleeing enemy for some distance beyond their entrenchments, we turned upon them their own cannon, and worked them with some effect. Lieut. Colonel Moore was particularly active in this, and was ably assisted by our Sergt. Major and Orderly Sergeant Bradley of Madison. Capt. Nickols of Norwich, with a small guard took back to Corps Headquarters a large number of the captured rebels.

When we left our winter quarters on the Rapidan, we had about three hundred and fifty fighting men. Our loss has been somewhat over half that number, and many of those who have left us are men whom we could ill afford to lose. Among them are such men as Henry Lyon of New Haven, our Color Bearer, Sergt. Charles M. Scoville of New Britain, and Sergt. Edwin Stroud of Middletown. Stroud is the man who single-handed captured and brought in five armed rebels at Bristol's Station last fall.

Three of our little company of officers, Captain Fiske and Lieuts. Shalk and Wadhams, were killed or have since died of their wounds. Their memory will always be very precious to us. The friendship between us was of no common order. It had been strengthened by the many dangers and hardships we had passed through together, as well as by the social intercourse of the past winter. Perhaps at some future time I may be able to give you some little sketch of the men and their services.

We now number about ten officers and one hundred and seventy-five men, a number of our men who have been absent in hospitals or in camps paroled, having joined us

again within the past few days. We are in hopes that some of our number at least, may be spared to witness and participate in Grant's triumphal entry into Richmond, but all feel convinced that more hard labor and fighting awaits us before that object can be attained. The Fourteenth forms a part of the Third Brigade of the Second Division of the Second Army Corps.

Our Corps commander is Hancock, our Division commander, Gibbon, our Brigade commander was Colonel (now General) Carroll; since he was wounded the Brigade has been commanded a part of the time by Colonel Ellis of our regiment, and a part of the time by Colonel Smyth of the first Delaware, the senior officer.

Yours truly, H.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### From the Second Conn. Light Battery.

ALGERS, LA., June 21st, 1864.

The Battery left Brashear City on the night of the 17th inst. and arrived at daylight the next day at this place. We have gone into park, temporarily, near the depot, and as we understand, are awaiting transportation to some point up the river. Our destination is supposed to be Morganza. Just previous to our leaving Brashear City our section of the battery went on a reconnoitering expedition up the Teche country. We were accompanied by cavalry and infantry, and two gunboats. The object of the expedition was to ascertain whether any force of the enemy were in our vicinity. Some attempts had been made by Dick Taylor's forces to cross the line of the Atchafalaya, but without success.

The right section of the battery under Lieutenant Hotchkiss has just joined us. This section has been on detached service at Thibodaux for some months. Several men who were sent thither under Lieutenant Gray to man a couple of howitzers to operate with cavalry have also returned to the battery. We have a full complement of men, although a few will be left here in the hospital. The weather is getting to be very warm, but having become acclimated we are enabled to perform any duties to which we are assigned. We are expecting active service in General Bank's army.

UNION.

Corp. Chas. E. Young, son of the late Charles Young of New London, of the Fifty-seventh Massachusetts regiment, was killed in one of the late battles in Virginia.

Warren S. Smith, of the 2d Vermont, who has been a brave and faithful soldier from the beginning of the war, and was killed on the 13th ult. was a native of Hartford, and a son of the former standard bearer of the Phalanx.—*Hartford Post.*

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### From The Eighth Regiment.

CAMP OF THE 8TH REGIMENT, CONN. VOLS.,  
CHESTERFIELD CO. VA., June 20, 1864. }

FRIEND MORRIS:—Another month of the unparalleled campaign has passed; another month of marching and fighting. Gen. Grant engages in war as other men engage in the ordinary avocations of life. He is neither ashamed nor afraid of his work, but adapting his plans to developing circumstances persistently presses forward. Unless the old adage, "Where there's a will there's a way," now for the first time proves untrue, then Richmond, like Fort Donelson and Vicksburg, will surely fall, even if to accomplish it the campaign last a full twelve month.

Following the date of my last, a few days were spent by the Eighth Conn. in strengthening the fortifications between the James and Appomattox rivers. On the afternoon of May 28th, our corps, (the 18th,) and part of the 10th, Major Gen. W. F. Smith of the 18th Corps commanding the whole, moved to Bermuda Landing, where all embarked for some, to us unknown, destination. And here let me say, that if Gen. Grant's plans are as completely unknown to the rebels as to his own soldiers, no wonder they are puzzled. The beautiful Sabbath sun of May 29th saw us gliding down the noble James river. Monday we ascended the York, and after too many delays to be mentioned,—(government transports are supposed to be paid "by the day," and time spent aground may be no loss to the owners; but hours seem long when men are packed, as we were, like cattle, into every nook, corner or space of a leaky old barge whose water tanks were empty)—after too many oaths to be respectable, and some singing and praying, for we held our Sabbath services even there, we reached White House at sunset, and in time were again upon "sacred soil." Our position secured a firm base for the Army of the Potomac, and the next P. M. we advanced rapidly towards Richmond. The following morning, June 1st, we resumed our march, and although considerable time and strength were lost in turning towards New Castle on the Pamunkey, and returning again, by mistaken orders, yet about 3 o'clock P. M. we formed a junction with Grant's advance near Coal Harbor, and immediately prepared to press the foe. The whole of Gen. Smith's command was weary with marching in excessive heat, and almost blinding, suffocating clouds of dust. But our lines of battle were soon formed, and immediately advanced in the direction of the rifle crack of the skirmishers. The fight was sharp and continued until dark. The enemy were driven along the whole line. In front of our brigade two lines of rifle pits were carried by charge, a strong position was taken and the Eighth C. V. left in the front for the night. Monday night revealed strong rebel entrenchments and sharpshooters only a few yards in our front. Further advance at that point would cost too many lives, and we in turn entrenched and eyed the enemy. In holding this ground we were constantly exposed more or less to rebel bullets, and each day some brave boys fell. During the first four days of June twenty-five were cut down. This might not seem a large number in some regiments; but it more than decimated our already reduced ranks. All our casualties at Coal Harbor were thirty-seven; six were killed on the field and three mortally wounded.





Of these last I must say a few words respecting one, whose loss is felt by us all. I refer to Albion D. Brooks, Orderly Sergeant of Co. A. In early life he gave himself to Jesus Christ, and hoped to become a minister of His Gospel. At the commencement of this war, he was studying to prepare for that work. But the call of his country seemed to him the call of God. Like many a noble youth he left the school for the camp—the Classics for the Tactics and Manual of Arms. Unlike too many in our army, he did not leave his piety at home. He entered the army to serve God, and he did serve God. In the tent, on the march, in the trenches, in the hour of death, he manifested a power controlling heart and life. Enough of the old man was exhibited to show its native character; but it was subdued by grace. We think that he only found his congregation and was preaching in the army sooner than he would have entered the pulpit, if he had remained at home. When the regiment re-enlisted, Brooks was prompt to enroll himself among the veterans; but even then he did not relinquish the hope of earlier days, but still improved his leisure hours in camp, pursuing Latin and Greek. He was wounded on the morning of June 2d, and died on the evening of the 8d. He suffered severely, and keenly felt the disappointment of life cut short, but often said, "God's will be done." When the messenger was evidently near, he looked up to us who stood around him and calmly said, "I am going." Then closing his eyes he slowly repeated, "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end." Thus he left us; and we felt that even amid the roar of cannon and the groans of the dying it is good for the Christian to die. "He has fought a good fight, he has kept the faith."

Sunday, June 12th, we again received marching orders. The 18th Corps returned to the White House, and on Monday morning again embarked. Tuesday P. M. brought us back to Bermuda Hundred. Wednesday morning, June 15th, we crossed the Appomattox, at Point of Rocks, and moved towards Petersburg. Gen. Smith's command accomplished honorable work that day. Sixteen pieces of artillery, four hundred prisoners, and a position commanding Petersburg, were captured. In this result the Eighth Connecticut bore no insignificant part. After the capture of the outer line of rebel works by General Hink's Division, (colored,)—all agree that they did nobly—our Division moved to the front; and about 10 A. M., our regiment deployed as skirmishers. The rebels retired before our rifles until we were confronted by their second line of works, about three quarters of a mile from their first. Our men held even a part of their line of rifle pits and prevented the use of at least one of their guns. During the P. M. the skirmish line was strengthened by the 15th New Hampshire, and a detachment of the 118th New York, both belonging to our Brigade. About five o'clock it was supported by a heavy line of battle and ordered to advance. To cross the open ground, descend into the ravine in front of the works, and then attempt to enter a well built and, as was supposed, a well manned Fort, seemed certain death. But strange to tell, as the line advanced few men fell, and the skirmishers alone charged up the embankment, leaped over the parapet, and captured guns, colors, men and all before the line of battle could come up. We are told that General Smith, as he saw the result from an eminence near by, leaped and shouted for joy;

adding that he felt like giving a commission to the whole regiment that had done that gallant deed.

Our casualties that day were, two killed and seventeen wounded. Of the dead, Fitz G. Hollister, Sergeant of Company I, was as worthily a man as ever graced the ranks of the Eighth. He was diffident but intelligent, retiring but influential and faithful even unto death, both to God and his country. He is embalmed in the hearts of all who really knew him. Dead, he yet lives.

While the Army of the Potomac was coming up, we lay supporting our batteries upon the heights which we had captured. On the evening of Friday the 17th, being relieved, we re-crossed the Appomattox to the camps which we had captured twice before. Yesterday was to us a Sabbath indeed. Saturday had been a day for washing and sleeping. Men who have served in the army alone know how such a day is improved. Sunday morning dawned calm and beautiful as formerly in our New England homes. But, as if designed to insult both God and man, an order came summoning a large part of the regiment to fatigue duty. An hour later, however, the detail returned with some smiling countenances. General Smith *in person* had relieved them and told them himself that he did not feel willing to have his men work on Sunday. In our services that day we publicly thanked God and have taken courage.

During the whole of this month the regiment has been deprived of its superior officers. Colonel Ward has not yet been able to return to duty. Lieut. Colonel Smith is on the sick list and in the hospital; we have no Major. Captain H. M. Hoyt, Senior Captain, is detailed upon our Brigade General's staff; and the command has devolved upon Captain Charles M. Coit. We are happy to say that he has faithfully and honorably led us during these most trying days. We are able to take only about two hundred men into the field, and but ten officers. We have lost since we left Yorktown, fifty per cent. of our fighting strength. But thanks be to God, our spirits are not broken, our hearts are strong. If necessary we will fight in this campaign until another fifty per cent. shall fall. Nor will the veteran Eighth be dead then. Of those wounded in the first battle, some are already rejoining us. We trust that God will restore very many others. We expect that He will sustain our Army. For as verily as He reigns, freedom and law shall triumph over all oppression and rebellion.

As ever,  
Yours for Christ and the country,  
CHAPLAIN.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*  
**Twenty-First Conn. Volunteers.**

The long period of quiet which had prevailed previous to the writing of my last letter at Washington, N. C., was at last broken by the attack and capture of Plymouth, N. C., 28 miles distant; and the threatening of Washington immediately after. Preparations were soon made to repel any attack which might be made against the town, breastworks were strengthened, and guns mounted, and our force strengthened by the arrival of detachments of the 15th Conn. and 17th Mass. Regiments. All the troops were assigned places in the works, and at 3 o'clock each morning were called out into the breastworks in readiness for action, where we remained until morning. Picket lines

were strengthened, and every precaution taken to guard against surprise, and to insure protection to the town, and provide for its defense.

Gen. Harland, ever active, superintended the arrangements for defense of the town in person, and by his activity and energy did much to inspire the soldiers under his command with confidence and courage.

Rumors of all kinds were in circulation in the town regarding the approach of large forces of the enemy, and considerable excitement prevailed among the citizens and other non-combatants of the place. The removal of the women and children to Newbern gave rise to rumors of evacuation and caused considerable fluttering among the sutlers and others who had well stocked stores with no "visible means" of removing or disposing of their stock.

These rumors were strengthened by the departure of the 1st North Carolina Union Volunteers on the morning of April 27th, and on the morning of the 28th it became evident to all that the place was to be evacuated. The 21st were ordered on board the Transport "John Farren," but were subsequently disembarked and returned to their position in the "Rifle Pits." We were again ordered to embark, and returned to the boat for that purpose. Arriving at the wharf we found that through some misunderstanding of the Quartermaster, the "John Farren," which was laden with all our baggage, had been completely loaded down with negroes and their baggage. The way those darkies and effects were transferred from the boat to the shore "was a caution" to the "poor emancipated Africans." After the negroes were all disembarked our men were ordered on board to unload the baggage, and mounting the hurricane deck, where it had been packed away, they charged upon the confused mass of African possessions and commenced transferring them in a very unceremonious manner to the wharf. The scene which followed baffles description—and I doubt if the history of the whole war can present a like scene, or the Emancipation Proclamation of Father Abraham ever called forth another such sight. Feather beds fell like snow flakes, only rather more forcibly, upon the heads of the frantic searchers for "their own" household goods. Bedding, clothing, all manner of domestic goods, filled the air and fell like rain in one confused and inextinguishable mass, wench displayed the pluck and muscle of a Hercules in giving punishment to some luckless darkie, who in her fruitless search for her undiscovered property had invaded the rights of another.

Hooped skirts were hurled gracefully from the deck to come down enveloping some corpulent wench, and adding to her wrath, already rampant. Some were crying, some laughing, some fighting, and all wrangled amid the shower of "bag and baggage," which "mingling fell." And thus we left them, to be subsequently conveyed to Newbern, but if they ever live to sort that baggage they will exceed the average length of African longevity.

We left Washington, N. C., just after dark and proceeded down the river to "Hills' Point," where we took on board Co. E and B, which had been stationed there. Hills' Point had been the rendezvous of the negroes until transportation could be had to remove them to a more congenial clime. About 2000 had been sent there and as we were waiting, the camp fires on the shore and along the coast, reflected by the clear water, presented a very





picture-like sight. During their stay there, (less than twenty-four hours,) nine souls were added to their number by birth, and if the Government is short of transportation, and this thing is to be continued, it would be for the interest of the Government to furnish it immediately, for when a family is born in a day, few days may bring forth a nation.

Leaving Hills' Point we proceeded to Fort Monroe, where we arrived after a very pleasant voyage the 1st day of May. We lay in Hampton Roads until May 2d, and received orders to report to Gen. Shepley, and were by him ordered to encamp at Portsmouth. Hampton Roads presented a very beautiful sight upon our arrival there. Hundreds of steamboats and transports of all kinds were steaming back and forth, busy in preparations for the forthcoming campaigns, and troops were coming and going in all directions and everything had the appearance of decisive work in some direction. No one professed to know where, but all believed to some purpose, and in some direction where Rebellion would receive a thrust which would prove effective and hasten its end. Landing at Portsmouth we went into camp about half a mile beyond the City at Oak Grove.

We remained at Portsmouth until the 9th of May, when we received orders to re-embark and join Gen. Butler's forces at Bermuda Hundred, where we arrived the morning of the 10th, and marched 7 miles and encamped at Gen. Butler's Headquarters, where we remained as bodyguard to the General until the 13th, when we joined Gen. Ames' Division near Port Walthall. On the 15th moved up to the front near Proctor's Creek and took up a position with "Heckman's Brigade" in front of the enemy's works. While here the enemy in the Fort immediately in our front were unable to work their guns, as our men kept up a continual fire, and thereby prevented them from manning them. Our position was in a thickly wooded patch of small timber, and the land was swampy, both in the front where our skirmishers lay and where the regiment was stationed. A rude and hasty breastwork of logs had been thrown up in our front, which were but small protection to our position, but which served to shelter the regiment from sharpshooters.

The night passed away very quietly, and as it was very foggy we were obliged to exercise the utmost vigilance to guard against surprise. Soon the faint light of coming day began to tell us that the dawn was nigh. Alas! to many a poor soldier it told of the last day-dawn he would ever behold. For hardly had the increasing light made it evident that the night was almost spent, when the brisk firing of the skirmishers startled us to arms.

The fog was still thick and hung heavily about us, making it impossible to see what was the cause of the alarm; but it soon became evident that the enemy were making a dash upon our lines, and with no small force, as the firing was very heavy.

The skirmishers stood their ground firmly, and resisted every assault of the enemy nobly, notwithstanding the severe fire which was directed against them. Soon however, it became evident that they were massing their forces for an attack upon the right. Favored by the fog they succeeded in getting a strong position on and in rear of the right flank of our lines, and then at once threw a large force upon us in front.

The battle now opened in earnest, and raged with terrible energy by both assailant and assailed. Charge succeeded charge, volley returned volley, repulse followed repulse, backward and forward surged the mighty waves of battle tide, lashed into fury by the desperate struggles of the infuriated combatants. Nobly did our forces breast the terrible storm which assailed them. Regiments heroically repelled the assault of Brigades, and for a time successfully maintained their position, but overpowered by the unequal strife the right at last were compelled to give way, and were forced back, after having held their position for more than an hour against the tide of overpowering numbers. The 9th N. J., and the 27th Mass., lost many taken prisoners in this assault, and retiring from the field left the right of the 21st exposed, so that the 21st Conn. and 8th Maine men were compelled to form line of battle at a right angle to the works, where they received again the shock of battle, now waged against us with increased fury by the whiskey maddened forces of the enemy.

Again and again they hurled their forces upon us, but were met by the firm and desperate resistance of unflinching columns and the murderous fire of opposing and determined men. The 8th Maine now fell back and the 21st Conn. were left to breast the battle alone. At this juncture an "Aid" came dashing up and said "that if we could hold the enemy in check one-half hour Gen. Smith would have reinforcements to re-establish the right of the line, and wished us to hold the position at all hazard." Inspired with this hope we determined to hold our position and with renewed energy continued the battle, which every moment increased in fury. Charging through the thick woods and marsh we delivered volley after volley into the maddened enemy until through the thick smoke which enveloped us we could only distinguish the flash of the enemy's muskets, as they furiously returned our fire. The battle was now at its height, and assumed the character of an "Indian warfare," while with the enemy nearly surrounding us, we fought to hold our position with the enemy of desperation, and in many instances it was a hand to hand fight, but ever terrible and awfully fierce. Finding that we were being fast surrounded and overpowered, the Col. very reluctantly gave the order to fall back slowly, as no re-enforcements had appeared and we were suffering terribly in killed and wounded. (We afterwards learned that no re-enforcements were ordered out, as we were assured by the Aid-de-Camp there should be.)

Slowly and contesting the ground at every step we fell back, while the guns from the enemy's Fort were shelling us furiously, and finally entered the open field beyond the woods, where we found the remaining troops apparently awaiting the result of our fighting, we being the last regiment to leave the field, having obstinately maintained our position for more than five hours in the face of superior forces.

Arrived at the open field beyond the woods we again formed line of battle and advanced into the woods and once more opened a brisk fire upon the enemy, and never did men face a foe with more apparent indifference or coolness than in this last engagement. Not a man flinched or held back, but boldly confronting the death dealing missiles of the enemy, they returned fire for fire with the determination of men who with a strong faith in the justice of the cause they were defending were ready to sacrifice their lives for it if need be. It

was at this time that in answer to the question, "Where is the 21st Conn.?" Gen. Weitzel replied, "they are in the woods fighting like Hell."

We were finally ordered from the woods, and the whole force were drawn back to a position near the "Half Way House," and about three fourths mile from the battle ground. Here we lay until towards night, when the expedition withdrew to the entrenchments about four miles from Bermuda Hundred.

Did time and space allow, I should be glad to record the many cases of individual bravery and heroism exhibited during the battle by both men and officers, but I will only notice a few of these which came under my own observation. Capts. Stanton and Shepard, both of whom were in charge of the skirmishers at the time of the attack, displayed great courage and bravery. Capt. Stanton by every effort endeavored to resist the enemy in their attack upon the skirmishers, and bravely contended with them, contesting their advance until wounded in the arm, when he was forcibly led from the field. Capt. Shepard was also taken from the field with a broken leg, (since amputated.)

Lieut. Col. Thomas F. Burpee, commanding the regiment, exhibited great coolness throughout the battle, as did Major Hiram B. Crosby and all the staff officers. The Chaplain, Thomas G. Brown, was on the field during the entire engagement, ministering to the wounded, and praying and giving consolation to the dying. He was slightly wounded in the arm by a piece of shell, and had several very narrow escapes.

The list of casualties I am unable to send you at present, as we are so situated that I am unable to obtain them. The whole number of killed, wounded and missing is probably about 125. I shall forward a correct list of casualties as soon as possible.

DELE.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### From The Eleventh Regiment.

11TH CONN. VOLS., June 30th, 1864, )  
FIELD NEAR PETERSBURG, VA. }

MR. EDITOR:—You have not space to print, nor have I opportunity to write anything like a history of what we have done and endured in the month closing to-day.

Yesterday, it was eight weeks since we left Williamsburg—a veteran regiment filled up with young blood, nearly a thousand strong. Since then we have been at Swift's Creek and Drury Bluffs. We have been down the James again and up the York and Pamunkey to Cold Harbor, its disastrous charge, and its work in the trenches, under rebel fire. We have sailed again down the Pamunkey and York and up the James to Bermuda Hundred. We have crossed the Appomattox, and are now, a few of us, half sick, lying in a trench along the roadside close to, but outside of Petersburg. We have been under fire twenty-five days, and have lost in all four hundred men and two thirds of our officers. But what idea does this give of those eight weeks crowded night and day with daring and exploit, with suffering, with patience, with victory, with death.

Half a line tells of our sailing up and down the James. But to know what transports are, one should see our brave men, whose living bodies make the wall of defense around our Liberties, huddled in the foul hole, breathing the contaminated air, and glad to boil their little black coffee





cups on the coals raked from the ship's furnace at fifty cents a chance. He should see these men trying to sleep, when there is not room to stretch oneself, and how in walking to the cabin, some boot-heel with a long spur, passes down and rasps the side, which but lately was encircled by a mother's arm. A few moments of observation, a few friendly talks will give a juster view of transports and soldiers' life on board fleets, than the grandest description of some correspondent well fed, and fed to some purpose, at the Commanding General's mess.

Friday, the 3d inst. at Cold Harbor was a day of blood. How our loved ones and our mighty fell in battle! The heroic and accomplished Major Converse, foremost in danger, most trusted of the Staff Officers of General Martindale, was mortally wounded at the first volley in that terrible charge. He was mounted and had just carried from the General orders to Colonel Stedman. Companions at the bivouac fire, at our once famous Field and Staff mess; companions too in many a hard fought battle, they then shook hands for the last time. The one fell at his post; the other has been strangely preserved at his. In that charge many of our bravest and best were cut down. It was but a few moments. The point was not carried. The fire was murderous, a perfect hail storm of lead; a tempest of ball-rain. In that charge we lost in all, one hundred men. An hour or two afterwards on that bloody morning a minnie ball struck Adjutant Barnum in the leg. He was Colonel Stedman's Adjutant General, always at his side, and therefore always in danger, if duty became dangerous. We thought it would prove not a permanent injury, nor lead to amputation. His patient endurance deceived us! For his fortitude in enduring was not surpassed by his bravery in receiving the wound. But we now mourn him also, for we hear from Washington that a tardy amputation was followed by a speedy death. He died among his friends, who attended him in those last days, but he always had friends, wherever he had acquaintances. Thus another of that little circle which are known as the Field and Staff of the 11th Connecticut Volunteers, has become a martyr of Liberty. Let their names go down to posterity with others. Add the name of Captain W. H. Sackett, who so long was on duty at the Conscript Camp, New Haven, who joined us at White House, who fought so gallantly and lived so heroically till he too fell in a charge at Petersburg on the 14th, dying without a struggle, in the arms of a brother officer. Let such names be household words, going down from generation to generation.

I would that those who love to honor such could have a view of the unwritten suffering, could have gone through the Hospitals of the 18th corps that Friday night, could hear the faint voices calling out for help to the man with a light, could see the various forms of mangled, and from all this untold misery learn what Liberty and Government are worth.

Burke, following Virgil, says, "From one learn all." A picture of Saturday, the 4th, would give an idea of the days we have passed. I was early at the front, asking Colonel Stedman if possible to come for one-half hour to the hospital. There Major Converse was dying. By his side was the Adjutant smiling, without a groan or murmur, but pale. Not far way, but on the open hill side, where the morning sun was striking, lay Captain Allen, his wound for hours undressed. Near him

was Lieutenant Horn, wounded in the shoulder; and on the same rubber blanket Lieut. Pray, hit by a ball, partly spent—one who had got mercy in its mission of death. Just below, on the same terrible side hill, under little roofs of shelter tents, are two or three tiers of men of the 11th. They asked for blankets, in the cold and dampness of the night before, but we had none. That old man, with his son of the same company at his side, who breathes with such difficulty, is wounded in the lungs. Across the path is one wounded in the abdomen. That noble, manly Sergeant, was George Covell, and in his death, which soon followed, we lost one of the best and truest and firmest patriots. For him the Chaplain mourns. If there was a Sabbath service or a meeting for prayer and song, Sergeant Covell was there. With him would be Sergeant James Sonter, his friend and ours, who fell so heroically and was left on the field.

That morning Colonel Stedman was found weary with three days and nights of watching and fighting. No Aid or Orderly was there, no General had been there. He had advanced the line during the night, and bayonets and coffee cups had made a loyal breastwork in the rebel sand. For himself there was a half-knee deep rifle pit scooped out near the line. He was alone; accommodations are limited, but I was glad to be invited to share them, such as they were. Burrowing as best I could, I shared two or three half sheets of soiled paper, and while they were being filled passed to the regiment.

In the work of the night, Colonel Moegling's Belt and Pistol, following the strategy of the campaign, had slid to the left. In the gray of the morning a rebel sharpshooter had spied him as he stood at our advance line reconnoitering with his glass. He aimed well. The ball struck the misplaced pistol, and though it tore the pistol, cleaving wood work from iron, and left its mark on coat and person, yet by this displacement a mortal blow was turned away.

Further on were the survivors of yesterday's charge, lying weary, worn and hungry in the trench, while just behind the new line were several of the dead, on the ground where they fell, for it was death to attempt to remove them.

The week that followed in the trenches, our charges and trench life at Petersburg, our sufferings from heat and dust, have been wearisome in the extreme, but I will not weary you with the recital.

Let the long list of officers and men who have suffered and died in battle, who have joined the number of martyrs of Liberty, tell what we have done in the National cause.

H. DE F.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### From the First Connecticut Heavy Artillery.

HEADQUARTERS 1ST CONNECTICUT ARTILLERY, }  
Near POINT OF ROCKS, Va., }  
July 12th, 1864. }

MR. EDITOR:—Probably most of your readers recollect that during McClellan's Peninsula campaign this regiment was in charge of the only Siege Train ever used on this continent, and won great praise from the commanding general. The regiment is again placed in charge of the same, and nearly every company is at the front with a battery of some kind. We have 8 and 10-inch mortars, and

30-pound Parrotts, and 32-pound Rodman guns, being the heaviest yet brought into requisition. Our battle-line now shows a front of something over twenty-five miles, and our batteries are scattered here and there along the line, wherever a good position can be secured.

This regiment is probably of more service to the government than our friends at home are aware, for long practice enables our splendid gunners to make every shot tell.

The Journal of Commerce, the other day, spoke very highly of this regiment, and said it had been of more service to the government than any other in the field.

The siege of Petersburg bids fair to be long and tedious, made more so by the extreme heat. Many weeks may elapse ere we change our position.

It appears, upon reference to history, that this is not the first siege of this doomed city. In April, 1781, General Phillips, of the British army, marched against the place with 24,000 men, and occupied the town, destroying large quantities of tobacco and other articles, and soon after Lafayette laid siege to the place from Archer's Hill, but was soon compelled to retire. But I trust General Grant will not prove a second Lafayette in this case.

Point of Rocks, also, a short distance above here, is worthy a passing remark as the place where "Pocahontas" saved the life of Capt. Smith. Although not much of a place, yet it is noted in history.

Our friends at home are performing noble deeds in sending vegetables, &c., to the army, through the Sanitary, but they should be careful that the articles sent fall into responsible hands upon their arrival here, for in many cases they never reach those at the front.

The extremely hot weather and the bad water is the cause of considerable sickness, but nothing serious.

TREBOR.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

### From the Seventh Regiment.

CAMP OF THE SEVENTH CONNECTICUT VOLTS., }  
Near BERMUDA HUNDRED, Va., }  
June 10th, 1864. }

On Wednesday evening, June 8th, our regiment received orders to march with two days' rations. We left camp at 11 o'clock P. M., and after marching two miles on the direct road to Bermuda Landing, turned to the right, which led us to conclude that we should cross the Appomattox river near Point of Rocks. We took a circuitous and unfrequented route, keeping well to the rear of our entrenchments, thereby giving the enemy no idea of our movement.

We reached the Appomattox on the morning of June 9th, after having floundered through Virginia mud and staggered amid pine forests charred by recent fires. The officers and soldiers of the Seventh will long remember the wearisome march to Point of Rocks, and the still more wearisome march which followed. We crossed the Appomattox one half a mile below Point of Rocks, which is thus named from a bold ledge which projects into the river. At the crossing, which was made on a pontoon bridge, we gained an accurate knowledge of the kind and number of our forces, which consisted of one thousand cavalry, under General Kautz, one brigade of white troops, consisting of the Third and the Seventh New Hampshire regiments, the Sixth Connecticut, the Sixty-





Second Ohio, and the Seventh Connecticut. This brigade was commanded by Colonel Hawley of the Seventh Connecticut. There was also one brigade of colored troops, and two light batteries, the whole force, amounting to five thousand men, under command of General Gillmore. After crossing the Appomattox we rested for a half hour, then moved off in the direction of Petersburg, the cavalry force taking the advance. Our movements were so carefully planned and well executed that the rebels did not discover us until we crossed the Petersburg and City Point railroad. This was but three miles from the City of Petersburg. One half mile beyond the railroad our cavalry skirmishers encountered the enemy's pickets. Sharp firing immediately began and the rebel skirmishers fell back toward the city. The enemy lost several in killed and wounded at this point. Our loss in the skirmish was one killed and three slightly wounded.

Our brigade took a position only one mile and a half from the city of Petersburg, which is a beautiful place, with pleasant surroundings. Our cavalry entered the outer works of the city and skirmished heavily with the enemy. It was most apparent that an assault upon the enemy's works with the force at our disposal would have been attended with severe loss, as the rebels were strongly entrenched, and commanded the approaches to their inner fortifications with heavy artillery. Even had we possessed ourselves of the enemy's entire works, our situation would have been most critical from the fact that Beauregard was only five miles from the city with an overwhelming force. By holding Petersburg our communications also might have been easily interrupted by the enemy, and the whole command in that event obliged to surrender for want of supplies. We have great confidence in General Gillmore's ability and patriotism, and think he would have assaulted and taken the city had his good judgment assured him that greater good than evil would have resulted therefrom. The men whom General Gillmore led against Petersburg have the fullest confidence in him as an officer, and so far as they are concerned, more heroic and determined soldiers cannot be found. The reflections upon General Gillmore as an officer and a patriot, gotten up by interested and unreliable newspaper correspondents, will not impair the glory of his record, nor detract from the sublime dignity and lofty virtues of his character.

We took up our line of march for the camp at 3 o'clock P. M. on the 9th. The heat had increased as the day advanced, and on our return it was very intense. Our men having been on most fatiguing duty for four weeks, fighting battles, lying in the entrenchments, on picket, and even when resting in camp for a few hours being exposed to a murderous cross fire from the enemy's batteries, were very much enfeebled. Yet in that exhausting march of twenty miles, our noble men toiled on patiently, uncomplainingly, and gave another proof of their unswerving devotion to our cause. Heroic soldiers in humanity's great struggle, willing to fight, willing to suffer, all they ask is, some one to plan the battles and lead them on, who is capable, careful, patriotic, and really in earnest.

Gen. Gillmore is very popular with the officers and enlisted men of the 10th Corps, and I think with nearly all the officers and soldiers in this department. The soldiers have great confidence in

his ability, and admire his uniform kindness and courtesy.

Gen. A. H. Terry of Connecticut, originally Colonel of the 7th Connecticut Volunteers, is in great favor with the Corps commanders, subordinate officers and soldiers of this army. He handled his Division in the battles of the 14th, 15th and 16th of May, with masterly coolness and ability. He was master of every situation in which he was placed, and fought his command with great vigor and effectiveness. He is in every sense a good officer and a true gentleman. Connecticut may refer to his record with just pride and admiration.

Col. J. R. Hawley commands the 2d Brigade of the 1st Division, 10th Corps. His record as an officer is adorned with acts of conspicuous courage and noblest devotion to the cause of justice, humanity, freedom; capable, cool under fire, and devoting all his energies to the work of suppressing the rebellion, he has achieved a reputation most honorable and enduring.

Capt. Bacon of Company F, is in command of our Regiment. He is a capable officer and an earnestly patriotic man. He has served long and faithfully, and not only merits, but will probably receive, a higher rank than he now holds.

Major Sanford was taken prisoner June 2d. He was not only self-possessed, but handled his troops most admirably under fire. No one could be more highly esteemed by the officers and men of his regiment. We feel his loss more deeply as time passes.

Lieut. Col. D. C. Rodman has resigned. The wound which he received while gallantly leading the charge on Fort Wagner, unfit him for active field service. We all regret his loss to the regiment. But he has assigned as the reason of his resignation that he will not hold a position in the army while physically incapacitated to perform, under all circumstances, the duties of that office. Lieut. Col. Rodman is a brave and efficient officer, a truly generous, intelligent and patriotic man. My brief acquaintance with this distinguished officer has been very pleasant, and resulted in lasting regard. May prosperity and the honor due a true and self-sacrificing patriot attend him wherever he shall go.

The following casualties occurred in the 7th Regiment in the reconnaissance of June 9th, 1864:

**Killed.**—Benjamin Puffer Co. F. He was instantly killed on the line of skirmishers. Private Puffer was a Christian man and a faithful soldier. He leaves a wife and child in New Bremen, N. Y., to mourn his death. May God's grace sustain them.

**Wounded.**—Private Adam Gunn, Co. D, rifle ball through right shoulder, severe; Private John G. Berg, Co. A, rifle ball through the right leg—flesh wound; Private William Chase, Co. K, rifle ball in right hand, slight.

J. E.

### A Disappointment.

It is impossible to crowd more matter into our columns for the present month. The regiments not represented properly in this number will have the first place in the August number. We shall give each, in due time, a full and worthy record. Correct lists of casualties and accurate details of the splendid fighting of the Second Artillery have not yet been obtained. We shall hope to give them in full in the August number.

## PERSONAL.

### List of Appointments and Promotions in the Connecticut Volunteer Force during June, 1864.

#### 1st CONN. CAVALRY.

2d Lieut. Uriah M. Parmelee to be Captain, with rank from June 22, 1864, vice Warner, killed in battle.

Sergt. Aaron S. Lanfare, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from June 22, 1864, vice Parmelee, promoted.

1st Lieut. William E. Riley to be Captain, with rank from June 22, 1864, vice Backus, killed in battle.

Thomas G. Wells to be 2d Lieut., with rank from June 22, 1864, vice Riley, promoted.

Stephen H. Marcy to be 2d Lieut., with rank from June 23, 1864, vice Burnham, promoted.

2d Lieut. Edwin M. Neville to be 1st Lieut., with rank from June 23, 1864, vice Goodwin, promoted.

1st Sergt. Hugh B. Brockway to be 2d Lieut., with rank from June 23, 1864, vice Neville, promoted.

2d Lieut. John W. Clark to be 1st Lieut., with rank from June 23, 1864, vice Riley promoted.

#### 2d CONN. ARTILLERY.

Lieut.-Col. James Hubbard to be Col., with rank from June 9, 1864, vice Kellogg, killed in battle.

Major William B. Ellis to be Lieut.-Col., with rank from June 9, 1864, vice Hubbard, promoted.

1st Lieut. Oren H. Knight to be Captain, with rank from June 21, 1864, vice Skinner, promoted.

Capt. Randal S. Mackenzie, U. S. A., to be Col., with rank from June 23, 1864, vice Hubbard, declined.

#### 1st LIGHT BATTERY.

1st Lieut. James B. Clinton to be Capt., vice Rockwell, promoted and transferred.

2d Lieut. Hezekiah B. Smith to be 1st Lieut., vice Clinton, promoted.

Private Theron Upon to be 2d Lieut., vice Smith, promoted.

All with rank from the 23d day of June, 1864

#### 6TH REGIMENT.

Captain Alfred P. Rockwell, 1st Conn. Light Battery, to be Col. 6th regiment, with rank from June 11th, 1864, vice Duryee, resigned.

#### 7TH REGIMENT.

2d Lieut. John B. Young to be 1st Lieut., vice Greene, honorably discharged.

Sergt. Henry B. Gill to be 2d Lieut., vice Young, promoted.

Sergt. Morton A. Taintor to be 2d Lieut., vice Hull, killed in action.

All with rank from the 13th day of June, 1864.

#### 8TH REGIMENT.

2d Assistant Surgeon James A. Bigelow to be 1st Assist. Surgeon, with rank from June 2, 1864, vice Stocking, promoted and transferred.

Theodore E. Hamilton of Somers to be 2d Assistant Surgeon, with rank from June 2, 1864, vice Bigelow, promoted.

#### 9TH REGIMENT.

Rollin McNeil of New Haven to be 1st Assistant Surgeon, with rank from the 16th day of June, 1864, vice Avery, transferred.

#### 10TH REGIMENT.

1st Sergt. Albert F. Sharp to be 2d Lieut., with rank from June 7, 1864, vice Allen, resigned.

#### 11TH REGIMENT.

Captain John Kies to be Major, with rank from the 21st day of June, 1864, vice Converse, killed in battle.

#### 13TH REGIMENT.

2d Lieut. Wm. Bishop to be 1st Lieut. and Quartermaster, vice Bromley, resigned.

2d Lieut. Newton W. Perkins to be 1st Lieut., vice Meisner, deceased.





1st Sergt. Abner N. Sterry to be 2d Lieut., vice Perkins, promoted.

1st Sergt. George H. Pratt to be 2d Lieut., vice Bishop, promoted.

1st Sergt. John N. Maddux to be 2d Lieut., vice Daniels, resigned.

All to take rank from the 1st day of May, 1864.

#### 14TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. George N. Brigham to be Capt., vice Goddard, resigned.

2d Lieut. J. Frank Morgan to be Captain, vice Snagg, resigned.

2d Lieut. Robert Russell to be 1st Lieut., vice Goddard, promoted.

1st Lieut. Perkins Bartholomew to be 1st Lieut. vice Felton, promoted.

1st Sergt. James M. Moore to be 2d Lieut., vice Morgan, promoted.

All with rank from the 16th of June, 1864.

William J. Broatch to be Captain, with rank from June 21, 1864, vice Fiske, died of wounds received in battle.

#### 15TH REGIMENT.

Rev. John B. Doolittle of New Haven, to be Chaplain, to date from the 24th day of June, 1864, vice Miller, resigned.

#### 18TH REGIMENT.

2d Lieut. Joseph P. Rockwell to be 1st Lieut. and Adjutant, vice Culver, killed in battle.

2d Lieut. John Lilly to be 1st Lieut., vice Maginnis, killed in action.

1st Sergt. Robert Kerr to be 2d Lieut., vice Rockwell, promoted.

All to take rank from the 5th of June, 1864.

#### 21ST REGIMENT.

Lieut.-Col. Thomas F. Burpee to be Col., with rank from June 8th, 1864, vice Dutton, deceased.

Major Hiram B. Crosby to be Lieut.-Col., with rank from June 8th, 1864, vice Burpee, promoted.

Lieut.-Col. Hiram B. Crosby to be Col., with rank from June 27, 1864, vice Burpee, died of wounds received in battle.

HEAD QUARTERS, EIGHTH REG. CONN. VOLS., }  
YORKTOWN, VA., May 4th, 1864. }

Asst. Surgeon Sabin Stocking of the Eighth C. V. has been promoted to be Surgeon of the Seventeenth C. V. The following resolutions are the heartfelt sentiment of officers and men:

WHEREAS, Sabin Stocking, who for twenty months has faithfully and successfully performed the duties of Assistant-Surgeon in the Eighth Regiment Conn. Vols., has been relieved from duty in this regiment on account of promotion to Major and Surgeon in the Seventeenth Regiment Conn. Vols., the Commissioned Officers, Field, Staff, and Line of the Eighth Regiment Conn. Vols. unanimously

Resolve, 1st. That in our opinion Dr. Stocking has truly merited by his untiring and self-denying labors for both men and officers, by his manly and Christian deportment as well as by his professional abilities, that universal esteem and respect which has been so fully accorded to him.

2d. That with unfeigned regret, both in our own feelings and in regard to the sanitary and moral condition of the regiment, we learn of his removal from us, yet rejoice that he is still to be retained in the service of our beloved country, and that with higher rank and more worthy compensation, he may accomplish for other soldiers even more than he has done for us.

3d. That we congratulate the officers and soldiers of the Seventeenth Regiment Conn. Vols. upon their good fortune in receiving one who will count no labor too severe, or personal sacrifice too great, that he may comfort the sorrowing, heal the sick, and restrain the wayward soldiers of Connecticut and of these United States.

4th. That in behalf of the regiment the Adjutant be requested to present these resolutions to Dr. Stocking and also to forward a copy to the officers of the Seventeenth Regiment Conn. Vols. and to the Connecticut War Record for publication.

CHAS. M. CORR, Capt. 8th C. V. }  
JOHN McCALL, " 8th " }  
ELIAS T. GOODRICH, " 8th " } Committee.  
MOSES SMITH, Chaplain, 8th " }

## REGIMENTAL.

The Location of Regiments in the Conn. Vol. force, on July 1st, 1864.

1st Cavalry—3d Division, Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac, Lieut. Col. Brayton Ives.

1st Artillery—Department of Virginia, Col. H. C. Abbott.

2d Artillery—Department of Virginia, Col. Randall L. Mackenzie.

5th Regt.—Department of the Cumberland, Col. Warren W. Packer.

6th Regt.—Department of Virginia, Col. Alfred P. Rockwell.

7th Regt.—Department of Virginia, Capt. Theodore Bacon.

8th Regt.—Department of Virginia, Col. John E. Ward.

9th Regt.—New Haven, Conn., Col. Thomas W. Cahill.

10th Regt.—Department of Virginia, Col. John L. Otis.

11th Regt.—Department of Virginia, Lieut. Col. Wm. C. Moeglin.

12th Regt.—Department of the Gulf, Lieut. Col. F. H. Peck.

13th Regt.—Department of the Gulf, Col. Chas. D. Blinn.

14th Regt.—Army of the Potomac, Lieut. Col. S. A. Moore.

15th Regt.—Department of North Carolina, Col. Chas. L. Upham.

16th Regt.—Department of North Carolina, Capt. Joseph H. Barnum.

17th Regt.—Department of South Carolina, Col. Wm. H. Noble.

18th Regt.—Department of Virginia, Major Henry Peale.

20th Regt.—Department of the Cumberland, Lieut. Col. P. B. Buckingham.

21st Regt.—Department of Virginia, Col. Hiram B. Crosby.

1st Light Battery—Department of Virginia, Capt. James B. Clinton.

2d Light Battery—Department of the Gulf, Capt. John W. Sterling.

1st Squad Cavalry—2d New York Cavalry.

## CASUALTIES.

HEADQUARTERS OF 1ST CONN. ARTILLERY, }  
NEAR BERMUDA HUNDRED, VA., }  
June 10th, 1864. }

GENERAL:—I have the honor to state that in the recent operations upon these lines the casualties in this Regiment have been as follows:

#### Killed.

Private Wm. H. Quintan, Co. I, May 18.

" Wm. Rolleston, Co. I, May 20.

" James McCormick, Co. K, May 30.

#### Wounded.

Private Wm. Murphy, Co. F, in shoulder.

" John R. Miller, Co. D, leg amputated.

Very respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

HENRY L. ABBOTT,

Col. Commanding 1st Conn. Artillery.

HEADQUARTERS OF 1ST CONN. ARTILLERY, }  
NEAR BERMUDA HUNDRED, VA., }  
June 11th, 1864. }

GENERAL:—I have the honor to report that in an engagement on June 9th, private C. C. Pollard, Co. G, was killed.

Very respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

HENRY L. ABBOTT,

Col. 1st Conn. Cavalry.

HEADQUARTERS 1ST CONN. CAVALRY, }  
IN CAMP IN FIELD, VA., June 11th, 1864. }

H. J. MORSE, Adj. Gen. State of Conn.

I have the honor to report the following casualties in the 1st Conn. Cavalry, from June 4th, to June 10th, 1864.

#### Killed.

Captain Joseph Backus, Co. K, June 10.

#### Wounded.

Private John B. Brown, Co. K, June 10.

#### Missing.

Sergeant Richard A. Watts, Co. E, June 10.

Private Charles E. Bartholomew, Co. E, June 10.

" Rollin L. O'Leary, Co. E, June 10.

" Eugene Mazette, Co. E, June 10.

" Levi O. Frisbie, Co. K, June 10.

" Wm. E. Hall, Co. K, June 10.

" John F. Treadway, Co. K, June 10.

#### Captured.

Corp. Thomas Hurlburt, Co. C, June 10.

H. J. O. WALKER,

Lieut. and Adjutant.

HEADQUARTERS 1ST CONN. CAVALRY, }

IN CAMP IN THE FIELD, VA., June 10, 1864. }

H. J. MORSE, Adj. Gen. of Conn.

GENERAL:—I have the honor to forward herewith the following report of casualties in the 1st Conn. Cavalry, from May 2d to June 4th, 1864.

#### Killed.—Commissioned Officers.

Captain Addison G. Warner, Co. I, June 1.

#### Enlisted Men.

Sergeant Samuel Whipple, Co. G, June 1.

Corporal Michael Flannegan, Co. B, June 1.

Private Frederick Hiller, Co. D, May 31.

" George Fallon, Co. M, May 12.

#### Wounded.—Commissioned Officers.

Major Commanding, Erastus Blakeslee, F. & S., June 1.

Chaplain Theodore Holmes, F. & S., June 1.

Lieutenant Charles E. Briggs, Co. A, June 1.

" H. T. Phillips, Co. A, June 1.

" E. M. Neville, Co. D, June 1.

" J. H. Kane, Co. I, May 12.

#### Enlisted Men.

Private James Williams, Co. A, June 1.

" George Root, Co. B, May 12.

" Augustus Babcock, Co. B, May 12.

" Patrick McGriffs, Co. B, May 12.

" Joseph Hempstock, Co. B, June 1.

Sergt. Henry J. Flint, Co. D, May 5.

Corp. Warren Wheeler, Co. D, May 5.

" Mortimer Evans, Co. D, June 1.

Private J. L. Ufford, Co. F, May 5.

" John Miller, Co. F, June 1.

" John Cahill, Co. F, June 1.

Sergt. Francis Perkins, Co. I, May 5.

Private Nelson Chandler, Co. I, June 1.

Sergt. E. H. Tyler, Co. K, June 1.

Bugler A. Snyder, Co. K, June 1.

Private Henry Myers, Co. L, May 5.

" H. A. Plumb, Co. L, June 1.

" Thomas Cluby, Co. M, May 5.

Sergt. Lester P. Cowles, Co. K, May 5.

#### Missing.—Commissioned Officers.

Lieut. J. H. Bristol, Co. L, May 5.

" L. E. Tyler, Co. L, May 5.

#### Enlisted Men.

Sergeant Major G. W. Curley, F. & S., June 1.

Sergt. H. E. Peck, Co. E, June 1.

Corp. Olden T. Moore, Co. H, May 5.

Private Charles H. Brown, Co. H, May 5.

" James Chalmers, Co. H, May 5.

Sergt. Leonard P. Mansfield, Co. H, June 1.

Private Charles Bradley, Co. D, May 5.

" S. Berthune, Co. M, June 1.

" John Wheeler, Co. M, May 23.

" Jared A. Miller, Co. K, May 4.

" Benjamin S. Bill, Co. K, May 5.

" Wm. H. Gordon, Co. K, June 1.

" Joseph Granmont, Co. K, June 1.

" James S. McDavid, Co. K, June 1.

" Patrick Quinn, Co. K, June 1.

" Michael DeHarty, Co. F, June 1.

" Walter Pierpont, Co. F, June 1.

Sergt. H. D. Bishop, Co. L, May 5.

Private E. M. Woodward, Co. A, June 1.

Sergt. Wm. Kemp, Co. L, May 5.

Corp. Charles Knox, Co. L, May 5.

" R. I. Gilbert, Co. L, May 5.

" Charles Smith, Co. L, May 5.





Corp. Eugene Starkweather, Co. L, May 5.  
 Private Edward Burgess, Co. L, May 5.  
 " Henry Blakeslee, Co. L, May 5.  
 " Ezra S. Blue, Co. L, May 5.  
 " Thomas Baldwin, Co. L, May 5.  
 " Thomas Blue, Co. L, May 5.  
 " Nelson Barnes, Co. L, May 5.  
 " Myron H. Crandall, Co. L, May 5.  
 " Wm. Davis, Co. L, May 5.  
 " Andrew Giddies, Co. L, May 5.  
 " Charles Laurence, Co. L, May 5.  
 " John Lawler, Co. L, May 5.  
 " Samuel E. North, Co. L, May 5.  
 " Thomas O'Connell, Co. L, May 5.  
 " Wm. Penley, Co. L, May 5.  
 " Oseola Pocahontas, Co. L, May 5.  
 " Lewis See, Co. L, May 5.  
 " Joshua B. Sickler, Co. L, May 5.  
 " Thomas Sheedy, Co. L, May 5.  
 " Eli Stevens, Co. L, May 5.  
 " Frederick Thompson, Co. L, May 5.  
 " Charles Ulmer, Co. L, May 5.  
 " Augustus Hollister, Co. L, May 12.  
 " Samuel Miller, Co. C, June 1.  
 " Benjamin W. Bishop, Co. I, May 5.  
 " Chas. C. Burdick, Co. I, May 5.  
 " Joseph Lazelle, Co. I, May 5.  
 " Joseph Bailey, Co. I, June 1.  
 " Patrick Cushing, Co. I, June 1.  
 " Frederick Eddy, Co. I, June 1.  
 " Edward F. Smith, Co. I, June 1.  
 " Jonathan Rand, Co. I, June 1.  
 " Lucius B. Owens, Co. I, June 1.  
 " Michael Ryan, Co. B, May 5.  
 " Thomas Coleman, Co. B, May 12.  
 " Warren Wilber, Co. B, June 1.  
 " Edward Tisdale, Co. B, May 12.  
 H. J. O. WALKER, Lieut. and Adjutant.

LIST OF KILLED, WOUNDED AND MISSING IN THE  
 FIFTH CONN. VOLS., IN ACTION NEAR DALLES, GA.,  
 MAY 25, 1864.

*Killed.*

Co. B.—Private James Sherren, Corp. Alvin T. Barnes.

*Wounded.*

Co. B.—Sergt. Barney Gilroy, leg, slight; Corp. J. Crissey, arm, slightly; Private John Kline, hand, slightly.  
 Co. C.—Sergt. Denis Beach, hand, slightly; Privates Frank Hughes, leg, slight; John Thompson, arm, slightly; Albert Ruggles, hand, slightly.  
 Co. D.—Chas. C. Higby, head, severely; James Walker, chest, severely.  
 Co. E.—Richard Spring, side, slightly; Calvin A. Hubbard, hand.  
 Co. F.—Joel Jones, foot, severely; Chas. Boardman, leg, slightly; Edward Dunn, leg, severely.  
 Co. G.—Sergt. George Briggs, hand, slightly; Private Robert Bunnell, hand, slightly; H. Partello, face, severely.  
 Co. H.—John Greene, shoulder, slightly.  
 Co. I.—Sergt. S. P. Jewett, shoulder, slightly; Private Wm. Eytroble, head, severely; Edward Hughes, hand, severely.  
 Co. I.—Privates Robert Nichols, arm, slightly; James Tuttle, head, slightly; Adam Coons, leg, slightly; Henry Heaton, hand, slightly; Abram Frankle, arm, severely.

*Missing.*

Co. B.—Sergt. Eli Manross, Private O. Nettleton.  
 Co. F.—Private John W. Scarborough.  
 RECAPITULATION.—Killed 2; Wounded 26; Missing 8.

HEADQUARTERS, 6TH REGT. CONN. VOLS.,  
 BERMUDA HUNDRED, VA., JUNE 15TH, 1864.

Brig Gen. MORSE, Adj. Gen. Conn.  
 GENERAL:—I have the honor to submit the following list of casualties in the 6th Regt. Conn. Vols., during an engagement, June 7th, 1864.

*Killed.*

Co. A.—Private Halsey Bartlett.  
 Co. C.—Privates Michael Stark, George Henninger, Augustus Hesse.  
 Co. F.—Jease Butler.

*Wounded.*

Co. D.—1st Lieut. Clovis E. Hammond, spine and hip, severely.  
 Co. A.—Privates Seth Barden, cheek; Wm. Barritt, hand.  
 Co. B.—Sylvester Davis, left arm, severe; Jas. Edwards, shoulder, severe.  
 Co. C.—Jacob Laufer, shoulder; Joseph Necker, left leg.  
 Co. D.—John Goodman, foot; Corp. Wm. H. Reynolds, shoulder.  
 Co. E.—Geo. Williams, lungs.  
 Co. F.—Geo. S. Barnes, leg.  
 Co. H.—Eugene Gay, finger; Julius Altmann, hand.  
 Co. I.—Privates John Ross, arm; Henry Smalley, finger.

*Missing.*

Co. D.—Capt. Charles H. Nichols, Sergt. Horace Hobbie, Privates Seth S. Bouton, Patrick Fox, Joseph E. Raymond, Robert McDonald, James E. Lockwood, Thomas Picker, James A. Potts, Geo. E. Lerables, Edward M. Seeley, Oscar E. Snyder, Benjamin Timpson, Barney Tonar.  
 Co. E.—James Walling, Richard Welch.  
 Co. H.—Charles Hodey.  
 Co. E.—George Campfield.  
 I am, General,

Very Respectfully,  
 Your Obedient Servant,  
 LORENZO MEEKER,  
 Lieut. Col. Commanding 6th C. V.

LIST OF CASUALTIES IN THE SEVENTH CONN. VOLS.,  
 DURING THE ENGAGEMENT OF JUNE 2D, 1864.

*Killed.*

Co. E.—Private James N. Wooster.  
 Co. K.—Privates Paul Heyne, Charles Bethker.

*Wounded.*

F. & S.—Sergt. Major Lucas Sutliff, arm, flesh wound.  
 Co. A.—2d Lieut. Byron Bradford, leg, slight.  
 Co. B.—Private James Quinn, since died in Hospital.  
 Co. E.—1st Sergt. William H. Johnson, side, severe.  
 Co. G.—Captain Charles C. Mills, breast, severe; Sergt. Richard J. Hawthorn, abdomen, slight; Corp. John S. Pardee, head, slight; Private Chas. F. Alling, ankle, slight; Stephen W. Finch, hand, slight.  
 Co. H.—1st Lieut. William S. Marble, shoulder, severe.  
 Co. K.—Sergt. John Smith, thigh, severe; Corp. Elisha Clapp, knee, severe; Private Henry S. Brandt, head, slight.

*Prisoners and Wounded.*

Co. A.—Musician Seymour L. White, both legs, severe.  
 Co. C.—Private Walter H. Merriman, flesh; Morris G. Painter, flesh.  
 Co. H.—Sergt. H. T. Brannan, arm; Corporal Nicholas Walker.

*Prisoners.*

F. & S.—Major Oliver S. Sanford, 2d Assist. Surgeon Samuel B. Shepard.  
 Co. A.—Privates Lois B. Filley, John Ryan, Solomon Adams, Robert Reid.  
 Co. B.—Sergt. George W. Cone, Corp. Robert Bissell, Private Sylvester Bryant, James Dougherty, Horatio P. Forkey, Henry Fritts, Henry P. Hughes, David A. Henderson, Calvin Jackman, Thomas Kennedy, Martin Killian, Joseph Smith, Charles G. Thrall, Charles W. Vibberts, Felix Savoe, Horace S. Warren, John Riley.  
 Co. C.—1st Sergt. Ira B. Smith, Sergts. Alfred P. Greene, Augustus Campbell; Corp. Charles E. Hamilton, Wm. C. Cutler, Watson W. Davis, John A. Leeds; Privates James W. Belden, Levi Barnes, Bernard G. Bassett, Joseph Blankhorn, Kenus Clark, Bart Cotterell, Anson Goodnough, Charles Holmes, Charles R. Jackson, John A. Legt, Swan L. Lesure, Charles McWhinnie, George B. Padlock, Chauncey W. Roberts, Frederick A. Taylor, Alexander Ventres, Frank Williams, Wm. Warner, John E. Warner, Frank Taylor, James Kellott, Co. D.—William H. Lessie, John Kensella, James N. Wooster.

Co. F.—Private Joseph T. Palmer.

Co. G.—Privates Erastus S. Bacon, G. L. Wells.  
 Co. H.—Capt. John B. Dennis, 2d Lieut. Henry H. Pierce, Sergt. Wm. P. Carroll, Corps. Edward Sharp, William Smith; Privates George Baker, Samuel Burdick, Michael Grimes, Watson Goodwell, Thomas Henderson, Joseph Harrington, Henry Kimball, John McKeon, Michael Roach, John Sullivan, Daniel Shay, Miles Shay, William H. Thorpe, Levi A. Dowley, William Scranton, Edward Johnson.

RECAPITULATION.—Wounded, Commissioned Officers, 3; Com. Officers prisoners, 4; Enlisted men killed, 3; Enlisted men wounded, 10; Enlisted men prisoners and wounded, 5; Enlisted men prisoners not wounded, 74.—Total, 99.

THEODORE BACON,  
 Capt. Commanding 7th C. V.

CASUALTIES IN THE 14TH CONN. VOLS. TO JUNE 8TH, '64.

COMPANY A.

*Killed*—Private James Ringwood.  
*Wounded*—2d Lieut. William Murdock, ankle, slight; Corp. William Jacobs, knee, badly, since died; private Bunell Styles, arm and, leg badly; Patrick Moore, leg; Patrick Ryan, finger, slight; Wm. Blucher, knee; Corp. John Kelly, hand, slight; Private John Ridley, breast; Charles Sullivan, hand.

*Missing*—Corp. Thomas Henderson; Private James H. Bartram, Richard Ringwood.

COMPANY B.

*Killed*—Privates Lucius E. Bidwell, George S. May, James Scully, Samuel Herring.  
*Wounded*—2d Lieut. Robert Russell, hand, slight; 1st Sergt. Elnathan B. Tyler, thigh, severely; Wm. H. Dean, badly; Edwin Stroud, foot; Joseph McClusky, chest, since died; Corp. A. L. Norton, leg amputated; Herman F. Crowell, breast; Hiram H. Fox, arm; William Hall, ankle, severely; Privates Edward Duffy, body, severely; Thomas Gleason, leg, badly; James Hays 2d, leg; Henry A. Lawrence, hand; Thaddeus Steilheil, hip, badly; William Taylor, arm and shoulder; John Teal, Wm. Vickner, body; Randall M. Tillman, leg, Dwight Davis.

*Missing*—Private Charles E. Pample.

COMPANY C.

*Killed*—Private Stephen D. Kettle.  
*Wounded*—Sergt. Sylvester G. Lord, leg, severely; Corps. Robert Wolfe, hand, slight; Edward Kilduff, feet and groin; Charles A. Beebe, head, mortally; Privates Frederick A. Chase, thighs, severely; Cornelius Daly, heel; Jonathan Taylor, shoulder, badly; Oscar Rander, hand, slight; Sylvester W. Beckwith, knee; Charles Miller, arm, badly; John Sullang, hand, slight; Edward Ross, knee, severely; Frederick A. Ellis, neck, slight; Daniel B. Joice, leg, severely; John Demby, foot, severely; James Coles, hand, slight; James Moran, arm, slight.

*Missing*—Sergt. William A. Rice.

COMPANY D.

*Wounded*—1st Lieut. Newell P. Rockwood, arm, badly; 2d Lieut. George A. Stocking, head; 1st Sergt. Elbert F. Hyde, face, slight; George E. Worcester, leg, severely; Corp. Morris Antrim, hand; Privates Bradley Nichols, arm, slight; Charles H. House, ankle, slight; Michael Carroll, hand, slight; Charles H. Brown, foot, slight; James Drew, arm, slight; William Larcum.  
*Missing*—Privates Parson Davis, James McWilliams, Charles Lamphere, Martin Lyons.

COMPANY E.

*Killed*—Privates Daniel Frimmons, Patrick Lloyd, Alonzo P. Cole.  
*Wounded*—1st Sergt. James M. Moore, head, slightly; Sergt. George K. Bassett, head, slight; Corps. Joseph Keenan, John Carroll, finger, slight; Sanford Bugbee; Privates Jeremiah Callahan, hip, Carlos L. Cole, ear, slight; Thomas Dorns, arm; John B. Dixon, Lewis Bush, arm; Timothy Lown; finger; Patrick Mahoney, John Packer, David Patterson, James Riley, ankle, severely; William Smith, arm; James Norton, arm.

*Missing*—Private Wm. Beecher.

COMPANY F.

*Killed*—Privates Albert S. Frost, Wm. C. Brown.





**Wounded**—1st Lieut. Fred'k Shalk, hip, badly; Sergt. Charles M. Scoville, thigh, badly; Corp. Lucius T. Norton, mouth, badly; Corp. Joseph Thomas, arm; Privates Joseph A. Berry, mouth; Lewis G. Burton, arm, severely; George W. Doty, foot; James Holland, foot; Morris B. Hanford, hand; Charles Miller, hand, slight; John Winter, leg, severely; James Warren, breast, slight.

**Missing**—Corp. Elijah W. Bacon; Private David Gebhardt, John Hines, Wm. E. Mott, Sidney Smith.

#### COMPANY G.

**Killed**—Privates Luther R. Hine, Edward F. Norton, James Brown.

**Wounded**—Capt. Samuel Fiske, shoulder, severely, since died; Corp. A. L. Dibble, head; Henry K. Lyon, knee and missing; Edgar S. Ely, breast slightly; Peter Kelly; Privates Charles Decker, finger, slight; Peter Hughes, cheek, slight; Jerome Kelsey, thigh, severely; Charles Lutz, leg; Henry P. Lynch, leg; George Mayer, head, slight; John O'Conner, leg and arm; John Richardson, arm, badly; John S. Stannard, toes; Richard Lee, arm; Patrick Daly, badly; Charles V. Wilson, breast; Wm. H. Morgan, throat; Benjamin Stevens, jaw.

**Missing**—Corp. Sanford Foster; Private Wm. Hancock.

#### COMPANY H.

**Killed**—Sergt. Wm. Glossinger; Privates Patrick Kirnan, James P. Conner, Jacob Kearn.

**Wounded**—1st Lieut. Samuel H. Seward, arm, amputated; Corp. Charles Laurele, hand, severely; Privates James Crinton, hand, slight; James Allen, head; Curron McKie, arm, badly; Charles Rehner, shoulder; Charles Gard, wrist, slight; Daniel Pia, bowels, badly; John Pals, back, badly.

**Missing**—Privates Joseph P. Starkey, Alexander Orr, Robert Isles, Woodruff Huskins, John Davis, Herman Schluter.

#### COMPANY I.

**Wounded**—Corp. Thomas Crittenden, groin, badly; Privates James Pickett, arm, amputated; Edward Goodman, George Thomas, thumb and side; Stephen Maloney, hip and arm; Nathan A. Palmer, finger; Sergt. Frederick Beardsley, wounded severely.

#### COMPANY K.

**Killed**—1st Lieut. Henry W. Wadhams, Michael Shaugnessy, Chester E. Burton, Charles E. Burroughs.

**Wounded**—2d Lieut. George H. Lillibridge, thigh, badly; Corp. John J. Brierley, hip, slight; Christopher Flynn, hip; Edward Fitzgerald, hand; Francis Daly, breast and arm; Privates Chester Field, head and throat, since died; C. Geo. Halleck, knee, badly; Alfred Cowles, hip; Wm. N. Carroll, leg; Geo. Flammar, head; Oscar Kibbe, leg, severely; Francis McVay, breast, severely; Thomas McGrath, finger; Geo. Spindler, shoulder, badly; Stephen D. Allen, breast, badly; Thomas Madden.

**Missing**—Private Chauncey Knightsbury.

#### FIELD AND STAFF.

**Wounded**—Lieut. Col. Samuel A. Moore, knee, slight; Major James B. Coit, wrist, severely.

#### RECAPITULATION.

**Killed**—Commanding Officers, 1; Enlisted men, 21. **Wounded**—Commanding Officers, 10; Enlisted men, 128. **Missing**—Enlisted men, 24. Aggregate, 184.

**The First Cavalry.**—We expect to give minute details of the great services of this splendid regiment in our next number.

The Fifth and Twentieth regiments have done sturdy and gallant service, but are so well handled by their excellent officers that their losses in killed and wounded are few.

The Sixth and Seventh regiments are in Hawley's Brigade of Terry's Division, Tenth Army Corps. Their record is long and brilliant. We have given but a meagre portion.

The Ninth are still in New Haven, delayed by fault in muster rolls of recruits who enlisted in New Orleans. The men are ready and able to do good service.

#### Captain Taylor.

This estimable young officer was a son of the late Rev. Horace A. Taylor, of Claridon, Ohio.

Captain Taylor was formerly connected with Major General Russell's "Collegiate and Commercial Institute," as pupil; subsequently as teacher and commander of the battalion. He was greatly beloved and respected by all with whom he was associated.

He left his position to volunteer in the service of his country. "A glorious cause in which to risk one's life," he said. He raised the "Monitors" of this city, and his military skill soon made them a most excellent corps, and his kindly qualities endeared him to the hearts of his command.

Captain Taylor was wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13th, 1863, and died at home, March 13th, 1863.

The following is a tribute of Company C, 27th Connecticut Volunteer Infantry, to his memory.

CAMP OF 27TH REGIMENT CONN. VOLS.  
NEAR PALMOUTH, VA., March 20, 1863.

Although upon us, the members of this Company, the news of the death of our friend and Captain, ADDISON C. TAYLOR, has fallen with a heavy stroke, filling our hearts with grief and sorrow, that so soon in the spring time of life the fell destroyer should lay him low, still it is a consoling thought to us that he died in the performance of his duty, and in the service of his country—a noble offering upon her altar; and it cannot but be a soothing balm to the hearts of his bereaved relatives and friends, in his distant home, to know that they are not alone in their grief, but that there are those here in camp, whom it was his wont to lead and their pride to follow, who deeply sympathize with them. In view of this, and at the same time to give utterance to our own sorrow, if it be possible to express that which can be felt, we would adopt the following resolutions:—

**Resolved**, That while with meekness we exclaim, "Thy will not mine be done," we lament the loss of our leader in this hour of our need, and offer our tribute to his memory, as a man, feeling that a noble heart has ceased to beat, and that a true friend

Has gone to mix forever with the elements,  
To be a brother to the insensible rock,  
And the sluggish cloud.

**Resolved**, That a brave soldier has given his life to the service of his country, and that a Christian warrior has gone to his last home, and to his final rest.

**Resolved**, That while we condole with the afflicted, we would remember that the "Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away," and that His rod and His staff will comfort us.

**Resolved**, That the above be forwarded to the New Haven papers, and that copies be furnished for the benefit of friends.

1st Lieut. W. R. HARMOUNT,  
2d Lieut. CHARLES H. BROOKS,  
1st Sergt. EDWARD H. CARRINGTON,  
Corp. JOS. L. STEARNS,  
GEORGE E. TREADWELL,  
Committee of Co. C, 27th Reg. C. V.

At a meeting of the officers of the 1st Connecticut Artillery in the field, near Bermuda Hundred, on the 10th day of June, 1864, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted.

THAT WHEREAS, We have recently heard of the death of Colonel E. S. Kellogg of the 2d Conn. Artillery, late of this Regiment, and whereas, he was long associated with us by the closest ties, therefore

**Resolved**, That while we bow with submission to the hand which has inflicted the blow, we cannot but feel that in the death of Colonel Kellogg the country has lost one of its ablest and bravest defenders, his family a beloved protector, and our-

selves a noble, generous and warm hearted friend, to whom we had become attached by his manly conduct and character, and his deep unselfish devotion to his country's cause.

**Resolved**, That no more fitting day could be selected for these expressions of our regret and sympathy than this, the third Anniversary of our departure from our native State, the willing defenders of our country's cause.

**Resolved**, That we sympathize deeply with the afflicted family of the deceased, committing them to the care of Him who alone can console in so deep affliction.

**Resolved**, That a copy of these proceedings be transmitted to the family of the deceased, to the Commanding Officer of the 2d Connecticut Artillery, and to the Connecticut War Record.

HEADQUARTERS 1ST CONN. ARTILLERY,  
IN THE FIELD, June 10th, 1864.

A true copy,

B. P. LEONARD,  
1st Lieut. and Adjt.

#### Editor War Record:—

Please insert in your valuable Record the accompanying notice of one who deserves from his countrymen more than a passing notice, and oblige several of the 23d Regiment C. V.

Drowned, at Bayou Belef, La., June 5th, 1863, while in the service of his country, Nelson Jarvis, youngest son of Mr. Jabez B. Peck, of Newtown, Conn. Influenced by the purest patriotism, Mr. Peck left a fine social and mercantile position to enlist in the 23d Regiment C. V., while with cheerfulness and alacrity he faithfully performed all the duties of a soldier. He possessed a cultivated mind, cheerful and affectionate disposition, and would generously share his last dollar with a less favored comrade. In truth, he was "every inch a soldier," and, had his life been spared, would have risen in position. But God ordered otherwise, and he was taken from our midst in the first bloom of a noble manhood, beloved and lamented by all who knew him.

In an extract from a letter written by him to a friend but a short time before his death, he thus alludes to a contemplated attack by the rebels upon the 23d, at that time guarding a railroad in Louisiana:

He says, "Let them come on. I, for one, came here to fight, and, if needs be, to die for my beloved country, to redeem from traitors that 'dear old flag,' under whose starry broad folds I have lived and been protected from childhood, and, when recreant to, and forget what I owe to God and my country, may God forget me." God comfort those stricken parents. His elder brother, Lieut. A. W. Peck, is now in the 17th Regiment, now in Florida. The motto of both those noble young men is, "My country, right or wrong." God save my country.

Pardon, Mr. Editor, I see but little about the 23d, which, although a nine months' regiment, did gallant service, and have left a brave and lasting record behind them. MEMBER 23d C. V.

Died at Louisville, Ky., of chronic diarrhoea, March 8th, 1864, Joel Smith of Portland, aged 37. He was a faithful member of Co. D, 20th C. V. His remains were brought to Portland for burial.

Col. John E. Ward of the Eighth was thrice wounded in the fight on the Richmond and Petersburg railroad—twice in the knee by a spent ball and once in the shoulder. The wounds are not serious. The gallant Colonel persisted in remaining with his regiment for some days, and thus took cold, and was at last obliged to go to the hospital. The Colonel will be with his regiment again as soon as he can sit in the saddle.

Major Hemingway of the First Artillery was wounded by the accidental discharge of a pistol, just as the regiment were starting from Washington to join Gen. Butler. The wound was not serious but will detain him in Washington for some time.





## THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

JULY, 1864.

We are happy to acknowledge the receipt of several letters of commendation and encouragement. Were it not for such letters we should be sometimes almost disheartened. Our gallant soldiers are making history much faster and more nobly than we can write it. The deeds of many brave men and the achievements of several regiments are yet unpublished, while none have had full justice. We trust that a complete triumph, or at least a lull in the great conflict, will soon enable us to print the gathered material and give completeness to some portions of our great and interesting work.

It is but fair to say that we shall enter upon the next year with added assistance in our office, and increased facilities for making the WAR RECORD entertaining and valuable. Especial effort will be made to represent every regiment in every number.

It is necessary, for want of room, to postpone lists of casualties in one or two regiments, and also several brief biographies. A large number of the latter will hereafter appear.

We have had in type for a long time "Our Meriden Boys," being a history of Company K, of the Eighth Regiment, first printed in the Meriden Literary Recorder. But we are compelled still to postpone it, but will here gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness to that enterprising and steadily improving paper.

We are happy to welcome among our exchanges "The True Citizen," of the lively and thriving town of New Britain. It is handsomely printed and seems to be judiciously edited. We shall cultivate further acquaintance with it, and trust that the people of New Britain will take pride and pleasure in giving it liberal support.

The most princely achievements of benevolence in any age or nation are now being wrought in our army by the Sanitary and Christian Commissions and Soldiers' Aid Societies. Their immense resources and labors are now so systematically and judiciously applied as to comfort and strengthen the whole army, alleviate incalculable suffering, and save thousands of lives. Let loyal hearts inspire willing hands all over the State to contribute to augment the means of continuing this unparalleled work of mercy and patriotism. Every one can do a little, and many atoms make the huge pile. This is the beauty and glory of the work, that it is to be the majestic result of toil and self-sacrifice by millions of loved ones at a million of loved hearthstones.

### Recruiting in the State.

The number of enlistments for the month of June is 71. This number makes the excess furnished by Connecticut, over all calls, 4,190.

#### SUBSTITUTES.

Since the repeal of the commutation clause, the question of providing substitutes has been much agitated, but little has yet been accomplished. Now, however, is the time to attend to the matter. There will doubtless be a call ere long, giving a brief opportunity to fill the quota, and then a draft will be enforced.

We must send men enough into the army immediately to secure Connecticut against a draft on a call for 500,000 men. Now is the time to do this. When the call comes every State will be at work and competition will make substitutes cost much more.

Any man who, before the draft, procures a substitute not liable to draft, from abroad or from the rebel States, will receive from the State the bounty of \$300 and a certificate of exemption from liability for three years.

For a moderate sum added to this any man may do an excellent thing for himself and for his country.

We must have men at home in our shops and fields. We must have men in the army. In this way we can meet both necessities. It is a way not altogether agreeable, yet it is now, under the circumstances, the best way for the State and the nation. Let the work be done at once throughout Connecticut.

### Notices of Books.

*Camp and Outpost Duty for Infantry.* By DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, Major General of Volunteers, U. S. A. Harper & Brothers, Publishers; pp. 124. Price 60 cents.

This little work, neatly printed, comes recommended by Maj. Generals Hooker, McClellan, Kearney, and Prof. Mahon. Such recommendations are of themselves decisive of standard value. It fills a place among works on tactics unoccupied by any separate, complete, available treatise—and fills it admirably. It is systematic and complete, yet condensed into small compass. Besides the chapters on guard duty in camp and on outpost, it contains a valuable chapter on Provost Duty.

Appended are also well chosen extracts from the army regulations; maxims for soldiers and duties of officers.

It was prepared during active service for immediate use in our own army, and will exactly meet the present wants of American officers and men.

*Modern War, its Theory and Practice.* By EMERIC SZABAD, Captain, U. S. A. pp. 284. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The author attempts a popular exposition of the leading principles of military operations as taught by the most eminent and successful commanders. He illustrates these principles by direct application in the most important campaigns and battles of modern times. The author is thus led to review military operations in the Crimea and in Italy in 1860, of which we have as yet no standard histories, but of which he possesses the accurate knowledge of a trained officer and thorough student.

We all prefer to examine events with reference to some specific object. In this volume are reviewed the great campaigns of the present century, for the purpose of bringing out and enabling any intelligent reader to comprehend leading principles in the working of which we are now, as a people, deeply interested.

It is eminently a book for the times, illustrated by diagrams, and replete with valuable information. While we must modestly disagree with some of the criticisms and deductions of the author, we find ourselves instructed, stimulated to thought and richly repaid for examining the work.

*The Bivouac and the Battle Field.* By GEORGE S. NOYES. pp. 329. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The work was prepared in winter quarters from

copious campaign notes by an officer on the staff of the intrepid General Doubleday, and is a lively sketch of events and personal experiences during the exciting summer and winter of 1862. The style of the writer is easy, graphic, unpretentious, yet often elegant and forcible. His descriptions are vivid and life-like. His delineations of battle scenes are limited and partial, because he accurately portrays only what he actually saw. From many such descriptions years hence adequate record of our battles will be written.

Of many scenes described your editor formed a part, and by aid of the keen observation and truthful delineation of the appreciative author, traversed again with delight the toilsome roads of Virginia and Maryland, and reviewed with enthusiasm the battle scenes of those eventful days.

*History of the Administration of President Lincoln.* By HON. HENRY J. RAYMOND. pp. 492. New York: Derby & Miller. Handsomely printed with superb steel portrait.

This work comprises a brief sketch of the life of President Lincoln, and a lengthy history of his administration, as exhibited chiefly by his own letters, speeches, and official documents, some of which were never before made public.

The work, while it does not claim a place as a standard work on history, is authentic and complete, written with care, elegance and force, and as such it will be of great value to the future historian. But its chief value is present. It is the best consecutive presentation of the character, policy and success of our President which has been or will be made.

It is the work of a friend and should be read as such. It is well worthy of perusal alike by friend and opponent.

For sale in New Haven by Judd & White.

*The Art Idea, or Part Second of the Confessions of an Inquirer.* By JAMES JACKSON JARVIS. pp. 381. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

A dainty and tasteful volume. We have yet had time to give it no more than a casual examination, but have found its pages so delightful and surprisingly suggestive, that we deem it well worthy a more careful perusal.

Its author is evidently an enthusiastic and thorough student of art, having broad general views, and an earnest, truthful spirit. He is original, racy and fearless in expressing his opinions. He is acute in criticism, for the most part genial and generous, sometimes severe, always apparently honest. His views of culture, both mental and moral, are from his art stand point, giving rise to peculiar modes of expression, often beautiful, sometimes startling, and apparently irreverent. Yet if the reader try to stand where the author does, he will get new and richer views of many truths and relations of life, and receive healthful instruction and stimulus.

For sale in New Haven by Judd & White.

*America and Her Commentators, with a Critical Sketch of Travel in the United States.* By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. pp. 450. New York: Charles Scribner.

We do not often open a book and on glancing over the contents experience immediate gratification and enthusiasm. But we welcome the book of Mr. Tuckerman at once. It fills a niche important and before unoccupied. We, as Americans, are perpetually annoyed by persistent and voluminous foreign fault-finders—occasionally consoled and strengthened by words of commendation





and encouragement from worthy men beyond the ocean.

Few of us have time or means to investigate the character of these numerous writers, estimate the justness and value of their criticisms, and paying due heed to all instruction which we may thus derive, calmly put aside the vain and derisive flings of brainless aristocrats or paid defamers.

But Mr. Tuckerman methodizes, reviews, criticizes, and thus makes us acquainted with this multitudinous class of writers, and for his labor deserves the sincere thanks of every busy, enthusiastic American.

"*The Desirableness of Active Service*," a Sermon preached to the Tenth Connecticut Regiment at St. Augustine, Fla. By Chaplain H. CLAY TRUMBULL. Hartford: Case, Lockwood & Co.

A noble discourse, superbly printed. One sermon to the veteran Tenth, by their excellent Chaplain, was published before this, and we trust that others will be issued.

### New England Contributors to the Relief of East Tennessee.

As a representative of East Tennessee, we are requested to express the gratitude of thousands, who have been made the recipients of your prompt and most liberal contributions for their relief. Nothing could have been more timely, humane or even providential than the speedy assistance you sent us, in this the gloomiest hour and saddest time of our life. Friends gone, homes demolished, property of all kinds destroyed, you may imagine our condition at the arrival of the supplies sent, and our joy on receiving them. We cannot say too much in praise of such generosity, such liberal, disinterested and, in many cases, self-sacrificing efforts. Could all speak to their benefactors, there would be an expression of the most real and heartfelt gratitude and blessings bestowed upon them. The appeal to you for this relief met such a ready and cordial response that no one failed to appreciate every effort. Hon. N. G. Taylor of East Tennessee went out in December on this Mission of Charity, demanding relief for the widow and starving child, in the name of justice and humanity and not beggary, though hundreds are beggaried and still utterly destitute, barely existing, and not really living in their once happy and plentiful but now ruined and impoverished homes. His efforts succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations of all. His first endeavor to raise funds was made in Philadelphia, the result of which has been reported. His next step was to visit Boston, where he and all he said were endorsed by General Burnside, the hero of East Tennessee, and others. The noble citizens welcomed him, most deeply sympathizing with the suffering people whom he represented, pouring out their liberal donations to their relief. The Hon. Edward Everett voluntarily offered his services to receive all contributions the people felt willing to send in. Up to this date more than one hundred thousand dollars have been received from New England, and more still coming in.

More than two thirds of this amount has already been wisely expended in the purchase of necessities, such as flour, bacon, &c., and forwarded to Knoxville, where an Agent from each County of East Tennessee receives his portion, which he distributed to the best possible advantage. More than four hundred tons of supplies have been sent forward and no one can estimate the good such efforts have done; how many lives saved, and what suffering has been relieved!

We can assure all who are interested in the relief of East Tennessee, that every dollar it expended by good men to best possible advantage. All the supplies purchased up to this time have reached their destination and have been properly distributed among all needy citizens, regardless of distinction.

A. A. BLUNT,  
General Agent for Brownlow's Whig, &c.

### Regimental.

The Tenth Regiment will be, we trust, justly dealt with in the August number. Our correspondents have failed to send us a word concerning their splendid achievements during the past month.

The Twelfth and Thirteenth regiments are said to be now on the road to Washington. We hope that the Thirteenth will receive the long promised furlough of thirty days.

The Fourteenth is still at its post in the gallant Second Corps. No regiment has suffered more or fought better and none, of equal numbers, can today do better service.

The Fifteenth Regiment are still lying quietly at Newbern. The monotony of their life has been broken by a hard march and some petty skirmishes. We cannot make room at present for the details. It is not the fault of the Fifteenth that they were not in the severe fighting of May and June. They

have done their duty, and whether in the battle front or in garrison, they will always do it manfully and well.

The Sixteenth Regiment. The officers are at Macon, the majority of the men at Andersonville, Georgia.

The Seventeenth Regiment still has its headquarters at St. Augustine, Fla. The men have more guard duty than they can comfortably perform. Colonel Noble is much respected for his efficiency and courtesy in his arduous duties.

The Eighteenth Regiment has (with General Hunter) done hard marching and splendid fighting. Accurate details have not yet been forwarded.

The Twenty-ninth Regiment is at Beaufort, S. C. They have been on several small expeditions—enough to prove the mettle and discipline of the men. The men were recently paid seven dollars a month. They received it with deep feeling, but with no outward murmur. They wait for justice, resolved at least to deserve well of the nation and the friends of liberty.

## CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

### PROSPECTUS

OF

### VOLUME SECOND.

The war continues and the patriotic sons of Connecticut are still battling with matchless valor to save our splendid nation. The ever lengthening and brightening chapter of their heroic achievements must be recorded faithfully and in permanent form. Justice to our gallant State and sympathy with the bereaved demand also that the names and deeds of our fallen heroes be carefully gathered and placed proudly and tenderly upon the historic page.

This is the noble mission of the War Record, and the adequate reason for its continuance through another year.

### The Popularity of the War Record.

Our immense and steadily increasing list of subscribers and the frequent letters of approval which we receive, are incontestible proof that the people value the War Record highly, and will cheerfully sustain us for another year.

We shall therefore continue to publish at

### One Dollar a Year.

Labor and material has advanced greatly in price. We have not advanced our price, but trust to a still greater increase of our large subscription list for a fair compensation to those who do the work.

### Progress Our Watchword.

While we do not advance our price we shall improve our journal.

We have been often gratified by the assurance in letters of our patrons of visible improvement in each successive number. We shall labor in Volume Second enthusiastically and indefatigably to merit similar commendation. The experience of a year and competent assistance in the office will greatly facilitate the accomplishment of our worthy purpose.

Especial effort will be made to give in every

number more extended and complete information from every regiment. We shall soon commence a description of all the battles in which the Connecticut regiments have been engaged, and the precise part of each in the several engagements.

### Regimental Histories.

We entered on our important work with the purpose of writing, by chapters, a complete history of every Connecticut regiment. We shall carry out this plan.

We have published a thorough history of "The Three Months' Volunteers." We have printed much concerning the Seventh, Twelfth, Seventeenth, Twenty-first and Twenty-fourth regiments, the Second Artillery, the First and Second Light Batteries and the First Cavalry.

We have advanced somewhat in the histories of the Eighth, Eleventh and Thirteenth regiments. The other regiments have been but slightly noticed. None have yet a full record. But all will in due time have a fair, concise and complete history printed in our pages. When the war slackens we can proceed rapidly to finish all the histories.

### Advertisements.

The rapid advance in the cost of labor and paper compelled us to print advertisements or fail to pay our expenses. We shall continue so to do with the assurance to our readers that neither quantity nor quality of reading matter will be impaired. Did we not print advertisements we should be obliged to print a smaller sheet.

### To the People of Connecticut.

We enter on the new year with earnest purpose to deserve your support, and with confidence that you will cordially give it. We know that we interest and cheer our brave soldier friends, while we are writing the only enduring record of their splendid courage and lofty heroism. We trust, that as last year, many public spirited citizens will subscribe for additional copies to be sent to the soldiers and their friends.

The August number will contain an excellent portrait of Major General John Sedgwick.

Subscriptions may be handed to our agents or sent by mail to

THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD,  
NEW HAVEN, Conn.

Terms, (in advance,) . . . \$1.00 a year.  
At the end of three months, . . . 1.25 "





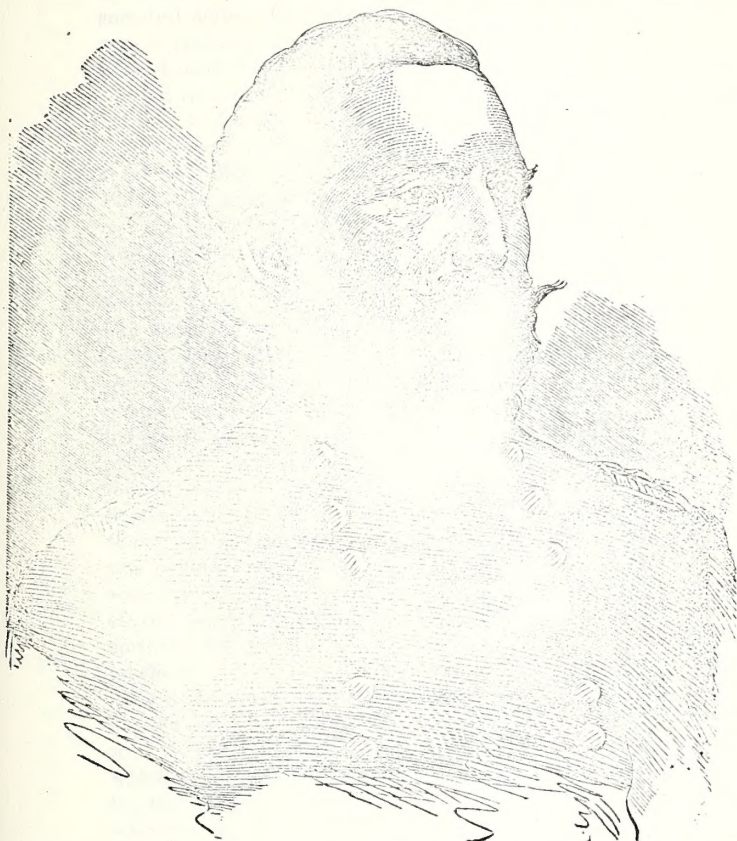
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OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

Office, 2 Glebe Building.  
ORRIS & BENHAM, Publishers.

NEW HAVEN, AUGUST, 1864.

VOL. II. NO. I.  
\$1 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE



*For the Connecticut War Record.*

**Major General John Sedgwick.**

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

John Sedgwick, was born in Cornwall Hollow, Litchfield County, Connecticut, on the 13th of September, 1813. His lineage was illustrious, for he was the child of patriots and of christians. His father, his grand-father, and his great-grand-father were each prominent in his day, for intelligence, probity, and energy, each commanding the esteem of the community and doing with his might, whatever he undertook. The grand-father of John served as an officer in the revolutionary war. A more remote ancestor, Robert Sedgwick, was one of those noble old puritans who, marching under the banner of Oliver Cromwell,

struck such sturdy blows for human rights. His merits raised him, among that band of heroes, to the rank of major general. Honesty, manliness, great strength of will and depth of character have been marked characteristics of the line of Sedgwick. "Hereditary rank," says Washington Irving, "may be an illusion; but hereditary virtue gives a patent of innate nobleness."

"Tis not my boast that I adduce my birth,  
From loins of kings, and rulers of the earth;  
By higher far my proud pretensions rise,  
The child of parents passed into the skies."

The first of the Sedgwick family who emigrated to this country, was Robert, of whom we have spoken. He settled in Charleston, Mass., about the year 1636. Soon after, however, he returned to England to take a heroic part in the

war against the tyrannical Charles I. Americans are not fond of tracing genealogic lines. We may, however, briefly mention that William, son of Robert, married Elizabeth, daughter of Rev. Samuel Stone, of Hartford. Samuel, their son, settled on the road between Hartford and Farmington. His son Stephen, born in 1701, married Mary Harris. Their son Benjamin, married Ann Thompson of Wallingford, and removed to Cornwall, where he died in 1756. He left four sons, all marked men. His eldest son John, "General John," left also several sons, one of whom, Benjamin, was the father of Major General John Sedgwick, the subject of the present brief sketch, and whose name will henceforth occupy a prominent page in American history.

It was in the year 1748, that Deacon Benjamin Sedgwick, the great grand-father of Major General John Sedgwick, took possession of a large tract of land at Cornwall Hollow. For more than a hundred years, and during four generations, this land has now been in possession of the family—quite a remarkable fact in migratory New England. At the time deacon Sedgwick took possession of his farm, there were but few inhabitants in the town, clustered in the warm valleys, while dense forests spread over all the hills. But the stout heart and the strong arm of the puritan were enlisted to subdue the wilderness, and the work was effectually accomplished.

His son, "General John," grandfather of our own illustrious General John, inherited the sterling virtues of his sire. He served as major in the armies of the revolution. He was one of that band of heroes, never surpassed in ancient story, who, through storm and despair, for a dreary winter, stood firm at Valley Forge. The tories burnt General John's house as soon as he left for the army.

The patriot neighbors of General John, erected for him a new house. So inspiring was their zeal, that working day and night, the frame was put up, and the house rendered inhabitable for his family





in three days. Returning victorious from the glorious war which secured our independence, he was made General of Militia, and for several successive years represented his town in the State Legislature. A kind providence favored his son Benjamin, with a peaceful life on his ancestral acres. Benjamin's son John, was a vigorous, manly, generous boy. Though modest and unassuming he seemed born to control others. He was by nature a leader, not a follower.

At the age of 20, John Sedgwick entered the military academy at West Point. He graduated in the year 1837, and was appointed lieutenant of artillery. For two years lieutenant Sedgwick was engaged in the deplorable war with the Indians, in the everglades of Florida, into which the slaveholders of the South so inhumanly plunged our nation. The poor savages, stung to desperation, perpetrated outrages from which it was an imperious duty of the Government to protect the helpless settlers on these remote frontiers. In this inglorious war lieutenant Sedgwick had but little opportunity of distinguishing himself. He was doubtless glad when his regiment was recalled from the gloomy morasses of the peninsula, to watch over the northern frontier during the Canadian rebellion.

Soon the slaveholders plunged us into another war with Mexico. Their object was to wrest territory from Mexico, which they could cut up into slaveholding States, and thus equalize their representation in the Senate with the free States of the North. The nation was thus dragged into another bloody war. Lieutenant Sedgwick was sent to Mexico. Here his native intrepidity and military genius began to develop themselves. In many a heavy fight his gallantry was conspicuous. At Contreras, and Churubusco, and Chapultepec, he obtained the reputation of the bravest of the brave. Rapidly promotion followed merit. In 1855 he obtained the rank of Major in 1st United States Cavalry.

Lieutenant Sedgwick went to Mexico, on the body guard of Gen. Scott. He took an active part in the capture of Vera Cruz, and was engaged in all the battles of the valley. Providence had placed him in a school to prepare him to take a prominent part in the greatest strife of all the ages. Earth has never seen an empire more full of promise than

the free republic of America. Foul treason was even then plotting to tear this empire down, and to rear, in its stead, the meanest and the vilest of despotisms. But providence was also raising up and educating defenders to protect our land from the dagger thrusts of treason. Lieutenant Sedgwick, raised to the rank of Captain, was placed in command of a portion of major Ringold's renowned battery of light artillery. The splendid service he here performed, gave him daily that increasing fame, for which he seemed to care nothing.

One morning, before one of those terrible conflicts in the Valley of Mexico, Capt. Sedgwick, with four of his comrades, sat down to breakfast together. They were all healthy, buoyant with youthful vigor and hope. A battle was impending. Girding themselves, they went out into the storm of thunder, flame, blood. Night came. Captain Sedgwick returned to his tent from the smothering sulphurous canopy of battle—alone. His four comrades, torn and trampled, were cold in death. Such is life in the army. One grows old fast amidst such experiences.

Returning from the fields of Mexico, and from a triumphant entrance into the halls of the Montezumas, Major Sedgwick served, for some time, on our Western frontier, protecting the remote settlers from Indian raids. In the autumn of 1860, he was sent far off into the wilderness, with a body of troops and laborers, to construct Fort Wise, in the vicinity of Pike's Peak. It is supposed that one object of the treacherous administration, then in power, in sending him with his command there, was to have him as far as possible out of the way, in preparation for the accomplishment of their conspiracy to overthrow our free constitution, and to reconstruct the government on the basis no longer of the equal rights of man, but of the exclusive privileges of an aristocratic class.

As God in the school of discipline, trial, hardship, prepared Moses for his mission, so did he prepare John Sedgwick for the heroic work unto which he had appointed him. In the wild wilderness, where dangers ever threatened, he was thrown on his own resources. Necessity made him inventive in expedients, prompt in judgment, decisive in action. He became injured to want and privation, to coarse fare and an unsheltered couch.

The sparkling water and the bracing winds of the mountains, invigorated his constitution, and gave to his tendons the toughness and tenacity of steel.

At one time, when in the wilderness, he was separated from his supplies for twenty days. During this time he was compelled to subsist upon such spoil as he could take from the stream or the prairie—fresh meat, without salt or vegetables. His own buoyant, cheerful spirit, animated his men, and they all bore their hardships without a murmur. Adversity is a stern, rough teacher, but he teaches many noble lessons. It was in this school that Gen. Sedgwick was trained for the distinguished service he afterwards was enabled to render his country and humanity.

As soon as the flag of rebellion was raised, and treason opened her shotted guns against Fort Sumter, Captain Sedgwick, true to his principles of Christian democracy, girded himself, with all the enthusiasm of his nature, for a struggle; if need be, unto death, against the despotism which threatened the subjugation of our free institutions. He was a member of the old democratic party. In his sincere, honest soul, *democracy* meant *democracy*—equal rights for all men. His soul loathed that hypocritical democracy, which unfurls a false banner, beneath which to fight the battles of the most despicable aristocracy and despotism.

He was almost immediately in 1861, made Colonel of the 4th Cavalry, succeeding, as we believe, the traitor Col. Lee, who, unmindful of a soldier's honor, abandoned the service of his country and deserted to the flag of treason, to become the military chieftain of the rebellion, which has deluged our once happy land in blood. Until this time Sedgwick and Lee had been personal friends; but henceforth friends no more. The patriot may pity, but he must abhor, the rebel. Col. Sedgwick had hardly received his commission ere, in August, 1861, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General of Volunteers.

Almost immediately Gen. Sedgwick rose to a position of national fame. He infused his indomitable spirit and restless energy into every man under his command. In the earliest history of the Army of the Potomac, amidst disasters and humiliations, "Sedgwick's Brigade" achieved a brilliant record. From this





time until his death, he was ever where blows fell heaviest and fastest, and where danger was most imminent. According to the statement of the Prince de Joinville and of Gen. Richardson, the skill, energy and bravery of Gen. Sedgwick, then brigadier general, was mainly instrumental in rescuing victoriously and with glory, our army imperilled by a false position at Fair Oaks.

Three divisions had been thrown across the Chickahominy. A fearful storm then arose, converting the sluggish stream into a torrent and sweeping away the bridges, and flooding the adjacent swamps into expanded, fathomless sheets of water. But one narrow bridge was left connecting the two armies thus isolated, and that bridge was in danger every hour of being torn away. The eagle-eyed enemy, in great force at Richmond, seized the opportunity to attempt to annihilate the divisions, scarcely six thousand strong, which had crossed the stream. In massed and solid columns sixty thousand in number, they emerged from behind their ramparts, in Richmond, and fell impetuously upon the advance lines of Gen. Casey.

To resist such number, was impossible. The heroic little band fought with energy which has entitled them to a nation's gratitude. Utterly overpowered by numbers and in danger of being surrounded and captured, they retired in confusion. Couch and Heintzelman advanced to the assistance of Casey. Though they did all that mortal valor could accomplish, they were quite unable to stem the torrent, and were swept before its crested billow of flame.

Gen. Sedgwick, impetuously anticipating the order to cross the river, had every man in readiness for the command to move. Like hounds springing from the leash they leaped forward. In breathless haste they ran for miles, planted their batteries of 24 guns, which Gen. Sedgwick had already learned well how to use, and opened a deadly, unintermitted, point blank fire, of grape, of canister, of shot, of shell, into the very bosoms of the exulting, yelling onrushing masses of the foe. In a moment the ranks were broken—huge gaps appeared—the lines wavered, recoiled, the yells grew fainter, the ground was covered with the dead and with bleeding, mangled, writhing forms, biting the dust in their agony. The army was saved.

"In half an hour more," says General Richardson, "our column would have been cut in two, which would have secured the defeat of our army. The danger was imminent. But the division of Gen. Sedgwick, advancing at quick time, came up at the critical moment, and formed in line of battle in the edge of the wood, at the skirt of a large open field. At this point, commencing a fire of canister shot upon the head of the column, from his 24 pieces, he staggered it—and the division, then moving down in line of battle, swept the field, recovering much of our lost ground."

It was a heroic deed, heroically performed. None but a tried soldier would have dared to attempt it, or could have accomplished it. Over a foaming torrent whose swaying bridge, threatened to fall beneath their tread, engulfing those upon it, and cutting off those who had passed from all possibilities of succor or retreat—through swamps waist deep with mud and water and all hideous entanglements upon the bristling bayonets and belching guns of a foe many times their number, and flushed with victory—they rushed on, not to the destruction and death which seemed inevitable, but one of the most glorious of our victories.

After the close of the disastrous campaign of the Chickahominy, he returned, with McClellan's army to Alexandria. Such bravery and military ability as Gen. Sedgwick had displayed could not escape recognition. On the 4th of July, 1861, at Alexandria, Gen. Sedgwick received his commission as Major General. Soon after, he marched to meet, on the field of battle, his old comrade and friend under the Stars and Stripes, now the traitor Gen. Lee, who was striving to trample in the dust of dishonor, that banner which he had sworn to defend against all assailants.

At the bloody battle of Antietam, Gen. Sedgwick was in the thickest of the fight. Twice he was wounded while attempting to rally his troops and hold them firm where bullets and grape swept their ranks like hail stones. Faint from loss of blood, he was at length borne, in almost a senseless condition, from the field. His wounds were so severe, that he was compelled to submit to a brief respite from the toils of war, and to seek those healing virtues which could be found only in the midst of the quietude and the endearments of home.

But his heart was in the war, the great, sublime war for national existence, for human rights the wide world over. His wounds were scarcely healed, ere he was again in the saddle and on the field. The shouts of his troops welcomed their beloved commander back to the campaign of Chancellorsville. Gen. Hooker knew well whom to trust for any adventure which required the bravery of desperation, and the prudence of the coolest brain. To him and his renowned command the 6th Corps, was assigned the part to storm and hold, the heights of Fredericksburg. Heroically the gallant exploit was achieved. It makes one's pulse leap to contemplate, the gallant ascent of those heights, marching with bare bosoms upon bristling ramparts, reckless of death, inspired by that pure patriotism, which gives enthusiasm which nothing but true religion can rival—pressing on—straight on, over every difficulty, through every danger for six miles, every inch of which was a deadly battle—until meeting with an overwhelming force which they *could not* break through, they retired calmly and in perfect order to a position where they could bid defiance to their foes. As Gen. Sedgwick entered upon this, one of the most heroic adventures of the war, in brief but telling words he said to his men:

"Soldiers, the occasion demands that each regiment should perform the work of a brigade."

His men were worthy of their leader. They knew how to appreciate their general, who was every inch a soldier. His courage, his quick eye, his prompt judgment, his energetic action, his sympathy for his men, and the self-sacrifice with which he shared their toils and hardships, won for him that strongest of almost all earthly love, a soldier's heart.

When our armies were encamped near Washington, and when the Capitol was crowded with idle officers wasting their time in dissipation and sensual indulgence, Gen. Sedgwick was not known on a single occasion, to visit the city for pleasure. He was with his troops, encouraging them by his presence, training and disciplining them, securing their affection and confidence by countless deeds of kindness, and thus preparing both himself and them for any emergency which might arise. When the hour of trial came, the troops knew their leader and the leader knew his troops. Disk-





ing all parade, and sincerely, unostentatiously plain and simple in his tastes, the soldiers loved to call him "Farmer John." He was a man of few words, but of great deeds. Quiet, unobtrusive, unambitious, he excited but little envy, while all were ready to do homage to his virtues and his genius. Twice he was offered the supreme command and twice he refused it. "A man," says Napoleon I, "before he assumes the responsibility of supreme command, should examine himself."

In every great soul, truly great, there is an underlying element of woman's loving, gentle nature. "Kiss me Hardy," said Lord Nelson, as he was dying, to the friend who was weeping over him. A week or two before Gen. Sedgwick died, he one day went into his tent and found a favorite aid lying down there asleep. He softly drew near him, bent down and kissed him on the forehead, saying: "You do not know how much I love you." His fondness for his home, and his love for his ancestral acres were, with him, almost a passion. One day, standing upon his doorstep, he looked around upon the pleasing landscape before him, hallowed by all the associations of childhood, and exclaimed, "Is there another spot on earth so beautiful as Cornwall Hollow?"

Gen. Sedgwick was never married. An only sister, tenderly loved, was left in charge of all domestic matters upon the ancestral estate. To her faithful hand he entrusted the management of all home affairs, while he consecrated his time and his genius, with undivided energies to the service of his country. That one, with so loving a heart, with a nature so domestic in all its tastes and pleasures, should have lived alone, has doubtless some explanation in heart experiences, which is not to be divulged to the world. Since Washington Irving's death, the mystery of his lonely life has been solved. But with these sacred secrets, of pure and loving, and earnest natures, the world has no right to intermeddle.

In the great battle of Gettysburg, Gen. Sedgwick arrived on the field with his corps late on the second day, after a march of thirty-three miles. Instantly he went into the battle and contributed the most essential aid in the gaining of that signal victory. He carried into practice the maxim of the first Napoleon, that an army ought to be capable of

making the utmost resistance, or doing the utmost injury at every moment, which it is capable of at any moment.

In the terrific battles of the Wilderness, as General Grant, in a series of conflicts which can find no parallel in the annals of war, was compelling the proud hordes of Gen. Lee to fall back from their entrenchments, on the south banks of the Rapidan, to the ramparts of Richmond and Petersburg, Gen. Sedgwick took a prominent part. At the close of the first three day's fighting, he wrote home to his friends:

"My corps have fought splendidly for three days, and they can fight six more as well."

On Monday, the 9th of May, Gen. Sedgwick, at Spottsylvania, was surveying the ground to find a good position to post his troops. The bullets of a rebel sharpshooter whizzed over his head. He quietly remarked that they could not hit at such a distance, and went on with his reconnoissance. The next shot was fatal. The bullet struck him just beneath the left eye, and passed through his head. He fell dead, without a struggle or a pang. And thus was immolated upon the blood-stained altar of Slavery, another martyr to God and Liberty. The name of Sedgwick is to be engraved on the same roll with Lyon, and Baker, and Foote, and Wadsworth,—and the long list of our honored patriots, who by their blood have delivered our land from the grasp of traitors. His remains, accompanied by all the demonstrations of public grief and esteem, were immediately taken to Washington, whence they were transferred to his native village, Cornwall, Connecticut. They were accompanied by two members of the General's staff, and by a portion of the Connecticut delegation in Congress. A special train was tendered to convey the body to New York. The remains reached New York on Thursday morning, May 12th. The Governor of Connecticut, Wm. A. Buckingham, and others of the most distinguished gentlemen of New York, officiated as pall bearers, as the honored remains were taken to the New Haven railroad station. At Bridgeport, the remains were removed to a car draped in mourning, and amid the tolling of bells, and the solemn booming of cannon, were conveyed up the Housatonic road to Cornwall. A public funeral was earnestly desired by the community, and

a committee was appointed by the Legislature of Connecticut to make the necessary arrangements. To this proposition the friends of the deceased made the following reply:—

"The family of Gen. Sedgwick are deeply sensible of the honor which the State has prepared to show his memory; nor have they failed to take into account the respect which, in such a case, is due to the expressed wish of the State; but it does not accord with their feelings, that one whose life was so simple, should be buried in any other way, than quietly from the house he loved."

In the mean time, the Legislature of Connecticut, on the 12th of May, passed the following Resolution:—

"Resolved, that in the death of Major General John Sedgwick, who fell gloriously in the hour of victory, May 10th, 1864, Connecticut is again called to mourn the loss of one of her most noble sons, and one of the most gallant and accomplished leaders of the national army. Wise in council, of large experience, with rare talent to command, prompt and determined in action, the soul of valor on the battle field, honored by his superiors and his associates, and beloved by all who served under him, his loss, in a crisis like the present, cannot but be severely felt;—while we bow in resignation to the blow, which has deprived the country of a tower of strength."

The funeral ceremonies were solemnized in the pleasant little village of Cornwall, on Sabbath morning, May 15, 1864. It had rained violently in the early hours of the morning, and heavy masses of clouds still floated in the sky; but the whole of Litchfield county was moved, and from all directions the thronging multitudes came to honor the dead. During the funeral services, over six hundred vehicles were counted near the mansion of the departed. The exercises, in their simplicity and pathos, were beautifully appropriate to the occasion. The Rev. Charles Wetherby, of the village church, preached an admirable sermon from the text, "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of battle," giving a brief, but graphic sketch of the deceased. An appropriate address was also made by Prof. Wm. B. Clarke, of Yale College, who had been the former pastor of the church at Cornwall. The pall bearers were near neighbors, the early and lifelong friends of the deceased. The military who had been sent to accompany the body, were present as mourners.

A plain rosewood coffin inclosed the hero's remains. It was enshrouded in that glorious banner, for which General Sedgwick had so nobly fought, and bravely died. The coffin was placed in





the General's private room. As the whole vast assembly wished to take a last look of one whom they all so highly revered and loved, for more than an hour they filed slowly through the room, each one giving a lingering look upon the upturned face of the dead. Dressed in his uniform, he lay in his last sleep before them, a tall, broad browed man. His moustache and whiskers were slightly sprinkled with grey hairs. A slight discoloration beneath the right eye, indicated the spot through which the bullet, had penetrated and passed through his brain.

"As the remains were brought from the house," writes an eye witness, "in charge of the pall bearers, and placed upon the hearse, it was noticed that the sun, which had previously been concealed by the heavy clouds, suddenly shone forth, for a moment, in all its splendor, seeming thus to pay a last tribute to the departed, whose life had been so full of glory. So when the coffin was being lowered to its final resting place in the quiet graveyard, a distinct peal of thunder, like the roar of distant artillery, reverberated along the heavens, sounding the soldier's requiem."

The remains were followed to their burial by such a funeral procession as Litchfield county had probably never witnessed before. Over three hundred vehicles were in the mourning train. The grave was dug in the village burying ground, about half a mile from the general's mansion. When the friendly hands of neighbors had lowered the coffin into its final resting place, the officiating pastor, Rev. Charles Wetherby, raising his hands, offered the following benediction: "And now, O thou God of battles, be with our nation in this, its hour of trial; and may grace, mercy and peace, abide with us all, evermore. Amen."

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

May the tried soldier rest in peace.

### Graphotype Engravings.

The portrait of Col. Chatfield in our July number and that of Col. Russell in our April number, are graphotype Engravings.

The process is entirely new—much cheaper than the ordinary methods—and secures, what is rarely obtained, a "perfect reproduction of the artists drawing."

The excellent graphotypes we have used, were prepared by Talbot & Co., of New York City, who are the Patentees of this remarkable invention. We have purposely refrained from men-

tioning the character of these Engravings that we might hear the comments of our patrons. They have been universally admired and commended—many have thought them the best we have presented. We heartily rejoice at the verdict; because they may be produced for two-thirds the cost of Wood Engravings, and one-half that of Lithographs. We hope they may come into common use for family portraits.

### The Kearsage and the Alabama.

To the splendid achievement of the Kearsage, we recur with increasing satisfaction, as we see more clearly its important results.

"At the distance of a mile," (says the London Times,) "never less than a quarter of a mile, a formidable ship, the terror of American commerce, well armed, well manned, well handled, is sent to the bottom in an hour."

Europe is amazed at the marvellous precision and terrible execution of Yankee guns. The damage to Confederate reputation is irreparable. Neither the limitless bluster nor measureless falsehood of shameless confederates can erase the unwelcome fact of utter and disgraceful defeat. The London Star thus expresses wide-spread opinion:

"The Alabama has at last met her well-deserved fate. Her career of lawless destruction has ended in a short fight and an utter wreck. She has gone down under the guns of the first warship she has ventured to encounter. After preying for nearly two years upon unarmed merchantmen, and having performed nothing more worthy of her boasted prowess than the destruction of a gunboat lured by the display of false colors within range of her fire, she has fought her first and last battle."

This easy and complete victory is a most gratifying proof of the superiority and efficiency of our navy. The boastful and terrible pirate was sunk in one hour, with trifling loss to our ship. Plainly the right class of vessels were put on her track.

Yet, the Kearsage was a war vessel of the third rate, carrying but eight guns. What may we expect if occasion offers, from a first-rate American Ship of War?

But, we often ask, with impatience—why was she suffered so long to roam the seas? Why were not a hundred vessels sent in pursuit? The answer is obvious. The ocean is a wide and trackless course. All the vessels of our navy might fail for years to intercept the pirate on the open seas. To entrap her in some friendly port, was all that could be reasonably hoped. This, after long and patient vigilance is done—and thus at last the wisdom and efficiency of our navy and naval department are triumphantly vindicated.

An English writer, appreciating the

case, writes thus—for Englishmen to read:—

"A well-armed gunboat may finish the career of a corsair when the latter is overtaken and brought to battle,—but, let it be well noted, one swift-going privateer may elude for many months the best ships in the British navy. For which reason, if for no other, let us make very sure that no second Alabama steals forth from our harbors, an example to enemies of our own as well as an outrage on our friends and kindred."

The wholesome anxiety to do tardy justice, manifested in the last paragraph—no argument or entreaty could have aroused. The echoing logic of American guns in the sharp decisive fight in the English channel forces conviction.

We quote one of several similar evidences that the English mind is startled to at least a temporary sentiment of honor and fairness. This extract is from the Manchester Examiner.

"Thus ends the career of one of the most notorious ships of modern times. Costly as has been her career to Federal commerce, she has been hardly less costly to this country. She has sown a legacy of distrust and of future apprehension on both sides of the Atlantic; and happy will it be both for England and America if with her, beneath the waters of the Channel, may be buried the memory of her career and of the mischief she has done."

Europeans comprehend this fight and its lesson—American tars with American guns on American ships—are competent to maintain American honor and American rights—on any sea, against any foe.

And the spirit of one wounded sailor, Wm. Gin, is the spirit of all. Though writhing with excruciating pain, at the cheer of victory, he spoke out the patriotism of his manly heart, and said—"I would be willing to bear a dozen such wounds to hear that cheer."

### Maj-General McPherson.

"A braver soldier never couched lance;  
A gentler heart did never sway in court."

Though yet young he was one of the foremost generals of the age. He was courteous alike to his superiors and subordinates. No soldier ever received from him an unkind or an uncivil word. It is said, and doubtless with truth, that meeting a party of soldiers who had failed to do their duty, an officer riding along with him inquired, "General, why don't you curse the damned rascals?" "Sir," replied Gen. McPherson, "I have no more right to swear at them than at you." How clear his perception of the right of every man to polite treatment. There is no better type of the chivalrous gentleman. Gen. McPherson was also eminently faithful to his duty and to his country. He has neither asked nor accepted a furlough since the breaking out of the war. He believed fully in the justice and transcendent importance of the great conflict, and labored with his whole mind and heart to push it forward to the speedy and triumphant conclusion.





## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

## From the First Connecticut Cavalry.

1st COSY. CAVALRY, near  
CITY POINT, VA., July 30, 1864. }

MR. EDITOR:—If any friends of our Regiment have searched your Record in vain for an account of our operations during the past few months; we regret their disappointment. But it has not been possible, before this, to send you any report. Perhaps, even at this late day, some may care to see a cursory review of the principal points in our experience since the campaign began.

It is generally understood that the Cavalry arm of the service has been more constantly employed this summer, and has rendered more effective aid than ever before during the war. And the 1st Conn. has had its full share of hard work.

Our Division of the Corps—the 3d, under Gen. Wilson, broke camp near Strasburg, May 3, about midnight, and started for Germania Ford on the Rapidan. We marched steadily and rapidly—only halting, from time to time, to allow columns of Infantry and Artillery to pass—and at daylight, forded the River—not waiting for the Pontoon Bridges just arrived and ready to be laid. After crossing we pushed, at once, to the heights on the other side—passing strong earthworks—that fortunately were not manned—and did not rest till late in the afternoon, we reached a place called Parker's store. Starting by daylight the next morning, we marched uninterruptedly till our advance was checked about noon, at Shady Grove Church, by a strong force of the enemy—Cavalry and Infantry. After some severe skirmishing, the Division was withdrawn to a better position, from which our Artillery could operate effectively—checking altogether their advance. Subsequently, finding that we were being surrounded, Gen. Wilson ordered us to fall back, by a cross road, in the direction of the Aldrich House. We were pursued by the enemy in superior force—our rear guard was assailed—and the whole Division halted for a general engagement. Just then a courier brought the welcome intelligence that reinforcements were at hand, and soon we were gladdened by the appearance of the 2nd Division, Gen. Gregg, with whose aid the enemy, after hard fighting for several hours, were defeated and driven back several miles.

From that time hardly a day passed without its engagement, more or less severe. We were almost constantly employed making reconnoissance, annoying in different ways the enemy's flanks or guarding our own. Some days we were eighteen or twenty hours in the saddle—riding all the while with but brief intermission for rest or food.

Early on the morning of Sunday, May 7, after having spent the night on picket at a point within the fortifications of Fredericksburg, we started on a reconnoissance for Spottsylvania Court House—no opposition met us till within a mile of the place, when the rebel pickets were driven in, and a gun opened upon us which was speedily silenced by one of our batteries. The town was then cleared out by a charge led by our Regiment,—after which a considerable force dismounted and sent into the woods—the 1st Conn. being in the advance. An hour's sharp skirmishing resulted in the rout of the enemy—but they soon returned reinforced by Infantry—when the object of the reconnoissance being accomplished, the Division retired. We were glad when the day closed and there was promise of rest—but our blankets had hardly been spread upon the ground after a meagre evening meal, before orders came to prepare, at once, for a long and trying march—whither, no one knew but every one guessed—instructions being given to leave behind every horse and every man unfit for the toughest of Cavalry experience. The night was mostly spent in preparation—the night whose rest we had so longed for—and, by daylight, we were off for Richmond, the whole Cavalry Corps being now together under Gen'l Sheridan. From that time, being within the enemy's lines, we were exposed to frequent assaults on the march or wherever the column halted for the night—and, though with the three Divisions together we had a force of some eighty-five hundred effective mounted men, the enemy, with smaller bodies, could annoy us exceedingly, as the line of march lay chiefly through dense woods and through regions which commanded fine points of defence.

Having halted one night, a little after midnight, near Hanover Junction—we were aroused, at 3 o'clock, with orders to prepare to move immediately. Every one being extremely exhausted, only a few heard or at least heeded the call;

but, in a few moments, a shell came buzzing through the air, exploding in the woods near by, and before the summons, in this shape, had been repeated many times—every officer and man was in the saddle ready for the battle which followed. The Rebels, having discovered our position during the night, had planted their batteries accordingly; but, after a brief struggle, they were driven back towards the R. R. When we reached Beaver Dam Station, our eyes were refreshed by the sight of work which one of the Divisions had accomplished during the night; R. R. buildings had been burned, track and rolling stock destroyed, and ruin effected generally. It was here the train was captured with ten day's rations for Gen'l Lee's Army. At the same time, several hundred Union prisoners started for Dixie, were released, and a happier set of men it would be difficult to find.

Wednesday, May 11, at noon, while we were feasting on hard tack and coffee, our felicity was interrupted by the sound of sharp firing in the advance, near the locality known as Yellow Farm. Our Regiment was ordered forward with others, as a support, and drawn up ready for work, but were not needed. The enemy were routed by the 1st Division, especially by Gen. Custer's Michigan Brigade—their Batteries destroyed or captured and their pet General—J. E. B. Stuart—killed. The Corps was preparing then to move on, when the sound of heavy artillery was heard upon one of our flanks. The whole force was so disposed as to receive advantageously the anticipated attack, but it did not come, and about midnight our march was resumed. The march of that night will not soon be forgotten by any who shared its experience. Knowing the enemy were upon our flanks and rear, there was every reason to expect an assault, which in the dark it would be difficult to repulse—and what made every one more sober, was the consciousness that for want of an adequate supply of ambulances—which are regarded altogether incompatible with raids—most of the wounded—if any there were—would be left by the roadside to take care of themselves, or at the mercy of an exasperated foe. We marched on, however, without interruption, on the main pike to Richmond, and when within three miles of the city, our Division, being in the advance, took a road for Meadow Bridge, en route for the





Peninsula. About daylight we were proceeding quietly—the whole command nearly exhausted from want of food and rest, many sleeping in the saddle—when a shot, so heavy we knew it must have come from the fortifications by the city, revealed to us that we were in a decidedly perilous locality. A severe fight ensued with the rebel cavalry, in which the 1st Conn. was heavily engaged, resulting in a rebel defeat, when we retired out of reach of the heavy guns of their entrenchments. One of our men, killed by a twenty-four pounder, as the Regiment were drawn up in line of battle in an open field, we buried under a wide-spreading tree, and during the brief service a shell burst very near us. From our position upon an eminence, we could witness a fierce struggle in the plains below. The other Divisions took a more direct road, but by the time they reached Meadow Bridge, a force of Beauregard's infantry had arrived there prepared to contest its passage, and with orders to hold it at all hazards. The battle was very severe—fought mostly in a violent thunder storm which lasted several hours and was intensely exciting to us who watched its progress, realizing that our salvation depended upon the issue. Finally Gen. Custer, at the head of his Brigade, made a magnificent charge, and the bridge was ours. The crossing begun at once, was accomplished just in time, before the streams, rapidly swollen by the heavy rains, had made all approach impossible. The whole Corps moved forward without further interruption till about dark. We reached Mechanicsville, where the enemy had posted themselves on either side of the road prepared for a vigorous assault. But Gen. Sheridan, by a very adroit manœuvre, moved his whole force quickly away, by a side road, and ten o'clock found us at Hogan's or Gaines' House in the vicinity of Gaines' Mills. The movement had been so successful that we lost not a single wagon, nor one of our three or four hundred prisoners. We had a soft bed that night—our Regiment at least—the ploughed ground, where we halted, being well soaked with the rain, which fell steadily till morning—but though we lay in the mud with no shelter but such as was afforded by rubber blankets, our rest was as sweet as good friends at home were enjoying in their comfortable beds. The next day we started for the James River

via Bottom's Bridge. Stopping at Malvern Hill to rest, we had the pleasure of being shelled by our own gun-boats in the river—being taken for rebels; but no lives were lost before the gunners were signalled and informed of their mistake. Having encamped here for the night, we marched the next day, Sunday, May 15, to Hascall's Landing on the James, where we were enabled to see a transport laden with abundant supplies, a most rapturous sight to men so nearly starved as we were. We rested there for a day or two till it was discovered, at least so rumor said, that the rebels had thrown a pontoon across the river at Fort Darling, and were meditating a visit, in large force, to our rear. Under the circumstances it was deemed prudent to change our base, and our march was resumed via White House, back to the Army of the Potomac. The Corps was then divided—the 1st and 2d Divisions operating on General Grant's left flank, our Division on his right. We had a severe experience in rapid marching from point to point—in skirmishing day and night, but no serious engagement till May 31st. Gen. Wilson having been ordered to destroy certain bridges on the South Anna, to prevent Gen. Lee from raiding northward, we moved in that direction but met the enemy in considerable strength near Hanover Court House. The afternoon was spent in dismounted skirmishing and artillery duelling—but just at dark, when it was thought the day's fighting was over, Gen. Wilson ordered an advance, and the Division—the 1st Conn. in front—moved rapidly forward over a plain exposed to severe fire, to the woods where the enemy were, drove them out, through the town and a mile beyond. We halted for the night, about nine o'clock, in an open field—so near the rebels as to be within easy range of their guns—orders having been given to build no fires, and for every man to be ready to mount at a moment's notice—so that all the rest we could get was in lying or leaning on the ground, with bridle wrapped about the wrist, aroused every little while by picket firing, knowing that at any moment we might be attacked. When morning came the enemy were driven from our immediate front and we moved on—the 2d Brigade, Col. Chapman, being ordered to destroy the bridges, while our Brigade—the 1st—Col. McIntosh,

was to proceed in the direction of Ashland to divert the enemy. Col. Chapman succeeded in his work and we succeeded admirably in ours—viz: in attracting the enemy—for within a mile of Ashland we were surrounded by four Brigades of rebel cavalry. The 1st Conn. was in the rear, and behind us was the pack train, wagons and led horses of the whole Brigade. It was my fortune to have gone back for a moment to the train, and when about mounting to return, I was startled suddenly by a rush, a yell, a volley, which indicated that we were in a very undesirable situation. Instantly the train was thrown into a panic, horses, wagons and dismounted men hurried forward through an almost impenetrable cloud of dust, in grand confusion. Our Regiment falling out of the road into the woods to allow the train to pass, formed at once and checked the assault. But being alone, the rest of the Brigade having moved a mile forward, we retired gradually to Ashland, where other regiments came to our support, and where six or eight guns planted in the town, prevented the rebels from coming out of the woods. It was supposed, at least by the enemy, we were now in a trap and should all be captured. But Col. McIntosh cruelly disappointed this expectation. The ambulances and trains having been sent forward on the road, as though that were to be our route, and kept there till the rebel force was mostly moved in that direction—they were suddenly ordered back and sent hurriedly out of the town on the railroad track, which had been covered with boards, where it was necessary, so as to be made passable even to wagons and Artillery. Before the rebels had discovered the move and could follow us to advantage, we had left the track a mile from the town, taken a road through the woods, and were well started for Hanover Court House, where we arrived safely between 12 and 1 o'clock.

This brings our record very imperfectly up to June 1st, where you will be glad to have it left for the present, as this narrative has already trespassed too much on your room. I shall be obliged to defer till another month, more particular allusion to the severe losses we have sustained, as well as to other matters of interest, promotions, &c., connected with our history. We seem to be entering upon a month of hard ex-





perience — of severe fighting, and of perilous exposure to sickness, but in spite of the past and in view of the future, the spirit of the Regiment—as the spirit of this whole Army—is forward—with confidence in our leaders—with confidence especially in God, till the work is done—all done—done for ever.

## II.

## From the Seventh Regiment.

The following, received some time since, we print in this issue, because interesting and due to the gallant Regiment:—

CAMP 7TH REGIMENT C. V., BERMUDA  
HUNDRED, VA., May 28th, 1864. }

I terminated my last letter somewhat abruptly, as we were ordered to break camp, and the mail was just leaving. Not having been with the Regiment during its severe marches and fiercely contested battles, of the 10th, 13th, 14th and 16th, I can only make up my record through information gathered from others. I can, however, assure your readers that this information is most accurate and reliable.

At 3 P. M. our men were ordered to advance to a position within four hundred yards of the enemy's entrenchments which were very strong. This was their second line of defenses, their first having been carried by assault and occupied by our troops on the evening of the 13th. Our men were ordered to lie down after reaching this advanced position, as they were exposed to a terrific fire from the rebels who were massed behind their breastworks. Our gallant fellows did not remain idle, for in a few minutes they had formed, by the aid of the cups, plates and spoons which were in their haversacks, a slight cover of earth, which effectually impeded the storm of rebel bullets. This precaution saved scores of our men from wounds or death. As night came on, and our sharpshooters were unable to distinguish the heads of the enemy, the rebels opened a most terrific fire of musketry upon the 7th. Old officers say they never witnessed before such continuous and heavy volleys of musketry. But the heroic 7th could not be driven from their advanced position. The vollied wrath of the rebel hosts could not daunt and demoralize the men who had so nobly fought at Pulaski, James Island, Wagner, Olustee. There they remained under the blaze and crash of musketry, clenching their Spencer rifles and ready to repel any assault of the enemy. After this terrific firing, which continued but a

few minutes, and when all had become quiet on either side, Col. Hawley, commanding the brigade, inquired if the Seventh held its position. Maj. Sanford replied: "THE SEVENTH STAND FIRM!" This soldierly response called out loud and repeated cheers from the regiment, and also from the gallant 7th New Hampshire, which occupied a less exposed position to the left.

First Lieut. Chas. A. Wood of Co. F, just promoted from 2d Lieut. of Co. G, was killed in this engagement. He was highly esteemed by the officers and privates of his regiment. Having entered the service from patriotic motives, and earnestly devoting himself to his duties, he was a most worthy and efficient officer. He leaves a wife, also a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn his early but heroic death.

Serg. David D. Keyes of Co. A, was also killed in this severely contested battle. He was regarded by regular officers as the best artillerist among the enlisted men engaged in the reduction of Fort Sumter. He refused promotion while in the department of the south, remarking "that he could serve his country as effectually in the position he then occupied, as in any other." During the engagement in which he was killed, he occupied a position with the most advanced line of skirmishers, and died a brave soldier and true patriot.

Serg. Charles H. Ripley, Co. H, was instantly killed in this engagement. He was a veteran, well worthy of the name. He was a most gallant officer, and conspicuous for courage in every engagement in which he participated. He fell while urging on his brave men and inspiring them by his own example.

Corp. Wm. McEwen, Co. B, was killed in the battle of the 14th, while on the line of skirmishers, like his comrades, who fell with him. He was a noble and brave man, an efficient officer. In connection with the wounding of Serg. Daniel Morgan of Co. I, is an incident worth preserving. While his hand was resting on his right side, and covering his watch, a ball carried away his second finger and burying itself in his watch lodged therein. He was carried to the rear, his comrades supposing he had been mortally wounded. But the sergeant soon reported to the major, saying, as he held the impaired time-keeper in his left hand, "There goes fifty dollars."

## THE BATTLE OF MAY 16TH.

The official reports show most clearly that the 7th bore a conspicuous part in the fiercely contested battle of May 16th. On this occasion the officers and privates sustained their previous reputation for gallantry and heroic endurance. At five on the morning of the 16th, the enemy made a desperate assault, under cover of a dense fog, upon our whole line. The rebels surged fiercely and in greatly superior numbers against our determined and heroic front. But they met a most stubborn resistance as they moved upon the hastily constructed rifle pits of our regiment. Three times did the old 7th repulse the enemy's charge. Waiting till the rebels were within easy range, and uncovered by the fog, our men poured in such steady and well-directed volleys that the enemy fell back in great disorder, leaving scores of their dead and wounded on the field.

At 10 o'clock A. M., our forces being greatly outnumbered and severely pressed at all points along the line, began to withdraw. Orders were issued from the General commanding that a heavy skirmish line should be left to cover the withdrawal of our forces. Fifteen men from each company of the 7th were selected by their respective commanders to remain and hold the rifle pits as long as possible against the rebel hosts, who swarmed upon our front, and advanced with demoniac shouts. The commanders of the companies have assured me that this was the most trying duty they ever performed. It was difficult and painful to select men for such work, when those men had served long and faithfully, and with the conviction that they would, with few exceptions, be either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. Yet every man thus selected, after bidding his comrades good bye, turned his face toward the advancing enemy, and performed his duty with a willing heart and undaunted spirits. Such courage was never surpassed. It has been seldom equaled. The order was finally given for all the skirmishers to withdraw. But over 100 men of the 7th, not hearing or not understanding the order remained. As the rebel masses advanced upon this little band, our men continued to fire with terrible effect. But they could accomplish little against the hosts which pursued them. But few of this band of devoted heroes were left unharmed.





During the battle of the 16th, the enemy at one time turned the right flank of our regiment; the regiment next to us on the right having given way. At this time many of our best non-commissioned officers and privates were killed, being shot through the head by rebel sharpshooters. This enfilading fire was very destructive. Sergeants H. L. Bailey, Co. F, Andrew B. Nichols, Co. D, and English, Co. H, were killed under this fire. Serg't Bailey, a most deserving man, was instantly killed. Serg't Nichols was mortally wounded by a ball which passed through both hips. A braver soldier never fell for his country. First Serg't English was shot through the body and died immediately. This gallant officer was wounded on the 14th, but remained with his company doing and daring for the country he so ardently loved. Serg't A. Felch, Co. D, fell under this fire. A true man and good soldier. Corporals E. Bayley and H. C. Parker, Co. A, were also killed. Privates Luke H. Lannigan and James Leinton of Co. B, Geo. Andrews, Co. C, Darius A. Veats, Co. D, Henry Kimberly, and Edward Sage, Co. E, Carl Ackerman, James Elderkin, William Corey, Co. H, and Eleazer Nodine, Co. I, were killed in the battle of the 14th. All these men were brave and deserving. Privates George, Co. A, Geo. C. Sartor, A, Abraham Miner, C, Philip Fortune, D, Daniel R. Sheldon, D, John Mildom, D, and Thomas Fillum, Co. F, were killed on the 16th. All these men were brave and efficient soldiers.

It would afford me great pleasure to notice the heroic conduct of every officer and private of the gallant 7th, who participated in this series of engagements, but where all bore themselves so heroically it is very difficult and almost invidious to particularize. This I have done, however, in referring to our comrades who were killed. Such special reference to those whose bodies rest in honored graves does not seem to me inappropriate.

#### PRESENT SITUATION.

Our regiment has been on almost continual duty at the front. Night and day our willing, patient, devoted men have either laid in the trenches ready to repel an attack, or confronted the enemy in the most advanced line of rifle pits. Our regiment being armed with the Spencer repeating rifle, and having used them with terrible effect upon the enemy on several occasions, are consequently known

and dreaded by the rebels in our front. It is remarkable to see how readily and willingly our men, worn down with protracted hardships, broken of their rest, many of them enfeebled by diseases peculiar to campaign life, spring forth at every call to duty, ready to do and if need be, to die, for the country they love, and the cause which they have honored on many bloody fields. Such unyielding devotion, such sublime patience, such inflexible purpose to prosecute this war to an honorable conclusion, as I have witnessed in these men, fills my mind with wonder and admiration. But this continuous and exhausting duty is beginning to tell upon the health of the regiment. One hundred and twenty-one are reported on the sick list this morning. I am happy to learn from the officers of the regiment, that the recruits have behaved with great coolness and courage in all the engagements in which they have participated. They are generally orderly and reliable in camp, and manifest a just pride in the untarnished and glorious record of their regiment.

I pray that God would pour out His Spirit and bless all our soldiers who have been renewed through repentance for sin and faith in Christ, and renew those who are unreconciled to God. Let me ask the friends of soldiers to send letters as often as they can. The messages of tender regard transmitted to these brave, self-sacrificing men, cheer many weary hours, and inspire many hearts with hope.

Your dear friend, and  
former companion in arms.

J. E.

#### From the Eighth Regiment.

18th ARMY CORPS, 8th REG. CONN. VOL'S,  
In the field, before Petersburg, Va.,  
July 20th, 1864.

*Friend Morris:*—A month of siege work, lying in the trenches, eyeing the rebels, digging by moonlight, broiling in the sun, shooting through a knot-hole, shot at if a head is lifted, artillery compliments passing and repassing, our lives endangered by shells from both sides, officers falling, comrades dying, every body wearied by the monotony and exhausted by heat and watching, dull hours enlivened and lonely hearts encouraged by kind words in the mail bag, and good fruits in the sanitary issues, numbers growing less, but hope never dying.—Such is an epitome of the month since I wrote you before.

The day following my last date, we marched to the front, immediately before Petersburg. Here we have remained constantly under the enemy's fire, occasionally for one or two days the regiment has been withdrawn from the pits beyond bullet range but not from artillery shots. Rebel sharpshooters and rebel mortars have been busy upon us both while in the front and when relieved. In return our men have played the sharp shooter and burrowed under ground.

Twenty casualties have occurred in our regiment during these thirty days. Most of the wounds have been severe, and five of the men are dead. Among our losses we sorrowfully record three honored Captains, Roger M. Ford, commanding Co. G, wounded in right leg; Elam T. Goodrich, commanding Co. H, wounded in the back, and Henry C. Hall, commanding Co. F, instantly killed by a rifle ball. It is said "Death loves a shining mark." Surely he selected such an one among us. Capt. Hall, young and vigorous, cool and resolute, faithful even unto death, whose words were never tarnished by an oath nor his taste defiled by poison of drink or drug; the death of no other officer of the line would have caused wider or sadder disappointment than did his. We cannot think of him as never to return to us again. So among the non-commissioned dead. No man in Co. B, can fill the vacancy caused by the death of Sergeant Joseph Glover. Youthful, tenderhearted, honoring religion, faithful to every duty, true to his calling and loved by all, he fell in a moment and we mourn his loss.

We are happy to say that unexpectedly our regiment has suffered but little from sickness thus far during the campaign. Our absent ones continue to return from the hospitals, sanitary stores benefit the heart as well as the stomach, and since the late rain which has cleansed the atmosphere and cooled the ground, our men are cheerful in countenance and hopeful in soul. We cannot boast of great deeds accomplished, but we can say we have enduring courage, confidence in our Lieut. General, faith in God, and a willingness to toil on in the trenches or on the open field until the work is accomplished, our nation redeemed. As ever,

Yours for Christ and the Country,

CHAPLAIN.





*For the Connecticut War Record.*

**From the Twelfth Regiment.**

MONOCACY, Md., Aug. 1st, 1864.

DEAR RECORD:—We have received one mail with dates later than June 23d only. Not one letter in five that we have sent has been answered to our knowledge. Such is the life of a soldier. On transports during the month of July 18 days, visiting places hundreds and thousands of miles apart—in a storm at sea in a river boat that rocked like a cradle, waiting day after day under orders to move in fifteen minutes, counter-marching four times, the month of July has passed.

In the transfer from the Department of the Gulf to the Potomac, we welcome the hills, the pure air and the clear cool water; but this being fifteen hundred miles from our extra blankets, overcoats and baggage generally, is not so pleasant. We may be well dressed for the field, but our friends would hardly recognize us. Sleeping on the ground without a blanket, or on crowded transports where all could not lie down at the same time, is not particularly conducive to cleanliness. We can assure our friends too, that our unexpected transfer from the Gulf Department without our baggage, has made us long to see a paymaster more than ever before. Officers must live, and privates have a desire to, and hard bread and coffee is much better than nothing, but, rather poor living to march on, or to continue week after week. The Sanitary Commission, thanks to their benevolence, have helped us to some good meals, but most of us have seen some hungry days in the month of July—for instance, after riding in the cars 20 hours, eating some hard bread, march 10 miles in the dust without a drink of coffee even. Some of you at home try it, and see how pleasant it is.

Those of the 12th C. V., who did not re-enlist, have been added to our ranks which keep well filled.

We are encamped on the battle-field of a few weeks since; the well trodden wheat fields, the broken fences, the multitudes of gun-barrels, bullets, shells, round shot, and yonder long row of graves, show what was done here to stay treason. A house near us, which received six shells during the action, while the family, servants and all, were crowded in the cellar, has been the headquarters of nearly all the leaders of both armies,

who have been in this region since the war commenced.

This is certainly a very attractive country, but at present is parched for want of rain.

We have lost one man by death, who on waking suddenly, found his blanket on fire from sparks, jumped into the Mississippi at midnight, July 2d.

Have had no chance to hear from those sick who have been sent to hospitals.

No War Records for July, have yet been received.

Yours, truly, J. H. B.

**Papers for the Army.**

Send your papers to the soldiers. When you get through reading an interesting paper of any sort, daily, weekly or illustrated, don't tear or throw it aside; send it to a friend or acquaintance in the Army. Papers remind them of home, and afford them useful employment of time which might wear wearily, or in some cases, be ill spent. Papers will cheer, teach and encourage our brave and noble friends.

We have received a number of subscriptions for the WAR RECORD to be sent to the soldiers, and have been repeatedly and warmly thanked by the grateful recipients. We trust that many copies of the WAR RECORD, and of our weekly and religious papers will be thus sent by benevolent friends of our soldiers.

The manly defenders of our nation's life should emerge from the great and just conflict, intelligent, well informed, home loving and law-abiding citizens. It is our privilege and our duty to afford them every facility to this end. "Let us not be weary in well doing."

**Work for the Soldiers.**

Let it not flag. In every town and village let much be done. Now is the time to prepare pickles. Pickles are better than sweetmeats. There will be a demand, much greater than the supply, for all anti-scorbutic articles. Men now in the field need acids so much, that they would eagerly drink clear vinegar with relish and with profit. Bandages, small pillows, vegetables of every sort—supplies of every kind are needed in quantities which cannot be provided. But we can do a great deal. Let no one say "I can do nothing." We have done more than any people on the face of the globe; yes, more than all nations ever did for their soldiers. We can do yet more. Our countrymen are fighting and suffering for our Country. We at home can lovingly and proudly toil for them; thus too, can we lend a truly helping hand to the common righteous cause.

Frederick Stevens, son of Wm. P. Stevens, Esq., of Danbury, has been appointed a Paymaster's Clerk in the U. S. Navy, and is assigned to the U. S. steamer Arkansas, off Mobile, Ala.

Heman W. Orton, of New Haven, belonging to Co. E, 15th C. V., has recently passed a successful examination at the military board, and received an appointment as first Lieutenant. He remains with his company until his commission is received and he is assigned a regiment.

**PERSONAL.**

List of Appointments and Promotions in the Connecticut Volunteer Force, during July, 1864. [Official.]

**2D ARTILLERY.**

1st Lieut. Alexander B. Shumway to be Captain, vice Wadhams, killed in battle.

2d Lieut. Orlow J. Smith to be 1st Lieut. to fill an original vacancy.

Both with rank from the 11th of July, 1864.

**8TH REGIMENT.**

1st Lieut. Andrew M. Morgan to be Captain, vice Ripley transferred to Invalid Corps.

2d Lieut. John S. Lane to be 1st Lieut., vice Morgan promoted.

1st Sergt. James B. Kilbourne to be 2d Lieut., vice Lane promoted.

1st Sergt. Seth F. Plumb to be 2d Lieut., vice Merriam, promoted.

William M. Pratt to be 1st Lieut., vice Broatch, resigned.

All with rank from the 17th of July, 1864.

(Adjutant Wm. M. Pratt and 2d Lieut. John S. Lane declined being mustered, and their commissions as 1st Lieuts. have been revoked.)

**9TH REGIMENT.**

Christian Streit, of New Haven to be 2d Lieut., with rank from the 30th day of June, 1864, vice Mullins, promoted.

Rev. Leo Rizzo, of New Haven, to be Chaplain, to date from July 15th, 1864.

**10TH REGIMENT.**

2d Lieut. Horace K. Parsons to be Regimental Quartermaster, with rank from the 25th day of July, vice Fowler, resigned.

**11TH REGIMENT.**

1st Lieut. Hartwell Cady to be Captain, vice Sackett, killed in action.

1st Lieut. John R. Kerr to be Captain, vice Allen, died of wounds.

1st Lieut. Chas. H. Simmons to be Captain, vice Kies, promoted.

2d Lieut. Morris Kraszynski to be Captain, vice Scheinherr, resigned.

2d Lieut. Erastus Blackman to be 1st Lieut., vice Cady, promoted.

2d Lieut. Samuel W. Pray to be 1st Lieut., vice Simmons, promoted.

2d Lieut. David A. Hoag to be 1st Lieut., vice Kerr, promoted.

2d Lieut. Smith S. Gilbert to be 1st Lieut., vice Barnum, died of wounds received in action.

Sergt. Major William H. Randall to be 2d Lieut., vice Blackman, promoted.

1st Sergt. Ernest Koepfen to be 2d Lieut., vice Harvey, promoted.

1st Sergt. George Cassidy to be 2d Lieut., vice Hoag, promoted.

1st Sergt. Ebenezer H. Foote to be 2d Lieut., vice Gilbert, promoted.

1st Sergt. Frank H. Day to be 2d Lieut., vice Pray, promoted.

Color Sergt. Frank Metzger to be 2d Lieut., vice Kraszynski, promoted.

All with rank from the 21st day of July, 1864.

**14TH REGIMENT.**

1st Lieut. Frank E. Stoughton to be Captain, vice Broatch, declined.

2d Lieut. Franklin Bartlett to be 1st Lieut., vice Stoughton, promoted.

Sergt. Major Ira A. Graham to be 2d Lieut., vice Bartlett, promoted.

Sergt. Frederick Wyneken, 1st New York Cavalry to be 2d Lieut., vice Knowlton, resigned.

All with rank from the 21st day of July, 1864.

**17TH REGIMENT.**

2d Lieut. Henry North to be 1st Lieut., vice Ellis, discharged.

Sergt. Thomas B. Weed to be 2d Lieut., vice Betts, promoted.

1st Lieut. Henry Quien to be Captain, vice Daniels, resigned.

1st Sergt. William L. Daniels, to be 1st Lieut., vice Quien, promoted.





Sergt. Henry E. Williams to be 2d Lieut., vice Quisen, promoted.

1st Lieut. James E. Hubbell to be Captain, vice Burr, resigned.

2d Lieut. Henry McDonough to be 1st Lieut., vice Hubbell, promoted.

Sergt. George C. Lees to be 2d Lieut., vice McDonough, promoted.

1st Sergt. Thomas P. Cave to be 1st Lieut., vice Ayres, promoted.

Sergt. Horace Whitney to be 2d Lieut., vice Bliss, resigned.

Sergt. Edgar S. Wilcoxson to be 2d Lieut., vice Peck, promoted.

1st Sergt. Morris Jones to be 2d Lieut., vice Ruggles, promoted.

Sergt. Garrett D. Bowne to be 2d Lieut., vice North, promoted.

All to take rank from the 15th day of July, 1864.

#### 21ST REGIMENT.

Captain Charles P. Stanton, Jr., to be Major, with rank from the 25th day of July, 1864, vice Crosby, promoted.

#### Personal.

Lieut. Wm. M. Broatch, of the 14th C. V., was appointed Captain. He declined the commission to receive a commission of the same grade in the 16th U. S. Infantry. Capt. Broatch has fine natural capacities for military command, and these cultured by application and experience, render him well qualified for an honorable position in the regular army.

Col. Erastus Blakeslee was the grateful recipient of a handsome and spirited horse—presented by the Second Company of Governor's Horse Guards. The design of a public presentation was frustrated and the affair consummated by the following correspondence:

NEW HAVEN, July 29, 1864.

To Col. Erastus Blakeslee, First Conn. Cavalry:

DEAR SIR:—In behalf of the Second Company Governor's Horse Guards, of the State of Connecticut, who are desirous of expressing to you, and through you to your regiment, our appreciation of their services rendered, admiration of their bravery as cavalymen, and sympathy for them in the privations and hardships endured in the struggle in which we are now engaged, and also of presenting that expression in some more substantial form than mere words, we present to you, as commander of the First Conn. Cavalry, the accompanying horse, as the most fitting token of such expression.

We regret that your sudden return to your regiment prevents a more formal presentation, and one in which our entire company could have participated; but as the powers which a good soldier always respects, command your presence again in the field, we say, Go, and God speed you; take with you this steed and may he bear you in safety as you lead your regiment to duty, and in God's good time, "when this cruel war is over," may we have the pleasure of welcoming you and your regiment as soldiers returning from duty well and faithfully performed.

Truly, your friends and well-wishers,  
LUCIEN W. SPERRY,  
I. W. HINE,  
JOHN E. EARLE,

Committee of Second Company Governor's Horse Guards.

#### REPLY.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., July 30, 1864.

To Lucien W. Sperry, I. W. Hine, John E. Earle, Committee Second Company Governor's Horse Guards.

GENTLEMEN:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of yesterday, tendering to me the gift of a horse in behalf of the Company which you represent.

Accept my heartiest thanks for the honor thus unexpectedly conferred upon me, and allow me to say that while the intrinsic value of the animal presented is by no means inconsiderable, yet the principal value of this gift consists, to me, in the fact that it assures me of the interest which you feel in the regiment which I have the honor to command.

We of the 1st Conn. Cavalry are, and as we believe justly, proud of our regiment, and of course are correspondingly sensitive regarding its reputation at home; so that a testimonial of this kind is peculiarly gratifying, both for its present assurance of your appreciation of our service in the field, and also as in some sort a pledge of your good will for its future.

Thanking you again for this valuable and beautiful gift, and also for the sympathy toward both myself and my regiment so kindly expressed in your note,

I am, Gentlemen,

Most respectfully and truly,

Your obedient servant,

E. BLAKESLEE, Col. 1st Conn. Cavalry.

Long and safely may the gallant Colonel enjoy the valuable and appropriate gift.

Captain Roger M. Ford, of Co. G, 8th C. V., gave us, a day or two since, the hearty handshake of an old and manly friend. The newspapers insist that Capt. Ford shall lose a leg by amputation. Capt. Ford insists on retaining both his legs and that he shall lead his company yet again as before, bravely and efficiently.

#### The Military Hospitals at Fortress Monroe.

A very interesting and complete article on the Chesapeake and Hampton Hospitals, appears in the August number of Harper's Monthly. It is from the graceful pen of Rev. J. S. C. Abbott, embodying the results of his own observations, and giving, by aid of numerous illustrations, an accurate and satisfactory account of daily life and management in two of the most noted hospitals of the country.

The article is written with graphic beauty and the well known fidelity and honesty of the esteemed author.

Every reader—and we hope there will be many thousands—will be at once delighted and instructed.

#### Soldier's Cemetery.

The Evergreen Cemetery Association, with thoughtful and disinterested kindness, offered to the State the donation of a lot for the burial of deceased soldiers.

The donation is thus accepted:

GENERAL ASSEMBLY, }  
May Session, 1864. }

WHEREAS, The Evergreen Cemetery Association of New Haven have appropriated an eligible lot of land in its Cemetery as a place of sepulchre for those who have died at the Knight Hospital, in New Haven, of wounds received or diseases contracted in the service of the Republic, during the war; therefore

Resolved by this Assembly:

1st. That the thanks of this Assembly be, and they are hereby, tendered to said Evergreen Cemetery Association, for its generous and patriotic donation of land as a last resting place for the mortal remains of those who have sacrificed their lives for their country, and who have died in New Haven.

2d. That the Comptroller of public accounts be, and is hereby authorized and empowered to cause said lot of land to be inclosed by a suitable fence.

## CASUALTIES.

HEAD-QUARTERS 21ST CONN. VOLUNTEERS,  
In the field near Bermuda Hundred, Va. }  
May 23d, 1864.

Brig. Gen. H. J. Morse,

Adjutant General Conn.

General:—I have the honor to transmit the following list of killed, wounded and missing from this regiment, in the action of May 16th, 1864, near Drury's Bluff, Va.:

Captain C. T. Stanton, wounded severely.

" J. M. Shepard, "

First Lieut. Wm. S. Hubbell, wounded slightly.

" Alvin M. Crane, "

Second Lieut. Aaron S. Dutton, " badly.

Chaplain Thomas G. Brown, wounded slightly.

#### KILLED.

Privates Wm. S. Munsell Co. A; Daniel Shippeon, Co. B; Cyrus J. Pease, Wm. N. Mulkey, Co. C; Henry W. Thorne, Co. D; Amos F. Heath, Lyman Greene, Rufus White, Co. E; Charles Avery, Thomas Marrow, Co. H; Serg't. Alfred E. Reynolds, Privates Aaron E. Eldredge, William Pickett, Benj. Starkweather, Co. K.

#### WOUNDED.

Co. A—Privates Alexander M. Francis, Frederick W. Glazier, slightly.

Co. B—Privates Jesse A. Clark, badly, Cornelius Dalpin, slightly.

Co. C—Corp's Nelson Chapman, severely, Francis Hough, slightly; Privates James McGrath, Charles Andrews, severely, Francis M. Brayton, badly, Horatio N. Fish, Wm. Johnson, Wm. E. Wheeler, slightly.

Co. D—Corp. Frank S. Babcock, slightly; Privates Wm. L. Allen, badly, Osmer H. Parker, slightly, A. N. Miller, John D. Hoory, badly, Jas. Topfitt, John Nubley, slightly.

Co. E—Corp's Sergt. John C. Douglass, badly; Sergt. John L. Hill, painfully; Privates Chas. H. Williams, badly, Charles G. Avery, James Hislop, slightly.

Co. F—Privates Billings H. Payne, severely; Nimrod Nichols, Alvan B. Steward, slightly; Chas. Williams, John Weiler, Gottlieb Lash, badly.

Co. G—Corp. Orrin S. Rix, slightly; Privates John Davenport, James F. Knight, Aug. D. Terwilliger, slightly.

Co. H—Sergeants F. A. Rich, Edw'd G. Childs, Corp. John H. Selden, Privates Charles H. Dutton, Gilbert West, Isaac G. Avery, slightly; O. C. Hills, Cornelius King, badly; John G. Lewis, H. Stevens, severely.

Co. I—Corporal Patrick Fox, severely; Privates, Peter Fitzgerald, Henry Donahue, severely, George S. Thomas, painfully; Corp. George E. Wells, slightly; Privates L. M. Maynard, John Cranney, Henry Lomax, Charles G. Benedict, slightly.

Co. K—Sergt. Aug. Shepardson, severely; Corp. Rufus Dixon, badly; Privates Garrett Chehan, slightly, Charles C. Card, George E. Pond, J. B. Woodward, Edward A. Sweet, John N. Rice, severely, William Clark, N. P. Thompson, badly.

#### MISSING.

Co. A—Privates Ambrose A. Foote, Timothy H. Blish, David E. Talcott.

Co. B—Musician Edwin Rees, (wounded.)

Co. C—Privates E. F. Smith, Francis Mayo, O. D. Barker.

Co. D—Andrew A. Perkins.

Co. E—Oliver Brown, Albert T. Harris.

Co. G—Corp. M. V. B. Kinne; Privates S. N. Billings, F. T. Bentley, A. D. Brown, E. M. Brown, George S. Congdon, John Dunham, Bradford Clark, Silas H. Main, Welcome Moffet, Latham H. Park, Robert Sutcliffe.

Co. K—Corp. Giles F. Hyde; Private Augustus H. Cutler.





REG. ITULATION—Killed, enlisted men, 14  
Wounded, commissioned officers, 6  
" enlisted men, 63  
Missing " 21

Total, 104

I remain sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS F. BURPEE,

Lieut. Col. Comd'g Reg't.

HEADQUARTERS, 21st REG. CONN. VOL'S.,  
In the field, near Cold Harbor, Va.,  
June 8th, 1864.

General:—I have to report that Col. Arthur H. Dutton of this regiment was severely wounded May 26th, while reconnoitering the enemy's position near Bermuda Hundred, Va. Also, the following list of casualties in the 21st Conn. Volunteers since June 2d, 1864.

#### KILLED.

Co. D—Private Theodore D. Bennett,

#### WOUNDED.

Co. K—2d Lieut. Luther N. Curtiss, lungs, dangerously.

Sergt. Major Orlan D. Glazier, leg, slightly.

Co. A—Corp. J. Francis Cowles, side, severely; Corp. Henry B. Luce, head, slightly; Privates Elihu Olmsted, leg, Orasmus Jepson, foot, Isaac Garrison, hand, slightly.

Co. B—Corp. Wm. W. Norton, back, slightly; Corp. Dennis A. Langdon, finger, slightly; 1st Sergt. Benjamin B. Baker, shoulder, seriously; Privates David Wasson, head, slightly, David N. Parsons, foot, slightly, Edwin Campbell, thigh.

Co. C—Sergt. William B. Avery, leg, slightly; Privates Wm. Johnson, side, mortally (since dead), Abner Spencer, hand, badly, Wm. W. Holliday, finger, very slightly.

Co. D—Corp. Canfield J. Humphrey, leg, (amputated); Corp. Harrison Road, back, slightly; Privates Charles W. Nichols, arm amputated, Thos. Brundrett, groin, severely, Alfred P. Hanks, side, severely, Horace R. Chester, shoulder, slight.

Co. E—Corp. Nelson Wilcox, leg, slightly; Private Gardiner Smith, shoulder, slightly, Wait Ridoback, Arvine A. Frazier, side, badly.

Co. F—Privates George D. Tinker, arm, slightly, Albert Rudd, thigh, mortally, John Murphy, ankle, slightly, Solon A. Moxley, thigh, badly, David Wright, head, slightly.

Co. G—Privates Charles M. Terwilliger, shoulder, severely, Giles Bushnell, thigh, badly.

Co. H—Privates Herbert E. Carpenter, face, severely, Morris B. Brainard, thigh, severely, W. H. Greenwood, side, severely, Daniel L. Adams, abdomen, (since died), Michael Horvin, foot, slightly, James Savage, face, slightly; Corp. John H. Selden, head, contusion.

Co. I—Privates Michael O'Donnell, leg, seriously, John Edwards, both legs, seriously, William Edwards, leg, badly, James Holihan, arm, slightly, Michael Lewis, head, slightly.

Co. K—1st Sergt. John F. French, arm, slightly; Private James Ireland, head, slightly.

Killed, 1

Wounded, 48

I am sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

THOS. F. BURPEE,

Lieut. Col. Comd'g.

Brig. Gen. H. J. Morse,

Adjutant General Conn.

June 9th, 1864.

Lieut. Col. Thomas F. Burpee was severely wounded this morning by one of the enemy's sharpshooters.

F. C. JEFFREY,

Lieut. and Adj't. 21st C. V.

HEAD-QUARTERS 21st CONN. VOL'S.,

Near Bermuda Hundred, Va., June 19, 1864.

General:—It is my duty to report that Col. Arthur H. Dutton died at Baltimore, Md., June 4th, 1864, of wounds received in the field May 26th, 1864. Also, that Lieut. Col. Thomas F. Burpee, 21st Conn. Vols. died at 18th A. C. General Hospital, June 9th, 1864. The following is a list

of casualties in the regiment during recent operations in front of Petersburg, Va.:

#### WOUNDED.

Co. A—Private Geo. L. Spafford, head, slightly.

Co. B—Corp. John Armstrong, head, severely.

Co. D—1st Sergt. Dyer A. Clark, head, severely.

Corp. Jerome B. Baldwin, eye, severely.

Co. H—Corp. Frank M. Carver, head, slightly.

Co. I—Corp. Lewis Bailey, leg, slightly; Private Charles Hudson, arm, severely.

I remain General, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. F. BROWN,

Captain Comd'g 21st Conn. Vols.

Brig. Gen. H. J. Morse,

Adjutant General Conn.

LIST OF CASUALTIES IN THE SECOND CONN. ARTILLERY, IN THE BATTLE OF COLD HARBOR, JUNE 1ST, 1864.

#### Killed.

Col. Elisha S. Kellogg.

Co. A—Captain Luman Wadham.

First Sergt. J. P. Parks; Corporals Albert A. Jones, Apollon C. Morse, Benjamin Meeker, Geo. W. Potter.

Privates W. Barton, Alonzo J. Bradley, Oliver Hitchcock, John Island, Willard H. Parmelee, Patrick Ryan, Lyman J. Smith, Jr., Robert Watt, Homer F. Tilford, Robert Scull, George Everette, Stephen Fallen, Wm. Brashing.

Co. B—Corporals Walter C. Sparks, Myron R. Sterry.

Privates—John Handel, Ezra B. Morris, Robert W. Bragg, Adam Wooden, Charles Segur, Monroe Whiteman.

Co. C—Sergeant D. J. Thorp.

Privates George Price, Ezra B. Bouton, June 3.

Co. D—Privates John Murphy, Henry Miller.

Co. E—Corporals Frederick W. Daniels, Willard Hart, Alonzo J. Hull, Henry A. Rexford.

Privates Lewis Downs, Myron Ferris, Patrick Kane, Walter Martin, James Mooney, Ruel H. Perkins, Charles Stanley, George A. Tatso, John M. Tetter, Frederick D. Painter, Alfred Comino, William Kelly.

Co. F—Sergt. Samuel E. Gibbs.

Private John Hall, June 3.

Co. G—Sergt. Joseph B. Payne.

Co. H—Privates Henry C. Straight, Charles W. Jackson, Theodore F. Barnes.

Co. I—Privates Almond D. Galpin, Friend F. Kane.

Co. K—Sergeant Geo. N. McBurney.

Privates Franklin Andrus, Isaac Baldwin, Henry B. Bristol, Edward Griffin, Edmund Hickey, Andrew Jackson, David D. Lake, Robert Sothergill, Charles Reid, John Warner.

Co. L—Private John Martin.

#### Wounded.

Major Wm. B. Ellis.

Co. A—Lieutenants Bushrod H. Camp, Hubbard E. Tuttle.

Sergeant George W. Mason; Corporals Charles Adams, Jr., Seth Whiting, Curtis P. Wedge.

Privates John Bailey, Charles Belcher, John Benedict, Michael Bray, Andrew J. Brooker, Chas. Carter, Robert W. Coe, Robert Crawford, Edson S. Dayton, James Ferris, Samuel Gunn, Edward Hull, Miron E. Kilbourn, Charles P. Lamb, John Sawlor, Truman Mallory, David McBeth, Lyman F. Mouchouse, Norman B. Perkins, James M. Prindle, Harvey Perkins, George Savage, Amos H. Stilson, George F. Waugh, David P. Wetmore, Ransom E. Wood.

Co. B—Sergt. Geo. L. Johnson.

Privates Augustus Adams, Richard Brown, Sheldon Carley, Newton W. Cogswell, Ezra Clark, Wm. Cornell, Daniel Dunlavy, Charles O. Whipples, John W. Coons.

Co. C—Corp. Harrison Whitney.

Privates Cyrus Bartholomew, Christian Bjornsen, Peter Bunts, George Manning.

Co. D—Sergt. David B. Wooster; Corporals Edgar J. Castle, Albert Alfred.

Privates George L. Beach, Chauncey Culver, Wm. Elliot, N. H. Geer, Everett Griswold, Jonathan Hall, Wm. H. Harrison, Lawrence A. Hunt, Justin O. Stoughton, James Slater, Charles War-

ner, Benj. Williams, Kelsey D. Clark, Walter Stone.

Co. E—Sergeant James A. Green; Corporals David Miller, Wm. A. Hosford.

Privates Christopher Arnold, Edward Beach, Samuel W. Brewer, Ernest Basney, Sylvester Barrett, Richard Gingell, Stephen Green, Augustus Hain, Chas. Howard, Peter Jordan, Patrick Lynch, Jacob Leroy, Chauncey Loomis, Elizar Maltbie, Charles Mason, John O'Connell, Nathan Perry, Edward Reicker, William Seymour, Philip D. Carroll, Henry P. Warner, Marcus J. Whitehead, Henry Wengel, Erastus Woodworth, Chas. Walsh.

Co. F—Privates Wm. Burke, James O. Hotchkiss, Timothy F. Kelly, William Malthouse, John W. Shaw, Alex. Waters, Thomas Smith.

Co. G—1st Sergeant Henry S. Dean.

Privates John Hawver, Michael Curley, Wesley Bunnell, John Burns, Geo. Barton, John Dougherty, Timothy Leonard, John Thompson.

Co. H—Sergeant Lewis W. Mosher; Corporals Henry A. Barton, Uriah F. Snediker.

Privates C. H. Butler, George Chamberlain, States B. Flandrean, Edward Harrington, J. Harris, S. Johnson, Henry M. Marshall, Hugh O'Donnell, H. Payne, F. J. Warner, A. N. Whittlesey.

Co. I—Sergeant Thomas Shaw; Corporals Benj. Wellman, Chas. T. Terrell.

Privates A. Bennett, Daniel B. Galpin, Wm. Gregg, J. Hutchinson, Levi Hotchkiss, Israel Lucas, C. Wheeler, Seymour Lobdell, S. Eastman, June 3.

Co. K—Corporal Enoch Warhurst.

Privates John Ludford, Edgar J. Stewart, Geo. Brown, Thomas Coleraine, Owen Cronmey, Stephen P. Harlow, Homer W. Hodge, Bernard Keegan, Patrick Kennedy, Wm. B. Leach, John Munson, Asabel N. Perkins, Francis Sothergill, Wm. H. Stevens, Chauncey Stevens, Geo. E. Taylor, Evelyn L. Thorpe, Wm. H. Wheeler, Jacob Wentworth, George A. Wood, Corp. James Tracey, Charles Hoyt.

Co. L—Corporals James Deane, J. S. Parmelee; Sergeants Austin Kirkham, W. Williams.

Privates Edward Thomas, Ist. Wm. Vrooman, Geo. Gillin, Frederick Slade.

Co. M—Sergeants Silas A. Palmer, Wm. E. Canfield, (June 3); Corporal Amaziah Livingston.

Privates Samuel Osborn, Patrick Kennedy, Myron W. Shultz, John Burns, (June 3.)

#### Missing.

Co. A—Benj. H. Rathbun.

Co. B—Corporal Wm. Dunn.

Privates S. V. Benedict, Francis Burger, James Caul, Henry Dryer, D. Lacy, D. O. Page, Reuben S. Speed, Henry Voelker.

Co. D—Privates Pomeroy Beecraft, James Strawn.

Co. E—Lieut. Calvin B. Hatch.

Corporal James R. Baldwin.

Privates Sherman Apley, Martin Blake, Bouton D. Knapp, Henry G. Mitchell, John Sully, John Toole, Henry C. Kent, Bernard Carbury, James Simpson.

Co. I—Private James W. Green.

Co. H—Privates Patrick Lynch, Wm. Smith.

I have the honor to be,

With much respect,

Your Obedient Servant,

JAMES HUBBARD,

Lieut. Col. Commanding.

LIST OF CASUALTIES IN 1ST CONN. ARTILLERY.

#### Killed.

Co. I—Private James Kelly, July 6.

2d Lieut. Eben P. Hall, July 12.

#### Wounded.

Co. D—Private S. C. Thompson, June 30, 1864.

Co. I—Privates Geo. F. Morgan, Daniel Sullivan, June 27.

Co. D—Privates James R. Joslin, Wm. Young, June 30.

Co. I—Sergeant Hubert G. Scott, June 30.

Privates Lambert Steele, Lucius F. Osborne, June 30.

Co. D—Private H. F. Williams, supposed mortally, July 1, 1864; Wm. W. Eurn, July 2.

— 2d Lieut. George F. Bill, slightly, July 6.





Co. E—Private Chas. E. Loomis, arm amputated, July 9.  
 Co. A—Private Julius S. Parsons, slightly, July 9.  
 Co. G—Private Chas. Brewster, severely, July 10; Private James McCaffrey, slightly, July 19.  
 Co. I—Private Chas. A. Hawes, slightly, July 20.  
 Co. A—Private Frederick L. Chapman, severely, July 22.

LIST OF CASUALTIES IN THE 8TH REGT. CONN. VOLS. FROM THE 1ST TO THE 10TH OF JUNE INCLUSIVE, AT COLD HARBOR, VA.

COMPANY A.

*Killed*—Private John Phelan.

*Wounded*—1st Sergt. Albion D. Brooks, groin, since died; Privates James L. Crampton, side, seriously; Frank Miller, shoulder, severely.

COMPANY B.

*Killed*—Private William Long.

*Wounded*—Corp. Andrew Gordon, left shoulder, seriously; Privates William Darby, arm, slightly; Norton O. McCame, right foot, seriously; Edward Williams, arm, slightly; John Sherman, arm, slightly; Walter Smithson, left side, slightly.

COMPANY C.

*Wounded*—Private William Post, left side, since died.

COMPANY D.

*Wounded*—Sergt. James G. Colton, back, slightly; Corp. Edward M. Weaver, hand, slightly; Privates Addison F. Thompson, breast, slightly; James C. Jennings, toe, amputated.

COMPANY E.

*Wounded*—Privates Michael O'Hara, arm, amputated; Charles N. Landon, foot.

COMPANY F.

*Killed*—Private Thomas L. Green.

*Wounded*—Sergt. Daniel N. Mix, right arm, severely; Privates George W. Upton, neck, mortally; Robert Payne, left shoulder, slightly; Geo. Davis, hand, slightly; Patrick Welch, shoulder, slightly; Abraham Tillotson, shoulder, slightly.

COMPANY G.

*Killed*—Private John B. McIntosh.

*Wounded*—Privates Edwin Algeo, head, slightly; Abram Munson, left arm, severely; Cornelius Dwyre, shoulder, slightly.

COMPANY H.

*Killed*—Privates Charles Payne; Richmond Thomas.

*Wounded*—Sergt. Jacob Bishop, foot, slightly.

COMPANY I.

*Wounded*—Sergt. Joseph B. Weed, seriously; Corp. Dwight Hollister, thigh, seriously; Private Edward Maguire, back, slightly.

COMPANY K.

*Wounded*—Private Augustus W. Morse, head, slightly; John Smith, arm, slightly.

<i>Killed</i> , . . . . .	6
<i>Wounded</i> , . . . . .	31
<b>Total</b> , . . . . .	<b>37</b>

LIST OF CASUALTIES IN THE 8TH CONN. VOLS., IN THE OPERATIONS IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG, FROM THE 15TH TO THE 17TH OF JUNE INCLUSIVE.

COMPANY A.

*Wounded*—Private John Benjamin, arm, severely.

COMPANY B.

*Wounded*—Private John R. Frazer, left breast, slightly.

COMPANY C.

*Wounded*—Private William J. Cleadsey, right shoulder, slightly.

COMPANY D.

*Wounded*—Corp. John A. Beckwith, foot; Privates William Bull, head; Horace Benton, hip and arm, slightly; Sylvanus Wilcox, arm.

COMPANY E.

*Killed*—Private George W. Mitchell.

*Wounded*—Private Frederick W. Hoffman, side, slightly.

COMPANY F.

*Wounded*—Privates John Williams, head, se-

verely; Thomas R. Barnett, leg and hand, severely.

COMPANY G.

*Wounded*—Private William H. Terwilliger, ear, slightly.

COMPANY H.

*Wounded*—Sergt. Stephen Hodges, shoulder, severely; Private Charles Platt, hip, severely.

COMPANY I.

*Killed*—Sergt. Fitz G. Hollister.

*Wounded*—Private Orville Sprague, leg, severely.

COMPANY K.

*Wounded*—Privates Charles R. Jones, hip, severely; Lewis Allen, arm, slightly; Augustus W. Morse, neck, slightly.

<i>Killed</i> , . . . . .	2
<i>Wounded</i> , . . . . .	17
<b>Total</b> , . . . . .	<b>19</b>

LIST OF CASUALTIES IN THE 8TH CONN. VOLS., FROM JUNE 17TH, TO JULY 25TH, IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG, VA.

COMPANY A.

*Wounded*—Privates Robert Gregory, bowels, slightly; Robert Hickman, arm, seriously.

COMPANY B.

*Wounded*—Sergt. Joseph Glover, head, since died; Private William Cook, leg, severely.

COMPANY C.

*Wounded*—1st Sergt. John C. Cooley, neck, slightly.

COMPANY D.

*Wounded*—Corp. Thomas Costello, shoulder, since died.

COMPANY F.

*Killed*—Capt. Henry C. Hall.

COMPANY G.

*Wounded*—Capt. Roger M. Ford, right leg, severely; Private James P. Conlon, side, slightly.

COMPANY H.

*Killed*—Private James Glynn.

*Wounded*—Captain Elam T. Goodrich, hip, badly; Sergt. Jacob Bishop, head, slightly; Private Henry Smith, head and shoulder, since died.

COMPANY I.

*Wounded*—Corporal Charles Woodruff, head, severely; Private Phineas Hyde, head, severely.

COMPANY K.

*Wounded*—Private Henry G. Parker, back, slightly.

<i>Killed</i> , . . . . .	2
<i>Wounded</i> , . . . . .	14
<b>Total</b> , . . . . .	<b>16</b>

LIST OF CASUALTIES IN THE 11TH CONN. VOLS., FROM JUNE 15TH TO JUNE 26TH, INCLUSIVE.

COMPANY A.

*Wounded*—Privates John Baker, slightly; Gustave Chrygander, severely.

COMPANY B.

*Wounded*—Privates James Ferguson, slightly; Peter Brown, slightly.

COMPANY C.

*Killed*—Private Frederick Bohn.

*Wounded*—Privates Timothy Shea, seriously; William Storty, seriously; Chas Jackson, severely; Frank Miller, severely; John Rapp, severely.

COMPANY D.

*Killed*—Private Alfred DeBois.

*Wounded*—Corp. Levi A. Bailey, seriously; Privates Henry A. Beers, seriously; John Allen, seriously; Conrad Fritz, slightly.

COMPANY E.

*Wounded*—Privates Samuel Clark, severely; Nicholas Loury, slightly; Hiram Clements, slightly.

COMPANY F.

*Wounded*—Privates Wm. King, severely; Jas. Haffee, severely; Drummer Robert Horne, slightly.

COMPANY G.

*Wounded*—Capt. Randall H. Rice, seriously; 2d Lieut. David A. Hoag, slightly; Sergt. David B. Mansfield, severely; Corp. John A. Bors,

slightly; Privates Leverett N. Charter, slightly; Mortimer A. Wilson, slightly.

COMPANY H.

*Wounded*—Sergt. John B. Butler, seriously; Corp. E. Avery, slightly; Privates Wm R. Moore, slightly; Emanuel Runederth, seriously; Thos. Jackson, seriously; David W. Howe, seriously; Henry H. Harris, slightly; Andrew Adams, slightly.

COMPANY I.

*Killed*—Capt. Wm. H. Sackett; Privates John B. Morden; Louis Lagare.

*Wounded*—Corps. Edward D. Norton, seriously; Barton B. Evitts, slightly; Sergt. Marshall Kenyon, seriously; Privates Robert Thompson, slightly; John Farrell, slightly; John Warner, slightly; Geo. Burlingame, slightly; Geo. Vickers, slightly; James Lynham, slightly; Joseph Brant, slightly; Emanuel Perry, slightly; Wm. Watson, seriously; Walter Worden, seriously.

COMPANY K.

*Wounded*—2d Lieut. Smith S. Gilbert, severely; Corp. John Jackson, severely; Private John McDonald, severely; Peter Vandall, severely; Michael Weleh, slightly; John R. Handley, slightly; Jason Barton, slightly.

<i>Killed</i> , . . . . .	5
<i>Wounded</i> , . . . . .	53
<b>Total</b> , . . . . .	<b>58</b>

Missing in Action.

COMPANY A.

1st Sergt. Nathan Cornwall; Sergt. Ambrose P. Rice; Privates Edward A. Eastwood; Philip Fagan, June 18.

LIST OF CASUALTIES 14TH CONN. VOLS. FROM JUNE 11TH TO JULY 6TH, 1864.

*Killed*.

Co. A—Private Wm. Bradshaw, June 16.

Co. F—Private Ovid P. Shaw, June 17.

Co. G—Private James Brown, June 9.

*Wounded*.

Co. A—Private John H. Fountain, hand, slight, June 18.

Co. B—Privates John Doyle, hip, slight, June 17; John Hays, head, slight, June 20.

Co. D—1st Sergt. Albert F. Hyde, head, severely; Corporal Wm. H. Corbitt, arm and side, (since died.) June 17.

Privates James B. Shepard, leg, severely, June 17; John H. Bilson, arm, June 22.

Co. E—Private Francis Gallagher, hand, slight, June 17.

Co. K—Private Peter Grey, head, severe, June 18.

Missing.

Co. G—Private Peter Hughes, near Petersburg, June 17.

Co. K—Private John Smith, near Petersburg, June 22.

LIST OF CASUALTIES IN 20TH REGT. CONN. VOLS. MAY 15TH, 1864.

*Wounded*.

Co. K—1st Lieut. Hervey Lewis, arm.

Co. C—Sergeant Sidney G. Dickerman, foot.

Co. I—Sergeants, Robert E. Prior, breast; David Thornecroft, face.

Co. E—Corporals David W. Hart, body, since dead; Wm. H. Slate, leg.

Co. I—Corporals James Fawcett, face; Curtiss Tuttle, shoulder.

Co. D—Private Francis Dailey, foot.

Co. F—Privates Patrick McNamee, calf of leg; Adrian A. Hall, shoulder.

Co. I—Privates Howard B. Dorman, finger; Francis Burrows, side.

Co. K—Privates Joseph Mango, knee.

MAY 19.

Co. A—Privates Robert W. Bristol, side, slight; Earl S. Wood, face, slight.

Co. C—Private George R. Kish, breast, slight.

Co. H—Private Chas. Williams, body, severe, (since died.)

Missing—(Supposed Captured or Killed.)

Co. K—Privates George L. Howe, James Coulter, Michael Gilbert.





## OBITUARY.

*For the Connecticut War Record.***The late Capt. Joseph Backus.**

In the death of Capt. Joseph Backus, commanding Co. K, 1st Conn. Cavalry, the country has lost one of those heroic spirits whose fall makes us feel how great is the price of liberty. Captain Backus was a resident of Hebron, Conn., and a young man of a singularly noble, manly, and generous character. With glowing hopes and bright prospects, he freely offered all a willing sacrifice to his beloved country. Too noble, to shrink in the least from the extremest peril, when once he had assumed the character of a soldier, he unhesitatingly put himself in the path of the enemy's bullets whenever and wherever that was the post of duty. The American people have a heart large enough to embrace all such, and to claim them in a high sense as their own, whose names, whose memories, and whose glory, it belongs to them to preserve, cherish, and perpetuate.

Capt. Backus enlisted as a private in Co. C, 1st Conn. Cavalry, Oct. 2d, 1861. Showing the noble motives with which he entered the service, he said to a friend that he, unlike many, had no parents, wife or children, and by going might save such an one to his family. When asked afterwards if he did not regret enlisting, he replied that he never would regret it, if he lost all his limbs in the service. This he showed also by re-enlisting, to serve for three years longer. He was with Gen. Fremont in the campaign of the Shenandoah Valley as Orderly Sergeant of Co. C, and was twice wounded. As 2d Lieutenant he was Assistant Provost Marshal of Baltimore for nearly a year previous to the opening of the present campaign, filling a position of great responsibility.

On the 17th of January, 1864, he was made Captain of Co. K, and at his own request, permitted to join his regiment and company, from whom he was separated only by death. He went with Kilpatrick on his celebrated raid into Richmond, and in the battle near that city two bullets passed through his clothes. He wrote soon after, that it was very exciting and just suited him. He sent home a flower "picked within two miles of Richmond, and inside the outer entrenchments."

After this he was with Grant's army, raiding upon Railroads and protecting flank and rear, leading the way for the army and fighting the enemy everywhere. He started from the Rapidan with ninety men in his company, and, after thirty-six days almost continuous fighting, he fell, leaving but fifteen survivors on duty.

The following passages from his last letters and those of his brave and intimate friend Lieut. H. J. O. Walker of the same regiment, will be read with interest.

"On the 12th of May I was near enough to the rebel capital to hear the bells ring and the town clock strike 12 at noon."

"At the battle of Ashland on the 1st of June, (whether they went to destroy the Railroad) we, the 1st Conn. Cavalry, lost severely, losing in killed, wounded, and missing, fifty-one men. I lost in my company twelve out of twenty-seven men—had two sergeants killed. Our brave and noble fighting Chaplain, Rev. Mr. Holmes, was wounded. My horse was shot from under me,

but mounting another, that came in from the rebel lines, I was again ready for the fight. I just escaped capture as a rebel officer ordered me to halt and surrender, but I didn't see it. I turned and fired at him. I saw him reel in his saddle, so I must have hit him. It is a wonder that I didn't get hit, but fortunately I did not receive that compliment or get the honor of the slightest wound. But my turn may come. I do not wish you to worry about me. If it is my lot to fall in battle, so let it be. I shall be content. I am determined to do my whole duty. I shall never be taken prisoner. I shall sell life as dearly as possible."

"Since the 4th of May we have fought nearly every day for thirty-six days without any cessation. I have been constantly in the saddle, often keeping my horse saddled for four days and nights. It is very warm, and we have suffered very much, but ought not to complain, for we have punished the rebels severely. I learn that our wagons are at Brigade Head Quarters. I hope so, for I am dirty and ragged, and a change of clothing would be very acceptable."

"Our men, notwithstanding our half starved condition and the thirty-six days of continual marching and fighting, are in the best of spirits and confident of success. They seem to place all confidence in our noble Lieut. General."

In so hopeful, undaunted a spirit, wrote one who was battle-worn, begrimed, and tattered, by more than a month's ceaseless riding in scout and skirmish and the whirlwind of battle; no discouraging word ever escaped his lips.

The following from Lieut. Walker was the first announcement to his friends that the brave soldier was no more.

"He was killed in a skirmish while gallantly rallying his men and leading them to the charge."

In a later communication Lieut. Walker says of him:

"A nobler, truer, more generous friend could not be found. He was beloved and respected by every one in the regiment for his gentlemanly bearing and manliness, and for his superior soldierly qualities. The men of his company loved him and placed the utmost confidence in him, and he gave promise of soon attaining a much higher position in the regiment. Brave to a fault, always ready and willing to perform any duty assigned to him, no matter how tedious or dangerous, he was constantly eliciting praises from all, and had made a reputation that any might be proud to win. 'Twas sad that one so young and gifted, should be so suddenly cut off. The regiment has lost one of its noblest, bravest spirits, and we feel that his place cannot be filled."

The captain, at the time of his death commanded the reserve picket post on our left, and on the Richmond road ten miles from that city; a very responsible position, and nobly did he fulfil his trust. On the afternoon of the 10th June, the regiment on picket about one mile in his front was surprised by the enemy, and panic stricken came dashing down on his reserve, which was formed across the road, trampling down his men while he endeavored to stop their flight. He succeeded in mounting his men and endeavored to check the progress of the enemy. But they were so mixed up with our men, and the panic stricken spirit of the other regiment had so communicated itself to his command that it was impossible. At this juncture, his Lieutenant says to him, "It is useless, Captain, to try to stop the men this side of our entrenchments." He stood his ground, however, until the enemy were all around him, when, turning to retire, the fatal bullet struck him in the breast, coming out at his back, and he fell from his horse dead. Such was the heroic end of this patriotic soldier. The enemy had possession of the body about ten minutes, when our boys charged back and recovered it; but during that time he had been stripped of everything but his vest and jacket, from the latter they had

cut the buttons, and taken the ring from his finger."

His body was embalmed and sent to his home in Hebron, where on Sunday, the 19th, funeral services were held in the Congregational Church, Rev. H. B. Woodworth, preaching an excellent and appropriate sermon. The exercises were attended by a large concourse, testifying their appreciation of the man and the hero. The remains were deposited in the quiet graveyard of that town, far from all scenes of strife, where, as at ten thousand other graves throughout the land, devoted love will long bewail the good and true, and patriotism let fall a tear in honor of the loyal and the brave.

O. L. W.

**Corp. James D. Mosher.**

Died in hospital, at Brashear City, La., Aug. 1863, Corp. JAMES D. MOSHER, of Co. C, 13th Reg. C. V.

A true soldier, when the arduous campaign ending with the capture of Port Hudson and recapture of Brashear City, began, he left his hospital cot, to which he had been confined a long time, and joined his regiment to share the duty and dangers of his comrades. Too much debilitated to endure hard marching in a Louisiana sun, he was repeatedly returned to the hospital, but as often managed to escape and rejoin his regiment whenever there was possibility of fighting. His zeal carried him to the close of the campaign when he entered the hospital for the last time. He sank under the combined influence of chronic diarrhoea and typhoid fever. He was one of two sons of a widowed mother—her only support, but she gave them cheerfully, heroically to the service of the Government. The nation called, and the "widow's mite"—her all, was given without reluctance.

T.

Wallace A. Bishop, born in Plymouth, April 1, 1837, son of William R. and Augusta M. Bishop, enlisted Aug. 1861, in the Connecticut Squadron of the Harris Light Cavalry, a New York Regiment. In this body he was Sergeant of Co. D, and had so commended himself to his officers as to warrant the expectation of a commission. But in the fall of 1862, while on picket duty, he was taken with typhoid fever and left by his companions at a farm house near Fayetteville, Va. Here he was well cared for, and had so far recovered as to be at the table with the family, when a sudden illness caused him to retire to his room, where he died almost instantly, on the 28th of November, 1862. He was buried near at hand by those who had cared for him in his sickness.

Edward C. Blakeslee, was born in Plymouth, Nov. 7, 1843, son of Ransom and Elizabeth M. Blakeslee. He enlisted in the 7th Conn. Regiment, in the summer of 1861, and served with that body faithfully through the hardships and exposures of their Southern campaign, until on retiring from the attack on Fort Wagner, July 11, 1863, he was shot through the shoulder. He was removed to Port Royal, and there lingered for a while in a doubtful state. On the 8th day of August, 1863, he fell asleep, far from his loving friends, but (as it is believed,) to rest with Jesus. His remains, after a temporary interment at the South, were brought home in the winter, and laid among those of relatives in the quiet cemetery of his native town, at which time religious services were held in the Congregational Church, where he was a Sunday scholar at the time of his enlistment. In the distribution of his little property, he gave \$25 to this school, which they appropriated to benevolent purposes. He left behind him a reputation for amiability, integrity, and manly honor.

An older brother, of like excellent qualities, was a member of a Michigan Regiment, and fell in one of the Tennessee battles. "Par nobile fratrum!"





## REGIMENTAL.

## Location of Connecticut Regiments, August 1st, 1864.

1st Artillery—Col. H. S. Abbott Commanding, Department of Virginia, via Ft. Monroe.  
 2d Artillery—Col. R. S. Mackenzie Commanding, Army of the Potomac, via Washington.  
 1st Cavalry—Maj. G. O. Marcy, Commanding, 3d Division Cavalry Corps, Army of Potomac, via Washington.  
 1st Light Battery—Captain James C. Clinton Commanding, Department of Virginia, via Fortress Monroe.  
 2d Light Battery—Captain John W. Sterling Commanding, Department of the Gulf, via New Orleans.  
 5th Regt.—Col. W. W. Packer Commanding, Department of the Cumberland, via Chattanooga.  
 6th Regt.—Col. A. P. Rockwell Commanding, Department of Virginia, via Fortress Monroe.  
 7th Regt.—Capt. John Thompson Commanding, Department of Virginia, via Fort Monroe.  
 8th Regt.—Capt. Charles M. Coit Commanding, Department of Virginia, via Fortress Monroe.  
 9th Regt.—Col. T. W. Cahill Commanding, Army of the Potomac, via Washington.  
 10th Regt.—Major E. S. Greely Commanding, Department of Virginia, via Fortress Monroe.  
 11th Regt.—Lieut. Col. Wm. C. Moeglin Commanding, Department of Virginia, via Fortress Monroe.  
 12th Regt.—Lieut. Col. Frank H. Peck Commanding, Middle Department, via Washington.  
 13th Regt.—Col. Chas. D. Blinn Commanding, on furlough in the State.  
 14th Regt.—Col. T. G. Ellis Commanding, Army of Potomac, via Washington.  
 15th Regt.—Col. Chas. L. Upham Commanding, Department of North Carolina, via Newbern.  
 16th Regt.—Capt. J. H. Barnum Commanding, Department of North Carolina, Roanoke Island.  
 17th Regt.—Col. W. H. Noble Commanding, Department of the South, via Hilton Head.  
 18th Regt.—Major Henry Peale Commanding, Department of Virginia, via Fortress Monroe.  
 20th Regt.—Col. Samuel Ross Commanding, Department of the Cumberland, via Chattanooga.  
 21st Regt.—Col. Hiram B. Crosby Commanding, Department of Virginia, via Fortress Monroe.  
 29th Regt. (col'd.)—Col. William B. Wooster, Commanding, Department of the South, via Hilton Head.  
 30th Regt. (col'd.)—Incorporated with 31st U. S. Colored Troops, Army of Potomac, via Washington.  
 1st Squad Cavalry—2d New York; Cavalry Corps, Army of Potomac, via Washington.

## Regimental.

In the September number preference will be fairly given to the 2d Artillery, the 5th, 6th, 9th, 15th, 17th, 18th, 20th and 21st regiments. We find that all cannot be fully represented in the same number of the War Record.

## THE FIRST CONN. CAVALRY.

The bravery and efficiency of this large and gallant regiment has been fully tested. Fatigue, watching, exposure and fierce battle are the constant experience of the sturdy and well disciplined battalion. We can give no consecutive outline of their important services. It is a lengthy, inspiring, and splendid story. It must be written by an eye witness. We stated in a previous number that the brave, accomplished Colonel was at home wounded. A sketch of Captain Buckus appears in the present number of the War Record.

The Chaplain, Rev. Theo. J. Holmes, from whose facile pen we shall receive full reports

of the brilliant achievements of the regiment, was painfully wounded in the wrist and arm, in the fight near Ashford, Va.

The enemy, by an unexpected movement, came furiously upon the baggage trains in the rear—hoping to create a panic. The regiment was quickly faced about and massed on either side of the road while the frightened teamsters hurried their wagons by. There was great tendency to follow the escaping wagons. The force of the enemy was large and advancing rapidly. Just at this time, while exhorting the men to "stand by the colors," the uplifted arm of the gallant Chaplain was pierced. Brave in battle—gentle in camp, at all times a genial, sincere christian soldier, he is beloved and honored by the whole regiment.

Lieutenant E. W. Whittaker, of Co. D, 1st Conn. Squadron, in the 2d N. Y. Cavalry, and long an efficient aid to Gen. Kilpatrick—is promoted to be Captain of Co. E, of this regiment. He is a brave, well educated and experienced officer, and is now aid de camp to Gen. Wilson. When Gen. Wilson was surrounded on his late raid, Capt. W., with forty picked men, cut his way through the enemy with a loss of 25 men, and brought intelligence of the situation of Gen. Meade. These are but few instances of the patriotic and daring spirit which animates the whole regiment, officers and men alike.

The regiment is now commanded by Maj. Marcy. He, too, has exhibited throughout the campaign, great ability and intrepidity, with almost reckless bravery. The regiment belongs to the First Brigade, (McIntosh's,) of the 3d Div. (Wilson's,) of the Cavalry Corps.

## THE 1ST SQUADRON CONN. CAVALRY

In the 2d New York Cavalry is now in the same brigade with the 1st regiment.

## THE SECOND ARTILLERY

Is in the 6th Army Corps. The regiment has won fadeless honor, and alas, has paid for it a fearful price. The long list of brave men and true, makes the reader tremble. We have already collected materials for the biographies of the fearless and noble Colonel, of Captain Wadhams and others, which will appear in the September number. We hope to receive full descriptions of the charge from eye-witnesses. The decimated but still magnificent regiment follows the fortunes of the 6th Corps (Wrights) was in the assault on Petersburg, and has lost upwards of forty men since June 1st. But its honor is and will remain untarnished. It is now in the Shenandoah Valley.

## THE SIXTH REGIMENT

Does itself injustice by failing to put its achievements on record. A brave, unflinching, uncompromising regiment—the men take pride in the fact that nobody writes for them. During the month they have done sturdy fighting. We printed in the July number, a portrait and biography of Col. Chatfield—the justly honored and beloved Colonel of the 6th, fatally wounded at Fort Wagner. We shall print during the year, a history of the regiment from the pen of the same author. Col. Redfield Duryea, has been compelled by ill-health, to resign the responsible position which he is so well fitted to fill, and Capt. Rockwell, of the First Light Battery, an

able and experienced officer, is promoted to fill his place.

## THE TENTH REGIMENT

Though steadily on duty at important points—has fortunately escaped heavy losses during the month. A very handsome tribute to their steady valor, in the tumult of retreat from Drury's Bluff, is quoted from the official report of Col. H. M. Plaisted, of the 11th Maine—commanding Brigade:

"Of the 10th Conn. and 24th Me. I need hardly say more than that they fully maintained the splendid reputation which they have hitherto borne. For steady and soldierly behavior under most trying circumstances—circumstances, too, entirely new to them, for never before were their backs turned to the enemy—they may have been equalled, but not surpassed. Under a fire in which eighteen fell from the left of the 10th in almost as many seconds, not a soldier of the regiment spoke a word or moved a heel from the alignment. Too much credit cannot be given to the commanding officers of these regiments, Cols. Osborne, and Otis, for their coolness and self-possession under fire, and the skillful manner in which they handled their commands."

The regiment led the advance of Gen. Foster's Division in crossing the James—subsequently capturing unaided, Howlett's battery, and many prisoners. Chaplain Trumbull writes—

On Monday, the 20th of June, our brigade, with other troops, was marched down the bank of the James to Jones' Landing, for a passage of the river in the night. Crowded into fourteen boats, we pulled two miles down the stream and made a landing on the opposite bank, having heard the suggestive order of the division commander, "Be sure that the Tenth Connecticut crosses first." The remark needs no explanation.

A fatigue party busily digging on the 22d, came upon a pot of silver and gold, worth \$1000. Few entrenchers are so fortunate. The regiment still remains at Deep Bottom, ten miles from Richmond—with the pickets of the enemy entrenched at the distance of a few rods.

## THE ELEVENTH REGIMENT

Has acted splendidly and suffered severely. It made a brilliant charge in front of Petersburg—capturing the enemy's rifle pits—and 30 prisoners. Col. Steadman, Maj. Converse and Adj. Barnum—accomplished officers, and noble men, are no more. Capt. Sackett, a fine officer, is killed. Since the 9th day of May, the regiment has been under fire twenty three times, and has lost 400 men in action, and over one-half its officers. It has marched many miles, with but few stragglers, and has always done its duty without flinching. But the regiment is still brave, steady, and cheerful. It is now commanded by Lieut. Col. Moegling, a brave and faithful officer. Capt. Kies is promoted to be Major, vice Converse killed in battle.

## THE FIFTEENTH REGIMENT

Has quietly enjoyed leisure at Newbern, for two months—except the episode of a hard march to Kinston, and a few slight skirmishes. The temporary cloud upon their fair fame, arising from the charge of complicity of some members in the burning of Washington, is now effectually dispelled by the satisfactory statements of Lieut. Col. Tolles. Rev. Joun B. DOOLITTLE, of the Yale Theological Seminary, has been elected and commissioned as Chaplain of the 15th. Chaplain Doolittle is a genial, true-hearted, patriotic man—one who will honor his profession and do his utmost for the physical and moral welfare of the men. He will be welcomed and sustained by the many christians of the fifteenth.





## HOME DEPARTMENT.

## Our State Militia.

We print in this number the concluding article of the able, comprehensive, and elegant series by Judge Francis Wayland, Jr. The whole series including this article, was published in a neat pamphlet for distribution among the members of our Legislature. The work which they were designed to subserve and did in no small degree subserve, is accomplished. A just and adequate militia law has been enacted.

We print this article now that our readers may have the whole of this timely and effective series for reading or reference.

## NUMBER VI.

If we are not greatly mistaken, it follows as a necessary consequence, from the considerations which we have urged in the preceding articles, that simple justice requires the enactment of such a military law as shall relieve the State Militia of all reasonable expenses incurred in the performance of their duty.

It is not contended that they should be remunerated for their services; the Legislature is only called upon to make such equitable provision as shall secure those who do the work from bearing the expense. So long as able bodied citizens can be exempted from doing military duty by paying a commutation tax of *one dollar*, it cannot be difficult to understand why we have so small a militia force. It is easy to say that patriotism should fill the ranks of the militia, but it is not so easy to explain why those who perform all the labor should be saddled with all the expense; while those who shirk the duty should be exempted by the payment of so small an amount.

Letters from the commanding officers of our militia companies, to Maj. Gen. Russell, very plainly demonstrate that unless there is some change in our military law, the companies must disband.

The provisions of the existing Militia law are so manifestly inequitable, that they have ceased to be effectual. Men who know full well that by joining militia companies they are not exempted from a draft, and are only subjected to large, uncompensated expense, are not likely to pay a large annual contribution to the defense of the State, when they can comply with the requirement of the law by paying *one dollar per annum*.

If a militia law could be enacted, which shall provide for the payment of armory rent, the expense necessary to keep the armory in suitable condition, for uniforms, for the reasonable expenses of the companies while performing military duty, the State can have an effective and desirable militia force. But if the fair, equitable demands of the Militia be again neglected, we have no doubt that our Militia companies will disband, and the State be left unarmed and defenseless.

"A well regulated Militia is necessary to the security of a free State."—HORATIO SEYMOUR.

## Our New Militia Law.

The State of Connecticut has at last a military law which recognizes to some extent, the value of the services of its militia. We don't assert that its provisions could not be improved, but we do say that it is vastly better and more liberal than any previous law on the same subject. It increases somewhat, the amount of remuneration, and provides an annual allowance towards the expense of uniform. It also makes provision for the payment of armory rent and of an armorer. The time to be spent in company parade and in encampments is increased, and the Major General is authorized to secure suitable military instruction at the encampments. For other features in the bill, we refer our readers to the law itself.

And now the question is, what will our Militia do? How will they respond to this liberal Legislative action? They have for years asked for substantial encouragement. This encouragement has been given in the faith that it will lead to the much needed result. We most earnestly call on our young men to come forward at once and fill up the ranks of the Militia. We urge upon the existing companies to spare no pains to perfect themselves in drill and discipline, and to prove to the State that they appreciate the effort of the Legislature to give to the Militia substantial aid and support.

## The Draft.

The Government must have men. If the quota is not filled, or in a fair way to be speedily filled, we hope that the draft will not be postponed for a single day beyond Sept. 5th. Our gallant little State is so far ahead of many in the proportionate number of men enlisted, that we might perhaps claim for her some indulgence. But we will not do this. While the war rages let us resolve to do our whole duty at any cost.

There is always attendant upon a draft the dread of uncertainty, which makes it repulsive. Yet it is the fairest, the most economical, the very best method of raising an army.

It is the duty of the young men to defend the nation. Only a certain number are needed or can be spared. These should be designated in some impartial manner. Draft with exemption only by furnishing a substitute not liable to draft, is, we repeat, the method which is most just, most economical—in every respect, the best.

Our people have always disliked a draft, and expended immense sums to avoid one. If they deem it best to do so, it is not for us to gainsay their judgment. If we are to avoid a draft under the present call, there is no time to be lost.

Every one can now take advantage of the bounty of \$200 as offered by the State to assist him

in paying for his substitute, because the substitute can enter as a volunteer and be entitled to this bounty. Substitutes may be obtained at agencies for that purpose, in almost every city and large town.

A considerable number will also be provided from the rebel States by the plan of our worthy Governor. The plan itself is an admirable one. In the first place, the substitutes are not to be defrauded. Hence, their expenses will be paid by the persons for whom they are procured. To pay these expenses the person desiring to obtain a substitute, and thus be exempted from draft for three years, deposits \$300 in the hands of the duly appointed receiver. This money is to be used to pay the expenses of obtaining the recruit, and bringing him to this State—if the whole amount be not used, the balance will be returned to the depositor. When the recruit is sworn into the service, the person for whom he is a substitute must pay into his hands \$300, taking himself the order for the State bounty, which secures the repayment of the last \$300. Thus the recruit is sure not to be defrauded.

Substitutes will thus be obtained for a sum not exceeding \$300—and persons obtaining them will be exempt from draft for three years.

The number thus obtained is contingent on the degree of success which attends the efforts of the agents of the State now recruiting in rebel States.

It is not generally expected that they will obtain men enough so soon as the 5th of September, to fill the quota of the State or one half that number. It is, however, confidently hoped that they will obtain men to count against all future quotas which we may be called to fill.

As the names of depositors under this arrangement may exceed the number of substitutes obtained, the substitutes are furnished in exactly the order in which the depositors presented themselves, and entered their names.

As we have remarked, it is not probable that the number of men thus purchased will fill the quota—and there is need of vigorous exertion in other directions.

## PUT IT THROUGH!

Come Freemen of the Land,  
Come meet the last demand!  
Here's a piece of work in hand:

## Put it through!

For the Birthright yet unsold,  
For the History yet untold,  
For the Future yet unrolled,  
Put it through!

## U. S. Draft Rendezvous.

The Rendezvous is now the Headquarters for the States of Vermont, Rhode Island and Connecticut. Recruits are now coming in quite rapidly from each of these States—often as many as 80 or 90 per day. The average number in camp for July, was 600. The average since July, about 850. Detachments of 200 to 300 will now be forwarded once or twice a week to the various regiments in the field.

The recruits are now a very good class of men, such as do honor to the cause in which they enlist—but there is great danger when such immense sums are voted by towns that characters





of a vastly different sort will form the bulk of what hereafter enlist.

The Rendezvous is still commanded by Captain Lester E. Braley. Capt. Braley performs his duty without display or boasting—but with promptness and efficiency. The camp is steadily improved by the judicious application of the post fund. Thorough drainage and the enforcement of scrupulous cleanliness, have made the sanitary condition as good as probably ever known in any such camp. There is very little sickness.

Means for amusement and instruction are being provided, so as to induce the men to remain quietly and contentedly in the camp.

Thus Capt. Braley not only performs properly the routine of duty, but has wise and honest purpose to promote the physical and moral welfare of the soldiers under his charge.

### Our Veterans.

NUMBER SIX.

#### THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT.

"The fife blows shrill, the drum beats loud,  
I hear the tramp of many feet  
Come echoing up the city street,  
With cheers and welcomes from the crowd.

It is the regiment returned  
That went away three years ago  
Fearless they met the Southern foe,  
And with true patriot ardor burned."

Six months ago the Veterans of the 13th re-enlisted. Six months of expectation and disappointment have passed. Meanwhile they have been called to stern and perilous duty, and have done it sturdily and bravely as before. This act proves them to be patriots as well as soldiers, worthy of merry and hearty welcome. So thought all the people as they filled the streets and windows along the whole route of the returning braves.

The Thirteenth—numbering 23 commissioned officers and 275 enlisted men—left New Orleans on the steamer Cumbria, July 14th, arrived at New York July 25th, and reached New Haven by the Elm City, July 26th. They were received in the usual form. The escort consisted of the Horse Guards, with band—detachment of the Veteran Reserve Corps, and carriages containing the Governor and some members of his staff—Mayor Tyler—members of the Common Council and others. Col. Blinn was the happy recipient at the very outset, of several beautiful bouquets.

Proudly and splendidly moved the little battalion up the crowded streets. The people thronged to do them well earned honor. Bells, cannon, fireworks and lusty shouts, but feebly expressed the sincere welcome of all hearts. The veterans, delighted by the enthusiastic reception, animated by the waving flags and enlivening music, marched with that elasticity and precision possible only to veterans. No returning regiment has made a better appearance than the Thirteenth. At the State House a bountiful and excellent breakfast had been provided by Maj. Mansfield, whose good judgment and efficiency in this direction we have several times commended.

When "posted" at the table, Col. Blinn ordered "attention." A few earnest and appropriate words of welcome were spoken by His Excellency, Gov. Buckingham.

ADDRESS OF GOV. BUCKINGHAM.

"Col. Blinn, Officers and men of the 13th Conn. Volunteers:—In behalf of the citizens of the State I give you a cordial welcome. It is now some two years and half since you were organized as a regiment in this city and left for the South. We have watched your course with deep interest. We know how, when you first landed at New Orleans, your presence brought order out of confusion and established government in the midst of anarchy. We know also, how from that day to the present, you have borne yourselves so as to bring honor and credit to this little State, because you have been bold and fearless in the maintenance of those principles which underlie the foundations of this Government.

"And though hundreds have fallen, yet, blessed be God, many return to receive the congratulations of the friends at home. We are grateful for this.

"We know also that the dangers which you have braved have not dampened your ardor nor quenched your patriotism, but you have re-enlisted to give yourselves for three years more to the country, and through the country, to God. Those at home appreciate your services and your devotion; and though you may sometimes feel that there is a coldness toward you, let me tell you it is only in appearance; there is a feeling in this people's heart which, perhaps, no other people have cherished towards their brave soldiers. Let me tell you that so long as this heart beats, it will beat with gratitude and love for the men who have offered themselves as a bulwark to the nation. So long as this voice can speak, so long will it speak in praise of the men of the 13th Connecticut. (Prolonged cheers.) God bless you; I welcome you to the city and the State."

On behalf of the city followed a brief

ADDRESS OF MAYOR TYLER.

"Officers and soldiers of the 13th Connecticut Volunteers. As a representative of the city of New Haven, I welcome you and congratulate you upon your return to the city which you left two years and a half ago. We welcome you, and rejoice at the privilege of honoring you for the service you have done, and not alone for the service you have done, but for the noble patriotism which has induced you after two years and a half of hard campaigning to come forward and offer your services for three years more. As the representative of this city, I welcome you to the hospitalities before you. We wish you much happiness with your kindred in the brief time of your sojourn among us."

Then came the order to "fall to"—obeyed with an alacrity and energy which proved that the veterans knew what was expected of them—and felt themselves fully adequate to the emergency. The action was vigorous. Not a man faltered. Each seemed determined to outdo the other. Yet entire success began to be doubtful. The reserve corps were ordered to reinforce the almost exhausted veterans. This movement was decisive. The tables were cleared—and every body was exultant or at least comfortable.

The veterans received their furloughs for 30 days, and will, at the expiration of that period, rendezvous at Grapevine Point.

The history of the regiment will be hereafter printed.

The following is a list of officers who returned with the battalion:

#### FIELD AND STAFF.

Col. C. D. Blinn, West Cornwall.  
Lieut. Col. Homer B. Sprague, New Haven.  
Major A. Comstock.  
Adjutant F. N. Stanley, New Britain.  
Quartermaster Wm. Bishop, Southington.  
Surgeon George Cleary, Hartford.  
Assistant-Surgeon L. M. Clark, Winsted.

#### NON-COMMISSION STAFF.

Serg't-Major Chas. Gaylord, Gaylordsville.  
Drum Major Joseph B. Hadley, New London.

#### LINE OFFICERS.

Co. A—Capt. C. H. Cornwall, 2d Lieut. G. H. Pratt.  
Co. B—Capt. W. E. Bradley, 1st Lieut. W. C. Gardner, 2d Lieut. Louis Beekwith.  
Co. C—1st Lieut. B. A. Ripley.  
Co. D—Capt. Perry Averill, 1st Lieut. N. W. Perkins, 2d Lieut. Geo. E. Faucher.  
Co. E—1st Lieut. C. H. Beaton.  
Co. F—Capt. J. J. McCord.  
Co. G—Capt. D. H. Finley, 2d Lieut. E. S. Dunbar.  
Co. H—2d Lieut. J. N. Lyman.  
Co. I—2d Lieut. A. N. Sterry.  
Co. K—1st Lieut. W. F. Norman.

The veterans are doubtless repaid for the vexatious delay of their furloughs. They are among us in the season of black-berries, early apples and picnics. The choicest viands, the cosiest seat, the smiling favor of the fairest, the respect and admiration of all true hearts are theirs.

"God bless the brave, who go to save  
Our country, in her dark, dread hour of danger."

#### Record of Events.

July 3. Gen. Sigel evacuates Martinsburg—Rebels under Gen. Breckinridge advance.

July 4. National salutes of 34 shotted guns along the whole lines at Petersburg—743 barrels of fruit distributed by the Sanitary Commission to the troops at and near Petersburg.

July 6. Crossing of the Chattahoochee by the troops of Gen. Sherman.

July 7. Capture of Parkville, Missouri, by Guerrillas.

July 8. Defeat of Gen. Wallace at Monocacy Junction—Union loss killed and wounded 711—prisoners 490. Capture of Plattville, Mo., by Guerrillas.

July 11. Trains stopped and plundered at Magnolia on the Philadelphia and Baltimore R. R. Gunpowder Bridge fired. Successful expedition to Cox's Farms, by 50 men of the 10th Conn. and 70 of the 3d Penn Heavy Artillery.

July 12. Rebels repulsed in front of Fort Stevens, six miles from the Capitol. They retire.

July 14 and 15. Gen. Smith defeats Gen. S. D. Lee, at Tupelo, Miss. Union loss 500—Rebel loss, killed and wounded 4000—prisoners 2000.

July 17. Gen. Slocum defeats 2000 rebels under Gen. Wirt Adams, at Grand Gulf, inflicting severe loss.

July 18. The President calls for 500,000 men.

July 20. Gen. Averill defeats Gen. Early near Winchester, capturing four cannon, 300 small arms, 200 prisoners—killing and wounding 300. Fierce and repeated assaults of the enemy on our forces in front of Atlanta, handsomely repulsed.

July 22. Desperate attacks of the enemy on Gen. Sherman's forces, again repulsed with great slaughter. Rebel losses at least 10,000. Union loss 3,521—18 stand of colors, and 5000 stand of arms captured. Gen. McPherson killed.

July 23. Our forces driven back by the rebels from Winchester.

July 24. Defeat of Gen. Crook near Winchester.

July 26. Success and subsequent disaster of Gen. McCook on the Macon R. R.

July 28. Severe skirmishing on the north side of the James. Rebels driven back. Four guns captured. Rebel assault on the 15th Corps, in front of Atlanta, repulsed. Union loss 150. Rebel loss much heavier.

July 30. Burning of Chambersburg by the rebels under McCausland. Explosion of a mine under a rebel fort. Gallant but unsuccessful assault of the 9th Corps. Union loss 5200.





## EDITORIAL COLUMN.

"Move on the columns. Hesitate  
No longer what to plan or do;  
Our cause is good—our men are true—  
This fight is for the Flag, the State,  
The Union and the hopes of man:  
And Right will end what Wrong began,  
For God the Right will vindicate."

We are happy to announce that the War Record will be hereafter published by Morris & Benham. The present editor will conduct the editorial department, while Mr. Benham will manage the business department. Increased energy, promptness and efficiency in both departments, will, we trust, be thus obtained.

The generous support of the public encourages us to renewed effort to deserve favor.

A very large circulation is absolutely necessary, at one dollar a year, to enable us to pay our expenses. We believe that the patriotic people of our gallant State, will give us that circulation.

In commencing the New Volume, we honestly and confidently assure the public, that the War Record will be more complete and interesting than during the past year. We have more time—with experience and unabated enthusiasm.

## To our Contributors.

We earnestly entreat all writers to make their communications as brief, concise, and animated as possible; divesting them of all general remarks—giving us only that which is peculiar to the time, place or subject. Our space is limited; our material almost limitless.

## War Record vs. Drought.

Our readers in some towns in the State received the War Record for July, much later than usual. Scarcity of water stopped nearly every paper mill carried by water. We had on hand paper enough for three quarters of the edition—but were compelled to delay the remainder for ten days.

## Commercial College.

The importance of the movement of Bryant, Stratton & Co., in establishing a chain of Commercial Colleges, can hardly be overrated. It will, eventually, produce uniformity of business ideas, management and forms throughout the country, so that a business man will be equally at home in one city as another of our rich and prosperous country. This great advantage is superadded to the thorough business training which they afford. We view with gratification any institution calculated to make our people homogeneous and united.

## Army Packages.

Any person desiring Stationery packets, is respectfully referred to the advertisement of J. G. Smith & Co., in another column.

## Wanted.

Jan., Feb., March, April, May, June and July Nos. of the War Record. Persons having clean copies of any or all these numbers, can dispose of them for cash, at the Office of the Conn. War Record, No. 2 Glebe Building, New Haven, Conn.

## The "Connecticut War Record,"

PUBLISHED BY

MORRIS &amp; BENHAM,

At No. 2, Glebe Building, New Haven, Conn.

—O—

TERMS:—\$1.00 a year, (in advance,)—\$1.25 if not paid during the first three months.

## CLUBS.

In towns where there are no local agents, any one sending us \$5, will be entitled to six copies of the War Record.

## TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.

One Square, (12 lines Minion) a year, - - \$20  
Two Squares, - - - - - " - - 36

—O—

We have local agents in most of the towns in the State, who are authorized to collect and forward money to us.

We have at present, but one traveling agent, L. W. SMITH, of Norwalk. No other general agent is authorized to collect money.

JOHN M. MORRIS.

CHARLES C. BENHAM.

## PROSPECTUS

OF

## VOLUME SECOND

—O—

The war continues, and the patriotic sons of Connecticut are still battling with matchless valor to save our splendid nation. The ever lengthening and brightening chapter of their heroic achievements must be recorded faithfully and in permanent form. Justice to our gallant State and sympathy with the bereaved, demand also that the names and deeds of our fallen heroes be carefully gathered and placed proudly and tenderly upon the historic page.

This is the noble mission of the War Record, and the adequate reason for its continuance through another year.

## The Popularity of the War Record.

Our immense and steadily increasing list of subscribers, and the frequent letters of approval which we receive, are incontestable proof that the people value the War Record highly, and will cheerfully sustain us for another year.

We shall therefore continue to publish it at

## One Dollar a Year.

Labor and material has advanced greatly in price. We have not advanced our price, but trust to a still greater increase of our large subscription list for a fair compensation to those who do the work.

## Progress Our Watchword.

While we do not advance our price we shall improve our journal.

We have been often gratified by the assurance in letters of our patrons of visible improvement in each successive number. We shall labor in Volume Second enthusiastically and indefatigably to merit similar commendation. The experience of a year, and competent assistance in the office, will greatly facilitate the accomplishment of our worthy purpose.

Strenuous effort will be made to give in every number more extended and complete information from every regiment. We shall soon commence a description of all the battles in which the Connecticut regiments have been engaged, and the precise part of each in the several engagements.

## Regimental Histories.

We entered on our important work with the purpose of writing, by chapters, a complete history of every Connecticut regiment. We shall carry out this plan.

We have published a thorough history of "The Three Months Volunteers." Some regiments have been but slightly noticed. None have yet a full record. But all will in due time have a fair, concise, and complete history printed in our pages. When the war slackens we can proceed rapidly to finish all the histories.

## Advertisements.

The rapid advance in the cost of labor and paper compel us to print advertisements or fail to pay our expenses. We shall continue so to do, with the assurance to our readers that neither quantity nor quality of reading matter will be impaired. Did we not print advertisements we should be obliged to print a smaller sheet.

## To the People of Connecticut.

We enter on the new year with earnest purpose to deserve your support, and with confidence that you will cordially give it. We know that we interest and cheer our brave soldier friends, while we are writing the only enduring record of their splendid courage and lofty heroism. We trust, that as last year, many public spirited citizens will subscribe for additional copies to be sent to the soldiers and their friends.

Subscriptions may be handed to our agents or sent by mail to the

CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD,  
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

## THE SOLDIER'S CERTIFICATE

AND

## MEMORIAL.

—O—

This beautiful specimen of art is offered to the soldiers of our country as an appropriate memento for the perpetuation to posterity of the record of their valor and patriotism.

The design is purely national and military, without any reference to men or politics.

The base of the picture is composed of rich ornamented scroll work, interspersed with fruits and flowers, forming a beautiful entablature, upon which stand four splendid allegorical figures representing PEACE and WAR, LIBERTY and JUSTICE, with their emblems.

At the bottom, in a medallion surrounded by a galaxy of stars, one for each State, appears FAME crowning the faithful soldier.

In the centre is a blank form of discharge, to be filled up with name and regiment, and space to record the engagements in which the soldier has participated, with the proper signatures.

The whole is surmounted by the American Eagle resting upon a rock, amid banners, shields, trophies, &c.; constituting a parlor ornament at once honorable and beautiful.

The picture is illuminated in brilliant colors and for sale at the office of the CONN. WAR RECORD, New Haven, Conn.

Price,—Single Copies, \$1.50.

Sent, POSTAGE PAID, on receipt of price.





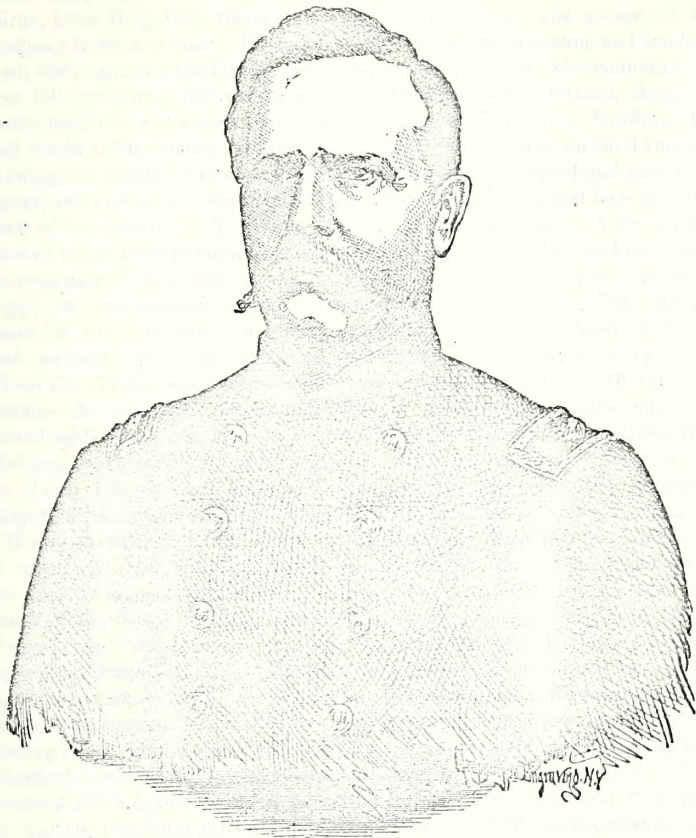
# THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

Office, 2 Globe Building.  
MORRIS & BENHAM, Publishers.

NEW HAVEN, SEPTEMBER, 1864.

VOL. II. NO. II.  
\$1 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE



*For the Connecticut War Record.*

**Col. Elisha S. Kellogg.**

By some mischance, a Young American sailor shipped on board an English merchantman. Early in life he had learned the story of his country's flag—how Washington, and his compatriots bore it through battle fields to victories; how Hull, Perry, and other Naval heroes, had nailed it to the mast, and compelled the "red cross of St. George," to yield to the new-born "ruler of the waves." To him it was the emblem of victory over wrong—the flag of the free—given to the breeze, when tyranny threatened "the sacred rights of man."

Whoever dared by word or deed insult "the flag of stars," failed not to excite the anger of this young sailor. On

"British Oak," or British soil, ignorant prejudice, or persistent malice, could not, if he were present, sneer at the grand old flag, and go unrebuked. For striking in defence of the flag, he was finally thrust in prison, on a foreign shore. The monarch of the realm was not prouder of crown or sceptre, than this young hero of his chains. 'Twas easy for his fancy to connect these links with other chains, which had rusted in the flesh of historic men. When released, the rest of his life on the sea, he sailed under the flag he loved. This young sailor, Elisha Strong Kellogg, was born in the town of Glastenbury, Connecticut, A. D. 1824. A boyish love of adventure led him to choose the life of a sailor. For many years he was buffeted by waves,

and disciplined by hardship, until, like a true son of Neptune, he grew in stature robust and vigorous—in mind honest, sincere, and kind; with a certain brusque roughness, which (as barnaclescling to the noblest vessel,) pertains to the hardy sailor. His sailor life terminated when the California excitement began—thither with the many adventurous spirits, he went in search of fortune, with indifferent success. With maturity, and much experience, came a desire for repose, and domestic enjoyment. In the vicinity of his native village he settled down to one of the mechanical pursuits of busy New England industry. Aptitude for mechanic art, soon made him skillful. He was a cheerful worker at all times. He married the lady he loved, and whose affection he prized more than any earthly thing. Upon a hill, in the town of Winsted, resides the stricken widow, with little Eddie, their only child. In the valley below, there is a mound of earth covering all that was mortal of a loved husband, and affectionate father.

Those who are familiar with the history of our State Militia, will remember Lieut., Capt., Major, and Lieut. Colonel Kellogg—this is the order in which he rose from rank to rank, until he was acknowledged the best drilled soldier in the State. No half or uncertain knowledge, would satisfy his craving for excellence.

Col. Kellogg had been a resident of Derby, about five years, when the "news of Sumter" surprised the nation. He at once set about preparing for whatever part he should take in the fearful drama. His patriotism was not of "the stay at home sort;" nor was it of that discreet kind, which vents all its power in harmless words. He sought the field, and the companionship of heroic souls. The music of battle-fields—the terrible excitements of war and carnage—the danger—all these had more charm for him than to be miserably anxious for the result of war, but too poor in spirit to give himself to its achievements.

A company was soon organized, and he





called on to command; before they were ordered to rendezvous, the call for three years troops was issued; Capt. Kellogg's company immediately tendered service for three years, and was mustered in as Co. B, 4th Conn. Vols., the first three years' regiment from the State. In that ill-fated 4th Regiment, he was the officer most competent to command. Major Birge, (now Brig. Gen. Birge,) was then *studying* to be a soldier. It was a ragged, dirty, undisciplined regiment, when one full company, and parts of others concluded they had served long enough, and would muster themselves out. Capt. Kellogg was ordered to arrest the insurgents, and march them to the headquarters of Gen. Banks. This duty he performed to the satisfaction of all, except the malcontents. To a man like Capt. Kellogg, the management or mismanagement of the regiment brought disgust and anxiety, which was illy concealed. With Col. Tyler came order out of confusion—the military eye of the professional soldier was attracted toward Capt. Kellogg, and his merits were appreciated. In March, 1862, he was promoted to be Major, in the regiment, now changed to "Heavy Artillery." One month after, it went with the Army of the Potomac on the "Peninsular Campaign." The work of disembarking, and mounting a "siege train," was principally under the superintendence of Major Kellogg, a herculean task. At the siege of Yorktown he commanded Battery No. 1, consisting of five one-hundred, and two two-hundred pounder Parrot guns—the only battery which opened on the rebel works. It was the first time guns of this calibre had been used, and the practice attracted much attention. The skill displayed by Major Kellogg, in the management of these great guns, was admired by all the Generals who witnessed the performance, and honorably mentioned in the report of the "Chief of Artillery."

After the evacuation of Yorktown, by the rebels, and the dismantling of the batteries, the regiment was ordered to take the field as Infantry; in this capacity they were at the battle of Hanover Court House, and afterward with the regular troops, near Gaines' Mills. Just before the seven days' fight, the "big guns" were ordered into position.

Major Kellogg had charge of three batteries of 4½ inch Rodman and 4 30-pounder Parrot's guns. These he fought

as field artillery, at the battle of "Gaines' Mills," and "Chickahominy." Trusting nothing to chance, he picketed his own front with his own command in person; and when the chance of war necessitated a change of position he saved his batteries, and drawing them across the Peninsula, placed them again in position at "Malvern Hill." Colonel Tyler directed the action of his regiment on this occasion, and has honorable mention by the Commanding General. The day after Malvern, Major Kellogg came to Harrison's Landing, with his batteries; he was smeared and grimmed, and wore a haggard and hungry look, as though the labor had been fatiguing, and the rations scanty. A few weeks after, he was promoted to be Lieut. Col. of the 19th Regiment, a new organization in Litchfield County. The old regiment with which he had been so long identified, had no one in it to rejoice over the promotion which was to take him from it. In obedience to the call, he left for his new command. Realizing the importance of rendering this new regiment efficient soon as possible, he immediately commenced the work—an amusing incident occurred in this connection. A wealthy citizen who "had done something" toward raising this regiment, after witnessing a drill, and dress parade, called on Col. Kellogg to remonstrate against what he termed "putting the men in rows"—he had given of his substance to raise a "fighting regiment," and "did not want their time and strength wasted, by putting them in rows." The Colonel quietly remarked that "no doubt the Governor had made a mistake in placing him in command, but he would willingly give way to the superior military genius of the aforesaid wealthy citizen." His superior officer, a popular man, being deficient in health, and military culture, was unable to aid Col. Kellogg in drilling and disciplining the command.

Justice to the dead here demands an explanation of an event, which, at the time, caused some excitement, and *seemed* to reflect upon the honor of Lieut. Col. Kellogg. It must be understood that hitherto all the responsibility of commanding the regiment had been with Col. Kellogg, but by some grave mistake a large number of men were furloughed by an *inferior officer*, without consultation with him. This he felt to be an insult, which deserved to be resented in a

signal manner. Accordingly, he turned over the regimental property, tendered his resignation, and took an early train home. After a few weeks, orders were issued for his return, by the War Department; he reported immediately "under arrest," but was soon restored to duty without censure, by "grim old Heintzelman," who did not intend "so excellent an officer should be lost to the service." Time wore on, and Col. Wessels resigned. With a reputation for military ability, established by an experience full of trials, since the war began, a reputation, proud as his warmest friends could desire for him, Lieut. Col. Kellogg had an honest claim to the vacant rank, and expected it would be conferred upon him. It was, however, delayed, until an appeal went up from the regiment, which could not be refused. During the suspense he wrote to a friend—"I will make no effort in my own behalf. I abhor wire pulling. If I do not *deserve* promotion, God forbid I should have it. Rumor has it (with what truth is unknown) that the good of the service will be best attained by promoting Major —, (of another regiment) to the vacancy; in that event, my career in this regiment will soon terminate."

"All right, Col., God bless you, and the 19th," was the respond of our noble Governor, to the letter of thanks for executive confidence. With evident emotion, he directed this short, welcome acknowledgment to be placed among his "treasured things." The regiment was soon changed to "Heavy Artillery," and filled to its maximum standard. With indomitable energy, Col. Kellogg set about drilling and disciplining, until his command should be in all respects one of the best in the service. When the Spring Campaign opened, Col. Kellogg was anxious to take the field, and after repeated applications was at last ordered;—his command was attached to the 6th Corps, Gen. Upton's Brigade. On the 1st of June he was ordered by General Upton, to charge the enemy's works, at "Cold Harbor." One of his staff, writing of the action, says: "He was fully impressed with a sense of what was before us—marked out on the ground the shape of the works to be taken—told the officers what disposition to make of the different battalions; how the charge would be made—spoke of our reputation as "a band-box regiment." "Now we were





called on to show what we could do at fighting; he felt confident we would in this, our first fight, establish, and ever afterward maintain a glorious reputation, as a *fighting* regiment."

We were soon ordered to the charge. Col. Kellogg led us in bravely—coolly, and steadily—taking the first line of works near which he was wounded; he pushed steadily on to the second line—charged, and took them with more than two hundred prisoners—mounting these works he ordered the "boys" on after the fleeing rebels." Another officer of his staff writes: "I went to the left of the Battalion, and on the way passed Col. Kellogg; *his face was covered with blood*, from a wound in the cheek; he was *cheering* on the men." On reaching the main works which were protected by a mass of felled trees and limbs piled up in front, our boys could not get over them, and there they halted, firing over the obstructions. The galling fire of the enemy at last forced our line to give way. I went over where the centre had rested, and there my worst fears were realized—on the top of the abattis the Col. lay dead; and near him a score of our brave boys had fallen; he was shot through the head just above the ear—two shots near together—he was also shot in the arm, and face." He fell as did Gen. Lyon, in advance of his command, leading them on, forgetting his own safety, and thinking only of victory over the traitors to his country, and his country's flag. "That flag I know he loved well. I once saw him looking at a beautiful garrison flag, as it floated majestically over one of the forts of his command; the big tears started from his eyes, and rolled down his rough manly cheeks. I asked no questions, but drew my own inferences. Ah well he realized the condition of our once happy and glorious country—what it would cost to restore it again to peace and glory. I read in the expression of his face a firm resolve that his life, if necessary, should be freely laid upon the sacred altar of his country."

Gen. Upton says: "The conduct of Col. Kellogg, during the entire day, June 1st, was under my immediate observation; particularly during the battle. His men owe the preservation of their lives to the high state of discipline in which he had his regiment. That he exposed his own life but too freely is well

known to all. A brave and patriotic officer has fallen in the defence of his country; he has done much for the honor and reputation of his native State."

The officers of Col. Kellogg's regiment say: "He fell a hero at the head of his command, fighting his country's battles. We cherish his memory and hold his honor dear."

Col. Kellogg was a man well known as the world goes—but *few* knew him well—his externals were perhaps unimpeachable. "I am but a rough man," he often remarked. The few who enjoyed his confidence, were introduced to a world of beautiful thoughts, and gentle emotions, which were unknown to others. Notwithstanding the vicissitudes of a checkered life, the "immediate jewel of his soul" had been preserved untarnished—he was a man of good conscience. What is ordinarily termed "manhood," was his distinguished trait of character. This was the one thing never to be sacrificed. Truth—honor—bravery—sincerity, were, in his esteem, cardinal virtues; these were his idols. Hypocrisy, pretence, and quackery were his abhorrence. There was a vein of quiet humor ever permeating his thoughts, which often illustrated better than argument. His patriotism was unbounded; it was sublime in its massive strength and grandeur. A little party of officers were practicing with pistols, when the question was proposed if any among them "would be willing to go out and be shot down, if by so doing the nation could be saved and the war ended." When this question was proposed to Col. Kellogg, he replied "Yes—I would thank God for the privilege of thus saving my country, and so many lives more precious than mine." Col. Kellogg possessed a quick, ardent temperament—was not "slow to anger"—not choice in expletives or careful of consequences when roused. It was, however, merely anger, not hatred, not malice. He was a man of excellent judgment—knew how to command, and control, without exciting opposition, or tardy compliance. He always manifested a paternal care which endeared him to his men, and a capability which inspired confidence. No commander ever exacted more of his command, or held their hearts in a firmer bond of affection.

Col. Kellogg had his faults. His habits measured by the strictest rules of religion or perhaps morality, were faulty. In the

complete openness of his soul, they were visible to all—such as he was, he was willing the world should see him. Underlying his character, there was a basis of religious faith, simple, and childlike; it had no particular creed to direct it, but looked up from a heart abounding in charity to the Almighty Father of us all. Just before he went to the fatal field, the writer was staying with him at Oak Grove House, the headquarters of the regiment. In a conversation with Col. Kellogg, he repeated a part of Leigh Hunt's beautiful Poem, of "Abou Ben Adem, and the Angel," it struck a chord in the Colonel's soul, which vibrated most musically. "Is it not so," he exclaimed: "Are not the names of those who love their fellow men also the names of those whom love of God has blessed."

Col. Kellogg was a most unselfish man—the story of his life is replete with tender charities and kindly ministrations. On battle fields, and in hospitals, the dew of his soul fell on the crushed flowers of humanity, to bless and succor. The stern warrior who could tread with unflinching steps, and unblanched cheek, along the fiery front of battle, could also bend with tearful sympathy over the victims. Col. Kellogg had faith in the cause—believed in the ultimate triumph of our arms, and delighted to contemplate the lasting peace which would ensue. Writing to his wife he says: "If Gen. Grant is successful, and *God grant he may be*, the time is not distant when I shall return to enjoy with you, our little home." Russell, Kingsbury, Chatfield, Dutton, Kellogg, Lyon, Mansfield, Sedgwick—these, and more are on our scroll of glory—heroic men, sons of the Old Commonwealth of Connecticut.

G.

### The Voice of Nature.

"Calm and patient Nature keeps  
Her ancient promise well,  
Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps  
The battle's breath of hell.

Still in the cannon's pause, we hear  
Her sweet thanksgiving psalm;  
Too near to God for doubt or fear,  
She shares the eternal calm,

O, give to us, in times like these,  
The vision of her eyes;  
And make her fields and fruited trees  
Our golden prophecies!

O, give to us her finer ear!  
Above this stormy din,  
We, too, would hear the bells of cheer,  
Ring peace and freedom in!"





## Chivalry Illustrated.

When Capt. Winslow of the Kearsage, by hanging chains protects his bunkers, not from the effects of cannon, but simply of rifle balls, the Richmond Dispatch raves thus:

"Had such a foul advantage been taken over one knight by another in the days of chivalry, the perpetrator would have had his spurs backed off by the common hangman, his arms reversed, his name stricken from the roll of honor, and his carcase stretched by the neck, between sun and earth, until the birds of the air had torn his eyes from their sockets."

When the rebels exploded a mine in front of our works, the same sheet quotes with exultation the following from a Petersburg paper:

"Yesterday, (July 5th,) at 12 o'clock was fixed upon to give the enemy a blow up, but the sensation did not take place until half past 6 P. M. At this hour some of our men went out and effected an exchange of newspapers with the enemy, and the latter, to the number of 25 or 30, clustered around the lucky man to hear the latest news from Dixie. The signal was now given, the fuse lighted, and in less time than it takes to write it, up went the solid earth to the height of about forty feet, carrying the news gatherers along with it."

After reading these extracts, and recalling the facts, that Semmes himself decoyed the Hatteras by false signals and sunk her—that the rebel Iron clad Merrimac attacked and sunk the wooden Cumberland—that the rebels repeatedly employ ambuscades and masked batteries—that rebel guerrillas continually skulk on river banks and swarm the woods to fire on unarmed persons, or armed men totally unwarned on the road or in transports: when we remember that the rebels have repeatedly misused the noble flag they profess to hate, to deceive our men and lure them to slaughter—we can readily pen the creed of *Modern rebel chivalry*.

I. Whatever harms the Union or its defenders in property, reputation or life—is *chivalrous*.

II. Whatever harms the infamous rebellion or its reckless supporters, is *unchivalrous* and dastardly.

## Revolutionary Patriotism in Connecticut.

Count Rochambeau, commanding the French allies, was on his way to confer with Washington at Hartford. The carriage broke down. The only blacksmith in the vicinity, was ill, and refused the job, declaring that a hat full of guineas would not induce him to undertake it. The officer explained that, unless he did, the Count could not keep his appointment with Washington. "I am at the public service," replied the enfeebled blacksmith. "You shall have your carriage at six to-morrow morning, for you are good people." Money was spurned. The call of patriotism nerved the feeble arm to hard work.

## Then, and Now.

"Few, few were they whose swords of old,  
Won the fair land in which we dwell;  
But we are many, we who hold  
The grim resolve to guard it well.  
Strike for that broad and goodly land,  
Blow after blow, till men shall see  
That Might and Right move hand in hand,  
And glorious must their triumph be!"

## Captain Semmes—His Book.

The Army and Navy Journal prints the following pithy selection on the general subject of privateering, from "Service Afloat and Ashore, during the Mexican War," written by Lieut. Raphael Semmes, U. S. N., better known as Capt. Semmes, of the rebel privateer Alabama:

"There is growing disposition among civilized nations to put an end to this disreputable mode of warfare, under any circumstances. It had its origin in remote and comparatively barbarous ages, and has for its object rather the plunder of the bandit than honorable warfare.

The cruisers being private vessels, fitted out on speculation, and officered and manned, generally by unscrupulous and unprincipled men, it is impossible for the government which commissions them to have them under proper control.

In short they are little better than licensed pirates; and it behooves all civilized nations and especially nations who, like ourselves, are extensively engaged in foreign commerce, to suppress the practice altogether."

Verily this is Saul among the prophets. Does the boasted chivalry of Semmes appear in his past or in his present character? Surely not in both.

## Sharp Practice.

Among the passengers on the train stopped and burned by the rebels at Magnolia, (July 11th,) was Lieut. Col. M. B. Smith, of the 8th C. V. I. Comprehending the situation, the Col. immediately slipped his pocket book, watch and papers into his boot-leg. His turn soon came, and these articles were demanded. "You are too late," replied the Col. "They were 'lifted' some time ago."

The Johnny, however, espied and took his pocket diary containing \$40, with which he seemed satisfied.

The Col. edged gradually out of the car and started down the bank. Johnny saw him—and fired his revolver, shouting: "Come back, you D—d Yankee." Finding the mud too deep for rapid traveling, the Col. returned.

The prisoners were then formed in line under guard, and outsiders permitted to take from them any portion of their wearing apparel, which they might need or prefer to their own.

Several exchanges of coats and boots were made. The Col. trembled, not for his boots but for what they contained.

As luck would have it, they were demanded by a gruff rebel private.

The Col. refused, declaring it against the laws of war to rob prisoners. The rebel insisted, Col. Smith appealed to the officer of the guard. Only a color sergeant could be found. Sergeant inquires by whose order Johnny is allowed to rob

the prisoners of clothing. Johnny replies, "none of his business," &c. Sergeant dismounts and punches Johnny in the eye. A small row ensues. Pistols are cocked and sabres drawn—black eyes appear. The scene closes by a short speech from the Sergeant, who declares that "he came out to fight not for plunder, but for Freedom and Liberty."

The sergeant is unanimously voted (by the Union prisoners,) to be a gentleman and a scholar.

The Col. saves his boots and all grow decidedly good natured and hospitable.

Cigars, oranges and even whiskey are passed around.

The guard were soon busy reading letters and overhauling baggage. Col. Smith slipped by the nearest guards and reached the Headquarters of Maj. Gilmore—and, with his usual coolness inquires, "What is to be done with the captured officers?" Maj. Gilmore replies—"I shall make cavalrymen of them. I have some extra horses to take to Richmond."

"We are all," says Col. Smith, "from the Hospital. We may cause you some delay—and perhaps it may be advisable for you to get out of our lines pretty quickly." "I am safe enough," says Gilmore, "and you will see Richmond within ten days." "Not if I know it," thought Colonel Smith. As he strolled about the Headquarters, he saw the guards up to their elbows in a huge trunk. Many rebels were clad in the national blue. So passing the guard with a knowing look, as much as to say, "All right Johnny," he walked very deliberately down the Railroad. Turning from the Railroad—he quickly reached a farm house, hired the farmer to carry him to the next station, and left Perryville at 12 o'clock for Philadelphia. This episode the Col. may well remember with pleasure and pride.

## Home Influence.

The next seven weeks will be a period of loud, perhaps angry discussion and intense excitement. The animated discussions will doubtless, in spite of all pettifoggery and deliberate misrepresentation, develop and strengthen sound opinions and advance that which is right. Upon the war itself the effect of the vehement agitation or even of the election can not at present be great. Even if the election be adverse to the present incumbent, he remains President for nearly six months, and will continue the policy which he has deliberately chosen and resolutely maintained.

Hence, and let it be remembered, neither the campaign excitement nor the triumph of any candidate will, for the present, change public policy or the attitude of the combatants. The just war for "Freedom in the Union," will be prosecuted vigorously for at least six months, unless the rebels sooner submit, as we trust they will, to the legal sway of the Constitutional President.

This great fact, the people of Connecticut, amid the fascinating events of a spirited campaign of matchless importance, must not forget. The army must be steadily sustained and re-enforced. We will do our full share, hoping, with good reason, that before the close of the present term of our Chief Magistrate, the final triumph will be most gallantly achieved.

If rich, be not elated; if poor, be not dejected.





## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

## From the Fifth Regiment.

CAMP 5TH CONN. VET. VOLS., }  
BEFORE ATLANTA, Aug. 15th, 1864. }

EDITOR WAR RECORD:—In reading of the campaigns through which Napoleon and his troops struggled, none of them surpasses in interest or importance the "hundred days," and yet to-day has just terminated a campaign which in duration, number of battles and demand upon human power of endurance, rivals any warlike performance of either modern or ancient times.

In this hundred days, the Division to which this Regiment is attached, has been engaged in four pitched battles, in all of which the command has borne its part and left its traces in fresh wounds and rudely carved head-boards upon every field and skirmish line for a hundred miles.

The duty has been of a character which required all the best qualities of the soldier, to which must be added an immense outlay of physical strength, in the erecting of earthworks, "gopher holes," and all the other means of offense and defense, to the construction of which a liberal use of pick and shovel is necessary.

The Regiment started upon this campaign, with about four hundred and fifty men "for duty," and at this writing, has one hundred and thirty; of the first number, nearly two hundred have fallen in battle, and are either buried on the field of battle and victory, suffering with wounds in hospitals, or enjoying the soothing influence of home and its ministrations.

The particulars of Resacca, Dalloe, Culps Farm, and many skirmishes, are doubtless well known to your readers; therefore I will confine myself to Peach-tree Creek, and its events.

On the morning of July 20th, General Grant crossed the creek and advancing about half a mile halted for the purpose of arranging the line and other details incidental to a change of position. The 1st Division had no formation for battle, when suddenly, and as unexpectedly as an earthquake, the storm of battle broke out upon the left, and rolled rapidly down from the 2d Division upon the left, through the 3d and speedily enveloped the 1st in its uproar.

It was almost a complete surprise, but the men who formed the line of July

20th, were too familiar with the rattle of musketry and odor of powder, to yield to panic, or flee without being driven, and, as the enemy came shouting and yelling from the woods within twenty yards, flaunting their flags in the assurance of an easy victory; the old Division closed sternly in, and the answer to their yells were union bullets and union cheers. For three hours the battle raged, the enemy being repeatedly repulsed, and as often returning to the charge, only to find the wall of fire and steel more impenetrable than before, and to lose increased numbers of their misguided regiment upon the field.

At a little before sunset the battle ceased, and the returns of the 5th Connecticut exhibited a loss of sixty men killed and wounded out of less than two hundred who went into action; among whom were some, yes, many of the best and most valued men of the Regiment.

Many, in fact *most* of the killed and wounded were of the number who composed the rollicking, devil-may-care veterans who left the State in March last, and who then put off the vacation freedom, and entered anew upon the sterner duties of the soldier; how well they have fulfilled their oath to "support and sustain the country against all enemies and opposers whatever," let the record of nameless graves and mutilated limbs answer.

The enemy fell back to the inner line about the long sought city of Atlanta, and to-day our 20 and 32 pounders throw torrents of shell and shot into the beautiful place, and doubtless bring to the remaining citizens strange recollections of happy homes and unbroken faith.

It is hoped that before this reaches you, the city will fall, and the tired army find in its shadow the rest and refreshment it so much needs.

INDEX.

## Twenty-First Regiment Conn. Vols.

Immediately after the battle of Drury's Bluff, Col. Arthur H. Dutton, of the 21st Conn. Vols., who had previously occupied the position of Chief of Staff, under Maj. Gen. Wm. F. Smith, was assigned to the command of the 3d Brigade of the 1st Division 18th Army Corps. The Brigade was composed of the 21st Conn., 58th Penn., 188th Penn., and 92d N. Y., and occupied a position near the center of the line of intrenchments stretching from the James to the Appomattox Rivers.

Here we were for several days engaged

in strengthening the works upon our front, while nearly every night we were called out to repel some assault of the enemy, who seemed to be using every endeavor to discover the weak points in our line, as well as the strength of the force opposed to them, along our whole front. Nothing, however, of any great importance occurred until the morning of the 25th of May, when Col. Dutton, having received orders from Maj. Gen. Wm. F. Smith, to reconnoitre the right of the enemy's position, he selected the 21st Conn. for the accomplishment of that purpose.

The following official report made by Maj. Hiram B. Crosby, to the Adj. Gen. of the State of Conn. furnishes a complete detail of the affair, in which the country lost one of the most promising officers, the Brigade a most efficient commander, and *his* Regiment a beloved Colonel, and firm friend:

To Brig. Gen. Horace J. Morse, Adj. Gen. Conn.:

HEADQUARTERS 21ST REGT. CONN. VOLS.,  
3RD BRIGADE, 1ST DIVISION 18TH ARMY CORPS, }  
June 6th, 1864. }

GENERAL:—On the 25th day of May, Col. Dutton commanding the Brigade, having received orders to reconnoitre the right of the enemy's position near our line of intrenchments at Bermuda Hundred, designated this Regiment for that purpose.

The Regiment passed outside of our lines and crossed the deep and almost impassable ravine that runs along the left of our works, until it reaches the Appomattox. On the further side of the ravine the left wing was posted in reserve, and the remaining companies were advanced to the front. Our skirmishers swept along the west bank of the ravine and thence further into the interior, coming well on to the enemy's right flank. But night coming on, Col. Dutton recalled the skirmishers, and the Regiment returned to camp with orders to be ready to continue the reconnaissance early the next morning.

On the day following, (the 26th,) Col. Dutton again crossed the ravine with his Brigade, consisting of the 21st Conn., the 58th Penn., the 188th Penn., and 92d N. Y., with orders to push the reconnaissance until stopped by the enemy.

Gen. Devens' Brigade also moved out on our extreme left, along the Post Watthal Road, to co-operate with Col. Dutton, who took up the line of march in the direction of Post Watthal. After an advance of about two miles, through heavy woods, our skirmish line came upon the rebels strongly intrenched and almost hid from view by the thick underbrush.

Line of battle was formed at once, but as our skirmishers were becoming engaged, Col. Dutton, who then as usual, was on the skirmish line, was mortally wounded. The command then devolved upon Lieut. Col. Burpee, 21st Conn., who shortly after received orders to retire, as the enemy were





then massing opposite the center of our intrenched line.

Col. Dutton died from the effects of his wound, on the 5th of June. He graduated at West Point in 1861. Kilpatrick, Custar, O'Rourke, Benjamin and Farquhar, being among his classmates. Bold and chivalrous, with a nice sense of honor, a judgment quick and decisive, an unwavering zeal in his chosen profession, he was in every respect, a thorough soldier.

As an engineer, his talents were of the highest order, and at the time of his death he had attained the rank of Captain of Engineers in the Regular Army. By his companions in arms, he will never be forgotten, and to them his last resting place will be as a shrine commemorating the friendships which not the rude shock of war, nor lapse of time can blight or destroy.

I have the honor to be, General,

Very Respectfully, your ob't servant,

(Signed) HIRAM B. CROSBY,

Maj. Commanding 21st Conn. Vols.

On the 29th of May we received marching orders, and proceeded to White House Landing, arriving there the 1st day of June. We then proceeded to Cold Harbor, where we participated in the engagement of the 3d of June, particulars of which will be found in the subjoined Report.

To Brig. Gen. Horace J. Morse, Adj't. Gen. Conn.:  
HEADQUARTERS 21ST CONN. VOLS.,  
3RD BRIGADE 1ST DIVISION 18TH ARMY CORPS, }  
June 12, 1864.

GENERAL:—I have the honor to submit the following Report of the part taken by this Regiment in the battle of Cold Harbor, on the 3d day of June, this duty devolving upon me in consequence of the death of Lieut. Col. Burpee, who was in command of the Regiment during the engagement referred to.

At 3 o'clock, on the morning of the 3d, our Brigade was formed in close column by division, the 21st Conn. being at the head of the column with fixed bayonets, upon which they were instructed to place sole reliance in storming the enemy's works. The Brigade of Gen. Marston, also in close column, by division, was in the advance. The two Brigades at about daylight made an assault on the strongly intrenched line of the enemy, who immediately opened upon the advancing column with such a rapid and effective fire of musketry and artillery, that the Brigade in front was thrown back with heavy loss, and in great confusion, upon the head of our column, which, notwithstanding, held its ground with the steadiness of Veterans. The 21st Conn. was now deployed in line of battle on the advanced ground we then held, to guard against a threatened assault on the part of the enemy. The Regiment was here exposed to a sharp fire of shot and shell, both direct and enfilading, from the enemy's works, which were barely two hundred yards distant, but protected partly by the formation of the ground, which gave the men some shelter while lying down; the casualties which otherwise would have been very heavy, were comparatively light.

We held this position some three hours, and

were then sent to re-enforce Gen. Burnham's Brigade, in a contemplated charge upon the same work, from another point further to the left. Gen. Burnham's Brigade was formed in close column, by division, the 8th Conn. to lead the charge, and the 21st Conn. to follow in line of battle with orders to rely upon the bayonet alone in carrying the enemy's works. The enemy, however, appearing in such force along that portion of their line, against which our assault was to be directed, the order was subsequently countermanded.

The Regiment behaved with great steadiness, throughout the whole engagement, receiving well-merited compliments from Brigade and Division Commanders. A list of the casualties is annexed.

With profound sorrow I announce the death of Lieut. Col. Thomas F. Burpee, who was mortally wounded at daybreak on the 9th of June, while going the rounds as Brigade Officer of the Day.

He survived only until the evening of the 11th. Lieut. Col. Burpee had borne his part with distinguished valor during the Bermuda Hundred campaign. His coolness and good judgment at the battle of Drury's Bluff, will not soon be forgotten by his comrades in that hotly contested action. At Cold Harbor, he was equally conspicuous for gallantry. While in command of the Regiment, he was able and efficient, always discharging with promptitude every duty, particularly if concerning the comfort and welfare of his men, by whom he was much loved and respected.

I have the honor to be, General,

Very respectfully, your ob't servant,

(Signed) HIRAM B. CROSBY,

Major Commanding.

Cold Harbor was evacuated by our forces on the 13th of June, and so silently and secretly was the evacuation conducted that the rebels did not learn of our departure until the light of day revealed to their astonished vision the unoccupied works we had so lately held. We embarked on transports at White House Landing, and sailed down the Pamunky and York Rivers, and thence up the James and Appomattox, landing at Point of Rocks. Here we remained one night, when crossing the Appomattox on pontoon bridges, we led the movement on Petersburg, and participated in the engagements of those first few days, which resulted in such decided and complete success, and gave us possession of some of the most advantageous and important positions of the enemy, besides the capture of a large amount of artillery and many prisoners. Had the advantages thus gained been followed up, as they should have been, and the troops pushed on before re-enforcements could have been called to the defence of the city, the Grand Army of the Potomac would not to-day have been slumbering in front of the Cockade City.

But the Corps that had been depended upon to support us did not come to our help as was expected, and so delay was occasioned which furnished opportunity for the re-enforcement of the enemy, and blocked the way for any further advance.

Thus the "Golden Opportunity" was lost, and what would have otherwise been a brilliant movement and an effectually and disastrous defeat of the rebels, became in reality a failure. So that, to-day, just two months later, we find ourselves in nearly the same position that we occupied two months ago, confronted by a force that still resist all endeavors made to dislodge them from their stronghold.

With full confidence in the ability and skill of Gen. Grant, the Army still look for some important movements that will soon change the aspect of affairs here, and I trust that I may soon be able to record the renewal of active and successful operations.

Worn down by constant duty and exposure in the trenches, the Regiment now numbers only about 200 men fit for duty.

The Regiment is at present commanded by Capt. James F. Brown, Lieut. Col. Crosby, and Major Stanton, being at their homes in the North; the former on sick leave, and the latter on account of wounds received at Drury's Bluff during the engagement of May 16th, 1864.

With deep sorrow I record the death of Capt. Frank S. Long, of Co. D, who was instantly killed during the action of July 30, by the bursting of a shell. He was a brave and able officer and greatly beloved by all his companions in arms, and at the time of his death was in command of the Sharpshooters of the Division. He was just in the prime of life, and full of bright promise. Genial and affable, he won friends among all, and his memory with that of our gallant Colonel Dutton and Burpee, whom he has so soon followed, is deeply graven upon the hearts of his associates, in characters which time can never efface. DEL.

From the Sixteenth Regiment.

ROANOKE ISLAND, N. C.,  
JULY 25th, 1864.

In spite of the heat of a Carolina sun in the month of July, we have daily drills, dress parades, regular guard mounts, &c., any of which would be pretty to see if there was any one to look on and admire—but there is not. The citizens of Roanoke Island, with the





exception of the blacks, are few and decidedly unmilitary, seeming to care little for a view of a handful of heated and tired men going through the manual of arms. Lieutenant A. J. Case, who has been on duty in Connecticut for some time, arrived here about the first of the present month, and has taken command of Co. H. He is a good officer, a kind, pleasant man, and is liked and respected accordingly, not only by his own company but by the whole detachment. Capt. Pomeroy has taken command of Co. D., which is composed of recruits and odd members of nine different companies. We have thus a commissioned officer for each company, so that there is no longer need of sergeants to act as Lieutenants in command.

On the 10th inst., 30 men from the 16th, under command of Capt. Pomeroy, 30 men from the 103d Penn., under command of Lieut. Case of our regiment, and 45 men from the 85th N. Y., all under command of Lt. Col. Clark, of the latter regiment, left here on the steamer "Gen'l Berry" and "Ella Mary," accompanied by the gunboats "Ceres" and "Whitehead," and steaming up the Scurperong River to Columbia, Tyrell Co., destroyed the engine of a large saw and gristmill, together with a bridge 300 feet long, over which the rebels were carting large supplies for their army, returning on the morning of the 13th. The success of this expedition may be attributed to Lt. Col. Clark, aided by officers and a full quota of men from the 16th. Dr. Meyer has left the Island where he stopped but a few days. It is reported he takes charge of the Foster Hospital at Newbern. Col. Wardrop, of the 99th N. Y., is in command of this Post; Dr. Frick, of the 103d Penn., Surgeon; Lieutenant Barnes, of the 15th Conn., Quartermaster; and Lieutenant Wilson, of the 103d Penn., Provost Marshal for this district.

ROANOKE.

#### From the Second Conn. Light Battery.

ALGERS, LA., July 20th, 1864.

At the date of my communication one month ago, the battery was at this place, awaiting transportation to Morganza. We received orders to go there, and after hitching up, striking tents, and strapping knapsacks, awaited the arrival of the transport. None came, but instead an order from Gen. Arnold, chief of Artillery, to go into camp, and await further orders. We accordingly went into

camp in a large open lot, where we had ample space not only for camp purposes but also for the most extensive evolutions of drill. We had scarcely become well settled in our new quarters before the 19th Army Corps began to make its appearance. Day after day regiments arrived, filed passed us, and encamped around us. Among those which came were the 12th and 13th Conn., whose presence was warmly welcomed by the battery. Since we have been in the service it has never been our good fortune to be stationed with any Conn. Regiment. On our march to Gettysburg we were fortunately with batteries B and M of the 1st Conn. Artillery, but with this exception we have never before been quartered near any regiments from our State since we left Bridgeport, where for a while we were encamped with the 17th. The present occasion has been improved on both sides, each telling the other of the battles, fortunes, sieges passed, not forgetting many a tiresome march and cheerless bivouac. They have gone, and many other regiments with them, some on the promised furlough, and others, it is understood, to Fortress Monroe. Regiments are daily leaving as fast as transportation can be furnished; but there are no indications that the battery will be sent anywhere for the present. We have not been assigned to any army corps or brigade, and still report to Gen. Arnold at New Orleans.

During the past month we have had no opportunity to drill, and have hitched up but once, and that on the 4th of July under orders to participate in the celebration of our National Anniversary at New Orleans. We have improved the opportunity, however, in painting our gun carriages, and thoroughly overhauling every thing pertaining to the battery. Since we have been in camp here, a number have been sent to the hospital, some of whom are now returning to duty, some have been sent North, but none have died. Lieuts. Munger and Gray are now in the hospital but are soon expected to rejoin the battery. The following are the only changes which have occurred during the past month: corporal Wm. E. Francisco to be sergeant, and Fergus Trueman to be corporal.

We are having warm weather, but there are no indications of the appearance of yellow fever. New Orleans is a model city for cleanliness. UNION.

#### From the Seventeenth Regiment.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., }  
Aug. 1st, 1864. }

FRIEND MORRIS:—It is passing strange that a Regiment like the Seventeenth Connecticut, which has cut some pretty elevated niches in the temple of fame, should be unrepresented in the Record. In such a literary crowd, too, it is singular that no one has ventured to give you a synopsis of our fortunes, good and bad, since that affair at Gettysburg. I have thought I would try and do something in a historical line, but reflection taught patience, and patience patiently waited for some one else.

We arrived off Charleston, from Virginia, August 12th, 1863. Three days hard fighting in Pennsylvania, (where I understand every thing but stealing, is laborious,) had reduced our four hundred to a little less than one. The Ohio boys of our brigade, were equally reduced, and take us all in all, we looked wonderfully like an enterprising but somewhat demoralized band of horse thieves, just home from a foray which proved more grievous than golden. All unconscious of these doubtful appearances, General Ames, our commander, presented us for inspection, with calm assurance. Gen. Gilmore rode among us, by us and around us, looking anything but pleased. Then he rode up to General Ames with the cheerful verdict that we were about as poor a section of cut throats as he ever had the happiness of beholding. Besides, he had sent for and required *Regiments*, not *squads*. All the bright expectations of our sanguine General received a decided check by these remarks, and elevating his back he informed his charitable superior, that *those squads*, under his special superintendence, could drive any equal number of Regiments present off the Island. Gen. Gilmore politely declined the delicate challenge, and we heard no more of Ames' squads.

After a due amount of digging and dodging on Morris Island, we were placed in camp on Folly Island, and were joined soon after by the Chancellorsville and Gettysburg prisoners. The winter was passed in picket duty. Feb. 6th we made a raid on John's Island, where, besides getting what we went after, we got a few things we didn't go after—got wet, got cold, got chafed, got mad. Feb. 23d, we sailed for Jackson-





ville, to help Gen. Seymour redeem the Olustee disaster. Reached Jacksonville next day, and marched through the town, which looked as gloomy as a graveyard in November. The first three or four days of our stay at this place were spent in illustrating in a spirited way, several strategical movements, such as shifting camp without warning, getting into line of battle with your mouth full of tack and pork, throwing up earthworks one day, and throwing them down again the next day. Finally, got the place pretty well defended, and having cleared up all the available swamps, were deemed worthy of a rest, and sent to St. Augustine, which, although not the last place on earth, can be made to serve as such. We arrived on the morning of April 17th. Communicated to the boys of the 10th the welcome news that they were relieved, and out of gratitude some of the most intelligent of the aforesaid boys, informed the citizens that we were a set of men accustomed to but little ceremony, had a weakness for "seven up" and "bluff," adored Jack Sheppard, and came from an Army, (Potomac,) where every man who hadn't the fortune to have the scurvy, was obliged to catch the itch. Of course the citizens welcomed us with open arms. We had been here about a fortnight, in comparative quiet, when raid No. 1 was agitated. The agitation continued through the night, and in the morning carried us off. This force failed to meet the enemy, but captured a quantity of cotton, sweet potatoes and contraband, and returned with the exception of three companies (B, H, K,) which were left at separate posts on the St. John's river. May 19th, Co. B, Captain Hobbie, was surrounded by Dixon's guerrillas, and captured. Asst. Surgeon Turrell and his aid, Chas. Rhann, were also taken. Total, 45 men. Lieut. Jas. Harvey, and Sergt. Edward Harrison, of Co. B, were fortunate enough to escape. The next day the Regiment started out again to aid Cos. H, and K, who were supposed to be in peril. That week they all returned. Since that time the boys have been out on a more extensive affair—striking up the river to Camp Marion, destroying the earthworks, exchanging shots with the Johnnies, and falling back again to Jacksonville, without the loss of a man, and thence home by way of boat. On the 21st of last month, (July,) Cos. C, D, and K, started

out for somewhere, but exactly where, I am unable to say. The next morning early, Cos. A, E, F, and H, under command of Col. Noble, left here intending to reach and go to Indian river, where it is supposed a large number of cattle and quantity of cotton are hid away. They were accompanied by 30 citizens mounted and armed. We have not yet heard from them.

Major Allen is in command of the Post, and our military affairs are running in a remarkably smooth channel. The old town is quiet and hot, the streets crooked as ever, and the people continue to take after the streets in this particular, with decided success.

Heartily yours, YANKEE.

#### From the 20th Regiment.

The following extract from an interesting private letter received some time since from the 20th C. V. I., was unfortunately overlooked. It contains a pleasant description of Lookout Mountain and vicinity, which we gladly offer to our readers:

"The evening before we were to begin our ascent we laid in a supply of rations, and got a night's sleep on some bags of corn, to refresh us, as we had been traveling night and day for several days. On Thursday morning, after making coffee, we started, fully equipped and ready to take care of ourselves, as soldiers should always be. We gained the summit at 9½ A. M., pretty well used up, as it was very hot, and we had our blankets and rations to carry. The last 50 or 75 feet we had to ascend by ladders up the face of the rock. After arriving at the top, we spent the rest of the day resting, viewing, and getting posted up on the magnificent landscape which lies spread out 1800 feet below us, and for hundreds of miles in every direction except to the southwest, which is hidden by the ridge running in that direction. The place where I now sit is the northeastern extremity, which forms a narrow and bold abutment, resting at the south bend of the Tennessee river, which here makes a long sweep to the southward and back, inclosing a peninsula just the shape of a man's foot, and is called Moccasin Point. The ankle is at the upper part where the river starts to come this way, and after flowing around the toe and heel, a distance of four or five miles, returns to within a half a mile of the first course. I think it is considered over a mile from toe to heel, so you see it would require something more than Uncle Sam's largest size

to fit that foot. From an elevation near the toe, not one quarter the height of this, came the shells which troubled the rebels so terribly while they could not depress sufficiently to hit our forces at all. The plains of Lookout Valley on the west, Chattanooga Valley on the east, and Mission Ridge beyond Chattanooga, are all in plain sight, as well as the peaks of the Cumberland Mountains, the Pigeon Mountains, Tunnel Hill, and the Mountains this side of Atlanta and Rome, and hundreds of less noted peaks. I cannot help thinking that if the rebels gave up this place because they could not hold it, there is no place this side of the Gulf where they can stop. There are parts of five States visible from here: Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky. As we were making our coffee last night, some officers of the signal corps came along, and invited us to stay with them last night, and to breakfast this morning. They are quartered in a house about a half a mile from the point of the mountain, and near the ridge, in a little village called Summerville, and which used to be a summer resort; it is the best looking village I have seen South, and there is good water there too. To day we have been having photographs taken of our party in a group, on and about a very singular rock called Table Rock; it stands balanced on the very verge of the cliff. There is an artist who has a "shanty" right on the point, and has some very fine views of different points and of persons of interest. We had the unexpected pleasure of seeing Gen. Butterfield's Division, to which we belong, come out yesterday, and go through with a sham battle. They had nine regiments of Infantry and two Batteries of Artillery. They threw out skirmishers, pretended to find the enemy, changed fronts, and went at him; expended a good deal of powder and carried the position—nobody hurt—that is the kind of battle. It was a very fine sight I assure you.

\* \* \* \* \*

D.

#### From the Twentieth Regiment.

*Extracts from a private letter from D. W. Graham, of Portland.*

IN THE BREASTWORKS BEFORE ATLANTA, GA., }  
July 24th, 1864. }

DEAR MOTHER:—The siege of Atlanta has commenced. As we are lying in the second line of breastworks, with everything quiet, except now and then bullets from pickets, or a shell will pass





over our heads, I thought I would just write a few lines to let you know that I came out of the fight of last Thursday, which was pretty warm for about four hours. As we were advancing to the open field, the Miss. rebel Brigade came charging upon us, but with little trouble we repulsed them, and advanced to a rail fence which they had intended to fall back upon, but we repulsed them so easily, and followed them so closely, that they had no time to stop; they kept on down behind the next rail fence and attempted to charge upon us, but we made it so hot for them, that they could not stand it; they then fell back, except a skirmish line, and these lay quiet through the night. Saturday morning, they came out and fell back to the inner works of Atlanta. We advanced our line within about a mile of their breastworks and commenced to fortify, and now we lie behind *Breastworks*—shot-proof. So let them play away with their artillery as much as they please. Four from our company were wounded. Capt. C. R. Post, who died on the afternoon of the 21st. After we had fallen back, under cover of the hill, to rest awhile, he said he would go back and get his blanket, which was behind a stump—he was struck and fell, throwing up his hands. He was soon carried off the field.

Edward F. Pelton, of Portland, was wounded in the left breast—is still alive. Corp. R. I. Gladwin, in the left temple, he is also alive. The other, Patt Scanlin, not very severely, by a buck-shot in the right wrist. He came up to us to-day. The rest of the boys are all well, and in good spirits.

Our Paymaster has not been around for *six months*. For three days rations, I get only three table-spoonfuls of sugar, and about the same of coffee; but I will not complain, for you are so kind, as to send me money with which I get many things for my comfort.

I will now close by saying our little Brigade of thirteen hundred, captured three stands of colors, one of them being a division flag.

I would say good bye for this time.

From your dear son, D. W. GRAHAM.

Co. D, 20th Reg. C. V., 3d Div., 3d Brig., 20th Army Corps.

### From the Fifteenth Regiment.

CAMP OF 15TH C. V., NEWBURN, Aug. 16, '64.

MR. EDITOR:—As you seem to have had no correspondent of late, with this Regiment, I will endeavor to supply the deficiency, and give you an occasional record of incidents as they occur among us. The duty of a provost guard is in many respects decidedly dull and monotonous. Such has been the work of the 15th during the five or six months just past. Hence we can report very little of as thrilling interest, or heroic adventure, as can those who have been called to participate in the dangers of an active campaign, or the glory of a dearly won field. But while we enjoy our good fortune here, we are equally ready to bear our part in the fortunes of the field. And I am confident that should the Lyon Regiment be called to the field, it would demonstrate anew the legitimacy of its title to that name.

On Saturday and Sunday last, the usual monotony was broken in upon by the mournful novelty of a military execution; the first that has occur-

red in this district. Six of them—there were seven in all—were executed on Sunday, at sunrise, on the broad plain to the north of Fort Totten. Sixty men from the 15th, under command of Lieut. Geo. C. Merriam, constituted the shooting detail.

The names of the doomed men were—John Daly, alias Duffy, Co. C, 5th R. I.; Jas. Simmons, Co. C, 5th R. I.; Robt. E. Duncan, Co. H, 93th N. Y.; Robt. E. Clark, Co. E, 15th C. V.; Joseph Collins, Co. E, 15th C. V.; Geo. Berry, Co. B, 15th C. V.

The last three, you will perceive, belonged to our Regiment. They were recruits and bounty jumpers.

At the appointed hour, 5 A. M., the escort, consisting of the shooting party, and two companies of Infantry, arrived at the Crown st. Jail, where the prisoners were confined. When the sergt. entered the cell to notify them that the hour for execution had come, each, in turn, presented himself, and without opposition, submitted to being handcuffed. Then, with the Chaplains in attendance, three in number, they marched to the entrance, and, at the word from Maj. Lawson, Provost Marshal, took seats in two ambulances which were provided for that purpose. The procession then formed in nearly the following order: 1st, the Band; 2d, the shooting detail; 3d, a wagon containing six coffins; 4th, the prisoners; 5th, the company escorts. Thus they marched, to the entrance of Fort Totten. Here the coffins were unloaded, and placed in order, each upon the shoulders of four men. The prisoners alighted, and following their coffins, marched in front of the whole line of troops to where the six open graves indicated that they were to rest. The ground had beforehand been staked off; the coffins were placed in position, and the prisoners seated, each astride of his own. One of the Chaplains then offered prayer; the prisoners were blindfolded; bosoms bared to the shirt; the handcuffs removed; the indictment read. At the distance of about twenty feet sixty muskets stood ready to do their mournful duty. Ready; aim; fire—and the deserters have paid the penalty of their crimes. All the forces in this vicinity were present to witness the execution, and were marched in long procession past the lifeless remains, that all might see and take warning. The field was soon cleared, and the Pioneer Corps proceeded to complete the sentence. Deserters are, by the rules of war, denied the benefit of a Christian burial. The graves are filled and leveled, nor is any monument allowed to mark their resting place.

Such, in brief, is the *ceremony* of a military execution. In reference to its propriety, I have nothing to say at present. These prisoners were allowed by Gen. Butler, but forty-eight hours' notice of their sentence; a short period wherein to settle their worldly affairs, and make preparation for death. But, to complain, is not my province, or intention, here.

As part of the men belonged to this Regiment, it of course devolved upon me to attend upon them and minister to their spiritual wants. In this I was assisted by Rev. — Rounds, of the Methodist and Lovell, of the Baptist Churches. I was frequently in their cell, and at the prison-

ers' request, spent nearly the whole of Saturday night with them. Two were Catholics. The others, with a single exception, seemed to set about the work of preparation for death, in solemn earnest. And, while I have very little confidence in death-bed repentance, I do earnestly hope that most of them died Christians. Clark, in particular, gave good evidence of being born again. He desired me to remain with him till the end, and "let the last word which I hear be *Jesus*." But for this hope, I am sure he would have given away before the execution. As it was, he and all the rest marched with firm tread, to death, and met their fate with remarkable courage. I hope never again to be called to witness such a scene; one is enough in a lifetime.

There is nothing occurring now among us worthy of special note. Quite a good many are sick with slight fevers, which lay them by for a week or ten days; fever and ague is also getting to be quite fashionable. But these are owing to the warm climate, and the atmosphere from the marshes. Cooler weather will bring health, we trust. So far as I know, none of our sick are considered in danger. Since I joined the Regiment, July 19th, we buried three, making *ten* in all, since the Regiment came to Newbern.

On Aug. 2d, died in Regimental Hospital, Oscar O. Olmsted, of Co. G.; disease, diarrhoea. Monday, Aug. 8th, died of typhoid fever, J. Edmund Hawley, Co. B, of Brookfield, Conn.

In my next I will endeavor to complete the list.

Yours, very truly, CHAPLAIN.

### First Regiment Conn. Cavalry.

IN THE FIELD, NEAR WINCHESTER, Va., }  
Aug. 16th, 1864. }

Without alluding now to our operations in the campaign opening in Western Va., I resume our record where it was left in your last. The expectation we so confidently cherished that after the battle at Ashland, June 1st, our Regiment would have rest, proved a vain hope, for they had scarcely halted and indulged in a few hours of unsatisfying sleep, when the order came for another move. On Thursday, June 2d, they were busy with skirmishing work, starting at night on a march for Newcastle Ferry. In this vicinity, near the old site of Patrick Henry's farm, along the bank of the stream where tradition says he used to fish, they picketed on the extreme right of the Army, till the 12th, when they marched via Long Bridge, and Charles City C. H. to White Oak Swamp, arriving there on the 15th, in season for the engagement which occurred with a strong force of rebel infantry. After hard skirmishing for several days, some of the time dismounted, they reached Wilcox Landing, on the James; crossed the river on the 17th, as the extreme rear guard of the army in its change of base. The honor of such a position in a movement that will be remembered in the record of strategy, compensated for all the hardship it involved. The 15th found them in camp enjoying, at last, a season of repose. Very sweet to men who had been for eight days almost constantly in the saddle. About one o'clock on the morning of June 22d, our Division, the 3d, joined by four or five Regiments of Gen. Kautz's Cavalry, the whole force under our Division Gen-





eral, started southward, on what might be called a Railroad tour. To tell the whole story of this expedition, as it has been told to me, would fill a paper even of more liberal dimensions than the War Record, and it will be possible to indicate merely its general direction and result, with some of its more prominent features, especially as regards the 1st Conn.

In the absence of Col. Blakeslee, who was wounded at the head of his men, in the hard fight at Ashland, the Regiment was led during this expedition, gallantly and well by Major George O. Marey.

The force marched via Reams's Station, on the Petersburg and Weldon R. R., stopping near Ford Station, on the Lynchburg Road. On the 23d, they reached Nottoway Co. H., where there was an engagement during the night, of the 22d, picketed Nottoway River. On the 24th moved to Meherrin Station, and thence to Keysville, at both of which places, there was great destruction of Railroad property. Arriving on the 25th at Roanoke Station, a severe struggle was expected in destroying the bridge over the Staunton River, and Capt. Morehouse, Co. H, of our Regiment, with seventy-five men, were selected to perform the task, but, finding it would cost too large a sacrifice of life it was abandoned. On the night of the 25th, Gen. Wilson, finding himself in a precarious situation, from which there must be immediate escape, moved his whole command at midnight, through a ravine within five or six hundred yards of the enemy's guns, planted upon bluffs on either side. The movement from its very audacity, was not suspected nor discovered till our forces were well out of the emergency, started in the directed of Black's and White's Station. On the morning of the 26th, the 1st Conn. was ordered forward to hold the bridge over the Meherrin River, which they did effectually till the main column came up early on the 27th, when the march was resumed to Nottoway River, and thence to Stony Creek. Gen. Wilson, finding a large body of rebel Cavalry and Infantry at this latter point, waiting to dispute his passage, determined to hold them back, with breastworks hastily thrown up, while Kautz Division, with the wagon trains, went towards Roanoke Station. This Division succeeded in making its way through to our lines, but was obliged to leave behind, the trains. The force at Stony Creek was attacked with great impetuosity twice during the night, at 9 o'clock, and at half after one. In the second fight, the 1st Conn. and 1st Vt. bearing the whole brunt, the other Regiments having followed Gen. Kautz. Arriving at Reams' Station, Gen. Wilson found himself surrounded with troops dispatched from Lee's army, which was but a few miles distant. It was here that Capt. E. W. Whitaker, of our Regiment, on the General's Staff, was ordered to attempt, with forty men, the perilous task of opening communication with our Infantry, to the left of Petersburg. He dashed through several bodies of rebel cavalry and infantry, arriving safely with half of his command at Gen. Meade's Headquarters. A portion of the 6th Corps, was sent as reinforcements to Gen. Wilson, but they were so much delayed that before their arrival he was obliged to abandon his trains, and fall back as speedily as possible. A long line of ambu-

lances filled with wounded, were drawn up and left by the roadside, but many of the poor fellows were afterwards re-captured, I am told, by the 6th Corps.

Gun carriages and caissons, army wagons loaded, some with ammunition and stores, some with headquarters property, vehicles of every description confiscated on the march, all were gathered in a field and fired. A large number of contrabands, men, women and children, had to be left to the mercy of the enemy.

When the command started for Reams' Station, hotly pressed by the enemy, the responsible and difficult position of rear guard was assigned to the 1st Conn., and held by them till the Nottoway River was crossed. At one time the rebel cavalry in strong force, dashed through our thinned Regiment, but were soon driven back. During the rush our colors were in danger of capture, but Sergt. Hawley, of Co. K, and Corp. Drake, of Co. F, tore the flags from the standards, hid them beneath their jackets, and bore them to a place of safety. The retreat was continued not always in the best order, across Stony Creek, the Nottoway and the Blackwater, into the Army of the Potomac. So, the raid which was glorious in the work it accomplished, especially in the destruction of more than sixty miles of Railroad, came to rather an inglorious end. Our own loss in the affair was sixty-two killed, wounded and missing, which, though about twenty per cent. of our whole fighting force, was yet small in view of the experiences endured. Some of the time there was keen suffering from hunger. Five days' rations issued at the start, could not be comfortably stretched over ten days. Not more than once was permission formally given to unsaddle and make coffee, though it was possible to nibble at hard tack and salt pork, at odd moments of halting, or in the saddle. All suffered, too, very much, from want of rest. During the ten days, not more than two hours out of the twenty-four, on an average, could be afforded for uninterrupted sleep. One of the chief Surgeons in the Division, told me he had not at one time slept at all in seventy-two hours, and his whole nervous system by the fatigue and excitement, was almost entirely prostrated. It was his opinion that the greater portion of the missing had fallen out from exhaustion, and were captured. Yet it was when the command were in this condition, that they started from Reams' Station on their march of a hundred miles. It is a wonder that, pursued sharply as they were, so large a proportion should have returned in safety. Very many of the horses became worn out, having been almost constantly saddled, marching over three hundred miles, kept on short forage, going sometimes for forty-eight hours without a drop of water. Then to appreciate these sufferings, of horses and men, it needs to be remembered that the ten days consumed by the expedition embraced the very hottest of the hot weather, for which this summer is becoming somewhat marked, and during all the time there was but a single shower, not enough to lay the dust. Some of the men who had been dismounted were fortunate enough, or sharp enough to avoid Libby Prison.

Sergt. F. A. Lamb, of Co. B, Peter Miller, of Co. F, and John Cunningham, of Co. I, with per-

haps others whose names have not been mentioned to me, were three or four days within the rebel lines, hid in the woods, living on berries, with an occasional bite of hoe cake, furnished by friendly negroes, and with the assistance of negro scouts finally got safely back. Wm. F. Clark, of Co. A, a Hartford boy, only about seventeen years old, had a pretty rough experience. Having gone at one point on the march across the fields, to save unnecessary steps, he found himself half a mile in advance of the Regiment, but thought he would go on till they overtook him. Before proceeding far he was halted by six or eight guerrillas, who emphasized their summons by leveling their muskets at his head. They hid him till the column had passed, then captured two others, a member of the 5th N. Y., and a colored servant, and took them all, as they said, towards some prison, but on reaching a very thick place in the woods, they shot the three and left them for dead. Two were killed instantly, but Clark, pierced with eight shots, fell, fainted, and dropt into a profound sleep. Awaking the next morning, he crawled away in search of water, and after bathing his wounds, and taking a refreshing drink, he managed to mount an old horse that had strolled to the brook, using for a bridle a pair of suspenders, and rode him within protection of Fort Powhattan. It was several days before all came in. Major Marey, on returning to camp, went North on furlough, leaving the Regiment in command of Maj. Brayton Ives, whose soldierly skill and energy had an ample field in gathering the fragments and reorganizing the command.

We have a very small effective force now, compared with numbers accredited to us. Over one hundred rebel deserters, who had joined our Regiment, were detached from us at the beginning of the Spring Campaign, as it was not thought best to put them in the front. Besides these, and besides more than two hundred new recruits, not yet borne on our rolls, we number eight hundred and eighty-two. But this includes one hundred and fifty prisoners. And besides so many are physically disabled by the campaign, or sick, or dismounted, or on detached duty, or shirking somewhere, that the number of effective men at present with the Regiment to-day, is but little greater than two hundred.

Gen. Wilson appears to appreciate Conn. material, if anything can be judged from the fact that he has chosen from our Regiment, a prominent number of his staff. Capt. E. W. Whitaker, the commanding officer, of his escort, Lieut. W. C. Spellman, and in fact the whole escort itself, consisting of sixty men.

We have been reduced greatly this summer, by the casualties of battle. Some of our best soldiers are at home or in hospitals, recovering from wounds. Some are bearing patiently the hard confinement of Southern Prisons. Many of our noblest have fallen. We have had but two officers killed, Capt. A. G. Framer, of Co. I, from Putnam, and Capt. Joseph Backus, of Co. K, from Hebron. It would be difficult to name two others whose loss would have occasioned more sorrow. Though differing in many personal qualities, they were as soldiers very much alike. They were both singularly cheerful in bearing the





hardships and performing the duties of the service; always ready when their time came for the severer tasks of cavalry work, never complaining, never driven from the post of duty by the worst of peril—but brave, both of them to a degree that won the admiration of their comrades, and should secure to their memory the best of love and respect. We mourn, with deepest sorrow, their and other losses our Regiment have sustained, and would mingle our grief with that of the many afflicted hearts of loving relatives and friends. God help them to bear their heavy burden. God help us to imitate the virtues of the noble dead.

II.

### Second Conn. Artillery.

This Regiment left the fortifications of Washington, for the field, May 17th. On the 15th it was ordered to relieve the Mass. 1st, and the N. Y. 2d, and went into eleven forts, in which it had hardly counted the guns before it had marching orders, and followed those regiments, by way of Belleplain, to the Army of the Potomac. Well and long will that day, May 15th, be remembered by the Regiment, when it landed there in a hard rain, lugged these heavy boxes of ammunition through deep mud, made its way to the top of that long and steep hill on which it encamped for the night, and from which it started at day-light the next day, loaded down with six days' rations, and one hundred round of cartridges, besides blankets, dress coats and a variety of notions, then thought too valuable and endeared to part with. Excessive was their load even for experienced field soldiers, very much more so for those unaccustomed to marching, and to such burden-bearing. Consequently it was not long before one thing after another, even dress coats, blankets and overcoats, were thrown away, marking its line of march to Fredericksburg. Many thousands of cartridges were lost to Government on that march, when the men would not make pack-mules of themselves to carry ammunition to the front. We reached Fredericksburg that afternoon and encamped on the side hill where so many Union soldiers fell in the unsuccessful charge under Gen. Burnside, a charge remembered and talked about. Early the next morning we were on our way from that desolate city, then one vast Hospital for the front. Reporting at Gen. Grant's Headquarters, Spottsylvania, we were assigned to the 6th Corps, 1st Division, 2d Brigade, then as now, commanded respectively by Gens. Wright, Russell, and Upton. Since that time the Regiment has been with that Corps and army, in the march of the latter toward Richmond, and on to Petersburg.

Saturday July 9th, very unexpectedly, about 9 o'clock P. M., the dreaded pack up call was sounded, and we were soon on our way to City Point; for what, we know not, but conjectured for a Maryland campaign. Two companies were detailed to act as Heavy Artillery, and reported at Division Headquarters. Soon they returned, bringing the joyful tidings that orders had just reached Corps Headquarters, that the whole Regiment was to report to-morrow morning to Gen. Hunt, Chief of Artillery, to be what they desire to be, a Regiment doing Heavy Artillery duty. The order confirming this, immediately followed,

and up went hearts if not hats, and gladly, and with such delightful anticipations of the future, we all turned in again. Soon, however, were our anticipations to be blighted, for before one had fallen asleep, a revoking order came that we were to follow the Brigade.

The latter part of Sabbath P. M., we embarked; sailed from City Point to Washington; marched to the "front," as the region of Fort Stevens, the scene of conflict, was then called; and the second day after reaching Washington, N. C., commenced following the retreating rebels on through Pooleville and Leesburgh, to near Berrytown, Va. From that point, we retraced our steps via Drainesville, Louisville, and Chain Bridge, to Washington.

Monday, July 25th, the Regiment was ordered to report to Gen. DeRussay, and though a soaking rain was prevailing, no march was more gladly and willingly undertaken by the strong as well as enfeebled. We were ordered to five Forts, with Fort Whipple as Headquarters. One purpose then moved all—to have barracks, muskets and traps in former excellent and bright condition; and resolutely was the task entered upon, when, lo! the next day, when we had been there just about 23 hours, orders came to pack up and be ready to march immediately. Then commenced our second Maryland and Northern Va. campaign. We overtook the Corps at Monocacy, and resumed our former place in it. Since which we have marched to Hall Town, just beyond Harper's Ferry, back by stages, to Monocacy; then forward again to Hall Town, and up the Shenandoah Valley to near Strausburgh; then back to Hall Town, where the Regiment now lies, forming a part of Gen. Sheridan's Army, of the Middle Military Department. This army is at present fortifying the heights from the Shenandoah to the Potomac River, with the rebel army before it, both engaging in an occasional skirmish fight.

Since entering the field, marching for a greater or less distance, has been the standing order, halting for a day or more the exception. Those in the field in former years, say that the length of the marches and the continuousness with which they are kept up this year, surpasses all former experience in this war. Certain it is, that in our weariness we thought so; for weary indeed have we been, and have longed for the rest of home, if not that, at least of the fortifications. Nevertheless, weary or not, fortifications or not, we are determined to do our duty steadily, bravely, to the end of our service.

This Regiment began its bloody and real war experience in the skirmish fight on the North Anna, May 24th, when six were wounded, and one killed; on the 31st inst., by sharpshooters, while out on picket, seven more were wounded. June 1st, in the battle of Cold Harbor, as the citizens say, not Harbor, the Regiment lost over 200 in killed wounded and missing. But the list will be furnished. Sickness and exhaustion have produced their usual diminution of numbers.

At the battle of Cold Harbor, the Regiment lost the Colonel, to whom it was so much attached, E. S. Kellogg, who fell lifeless without a groan, while leading the Regiment on the charge of that battle—a charge made at evening, over ride pits, and an almost impassable abatis of fallen trees, and in the face of a strong and reso-

lute foe. Though the Regiment was in the front rank and this was its first experience under fire, it neither broke nor faltered, but did its part to the satisfaction of the Brigade Commander, who was with his command, and by whom the Regiment was afterwards praised, as doing all that could be asked. One after another, by scores, men were shot down from its ranks;—its Colonel had fallen; murderous was the fire it faced,—now and then fierce beyond description; still it kept on, and part of the regiment took possession of a portion of the inner line of rifle pits. The enemy was on either side of them, but they held it until relieved in the morning. In this charge the regiment took some two or three hundred prisoners, and intent upon pressing onward, passed them to a regiment in the rear, who took them to army headquarters, and unjustly received the praise of their captain in a published Order. In this the regiment feels it was wronged.

Another little circumstance is worthy of mention. A member of Co. L, observed a rebel banner leaning over a rifle pit;—he stole along and seized it; but the rebels observed its disappearance, and then commenced a struggle, he to secure it, they to save it. The brave fellow succeeded in capturing a part of it, but even that, some unknown mounted officer took from him, except the tassel, which he still retained.

The saddened feelings of the Regiment, as they looked upon their thinned ranks the next morning, cannot be expressed. Many were the inquiries made and anxiously was the fate of one and another canvassed. The death of the Col., however, was the great and universal lamentation, and is still; for he was *brave, as a soldier, excellent, as an officer, and kind-hearted as a man.*

Upon the recommendation of higher officers, and upon the refusal of Lieut. Col. Hubbard to accept the position, Capt. R. S. Mackenzie, of the Engineer Department of the Regular Army, and a graduate of West Point, was chosen as Colonel. At Belleplain, the Regiment was paid off, and in the two ensuing days sent home, through the Chaplain and Christian Commission, \$17,000.

H.

### To our Brothers in the Trenches.

"Dear friends still toiling in the sun—  
Ye dearer ones, who gone before,  
Are watching from the eternal shore,  
The slow work by your hands begun.

Rejoice in hope! The day and night  
Are one with God, and one with them  
Who see by faith the cloudy hem  
Of Judgment fringed with Mercy's light."

Alexis J. Seymour was born in Terryville (Plymouth) Nov. 1, 1834, the son of Alexis W. Seymour. He enlisted in the 1st Reg. Conn. Artillery (then known as the 4th Reg. C. V.) in the summer of 1861, and had served a large part of his three years, when he was suddenly stricken down by a somewhat obscure disease, which obstinately affected the brain. He died Jan. 1, 1864, in the hospital near Alexandria, with the reputation of one who had done his duty to his Country, and had not forgotten his God. His remains were brought back to his friends, and buried in Terryville, with religious services at the Cong. Chapel by Rev. F. A. Spencer. Mr. Seymour was unmarried, and of his father's family there remains but one sister.





## HOME DEPARTMENT.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## Sanitary Fair at Birmingham.

MR. EDITOR:—With a population of about 5000 Derby has furnished the "War for the Union" with 4 Colonels, 10 Captains, 14 Lieutenants, 1 Chaplain, and 640 non-commissioned officers and privates. Their soldiers have made a glorious record on many a hard fought battle field which will brighten with the praise of posterity, while their friends at home have sustained them with a zealous and patriotic will. Derby has now two distinct Sanitary organizations, one in Birmingham, the other in Ansonia, both conducted by a few energetic ladies whose motto and watch-word is "help the soldiers."

The Ladies of the Birmingham Society held a Fair at their village on the evenings of June 15th, 16th and 17th, which proved a splendid success. It was held in a large tent or series of tents which were beautifully decorated with flags and evergreens, war relics and specimens of art. Tables loaded with a great variety of rich delicacies and fancy articles were tastefully arranged, and at proper distances stands were stationed for ice cream, strawberries, &c. Four transparencies of Derby's honored dead and living, viz: Colonels Russell, Colburn, Kellogg and Wooster, were suspended in the centre of the tent. The Ladies who engineered the Fair had wisely secured in advance as a "base of operation" \$1700 by subscription from the citizens of Birmingham and its vicinity. This was an encouraging step and gave promise of a success realized far above the most sanguine expectations.

The Fair opened on the first evening by the reception of 40 members from Co. B, Derby, of the 349 returned veterans of the 1st Conn. Artillery. In behalf of the Ladies, Dr. Beardsley addressed them as follows:

*Soldiers of Company B—Veterans:*

In behalf of the Ladies of this Fair, I bid you a hearty welcome to the hospitalities of this occasion. I would say to you, that from the very first moment you left the borders of your native State at the call of your country, up to your mustering out under Col. Abbott, we have watched with peculiar interest your military career; we have thought of your dangers, your hardships, your privations, your exposures both in the camp and the field, and we now rejoice that you have returned and are once more among us soldiers not merely, but citizens. But while we rejoice, we

also mourn the absence of those who are to return no more. Your first commander, a brave, warm hearted man—a true and fearless soldier, Col. Kellogg, has recently fallen while leading his men upon the enemy, and we shall ever cherish his name with that of Russell and others, as among our most heroic and patriotic dead. When I look back to the first struggles for liberty and call to mind those heroes who have long since gone—gone to reap as you will in due time, the reward of their patriotic labors,—when I think of the hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of our fallen braves, whose blood and bones are now enriching the soil of the Rebellious South—when I see these war-worn veterans before me—fresh from the battle field for three long years, strangers to the endearments of homes—when I consider the momentous issues involved in this mighty conflict between right and wrong, I am compelled to say, that as for me if I ever forget the soldier who has been true to his trusts as you have been in upholding the flag of our Union, "may my right hand forget her cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." Though you have not gone through fully the glorious campaign in front of Richmond because your term of enlistment had expired—though you may not have returned mangled by shot and shell, still it is enough for us to know that at all times and in all places you have been obedient to orders, discharging your duties faithfully as soldiers, thus doing credit to yourselves, honor to your town, and good service to your country. I need not, gentlemen soldiers, go with you over any of the battle grounds of the rebellion. I need not speak of your services in front of Yorktown, at Hanover Court House, Gaines' Mills, Golding's Farm, Mulvern Hill, and along the banks of the Chickahomony, nor at Fredericksburgh, nor Mine Run, and farther beyond the Rappahannock, for we all appreciate your services, and are proud to say that on every battle field when you have hoisted the stars and stripes you have nobly sustained the high standard of Connecticut troops.

Welcome then, brave boys of the veteran band of 349! Welcome you who were among the first to shoulder the musket and wear the knapsack in defence of your country's honor! Welcome you, whose names are now enrolled as among the true defenders of the American flag! Welcome, thrice welcome, you to these pleasing attractions, made more pleasing by fair hands and willing hearts, aided by liberal contributions, and all for the noble purpose of relieving your less fortunate comrades in tents and crowded hospitals.

Three cheers were then given the veterans by the crowd and returned by them with a hearty good will. Music, vocal and instrumental, tableaux, the "Farmers' Kitchen," with its rare curiosities of olden times, the "Masquerade Dance" which gratified the old and young immensely, and refreshments, constituted the attractive features of the Fair. The Ladies whose efforts were untiring, were amply rewarded for their labors in the nett proceeds of \$3,700. This money is mostly expended in material for hospital

clothing and other wants, and speedily made available by the active industry of loyal ladies, whose hearts and souls are alive to the sufferings of our brave and needy soldiers. The Birmingham Soldier's Aid or Sanitary Society was organized at first with a view simply to benefit Connecticut volunteers, but contributions are now made almost weekly through the Sanitary Commission at New Haven, which are forwarded to the general supply for all the sick and wounded soldiers of the Union.

Noble and God-like is the example and effort of woman in this hour of our country's need. Our sick and wounded soldiers from a hundred battle fields would suffer immensely, cared for only by the vast machinery of government. There should be no lack of labor and interest in the Sanitary cause, which has proved such a fountain of comfort to those who are freely offering their lives to uphold the flag of our Union. X. Y. Z.

*Birmingham, July 1, 1864.*

## Bridgeport Soldiers Aid Society.

During the progress of this horrible civil war, which taxes so severely the resources and energies of the government, the women of the country have been emphatically "the power behind the throne." They have not hesitated to assume responsibilities and to perform labors, the magnitude of which might make those of the sterner sex distrust their ability to bear. To their foresight and instinctive knowledge of the wants of our volunteers, many a brave soldier owes his life. In hundreds of instances it seemed as though these ministers of humanity possessed some secret means of knowing just what was wanting, so exactly has the benefaction answered the need. The gratitude of those who have been the subjects of their attentions is the best evidence of the value of their services.

The Bridgeport Society was organized in July, 1862, and in five days had begun transmitting clothing, delicacies and medicines. During the first year of its existence the cash receipts were \$2,618 21 and the cash expenditures \$1,464 57. To these accounts must be added the fact, that all the articles of clothing and bedding, and most of the delicacies, were made and prepared by the ladies, and are not comprised in the above items. More than one hundred and forty families of soldiers were assisted by the society dur-





ing the first year by gifts of fuel, provisions, cotton cloth, calico, flannel, delaine, beds, bedding, &c., &c., besides money as needed.

Last winter the project was started by the managers of this society to freight a vessel with vegetables and other provisions which would prove to be a rarity to our brave volunteers and a pleasing reminder of home, and send the cargo to every Connecticut regiment on the Atlantic coast that could be reached by any means of carriage. Although the time for making the collection was limited to ten days, yet the supply from donations made from all parts of the State was amply sufficient for the purpose. The different railroad companies, the express company, and the Secretary of the Navy gave free transportation to the supplies. No less than fifteen hundred packages comprising barrels, half barrels, boxes, &c., made up this noble and generous contribution to the soldiers. Portions were transmitted by special agents to the 1st Artillery, 6th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 20th and 21st Connecticut regiments, and to the 1st North Carolina colored regiment. The special report says:

"This attempt has been successful beyond the expectations of many. The enterprise will, it is hoped, receive the approbation of the benevolent and the good. The people of Connecticut, as a whole, have shown their zeal to participate in the glorious work, and the efforts we have made have disposed us the more fully to renew and perpetuate the delightful intercourse with the self-sacrificing and brave men, who have gone from our own State of Connecticut. Many soldiers from other States were heard to exclaim, as the good things came to our 'Connecticut boys,' 'I wish I had enlisted from Connecticut.' and 'If our own States would do something like this, how well off we should be.'"

Connecticut will ever be gratefully remembered for her affectionate and substantial sympathy for her absent ones, by those that witnessed, as well by those that participated in the scenes at the various ports, when these stores arrived at their destination.

In addition to this enterprise, which has been so successfully carried out under the auspices of the Soldiers' Aid Society, we have disbursed of our stores and funds in many other directions. Our members have labored with unabated zeal, and since issuing our annual report we have sent a large number of valuable boxes to various regiments. That most noble organization, the Christian Commission, has been often remembered, and from some

of those in its employ we have received interesting accounts of the manner in which our donations have been received by the soldiers, particularly in the Department of the Gulf.

We have received donations from time to time from our own citizens, and our friends from abroad have also contributed towards replenishing our treasury, so that notwithstanding the great demand upon our resources during the past winter, we have been able to supply many comforts to the destitute wives and children of the soldiers at home. More than seventy families have been visited, and assisted with supplies of coal, food and clothing; and the heart of many a soldier's wife has been cheered by the interest shown in the absent one, by caring for those he left at home."

The war has developed the latent energy in the character of American ladies which would scarcely have been known in times of peaceful ease. In every instance these aid societies have been largely managed by that class of our women whose circumstances would seem to have precluded the necessity for any special exertions. But even wealth and refinement cannot obliterate, though it may conceal, the sentiments of admiration for heroism and the desire to do good which is an innate element of the feminine character. No drawing room accomplishments, and no exhibition of brilliancy of attainments and refinement of culture could so command the respect of the other sex as the labors of love which have formed, for the past three years, the employment of our women.

#### The Constitutional Amendment.

The vote on the amendment to the Constitution, to authorize soldiers to vote, stands as follows:

Counties.	Yes.	No.
Hartford,	4,783	3,520
New Haven,	4,761	3,028
New London,	2,808	1,108
Fairfield,	3,578	2,088
Windham,	1,980	658
Litchfield,	3,102	1,923
Middlesex,	1,715	1,029
Tolland,	1,523	873
Total,	24,290	12,231

Majority for the Amendment, 10,093. The Governor has declared the Amendment to be made by vote of the people, a part of the Constitution of the State of Connecticut.

#### The Presidential Election.

Notwithstanding the opposition of a powerful party, the right to vote has at last been conceded to the soldiers of Connecticut. We do not now propose to criticise the conduct, or inquire into the motives of those peaceful citizens at home, who have so persistently striven to disfranchise our soldiers. We have thought, however, (and we are glad to find our opinion sustained by a

majority of the people of this State,) that a man who does nothing worse than shed his blood for the old flag ought not, for so small an offense as that, to be disfranchised like a common thief.

We desire now, to say a word to our friends in the army, about the Presidential election. The War Record is not a political paper. It has no candidate for President. But it stands by the flag. It stands by the flag in victory. It stands by the flag in defeat. It stands by the flag all the time! And in the final triumph of the dear old flag over all its enemies, the War Record has unwavering faith. Therefore we are opposed to this wicked and cruel rebellion, and we desire the defeat of all parties and candidates, if any there are, who give it aid and comfort. We are not in favor of giving up to the rebels Newbern, New Orleans, Vicksburg, Memphis, Atlanta, Fort Morgan, Fort Gaines, Fort Pulaski, Fort Macon, West Virginia, Tennessee, Arkansas, Louisiana, Northern Georgia, the Mississippi River, or any one stronghold, or any inch of territory, which we have conquered at such fearful cost of blood. We are not in favor of breaking faith with the army, by refusing to reinforce it. We are in favor of finishing the work, already so far advanced, by sustaining the army in its unconquerable determination to crush the rebellion and save the nation. We cannot consent to a disgraceful peace—a peace which can only be secured by an ignominious surrender of all that our brave soldiers have won by their precious blood.

Three candidates for the Presidency have been nominated. We say nothing against either of them. So far as they are personally concerned, we could be well content to see either of them President for the next four years. But in this great crisis of the country *men are nothing, except for the principles they represent.* If one of these candidates represents fidelity to the flag, hostility to the rebellion, and an unflinching determination to sustain the army in its work of crushing out treason; and if the other represents disloyalty to the flag, sympathy with the rebels, a willingness to surrender to them, a spirit of opposition to the army, desire to disfranchise and disgrace the soldiers of the Union, and a determination to prevent them from being re-inforced; if one of these candidates has the confidence of the great mass of the loyal men of the North and is hated above all other men by the chief rebels of the South; and if another of those candidates had been placed upon a political platform upon which no loyal man can stand, and is supported by the great body of Northern secessionists, and is relied upon by the rebels and their friends to make an ignominious surrender to the rebellion if elected; then, no man who values his honor as a soldier of the Republic, can hesitate in his choice between such candidates.

So much we cannot refrain from saying—"If this be treason, make the most of it." We earnestly hope that the soldiers of Connecticut will dismiss all partisan prejudices and all personal fancies, and vote for the same good and glorious cause that they fight for. Soldiers of Connecticut—rally round the flag!

#### Bounties.

Government bounties are continued until further notice.





## PERSONAL.

List of Appointments and Promotions in the Connecticut Volunteer Force, during the month of August, 1864.

## 8TH REGIMENT.

Sergt. Marcus L. Pelham to be 1st Lieut., vice Bingham, died of wounds received in action.

1st Sergt. James B. Kilbourn to be 1st Lieut., vice Ford, promoted.

2d Lieut. Samuel S. Foss to be 1st Lieut., vice Broatch, resigned.

All to take rank from the 2d day of August, 1864.

## 10TH REGIMENT.

Major Edwin S. Greeley, to be Lieut. Colonel, vice Leggett, resigned.

Lieutenant and Adjutant Henry W. Camp to be Major, vice Greeley, promoted.

Both to take rank from the 29th day of August, 1864.

## 12TH REGIMENT.

2d Lieut. Henry J. Fletcher to be 1st Lieut., with rank from the 2d day of August, 1864, vice Smith, promoted.

2d Lieut. Edwin W. Bushnell to be 1st Lieut., with rank from the 2d day of August, 1864, vice Case, discharged.

Lieut. Col. Frank H. Peck to be Colonel, vice Colburn, honorably discharged.

Major George N. Lewis to be Lieut. Colonel, vice Peck, promoted.

## 17TH REGIMENT.

1st Sergt. Charles Smith, Jr., of Co. G, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from the 12th day of August, 1864, vice Denis, resigned.

## 18TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Israel N. Kibbe to be Captain, vice Spaulding, killed in action.

1st Lieut. Martin V. B. Tiffany to be Captain, vice Palmer, discharged.

2d Lieut. Edward S. Hinckley to be 1st Lieut., vice Tiffany, promoted.

All to take rank from the 12th of August, 1864.

Charles H. Rowe of Farmington to be 2d Asst. Surgeon, with rank from the 2d day of September, 1864, vice North, resigned.

## 2D ARTILLERY.

1st Lieut. Robert A. Potter to be Captain, vice Knight, deceased.

2d Lieut. Henry Skinner to be 1st Lieut., vice Shumway, promoted.

Both with rank from the 12th day of August, 1864.

## CASUALTIES.

[Official.] AUGUST, 1864.

## 1ST ARTILLERY.

July 30—Private Frank Nolan, Co. C, seriously wounded.

Aug. 3—Privates Jacob Dietrick, Co. M, wounded in thigh; Jacob Schlafer, Co. F, wounded in thigh.

Aug. 17—Privates Henry R. Richardson, Co. A, killed by fragment of shell; Edward B. Anderson, Co. A, dangerously wounded; Stephen G. Howard, Co. G, slightly wounded.

Aug. 18—Private Wm. C. Beebe, Co. D, slightly wounded.

Aug. 19—Sergt. Wells W. Reed, Co. D, wounded face and eyes.

Aug. 5—1st Lieut. Wm. A. Lincoln, slightly; Corp. Norman C. Magur, Co. G, wounded in arm.

Aug. 6—Private Elizar H. Harrison, Co. F, wounded in leg.

Aug. 13—Corporal Julius P. Raisling, Co. B, wounded in leg.

Aug. 16—Privates E. A. Frieberg, Co. D, dangerously wounded; C. W. Starkweather, Co. D, seriously wounded; Lambert W. Skele, Co. I, died of wounds received July 14th, 1864.

LIST OF KILLED, WOUNDED AND MISSING, 5TH C. V., PEACHTREE CREEK, GA., JULY 20, 1864.

## Killed.

Co. C—E. Duffy.  
Co. D—Pat Smith, Jno. McCormick, August Meyer.

Co. F—W. A. Taylor.  
Co. G—Sergt. Geo. Wilcox; Privates John Clay, S. Patrieks, John Carr, Geo. Bedford; Corp. M. Hale.

Co. I—Privates James Cunningham, William Meighan.

Co. K—Sergt. M. W. Brown; Corp. Philip Devericks.

## Wounded.

Adjut. Wm. A. Daniels, Jr., shoulder, slightly.

Asst. Surgeon, Andrew J. Gilson, leg, slightly.

Co. C—2d Lieut. Isaac N. Welden, leg, slightly.

Co. G—2d Lieut. Albert L. Gavitt, ankle.

Co. B—Sergt. L. M. Snow, finger, slightly; Privates R. Kennin, arm, slightly; G. M. Clark, arm, slightly; E. S. Mott, died on the 21st; Geo. May, over the eye, slight; E. B. Coolridge, side, slight.

Co. C—Robert Bell, groin, severely; Jacob Miller, leg, slightly.

Co. D—Thomas Evans, H. L. Mitchell, shoulder, slightly; Chas. A. Ferran, arm, slightly; John McKenney, John N. Williams, Peter Welch, leg, slightly; Geo. Barnes, side, slightly; W. Hesselbacher, Hugo Oberempt.

Co. E—Sergt. Myron Bishop, leg, amputated; Corp. George Gilbert, leg, severely; Privates John Davis, leg, amputated; Gilbert Saunders, side, severely; P. Thomley, hand, severely; W. Vanvorst, side, severely.

Co. F—Privates George Campbell, knee, severely; C. Sailor, knee, slightly.

Co. G—Sergt. George Briggs, foot, slightly; Corps. Charles Corey, back, severely; P. Howard, side, slightly; Privates Eben Scribner, head, severely; R. Condon, head, slightly; B. Hodge, arm, slightly; Wm. Murray, foot, slightly; James Neval, arm, slightly.

Co. H—Sergts. N. Stone, thigh, slightly; G. N. Cheney, foot, slightly; Private John Young, 1st, died 21st.

Co. I—James Tuttle, face, slightly; James McCabe, head, slightly; H. Schaffer, slightly.

Co. K—Privates Philip Fisher, died 21st; Wm. Cordner, leg, slightly.

## Missing.

Co. C—Robert Tilo, on skirmish line.

LIST OF CASUALTIES IN THE 6TH CONN. VOLS., DURING ENGAGEMENTS AT DEEP RUN, VA., FROM AUGUST 14TH 1864, TO AUGUST 18TH, 1864, INCLUSIVE.

## Killed.

Co. C—Private Gustave Fritche.

Co. D— " Edward M. Harting.

Co. E— " Patrick Doling.

Co. I— " Charles Perley.

Co. K— " Nicholas Weiss; Amos A. Bunell.

## Wounded.

Co. B—Captain Bennett S. Lewis, side, severely; 2d Lieut. John Waters, arm, slight.

Co. C—Captain John Stotlar, leg; 1st Lieut. Joseph Miller, back, slight.

Co. D—2d Lieut. George Bellows, leg.

Co. E—Capt. Dwight A. Woodruff, arm.

Co. A—Sergt. Israel B. Winslow, lung, severely; Corp. Henry J. Bemis, leg; Privates Charles Bishop, leg; Myron DeForest, leg; John Bruce, leg; Calvin Perry, severely; John Callahan, hand.

Co. B, Corp. Wm. Ehsam, left shoulder; Privates Wm. H. Harrison, hand; George Dennis, back; John A. Young, left shoulder; Abner W. Mitchell, lung, severely.

Co. C—Peter Searing, foot; Anthony Puff, arm; Michael Prehm.

Co. D—Privates Alfred Lawrence, groin; Oliver W. Vernal, mouth; Henry Schofield, leg; Clarence E. Searies, arm.

Co. E—Sergt. Luzern Baldwin, arm; Corporal Aaron C. Sanford, foot; Privates John Flanagan, arm; Horace Mouldthrop, leg; Wm. Pritchard, arm; Charles E. Stebbins, arm.

Co. F—Corp. Mark Bassett, side; Privates Randolph Hall, leg; Chas. W. Hill, leg; Jas. P. McCue, leg.

Co. G—Sergts. John P. Connell, knee; James P. McKinney, side; Corps. Edward Alpress, arm; Edward A. Stone, head; Privates, Lucius D. Leonard, abdomen and arm; Terrence Mulloy, neck; John Wyer, hip; Patrick K. Fitzgerald, side.

Co. H. Sergt. Zimmerman, arm; Corps. Louis Vogel, foot; Chas. Graham, hip; Privates Julius Lehman, leg; George Pfister, leg; Chas. Newman, hip and arm; John Hainburger, shoulder; Gottlieb Stoll, hand; Philip Miller, leg; Rudolph Kombs, severely.

Co. I—Sergt. Samuel C. Thomas, side, severely; Corp. Alfred B. Beers, arm; Privates Chas. H. Burritt, side and arm; Jacob Brodowich, arm; Dennis McCarty, hand; Wm. Salar, side.

Co. K—Corp. Wm. H. Brown, leg; Privates John Smith, both legs; Wm. M. Clark, head; Chas. Green, hand; James Morris, mouth.

## Missing in Action.

Co. A—Privates Ambrose B. Seymour, Frank E. Morse.

Co. D—Corps. John E. Clark, Chas. E. Provost. Privates Roper Hounslow, Richard H. Rogue, John D. Ward.

Co. G—Corporal John Brand; Private Charles Bishop.

Co. I—Corp. George W. Huckings; Private Jacob Beck.

CASUALTIES, 10TH C. V. DEEP BOTTOM, VA., AUGUST 1st, 1864.

## Wounded.

Co. K—Edgar Beecher, mortally, since died; James J. Cleveland, severely, right shoulder.

Co. A—Chas. B. Shepard, slightly, leg.

CASUALTIES IN 10TH C. V., IN ENGAGEMENT OF JULY 26TH AND 27TH, AT DEEP BOTTOM, VA.

## Wounded.

Lieut. James H. Linsley, head, severe.

Co. A—Private Howard G. Ford, face, severe.

Co. C—Private James E. Crosley, arm, flesh wound.

Co. D—Private Wm. Evans, left leg.

Co. E—Clarence Wood, face, slight.

Co. F—Privates Chas. Harvey, thigh, flesh wound; Lewis N. Hawkins, head, slight.

Co. I—Private Wm. Lowrey, shoulder and arm, severe.

Co. K—Private John E. Gness, leg, slight.

CASUALTIES IN 11TH REGT. CONN. VOLS. DURING MONTH OF JULY, 1864, BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA.

## Killed.

Co. A—Privates George Buckingham, July 4; Homer Barnum, July 12.

Co. C—Jean Paul, July 30.

## Wounded.

Co. F—Private Henry McMahon, July 1, arm, slightly.

Co. G—Private John McBay, July 1, head, slightly; Drummer Wm. H. H. George, July 1, foot, slightly.

Co. C—Private Gabriel Labous, July 4, body, mortally, (since died.)

Co. B—Private McMahon, July 12, arm, seriously.

Co. F—Private Joseph Morris, July 26, head, mortally, (since died.)

Co. C—Privates John Kelly, July 30, leg, mortally, (since died); Pierre Poinot, July 30, leg, severely; J. Jackson, July 30, head, severely; J. Dommermuth, July 30, leg, slightly; Sergt. John Hoelles, July 31, arm and leg, slightly.

Co. A—Private Jeremiah Brady, July 30, neck, mortally, (since died.)

Co. D—Corp. Moses Danks, July 30, shoulder, severely.





CASUALTIES OCCURRING ON THE 5TH OF AUG. 1864,  
IN 11TH C. V., BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA.

Colonel Griffin A. Stedman, wounded in breast, mortally, and since died, (Aug. 5, 1864.) Comdg. 2d Brig. 2d Div., 18th Army Corps.

Lieut. Col. Wm. C. Moegling, wounded, foot, slightly, (shell.)

Co. H—Sergt. W. H. Bottom, contusion, shoulder, (shell.)

LIST OF CASUALTIES 14TH CONN. VOIS. FROM JUNE  
3D, TO JUNE 20TH, 1864.*Killed.*

Co. A—Private Wm. Bradshaw.

Co. C—Private Charles A. Beebe.

Co. F—Privates Wm. C. Brown, Ovid P. Shaw.

*Wounded.*

Co. A—Privates John Ridley, June 4; James Ringwood and Chas. Sullivan, June 7; John H. Fountain, June 19.

Co. B—Privates James Hays, 1st, June 20; John Doyle, June 17.

Co. D—1st Sergt. Elbert F. Hyde, June 17; Corporals Wm. H. Corbitt, June 17; James B. Shepard, June 17, (since died;) John H. Bilson, June 23.

Co. E—Private Francis Gallagher, June 15.

Co. G—Private Benjamin Stevens, June 5.

Co. K—Private Peter Gray, June 20.

*Missing.*

Co. G—Private Peter Hughes.

Co. K—Private John Smith.

Hartford, Aug. 10th, 1864.

*General*—I have the honor to report that the 16th Regiment formed part of the garrison at Plymouth, N. C., which was captured by the rebels in April last.

\* \* \* The casualties are as follows:

*Killed.*

Co. F—Ralph Allen.

*Wounded.*

Co. A—Capt. Thomas F. Burke, right shoulder.

Co. B—Chas. W. Squires, left leg amputated; A. P. Forbes, flesh wound, thigh; Geo. N. Lamphere, left elbow.

Co. C—C. C. Drew, skull.

Co. E—A. L. Cook, scalp, (since died, May 9); John Laurence, right wrist; Corp. Mills, thigh, (since died, April 28th.)

Co. F—J. E. Martin, flesh wound, thigh.

Co. K—Lawrence Shane, right shoulder; Sergt. Norton, right forearm; Sergt. Robinson, left side.

Corp. A. N. Bosworth, Co. D, died at Andersonville, Ga., on the 20th of June.

I am, Sir, Very Respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

JOHN H. BURNHAM,

Lieut. Col. 16th C. V.

LIST OF THE KILLED AND WOUNDED IN THE 18TH  
C. V., AT THE BATTLE OF LYNCHBURG, VA., JUNE  
18TH, 1864.

Col. Wm. G. Ely, in throat, slightly.

Co. A—Sergt. Samuel J. Lee, in face, slightly; privates Wm. C. Mitchell, arm, slightly; Dan Carney, hand, slightly.

Co. B—Privates Edwin R. Wood, leg amputated; Albert Hibbard, slightly.

Co. H—Sergt. C. A. Tourtelotte, leg amputated; private Amos Crandall, leg, slightly.

Co. K—Private Otis S. Wade, head, slightly.

LIST OF KILLED, WOUNDED AND MISSING IN THE  
18TH C. V., AT THE BATTLE OF SNICKER'S FERRY,  
JULY 18TH, 1864.*Killed.*

Co. A—Corp. G. B. Hartford, and privates John Delaney and Daniel Carney.

Co. G—Private Jno. Carney.

Co. K—Private James M. Smith.

*Wounded.*

Co. A—Privates James Deming, thigh; Dan. H. Johnson, leg.

Co. B—Private Elmer D. Cook, nose.

Co. C—Sergt. George E. Cormine, thigh and breast; private R. Corey, ankle.

Co. D—Lieut. F. G. Bixby, side; Corp. James Matthewson, thigh and breast; privates Nathan Chase, leg; Thomas J. Leonard, thigh; Patrick Clark, leg; Geo. C. Johnson, thigh.

Co. E—Privates N. G. Gardner, head; Jno. Jones, side.

Co. I—Private Chas. J. Miller, elbow.

Co. F—Private Orrin Cook, arm—amputated.

Co. G—Privates Wm. W. Comins, right leg;

Jno. H. Wilcox, thigh.

Co. H—Privates Henry Tracey, arm; E. W. Bingham, breast; Jos. A. Tracey, scalp; Jos. Kenworthy, arm and breast.

Co. I—Lieut. M. Y. B. Tiffany, both ankles; Sergt. Geo. S. Cogswell, thigh.

Co. K—Privates Oliver W. Chaplain, chest; Thomas T. Bates, back.

*Missing.*

Co. F—Private Geo. Tuft.

REPORT OF CASUALTIES IN 20TH C. V., AT BATTLE  
OF PEACH TREE CREEK, ON JULY 20TH, 1864.*Killed.*

Co. B—Privates Nathan Davidson, and Wm. Brown.

Co. F—Sergt. Geo. V. Buskirk, Corp. Timothy F. Taft.

Co. H—Privates Andrew J. Lord, and James White.

Co. I—Corp. James Fawcett, and Private Wm. Darwin.

*Wounded.*

Co. A—Private George Benham, leg, slightly.

Co. B—1st Sergt. Edward Root, arm, slightly.

Co. C—Corp. Abner C. Smith, face, slightly; privates Uriah T. Wells, neck, (since died;) Chas. Starkey, arm, amputated; Samuel G. Jagger, arm, amputated; Wilbur S. Churchill, shoulder, severely.

Co. D—Capt. Oliver R. Post, abdomen, (since died;) Corp. Revirah J. Gladwin, head; privates Edward F. Pelbon, side; Patrick Scanlan, arm, slightly.

Co. E—Corp. Wm. H. Slate, arm; private Wm. Loveland, foot, severely.

Co. F—Capt. Horace G. H. Tarr, shoulder, flesh wound; 2d Lieut. Ebenezer B. Fenton, foot; Corp. Frederick G. Aldis, breast, slightly; privates Orrin L. North, face, slightly; Walter R. Bishop, head; John Kelly, 1st, leg; Timothy Hancock, shoulder; Jeremiah Coleman, arm, slightly.

Co. H—1st Lieut. Theodore Jepson, head, severely; Corp. Charles French, arm; private David Carman, back, slightly.

Co. I—Capt. Ezra D. Dickerman, head, severe; Sergts. David Thornecroft, arm, severely; Brainard T. Ives, head, severely; Corporals Geo. M. Clark, head, slightly; Curtis Tuttle, head; privates Peter McKenough, breast, slightly; John F. Bradley, back, slightly.

Co. K—2d Lieut. Wellington Barry, arm, slight flesh wound; 1st Sergt. Edward J. Murray, leg, slightly; Corp. James White, thigh; privates Robert J. Allison, thigh, severely; Thomas Stanbrook, jaw; Wm. McCarty, arm; Lewis Curtis, breast.

Co. I—1st Lieut. Theodore Jepson, head, severely; Corp. Charles French, arm; private David Carman, back, slightly.

Co. I—Capt. Ezra D. Dickerman, head, severe; Sergts. David Thornecroft, arm, severely; Brainard T. Ives, head, severely; Corporals Geo. M. Clark, head, slightly; Curtis Tuttle, head; privates Peter McKenough, breast, slightly; John F. Bradley, back, slightly.

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Co. K—2d Lieut. Wellington Barry, arm, slight flesh wound; 1st Sergt. Edward J. Murray, leg, slightly; Corp. James White, thigh; privates Robert J. Allison, thigh, severely; Thomas Stanbrook, jaw; Wm. McCarty, arm; Lewis Curtis, breast.

Co. I—Capt. Ezra D. Dickerman, head, severe; Sergts. David Thornecroft, arm, severely; Brainard T. Ives, head, severely; Corporals Geo. M. Clark, head, slightly; Curtis Tuttle, head; privates Peter McKenough, breast, slightly; John F. Bradley, back, slightly.

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*Missing in Action.*

Co. C—Corp. Frederick A. Chapman, July 22; supposed prisoner.

Co. H—Private Edward T. Abbott, July 22; supposed prisoner.

*RECAPITULATION.*

Killed—enlisted men,	11
Wounded—commissioned officers,	6
“ enlisted men,	46
Missing—enlisted men,	2
Total,	65

*IN MEMORY OF*

Henry L., and Edward C. Blakeslee.

When our country imperil'd sent up the loud cry,  
"To the rescue! arouse ye and come!"  
When the Northmen by thousands to conquer or die,  
Rush'd to battle from many a home,—

These brothers—and none were more ready than they  
And none were more loyal and brave,  
Went forth to the conflict; they fell; and to-day  
They are at rest in the soldier's grave.

The spirit of one with a single bound,  
Leap'd across the dread ocean of pain;  
In the front of the battle his body was found,  
And the stranger has buried the slain.

In that fearful charge of the "gallant seventh,"  
Over "Wagner's" terrible wall,  
In that desperate charge in the face of death,  
'Twas the fate of the other to fall.

There the ground grew red where the stout hearted  
trod,  
And many a volunteer's head  
Was pillowed that night on the slippery sod,  
While the pale moon looked down on the dead.

They planted our flag that day with cheers,  
On the stronghold of the foe,  
But the shouts of the victors were mingled with tears  
As they look'd on the carnage below.

For out of the mouth of those terrible guns,  
Destruction had issued forth,  
And reap'd like a sickle among the sons,  
The lion-like sons of the North.

Oh, traitors! look down on the sickening sod,  
See the blood you have caused to flow,  
And look for the righteous curse of God,  
Avenging the Nation's woe.

Oh, Liberty! what a fearful price  
Our country is paying for thee,  
But however costly the sacrifice,  
We will it—tearfully.

Rest in peace valiant soldiers, the battles ye've fought  
Are inscribed on the record of fame;  
And posterity bless'd by the freedom ye bought,  
Shall be proud of each glistening name.

Terryville, Conn., 1864.

George A. Hoyt was born in Plymouth, Dec. 27, 1843, son of George and Sophia Hoyt. He enlisted in the 19th Reg. C. V., in the fall of 1862, and became one of the musicians of Co. K. He died at the hospital near Alexandria on the 6th of June, 1863, of typhoid fever, having acquitted himself well during his short time of service. His remains were brought home and buried with appropriate services, by Rev. Benjamin Eastwood, at St. Peter's Church. He left a good name among his friends and acquaintances.

Died, in hospital, at Baltimore, Md., June 2d, 1864, private Robert Mayne, of Co. K, Sixth Regiment, Vermont Infantry Vols., of wounds received at the battle of the Wilderness, May 5th. He was formerly a member of the 3d Conn. Vols. Bridgeport papers please copy.





## OBITUARY.

## The Wadhams Brothers.

Three stalwart, healthy, and manly fellows, were the three sons of Edwin Wadhams, Esq., of Litchfield. All enlisted for three years in this great struggle for nationality and freedom. Of all, we now must write, with a reluctant hand,

## "KILLED IN BATTLE."

Orderly Sergt. Edward Wadhams, was born in April, 1837, enlisted in Co. E, of the 8th Regiment, in September, of 1860. His uniform cheerfulness and good health enabled him to be at his post constantly. Through all the battles and hardships of his sturdy and dashing Regiment he passed honorably, and till May 16th, unhurt. In the fog and confusion of that disastrous morning, he was struck by the fatal bullet. Captain Sheffield thus writes:

"I did not see him when he was hit. A moment before, he came to me to show his rifle. The ramrod had been struck by a musket ball, while he was loading, and so bent as to render the rifle useless. I obtained another rifle for him and he went forward a few steps to fire. I turned to attend to the rest of the company. When I looked again for him, I was informed that he was shot. I immediately went to him, raised him up, laid him from under fire, beside a tree—cut off his equipments, bared his breast and examined his wound. The bullet evidently struck him when he was stooping. It entered just below the shoulder blade, passing downward and probably penetrated the heart, killing him almost instantly. The fire was so heavy that it was impossible to remove the body without further sacrifice of life. I remained with him for some time—was the last to leave him—and when I retired, they carefully covered the body with boughs."

"His loss is as severely felt in the Regiment as that of any man could be. The line officers of the Regiment wish me to inform his friends that they all deeply regret his fall. In his company every man mourns. To me the loss is irreparable. When I took command of the company, I was, as it were, a stranger. The men knew me only as the former commander of another company. Upon him I placed my whole dependence, giving him full authority. A great part of the time he was actually in command. I found him ever faithful to the trust, and I can truly say that no man in the Regiment was more justly entitled than he to a commission."

The commission to which he had long been justly entitled, would soon have been received.

A brave and trusty comrade with true, genuine emotion, says:

"For more than two years he has held the post of 1st Sergeant in his Company, and he was looked upon by all its members as their real head, because the Company officers have been constantly changing within that time. By his consistent character, unvarying conduct, and fidelity to duty, he won the respect of all who knew him, and now his Company grieve for their loss as those that have lost more than a friend."

His record as a soldier is surpassed by none in the 8th Regiment. He has participated in every engagement in which it has been, and has always by his acts and words battled manfully for his country and the righteous cause in which it is engaged."

As one who knew him in camp and in battle, I too must add my brief tribute. Sergt. Wadhams was a man of sterling common sense, and sound, moral, and religious convictions. His life was never stained by evil word or deed. He was firm and strict in discipline, yet kind, judicious and helpful. The men of his company hastened to

obey him. Patriotism was an inbred and absorbing emotion—an abiding principle. In him it was stronger than selfishness. When his merits were in the view of his comrades, unjustly overlooked, he set the noble example of uncomplaining submission and unabated fidelity and devotion to duty. He never faltered, never doubted the triumphant issue of the high and holy struggle in which he was gladly enlisted.

In battle he was cool, fearless, prompt and efficient. As a christian gentleman, a devoted patriot and a thorough soldier, the memory of him will ever be treasured among my most precious recollections.

## LIEUT. HENRY WADHAMS

Was born Aug. 14, 1831. He enlisted as a private in the 14th Regiment, July 4th, 1862,—was made Sergt. Aug. 13—promoted to be 2d Lieut. Dec. 25th, 1862—to be 1st Lieut. Nov. 5th, 1863.

His service, like that of his brother, had been arduous and continuous, yet cheerfully and faithfully performed. No Regiment has fought better or suffered more than the 14th, and he shared it all—and through all passed unharmed, until May 26th. On the 26th, ten days after Edward had fallen, he was called to lead his last charge. All day he had felt dismal forebodings which no effort could expel from his mind. Yet he advanced with alacrity to participate in the hazardous task of a charge with four small companies, on an angle of the enemy's works, upon the south side of the North Anna River. The little band advanced about 7½ P. M., fought their way steadily and bravely, capturing the exterior line of works. Lieut. Wadhams led on his men, stimulating them by cheering words and gallant example. Just before eight o'clock, while still advancing, the fatal bullet pierced his body near the centre, immediately below the ribs. He fell within the enemy's works and lay there while the battle raged. After dark he was borne by Sergt. Goodwin, and Thomas Hannah, to our lines. He suffered intensely—yet murmured not.

Love in him overcame excruciating pain, for forgetting his suffering, he kept saying: "Oh, my poor wife and child." And thus he manifested himself truly. His was a nature peculiarly domestic. Few men loved or had the capacity to love home, wife and child as he did. Few, in enlisting, sacrificed feeling so deep and tender as his. Yet, that modest, industrious, home-loving man had too much character to shirk duty. When duty bade him go, he enlisted at once, as a private. His gentle wife, though it was as severing her heart strings, opposed him not. He thanked her. And now she remembers him as her gift-offering to our country, and bears the irreparable loss in a manner truly worthy a brave man's widow. Equal tribute might I pay to the stricken yet brave hearted widow of Capt. Wadhams. These modest ladies will regret that I have mentioned them because they shrink from notoriety, and because I might justly say similar words of a thousand delicate American women whom these days of sorrow have proved to be matchless in heroism. Yet I can not refrain from mentioning them and bidding our many readers to look upon like cases in their own midst, and confess as they may, with truthful pride, that the

women of our land are well worthy our bravest men.

Lieut. Wadhams was brought to the north side of the river, died about 11½ o'clock, and was there buried by rough hands, with tender hearts, "as decently as circumstances would admit."

The common hard-ship and frequent common peril of severe service, has, united officers and men of the 14th, in no ordinary friendship, and their words of sincere regard and deep regret express but half they feel.

"I have known him long and well," writes Capt. Hawley, "and can truly say that he was always faithful in the discharge of his duties—always brave and trustworthy—always careful of his men and mindful of their wants." "He had," is the testimony of Quartermaster Dibble, "from long association endeared himself to us all, and by his noble and gallant bearing on the field, where he fought his last fight, made all that belonged to him precious to us." And one of the faithful soldiers who helped at great risk, to bear him from the field, says: "Sacred will be his memory, because he was as good as he was brave."

"He sleeps where the blest of our glorious dead Were left on the sacred land;  
Where the daring deeds, ere his spirit fled,  
He led with a bold command."

After what I have written concerning the two brothers, I can but feel as I proceed to write of the third, that some may say—The editor eulogizes, marking excellencies, passing by deficiencies in those who fall, in this great struggle. I can only say, I record what I find;—no more, no less. The noblest and the best of this generation have gone to the field—and, alas, that so many will never return to grace society and ennoble their associates.

## CAPT. LUMAN WADHAMS.

Capt. Luman Wadhams, Co. A, 2d Conn. Artillery, was a native of Goshen, Ct., although his father's family many years since, removed to Litchfield. At the outbreak of the rebellion, he served with the three months volunteers, and was at the first battle of Bull Run.

Returning after three months, he re-enlisted with his brother Edward, in the 8th Regiment, and accompanied the Burnside expedition as Lieutenant. Ill health and the dictates of military etiquette, Capt. Mason informs us, impelled him to resign his commission, and return to his home. A few months later, the 19th Conn. was raised, and hearing that his old friends and neighbors were generally enlisting, Wadhams felt that his time had again come. He joined us at Camp Dutton, Litchfield, and was made 1st Lieut. and assigned to Co. A. Within the year succeeding he was promoted to be Captain of the same company.

Captain Wadhams was one of the few officers in the service, who did not feel that his epaulettes made him a great man. He loved his men and associated with them.

The rigors of military law were unknown in Co. A, and some judged that it was undisciplined, who afterwards discovered that by mutual affection and esteem it was splendidly governed. On a field day, and while on duty, Capt. Wadhams was the officer, at other times the friend of his men.





Captain Wadhams seldom punished his men. He believed that harsh and public punishment destroyed self-respect, which he labored to strengthen. A gentleman from Litchfield, while visiting the 2d C. V. A.,—remarked to Captain Wadhams—"I find none of your men in the guard house, and the boys say that it is always so. How do you manage?" "I talk to my boys," was the reply.

A single instance will suffice. A new recruit in Co. A, who had several times made trouble, was about to be taken to the Guard house. Capt. W. said, "Stillson, just come to my quarters, and I will have a talk with you." He came. He went away with a higher idea of a soldier's duty and a soldier's honor. He became an obedient and faithful man, subsequently having at target practice, made the best shot in the company. He hastened to the Captain, his face beaming with honest pride, and told him with enthusiasm what he had done, adding with evident emotion—"I never should have done it, if they had put me in the guard house. I was discouraged then—now I have beaten them all." The noble boy fought like a hero at Cold Harbor, and by the side of his Captain, fell.

Captain Wadhams was always at his post, and always watchful to promote the comfort, and the moral as well as the physical welfare of his men. While stationed near Washington, he had but three passes to visit the city, during six months. "I came here," he was wont to say, "not to lounge about Washington, but to do my duty." He was thus at once the faithful commander and sincere friend of his men. They in turn felt for him the most enthusiastic affection, and found many ways by which to testify their high appreciation. On one occasion they presented to him a beautiful sword. In speaking of the gift Capt. Wadhams said: "That was given me when I had been with the boys a year and a half, when they knew me and I knew them well. For that reason I prize it."

When the regiment was ordered to Fort Craig, he said to his commanding officer—"I regret only that it is not to the front." Two days later that order came. He was ready, yet regretful thoughts of separation from his dearest friend would rise unbidden, and with playful, loving frankness he said: "I thought it easy to go to the front, but I find the old story still true—'I have married a wife and cannot come.'"

In a letter to his wife, dated the day before the battle at Cold Harbor, he writes—"do not worry about me, I have endured the march well. We have been much of the time on short rations, but that we expect on such a march—so please, not worry. You know we have been called the pets because we were so long kept in the defences. We were in the way of duty just as much as here. We are now in the place where there is plenty of work to do, and if I mistake not, the regiment will soon show of what stuff it is made. Keep up good courage. The separation from you is painful, but, you know, when we used to read of our noble Army of the Potomac, I always felt I ought to be there—and now I am there. Keep up good courage, and remember you married a soldier."

With a spirit thus resolute and cheerful, he ad-

vanced with his company, on the first day of June, in the charge on the enemy's stronghold, at Cold Harbor.

"I can never," writes Capt. Mason, "forget his bearing as he led us to the charge. His commanding figure, his determined step and electric glance, told that he was nerved to his responsible work, and his men emulated his example."

"He was," writes Lewis Bissell, "in front of his company, with sabre drawn, perfectly cool and firm, and moved with the martial step we knew so well."

In the moment of success he fell pierced through the body. His devoted men sprang to his assistance. In the absence of a stretcher they made a stretcher of their muskets, and carried him on their shoulders a mile and a half to the hospital. He lingered for two days, and hoping to reach home, determined to attempt the journey, but died in the ambulance on the road to White House. The body was embalmed, forwarded to his home, and buried, with masonic honors. The funeral day was exactly sixteen weeks from his wedding day.

Heartfelt sympathy was manifested by the large concourse assembled to pay just respect to the honored dead.

Rich and satisfying, too, are the touching tributes of his soldier friends to his manliness and worth. One writes—"His loss to us can never be made up. His men all loved him." Another, "When I heard that our dear Captain was dead I could not keep from crying." Precious monuments of real affection, are the tears of soldiers. Another writes to the bereaved wife, "Not alone do you mourn—you have lost a kind, true husband. We have lost more than an officer—a friend—a brother."

### Regimental.

Precedence will be given in our next issue to communications from the 6th, 7th, 9th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 14th 18th, 1st Light Battery, and 1st Artillery.

#### THE FIRST ARTILLERY

Are still occupying redoubts along the line fortifications, with Headquarters at Bermuda Hundreds.

#### THE SECOND ARTILLERY

Now acts as infantry, and is with the 6th Corps in the Shenandoah Valley. "The Band-Box Regiment" has proved itself second to none in courage and efficiency.

#### THE FIRST LIGHT BATTERY

Still remains at Bermuda Hundreds, under command of Capt. J. B. Clinton.

#### THE SECOND LIGHT BATTERY

Is reported at Frederick, Maryland. A very interesting letter from our correspondent, dated St. Gaines, Mobile Bay, was received too late for insertion.

#### THE FIFTH AND TWENTIETH REGIMENTS

Are in the 20th Corps, and now in Atlanta.

#### THE 8TH, 11TH AND 21ST REGIMENTS

Remain in the 18th Corps, as at our last issue. The 18th and 10th Corps have changed places, so that the 18th Corps is at and near Deep Bottom. The 6th, 7th and 10th Regiments, remain in their respective Divisions of the 10th Corps, under Gen. Grant. We hope that they will be represented in our next issue.

#### THE 9TH REGIMENT

After some weeks of service before Petersburg, have rejoined their old Division, in (Emory's) the 19th Army Corps.

#### THE 12TH REGIMENT

Is in Emory's Division, 19th Corps.

A letter was received a day too late, and will be printed in our next number.

#### THE 13TH REGIMENT

Rendezvoused at New Haven, on the 27th of August, and was ordered immediately to rejoin its old Division in the 15th Corps, and on the 29th started for the Shenandoah Valley. Many of the men supposing that the Regiment would remain at Grapevine Point, as others had, for a number of days, were in no haste to report, and, to the number of nearly one hundred, were left behind. Most of them, veterans, tried and true, will join their Regiment at the earliest practicable moment.

#### THE 14TH REGIMENT

Has again done sturdy fighting, and suffered heavily in officers and men. Full lists of casualties are not yet received.

#### THE 15TH REGIMENT

Is still quietly efficiently doing Provost duty at Newbern, N. C.

The following members have been detached on recruiting service:

Capt. R. O. Bradley, Co. II.  
Sergt. Wm. H. Jones, Co. I.  
Sergt. Joseph Keglmeier, Co. G.  
Sergt. Lyman H. Hall, Co. F.  
Corp. F. W. Faulkner, Co. D.  
Corp. Delano Ives, Co. K.  
Corp. Henry Baldwin, Co. H.

The party have made very little noise, but they have worked steadily and with extraordinary success, having enlisted in less than a month more than 200 men.

#### THE 16TH REGIMENT.

Co. II, with members of other companies, are still on Roanoke Island, under command of Capt. Barnum.

Surgeon Meyer is now in charge of the Foster General Hospital at Newbern, and fills the position with marked ability and to the general satisfaction.

#### THE 17TH REGIMENT

Still has headquarters at St. Augustine, and varies the monotony of camp and guard duty by occasional expeditions, more or less hazardous, and successful, into the interior.

#### THE 18TH REGIMENT

Remains among the West Virginia infantry force. It has borne its part well during the many marchings, counter-marchings and skirmishes, which have characterized recent operations in the Shenandoah Valley.

#### THE 29TH REGIMENT

Is in the 10th Corps, before Petersburg.

#### THE 30TH REGIMENT,

Forming a part of the 31st U. S. C. T., has seen severe service in the 4th Division, 9th A. C. We hope to print details soon.

#### THE FIRST CAVALRY

Is in McIntosh's Brigade, 3d Div., Cav. Corps.

Capt. Alexander Murray, U. S. A., has been appointed a mustering and disbursing officer for this State, with headquarters at New Haven.





## EDITORIAL COLUMN.

## Delay.

Unavoidable circumstances have delayed the issue of the last two numbers of the WAR RECORD, till past the middle of the month. We shall endeavor to issue future numbers more promptly.

## Acknowledgment.

We desire to express grateful acknowledgment for material aid furnished to the author of our biographical sketch of Maj. Gen. Sedgwick, by Rev. Chas. Wetherby, in his excellent sermon, at the funeral, and by Rev. Prof. Wm. B. Clark, of New Haven, the former pastor of the church in Cornwall Hollow.

## To our Friends.

We receive many letters of inquiry concerning soldiers who are missing; concerning furloughs, bounties, pensions and many other matters. We are willing to answer these questions so far as we can. We would request that persons writing such letters would make them brief and clear in statement, so that we can comprehend at once just what they desire to know. We will endeavor to give each a brief but accurate reply.

## Lost Numbers.

If by any mistake or mishap, a subscriber fails to receive any number of the WAR RECORD due to him, he is requested to inform us immediately. We can always supply deficiencies for a month after the issue of each number.

If notice be not given within that time we cannot rectify mistakes. We are anxious that every subscriber should have a full set, and hence wish to be promptly informed if any number be missing.

## Soldier's Memorial.

The publishers of this appropriate and beautiful picture, in anticipation of a very large sale, have reduced the price to one dollar. It is worth twice the money.

## To our Contributors.

We earnestly entreat all writers to make their communications as brief, concise, and animated as possible; divesting them of all general remarks—giving us only that which is peculiar to the time, place or subject. Our space is limited; our material almost limitless.

## Lyrics of Loyalty.

This volume, by Geo. P. Putnam, is the first of a "Red, White and Blue" series, and purports to present lyrical writings which the present rebellion has called forth. We were, therefore, a little vexed to find poems written many years ago—as Lowell's "present crisis," in 1845. We were also pained to find the effect of the poem named and others, injured by the omission of many—and to us the most elegant stanzas. But on further perusal, we find many a gem which we had not before seen. We have now glanced through the book many times, and shall yet many times.

It is an inspiring book and well suited for these stirring days.

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At No. 2, Glebe Building, New Haven, Conn.

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We have at present, but one traveling agent, L. W. SMITH, of Norwalk. No other general agent is authorized to collect money.

JOHN M. MORRIS.

CHARLES C. BENHAM.

## One Dollar and a Half.

We have given all our old subscribers opportunity to renew their subscriptions at the old price. We extend this opportunity to the 1st of October next.

But as prices, particularly of paper, which is wholly controlled by heartless speculators, continues to advance far beyond what even "war times" justify, we must also advance our prices. We had resolved by our large list, to go through the year at the old rates. But at one dollar a year, we cannot pay expenses!

After October 1st, our terms will be  
ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF PER YEAR.

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Jan., Feb., March, April, May, and June Nos. of the WAR RECORD. Persons having clean copies of any or all these numbers, can dispose of them for cash, at the office of the CONN. WAR RECORD, No. 2 Glebe Building, New Haven, Conn.

## Laws of Newspapers.

We print several of the just laws concerning newspapers—and would respectfully request our subscribers to read them, as we shall act strictly in accordance with the enactment.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order their papers discontinued, publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered their papers discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and papers are sent to the former direction, they are responsible.

Postage—on the War Record—3 cents per quarter—12 cents a year.

## Bound Volumes.

The present high prices, and the fact that we issue a second volume, are sufficient reasons against binding the first volume of the WAR RECORD. Both volumes may be bound up together at a cost but a trifle greater than for one, at the end of the second year. We shall probably be able to get the volumes bound for our subscribers, when it is expedient, at a cost less than they could individually have it done.

Capt. N. P. Ives, formerly Commissary on the staff of Gen. Harland, is now Commissary at Point Lookout, Md.

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AND

## MEMORIAL.

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The design is purely national and military, without any reference to men or politics.



The base of the picture is composed of rich ornamented scroll work, interspersed with fruits and flowers, forming a beautiful entablature, upon which stand four splendid allegorical figures representing PEACE and WAR, LIBERTY and JUSTICE, with their emblems.

At the bottom, in a medallion surrounded by a galaxy of stars, one for each State, appears FAME crowning the faithful soldier.

In the centre is a blank form of discharge, to be filled up with name and regiment, and space to record the engagements in which the soldier has participated, with the proper signatures.

The whole is surmounted by the American Eagle resting upon a rock, amid banners, shields, trophies, &c.; constituting a parlor ornament at once honorable and beautiful.

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# THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

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NEW HAVEN, OCTOBER, 1864.

{ VOL. II. NO. III.  
{ \$1.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE

## Brig. Gen. Stedman.

We intended to present in this number the portrait and biography of this accomplished and chivalrous soldier. But unavoidable delay compels us to postpone them until our next issue.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

## Col. Thomas F. Burpee.

MR. EDITOR:—One of the most interesting phases, to my mind, of the historic elements developed by our war, is the *effect on character* of personal consecration to the country's cause in the field. Weak souls fail in the hour of trial. Strong ones not only *show* their strength, but experience an increase—an elevation which ennobles—sometimes glorifies. To the future historian, no part of the record of these days will be more interesting than that which exhibits the thoughts and feelings with which individual men, in common life, went to the field, bore its burdens, and met its dangers and death. These are the materials for the higher, spiritual history—the most significant of all of these eventful times.

With this view, I send you some mementos of the inner life of a brave soldier, lately fallen, not widely known, but whose reward, it is believed, is on high; and will be a source of pride to his children's children,—Col. Thomas F. Burpee, of the 21st C. V., killed in the Army of the Potomac, about the 10th of June last.

Col. Burpee was a native of Tolland Co., and a quiet, modest, unpretending citizen of Rockville, for several years before the breaking out of the war. In June, 1862, he enlisted in a company raised chiefly through his influence, in the place, for the 15th Regiment, of which Co. he was chosen Captain. Before leaving for the scene of conflict, however, he was transferred to a Majority, and soon promoted to the Lieut. Colonelcy in the 21st, in rendezvous at Norwich, under the command of Col. Dutton, whose glorious death his junior officer was destined so closely to follow. The fortunes of the regiment were his through the campaign of Gen. Burnside before

Fredericksburgh, Portsmouth, Norfolk, Newbern, Little Washington, and the advance of Gen. Butler up the James River, until assigned, with the 18th Corps, under Gen. Smith, to the army of Grant. In the severe and critical action, when the flank of Butler was turned in the fog of the morning in front of Fort Darling on the 16th of May, this Regiment bore an important and very honorable part, commanded by Col. Burpee, Col. Dutton acting as Brigadier. On the death of Col. Dutton, Col. Burpee was promoted to the Colonelcy proper, but a few days before the fatal bullet that drank his own life was sped. The perusal of his letters, revealing a most pure and lofty type of character, has led me, his pastor, who knew him well, to exclaim: "We knew *not* the man before."

Under date of Sept. 25th, 1862, just after the arrival of the Regiment near the field of conflict, he writes:

"Tell Louise," (a sister whose eldest son had enlisted in the 14th.) "Not to be over-anxious about William. I should rather see him sacrificed for a holy principle, than to see him remain in inglorious waiting at a time like this. The Lord has said 'Whosoever will save his life shall lose it,' and this has often been the case in this accursed rebellion. If any one lacks enthusiasm in this cause, let him go to work, and if that don't awaken him, then he is a coward. The lofty inspiration of this cause is worth living a lifetime to feel; and if I had a thousand lives I would not withhold one of them. Yet I do not know whether in actual conflict I should be a brave man, or a coward. But when I hear of the death of my comrades I feel as if I had the strength of a hundred men in my own arm, with which to avenge his death. \* \* \* Don't borrow any trouble about any inconvenience I may be obliged to suffer; it is nothing. I am satisfied, so long as you and the children are comfortable. Should I be laid in the grave, remember our Heavenly Father doeth all things well. Look on the bright side, and the bright side only. God bless you and the children."

Dec. 16th, 1862.

Fredericksburgh, just after the battle.

"I am thankful that it has pleased God to protect me from all harm, and bring me safe to the present time. It fills me with gladness to hear the expression of resignation and happiness in your letter. It is all *His* work. Give my love to Bro. B. and sister, and tell them that God is

merciful beyond measure. I wish this might *fly* to you, to relieve all your anxiety, but that is not to be. But do not ever forget that we are always safe in the hands of our Heavenly Father. \* \* A great many of our soldiers obtained articles of spoil (in Fredericksburg,) but I did not feel like taking anything at all, unless it was needed for immediate use."

"Let me again ask you not to feel anxious about me. Every night, when I lie down, I think how good God has been to me, and I ask Him to take care of my wife, and little ones, and that they may live to be blessings to themselves, and to the world."

Dec. 17th, 1862.

"I did not believe you were impatient for me to go home at the expense of duty and honor; but it did me good to hear you say so; for by that I know that you can wait with patience until God in his own good time shall bring it about. And let me again urge you not to dwell upon the weeks, and months of my stay, but seize every means of enjoyment for yourself, which will deprive loneliness of its sting. I sometimes think that it is sinful for me to permit my mind to dwell so much upon you—the companion of my secret soul. But I cannot love you less;—but pray that I and that you may love God more. To say that you are ever in my thoughts, does not express the whole. Whatever I do, I do as though you were present with me, and indeed, are you not so in spirit? When I lie down to sleep, my last thoughts, and frequent dreams are of you, and our dear children; and when I rise up, and when I sit down to eat, whatever I do, it is still the same."

Nov. 23d, 1863.

To the sister, before mentioned, whose son, Wm. Goodell, had fallen, bravely fighting at Gettysburg:

"I was glad to learn that you had received William's Testament. It is indeed a testament to you, both from your Heavenly Father, and from your son. May it afford you much pleasure and hope therein, to note the evidences of his security and happiness. Nothing can be untimely which is ordered by an all-wise God. The blow which laid him low, welded our hearts to our country's cause. The sacrifice of suffering, and blood which he poured out, sanctified to us its soil."

May 17th, 1864.

Butler's command on the James River.

"We lay at rest, after reaching Drury's Bluff, on the 15th, until 4 o'clock P. M., when we took position in front of the centre of the rebel works, which position we were ordered to hold at all hazards. On the next morning we had a battle. The night had been foggy and wet, and at 4 o'clock the fog was so thick nothing could be seen two rods off. I had just sent out Captain





Brown with his Co., in front of the 21st, as skirmishers, when a tremendous fire is poured on the right of my Brigade, which was the right of the whole line occupied by our troops. The enemy had turned our right flank, and were in our rear. The 9th N. J., and the 25d and 27th Mass., were almost used up by the suddenness, and heaviness of the attack. I will not attempt to describe the whole fight now; suffice it to say, that in an hour and a half, I was left alone with the 21st, to cope with the enemy, who were in front and on both flanks, and a thick swampy wood in our rear. The men fought well, in some instances hand to hand with the rebels. We changed our front to rear, and fought for five hours through the swamp and timber, gradually falling back, sometimes charging upon them when they pressed too hard upon us, and at last succeeded in bringing the Regiment, and most of the wounded, on to the open ground where we could get help. Our Brig. Gen. was captured, and I received no orders at all, until I had fought three hours, and when the fight commenced I could not tell how things were going on our right, and did not know that the enemy had got around us until their bullets came from that direction. I don't know what the Generals at Headquarters think of our conduct, but I hear that we gained much credit, and that the Regiment was handled well. We were so long in the woods that they thought we should be captured. We lost 106 men, and four commissioned officers. As for myself, I received no scratch. A bullet struck the spur upon my heel, and glanced off. God covered my head in the hour of danger, and brought me safely through. We were engaged from four in the morning, until nearly noon, without an instant's rest, and had but little rest for the previous two days. Notwithstanding the hardships we have been through, we have very few sick men. I think it is their pluck which keeps them up."

Sunday, May 22d, 1861.

"I received yours of the 16th, this morning, with much joy. You say 'Go, and God be with you.' May God bless you, my darling wife, for that. It gives me unspeakable joy to know that you are resigned to leave every thing in the hands of God, and trust Him for the result. As you say, 'He can take care of me as well here as in Portsmouth.' And He has heard your prayers, and brought me out of deadly peril unharmed, and the blessed assurance that you have committed me to His keeping, makes me lighthearted. O how I bless you for your prayers. When in battle my constant prayer was, 'God bless my dear wife and children.' \* \* \* The papers do not give anything like a correct account of the fight on Monday. The 21st was at that time assigned to Heckman's Brigade, and although we fought for five hours in one of the most difficult situations in which a regiment can be placed, we are not mentioned at all in the published account. But this is of no consequence, except as it shows the incorrectness of reporters. If I can discharge my duty acceptably to Him, what others may say or think, is of little moment. Some officers go so far as to say that the stubborn fight made by the 21st in the fog and obscurity of the woods, saved the entire Corps from destruction on that morning. But how that may be I know not. I

only know that we tried to do our duty in the sight of God.

My best beloved, and brave wife, your prayers and cheering words are to me like a well of life; and my life is a breathing prayer for you, and our darlings. God favors and blesses the brave, and His mercy overshadow us, and His spirit make us pure."

Col. Burpee's last letter was written in the trenches, at that period, about the 5th of June, when portions of the hostile lines lay within a few yards of each other, and breathes the same pure, sweet, christian spirit, with those from which I have already quoted.

"It is appointed unto men," he says, "once to die; and it matters little when, or where, if we are prepared, and engaged in duty."

A few days later, out as officer of the day, at 4 o'clock in the morning, the bullet of a rebel sharpshooter entered his breast, and another precious life, and orphan's tears, and widow's bleeding heart, are offered upon the altar of country, and liberty, and God. And over his grave, sorrowing friends repeat *his own* words, spoken of Wm. Goodell.

"The blow which laid him low, welded our hearts to our country's cause; the sacrifice of suffering, and blood which he poured out, sanctified to us its soil."

C. W. CLAPP.

### Captain William Wheeler.

Connecticut does well to record with honor, the names of those who march under her flag and carry her name into every battle against her country's enemies. They nobly deserve the tribute, and to pay it reacts with benefit to the State. But there are others too, who ennoble her by their faithful service or heroic deaths, yet do not stand on the rolls of her regiments, and so their merits are not commonly set down to her account. Some, as Lyon, Mansfield, Sedgwick, Foote, are raised so high in rank that their position in the army is sufficient by itself, and we speak of them independently of State names. Others, many doubtless in our regiments from the remotest West, have gone out from her hills and valleys, and made themselves citizens of new commonwealths, by whose names they are registered in the army, while still they owe to their Connecticut training the basis of character and principle which makes them volunteer and do their work well in the field. Others, a smaller number, who belong to Connecticut by choice of residence, are led by birth or other circumstances to enter the army in organizations bearing the name of other States. In these last cases, too, a share of the honor they earn is the right of their adopted home, and the friends they have here claim justly that they should have their place on the roll of the "CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD." Among this number is the name of him whose noble services and death we propose now to commemorate.

Captain William Wheeler, of the 13th N. Y. Independent Battery, was born in New York city

August 14th, 1836, of parents who were both descended from old Connecticut families. He entered Yale College in 1851, and a year afterwards his mother moved her family to New Haven, where she has resided ever since. He held always a high position in his class, though the youngest member of it, taking several prizes, and standing at the end of the course, sixteenth among ninety-one. Always strong, active, and full of life, he distinguished himself no less in out-door amusements, and will be remembered by his class as one of their best boxers. Graduating in 1855, he remained at home for two years, occupied in various studies, principally Italian, Hebrew, law, and English literature. The next year he spent in Europe, continuing these studies, and traveling during several months; then, on his return in 1858, devoted himself to the study of law in the Yale Law School, and in the Dane Law School of Harvard College.

The breaking out of the war in 1861, found him practising law in New York city, where he had established himself more than a year before. In that time, by the aid of family connection and friendships inherited from his father, who had been prominent in the same profession there, he had already got into his hand the beginning of a good practice. So far was this true that it seemed a reason, to some of his friends, why he should stay home. But not so to him. An unwavering conviction that it was his duty to go into the army took possession of him and left him no choice. In a letter to a Bible-class of which he had been teacher, he quoted a verse from one of their lessons, "My heart is toward the governors of Israel, that offered themselves willingly among the people," (Judg. 5:9,) saying that these words had been ringing in his ears for weeks, and would not let him stay at home. In another letter, he nobly said that his superior advantages of education gave him no right to hold his life too dear to be given up for the country and the cause. This sense of duty, entering into a spirit naturally active and restless, speedily prompted it to deeds. He joined at once the 7th N. Y. Regiment before the end of April, 1861, entering the ninth or Artillery Company, and went on with them, after diligent drill and study, on May 9th, to be with the rest of the regiment in Washington. They returned on the first of June, and Sergeant Wheeler, as he had ranked, remained in New York, studying the subject of artillery, but not in active service, until in the summer he joined the 13th N. Y. Independent Battery of Light Artillery, then under Capt. Sturmfels, afterwards under Capt. Dickman. He went in as Second Lieutenant, with a promise, soon fulfilled, of being promoted one step in the field.

The Battery was made up largely of Germans, and Lieut. Wheeler's great familiarity with their language was of much value to him now, enabling him to win the respect and confidence of both officers and men, by his integrity and manliness. In October, the Battery was mustered into the service, and went into camp near Poolesville, in Maryland, being reviewed by Col. Baker on the morning of the fatal battle of Ball's Bluff. Here they remained for some months in camp, drilling constantly with their guns, which they had not had before, during which time he was





prostrated for some weeks, by a severe sickness, the only one during his term of service. In the spring they were sent into Western Virginia, under Gen. Fremont, and were under fire first at the battle of Cross Keys, June 8th, 1861. Soon these forces, now under Gen. Sigel, were withdrawn to join the army collected under Gen. Pope, and during August, 1862, this battery was in almost every battle and skirmish in that disastrous retreat, ("twenty days of tough marching, and ten of almost continuous fighting," as he wrote,) beginning after the fight at Cedar Mountain, and ending with the second Bull Run. They were so weakened by this hard service that they returned to Washington to re-fit and rest, and performed garrison duty there for some time. During the fall and winter of '62-'63, they were posted successively at Brooks' Station, Fairfax C. H., Aldie, Chantilly, and Stafford C. H., guarding railroads and on picket duty, and were back again at Brooks' Station in April, 1863. From there they were ordered, to swell the force with which Hooker was advancing against Lee at Chancellorsville, and suffered severely in that battle, being in the 11th Corps, which, in line of battle, was attacked on an undefended flank by the enemy in column, and rolled up like paper. Here Lieut. Wheeler, having got four of his guns out of the danger, went back to try to save the other section, and remained there on foot until he was "the only man unhurt on the spot," when, to avoid capture, he joined the retreating infantry, picking up a musket and fighting as he went. After the battle, he writes thus to a friend:—"Every defeat of ours puts the end farther off, but makes our work more sure and thorough, and the final peace more deep and noble; the longer we work upon the laying of our foundation stones, the more pains we take with the selection of our site and the nature of the ground we build upon, the more beautiful and lasting will be our edifice, which we can then entrust to the religion of coming centuries to complete, and it will shine from its rocky base to the pilgrims of the future, as the Parthenon did to us five years ago, beautiful, golden, as we sailed up to the Pireaus."

The next action of importance in the East was that of Gettysburg, and in it, too, his battery was actively engaged, on each of the three days. On the second and third days it was stationed "on the crest of Cemetery Hill," at the curve in our convex line, where the hardest fighting took place. He did his duty bravely there, and well deserved his share of the honor of that Waterloo-like struggle. At length his long and faithful service began to be recognized by his superiors in command. Already before this, in May, soon after the battle of Chancellorsville, his name had been sent by Maj. Gen. Howard to Governor Seymour, with a recommendation for appointment to the Captaincy of his Battery, and now on the 19th of August, he received his well-earned commission. There was justice in this promotion, for he had been the only steady, reliable, hard-working officer in the Battery, from the beginning. He wrote home about it, that, while naturally glad to be promoted, he was conscious that that feeling was overborne in him by the desire to render his Battery more valuable and effective, which he hoped to be able, by this welcome increase of authority, to accomplish.

In October, 1863, Howard's (the 11th) Corps, was suddenly ordered west to join Sherman's army, and in it went the 13th N. Y. Battery. They arrived there just too late to participate in the battle of Lookout Mountain, and in that of Mission Ridge were stationed in guard of a bridge threatened by the enemy. While they were in Chattanooga, the question of re-enlistment came up. Capt. Wheeler had himself decided to leave the army when his term should be out, in October, 1864, thinking that by that time the greater part of the work would have been done. But when he stated the terms of re-enlistment to his men, and asked them their purpose, he found that they were all (except two) willing to re-enlist, but only on condition that he should promise to stay with them. He decided at once to retain his commission, and thus secure so many more men to the service of his country. Accordingly, in February, 1864, they came East to recruit in their furlough of 30 days, and this was the last visit that he paid to his loved home. At the end of the furlough, some of his friends in New York gave a dinner to the battery, and entrusted to them a new flag, in place of the old one which they had brought home tattered and worn to shreds. The men took the opportunity to present to their young Captain, with the warmest expressions of respect and love, a handsome sword, which he wore until his death.

We come now to his last campaign, and the sudden close of his bright career. On returning to the field, he found that the battery had been supplied during his absence, as he expected, with a new set of brass 12-pounders, Napoleon guns, which he soon began almost to love and to work so that they did good service. They were also in the reorganization of the army, put into the 20th Corps, under Maj. Gen. Hooker's command, and at the time of his death he was Chief of Artillery of the 2d Division of that Corps. In a letter a few months earlier, he wrote of him, "General Hooker is a splendid soldier, and is enthusiastically admired by his small force from the Army of the Potomac; there is a superabundant vitality about him which affects all that come near him, and makes me almost believe in some subtle magnetic or electric influence. On the march he is continually among the troops, has always a friendly nod for the men, a kind word for the officers, and is to be seen at the toughest spots with advice and encouragement. He has such a fine physique, and seems to take such a pride and delight in soldiering, that it is a right pleasant event in a day's experience to pass his Headquarters, and see him standing in front of his tent by the fire, with his hands behind his back, his regular position." It is pleasant to find that this feeling was not all on one side, and to bring into connection with these words the remark made by Gen. Hooker to one of his staff, when he saw Capt. Wheeler riding by, a few weeks before his death: "There goes one of the finest artillerymen in the service, and he is a splendid man." It is unnecessary to go into the still fresh details of the advance of Sherman's army, or to describe the part which this battery took in its contests. They are still at work there, resting now, with abundant honors, after the great success at Atlanta,—but their Captain is with them no longer. He has gone to a higher, a final rest.

It was in the battle of Culp's Farm, near Marietta, a minor engagement, on June 22d, that he fell. In our line of battle there was a vacant space between the 1st and 2d Divisions of the Corps, and Capt. Wheeler seeing the gap that must be filled, moved up his battery to hold it. General Geary, commanding the 2d Division, at once sent him word that he could spare no infantry to support him. "Very well, then," was his characteristic reply, "I will support myself." Not many minutes after, as he was sighting a gun, a rifle ball from a rebel sharpshooter pierced his heart, and he died instantly, without a groan. Thus were sacrificed in the cause of our country, a life full of the most refined pleasures and inspiring prospects, a mind active, brilliant, and richly stored, a heart glowing with enthusiasm and affection, loving God and seeking after holiness. They were not sacrificed in vain, and we who have lost him, rejoice on his account, as well as our country's, to see the cause for which he died advancing so near to its grand triumph. P.

### Not Yet.

"Oh country, marvel of the Earth!  
Oh realm to sudden greatness grown,  
The age that gloried in thy birth,  
Shall it behold thee overthrown?  
Shall traitors lay that greatness low?  
No, land of Hope and Blessing, No!"

### War Expenditures.

Those who seek to make our people disheartened frequently assert that our average expenditures are much greater than those of England or other nations, in time of war. From this unquestioned fact, they would enforce the conclusion that vast sums of money have been extravagantly expended or villainously pilfered—and thus weaken public confidence in our chosen chiefs. But they do not reason fairly. England, whenever she has entered on a war, has had an army and navy in existence and ready for efficient service. But the United States were destitute. They had not arms enough to supply the first levy of 75,000 men. They were compelled to buy arms at enormous prices, and build shops and machinery and in them make arms to supply the demand. They have built docks and in them built ships, equipped them—enlisted and trained seamen and gunners, until they now possess a navy larger and by far the most efficient in the world. They have built foundries and cast and prepared cannon which surpass any in the world. Thus beginning with nothing, the United States have, at enormous expense, made themselves a nation better equipped for war on land or sea, than any other on the globe.

Secondly, the United States, have in their service, a much larger number of soldiers and sailors than England ever had.

Thirdly—The United States expend for each soldier more than twice as much as any nation on the globe for each of theirs. They pay higher wages—give larger bounties—provide better and more abundant rations—supply three times the amount of medical stores and attention.

When all these circumstances are taken into consideration, and thus fair comparison made, it will be found that in economy of expenditure our government has actually surpassed more experi-





enced administrations in other nations. There has been waste and fraud but we are confident less than usually attends the prosecution of war in other nations. At all events, we proudly point to the conclusion, drawn from a fair comparison, that our national authorities have managed these vast concerns at least as economically as similar matters in other nations have ever been managed.

#### Major General Alfred H. Terry.

This accomplished soldier has, after three years and a half of faithful service on many fields, been promoted to the rank he justly deserves and has gallantly won. The events in which he has borne a conspicuous part, are familiar to us all here, but we cannot too often call to mind what they have done for us, who during three and a half long years have stood between the enemies of our country, and our own peaceful and prospered homes.

Immediately upon the first call of the President in 1861, Gen. Terry was commissioned by the Governor, Colonel of the 2d Conn. Vols. Accepting the responsible trust, he gave to the cause his whole heart, both as a soldier and a man, and led to the first battle of the war, a regiment so well disciplined, that they came off from that unfortunate field with honor.

Returning home at the expiration of three months service, he was again immediately commissioned Colonel of the 7th Conn. Vols. As soon as the regiment was full, they departed for Washington, and soon sailed from Annapolis to Port Royal, as part of the first great sea-coast expedition under Admiral Dupont and Gen. W. T. Sherman. Col. Terry was the first to land with his regiment after the reduction of the forts. The siege and capture of Fort Pulaski was the first conspicuous event which followed the establishment of our army on the coast. Through the long and tedious labors of the siege, Col. Terry and his regiment bore the severest part, and received from Gen. Gilmore, the most honorable mention, and were assigned to garrison the fort after its surrender. This event marked a new era in the conduct of sieges, and Col. Terry was promoted to be a Brig. General immediately afterward.

At the battle of Peccotigo in the following summer, he was second in command, and conspicuous for gallantry on the field, and devotion to the wounded after the battle. In the operations which led to the capture of Morris Island and Fort Wagner, the most difficult and deli-

cate task was assigned to Gen. Terry. Landing with a small force on James Island, he boldly advanced upon the enemy, and caused him to withdraw from Morris Island, supposing his (Terry's) to be the main attack. With his small force he confronted the enemy, and without risking an engagement, which would have annihilated his little army, with the greatest skill he held his attention until our troops had quietly established themselves on Morris Island, when he safely withdrew his men in boats, almost from under the guns of the enemy. This affair attracted little public attention, but upon its successful execution the whole operations depended.

He soon took command of all the troops on Morris Island, and when the approaches to Fort Wagner were advanced sufficiently for the final assault, he was assigned to lead the storming column. The enemy, however, suddenly evacuated the fort in the night, and our men quietly took possession. Gen. Gilmore appreciating his services, recommended him for further promotion. The fiercer fights on other fields attracted more attention, and made more vacancies, and he did not then receive it.

In May last, he went with his command to Bermuda Hundred. In skirmishes, battles, marches and sieges, he has toiled through the long summer with his brave boys.

On the 16th of August, he fought the battle of Deep Run. This battle is thus described in the Army and Navy Journal: "Terry's Division of the 10th Corps were the first to attack the enemy, with Foster's Brigade in advance, and Pond's and Hawley's in support, and Craig's of the 2d Corps on the right. The country was very much broken, and the men had a hot march through ravine and jungle. At length, the enemy's picket line was driven into its works, and a brisk artillery duel opened, under cover of which Birney advanced and captured some slight works and 40 or 50 prisoners. The troops were now re-formed. Pond's brigade then charged the enemy's main line in handsome style, and, supported by Hawley and some colored troops, carried the entrenchments after a long struggle, and captured 200 prisoners and some colors. The fire was very hot, and for an hour the fighting was close and hard, it being at short range in the dense woods. The loss on both sides was very

severe. This was the principal contest of the day."

A correspondent of the New York Times states that Gen. Terry led the charge in person with great gallantry. He commanded all the troops engaged in this affair.

This attack covered the attack on the Weldon R. R. and secured its success. General Grant, who was personally present near the scene of this fight, recommended him for promotion, and he speedily received a Maj. General's commission—won as a soldier would wish to win it.

We cannot close this brief and imperfect sketch, without speaking of General Terry's personal character. He was born to be a soldier. His old friends remember with what ardor he studied the art of war and the great campaigns of Europe, during the peaceful days of ten years ago, and especially, how closely he traced the conduct of the war in the Crimea and in Italy. He had become very familiar with tactics. He told the writer of this, after two years' service in the army, that he could manœuvre a regiment as well when he first went out as ever he could.

The great events in which he has taken part, have given full scope to the tastes and talents with which he was endowed. His spotless character, his tried and unquestioned courage, his wide and varied accomplishments and conspicuous abilities, combined with a gentleness and refinement rare in one so resolute, make him one of those true men whom the sons of Connecticut will ever delight to honor.

A. D. O.

#### Connecticut Chaplains.

However justly fault may be found with many Chaplains in the army, it is certain that the Chaplains of our Connecticut regiments are almost without exception, noble, brave, judicious, indefatigable and very useful men. They are almost universally honored and beloved by the soldiers, and those who meet our brave fellows wounded in the fierce battles of this summer are often gratified by the tender and grateful words of affectionate appreciation with which they speak of the several Chaplains.

#### Union Sentiment.

A soldier asked a contraband, recently escaped to our lines, what his sentiments were. "Strong Secessionist, Massa," was the reply, "till I got away." The mass of the Southern people, we believe, will be strong secessionists until the armies of Jeff Davis are defeated, and his power broken. Then they will be in fact what they are in heart, Union men.





## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

## From the First Conn. Cavalry.

CAMP OF 1ST CONN. CAVALRY, IN THE FIELD, )  
NEAR CHARLESTOWN, VA., Aug. 20, 1864. }

Our regiment, after a brief rest from the "Wilson's Raid," were again on duty, picketing and scouting on the left of the line in front of Petersburg, with the prospect of a month or two of comparative quiet. But no sooner had we begun to manufacture summer quarters, than our tents and boughs, and evergreens woven into so many forms of grateful shade and shelter, had to be torn down or abandoned. When the order came to move, we almost wished for the moment—it was a rash thought—that we were a part of the Infantry around us in their quiet camps, instead of Cavalry, always on the wing. Yet we were glad to go, in spite of August heat and dust, when it was whispered the column was headed northward. If our rebel friends were meditating a summer tour on Union soil, we wished to be on hand to aid in giving them a proper reception. Aug. 5th, our Division marched to City Point, embarked there on the 6th and arrived on the 8th at Gisboro' Point, on the Potomac, a few miles from Washington, where is the chief dismounted camp, and the principal depot of horses in the country. Our passage there was much pleasanter than such trips are ordinarily said to be. Instead of being jammed into impossible quarters, we had the steamship "Victor," large, clean, and every way comfortable. But our poor horses had a hard time of it. To be lifted in so rude a style, from *terra firma*, to sprawl and kick in mid air, and then to be lowered into the bowels of the ship, was cruel enough; but worse than this—more really hurtful, if not more trying to their self-respect—was the close confinement, for thirty-six hot hours, in that breathless, intolerable hold. Several of them died on the way—smothered to death—an ignoble end, surely, for veterans like them—heroes of so many battles. After four days spent in busy preparation, procuring horses for dismounted men, re-furnishing the whole command with arms—our own Brigade, the 1st, was supplied throughout with Spencer Carbines—we started about sunset on Friday, the 12th, for Washington. The march through the city was especially pleasant, as the night was very beautiful, and as it was so long since most of

us had seen any thing approaching to civilization. It was very grateful, too, to receive along the route, so many expressions, waved from windows and doorsteps, or shouted in cheers, of earnest welcome. At one corner a crowd of boys swung energetically their little flags, singing with spirit, "The Union forever—Hurrah boys, hurrah!" as though assuring us that if by any chance we should fail in thoroughly crushing the rebellion, there was a generation just in our rear, who would see to it that the work was finished.

Marching on through Georgetown, along the river, over a country always beautiful, but especially enchanting that brilliant night, we crossed at Chain Bridge, and encamped a few miles from the Potomac. A pleasant ride of six hours, the next day, brought us to the town of Drainesville, where we spent a quiet Sabbath, enjoying the rare privilege of a morning service in the woods.

On the morning of the 15th, reville disturbed our dreams at three o'clock, and at four we were in motion. Forging Goose Creek about 9 o'clock, we halted several hours on the edge of Leesburg, some of us being fortunate enough to enjoy for a moment, the glorious view from the eminence west of the city, after which, we were in the saddle, with but little rest for the next twenty-four hours. Marching through Leesburg, Hamilton, Snicker's Gap, Perryville, and White Post, arriving at Winchester about noon of Wednesday, the 17th.

We were disappointed in traveling through this region, to find no expression of loyal sentiment. We had hoped for, here and there, a smile or word of welcome, but instead, the women looked as sour, the men, (spies, generally, from Moseby's gang,) as sullen as any specimens of the chivalry that had crossed our path nearer Richmond. It would not be fair though, to forget one honorable exception. As we passed through one little village, there stood in front of a pretty cottage by the road-side, a handsome young lady, waving in a modest, yet courageous way, the Stars and Stripes. It is needless to observe that she was rewarded by a round of the hearty cheers which Connecticut boys know how to give. Moreover, I might add, if it would not be telling secrets, that more than one patriotic young man seemed to eye that little house with par-

ticular care, as though it might be worth remembering, when the war was done. Certainly, they were not to be blamed, for so rare a blossom of beauty and loyalty ought not to waste its sweetness on rebel air.

On approaching Winchester, we were surprised to meet large bodies of troops moving North, but soon learned that Early's extensive reinforcement had compelled General Sheridan to retire from Strasburg to a securer base. So we ourselves, instead of going farther South as we had confidently expected, were to follow the Infantry—first stopping there long enough to cover the retreat. Our batteries were posted upon the eminence at the southern edge of the city, a very commanding position, while a large portion of the Division—the 1st Conn. with others—was dismounted and engaged the enemy in the woods. There was very sharp skirmishing during the afternoon, with considerable artillery firing, but about dark the main line of rebel infantry came up, when we were ordered to retire. We marched till about two o'clock, then lay down in the rain and slept till four, when we moved again to a little place called Summit, a station on the Winchester R. R., to await the arrival of the enemy. We waited for them in vain, till the morning of Sunday, the 21st, then they suddenly made their appearance. One battalion of our regiment being out on picket, the rest of us were preparing for religious service. Our pioneers had provided us a pleasant spot under the shade of some grand oaks, preparations were about completed, and notice had been given to the companies, when the order came to strike tents and prepare to move immediately. So, at the very time exactly—my watch reminded me—when the church bell was ringing at home, with us the bugle sounded, "To horse!" This is the more common fate of Sabbath services, as well as of all regular religious services during an active campaign—at least it is the case with cavalry. Before starting, we began to hear sharp firing, and learned that our pickets had been driven in. The column moved, but had not gone far before it was stopped by an attack upon the trains in the advance, as well as by threatened trouble on either flank. The 1st Conn., with another regiment, was hurried forward as an advance guard, but met with no opposition, and the





whole force, pursued vigorously, went steadily on to a point in the vicinity of Charlestown, where it came up with the main body of our Infantry, the 6th and 19th Corps, and where, therefore, we had no further annoyance from the enemy.

The rebel infantry show a very marked as well as a very wise preference for engaging carbines and sabres rather than bayonets, with guns of their own calibre, while the rebel cavalry seem to prefer neither; for they are very rarely visible, except when they can pounce upon some handful of us or upon some unguarded train of supply wagons or ambulances. On Monday we moved to a point near Harper's Ferry, our own regiment being ordered on, to picket the extreme outpost at Union Four Corners, on the Shepherdstown Road where we remained till relieved, Wednesday the 24th. About daybreak on the morning of the 25th the whole Division was sent on a reconnoissance. Several hours' march brought us to Kearneysville, a few miles from Shepherdstown where the enemy were found in force. The 1st Division, Gen. Merritt, preceding us, had reached their pickets and was engaging their reserves, trying in vain to draw them through a piece of woods, when General Wilson's command arrived on the ground. Our whole Brigade—the 1st—were sent, dismounted, into the woods, and after a very severe skirmish, the 1st Conn. with two or three other regiments, charged the rebel line with great spirit, driving them in confusion out of the woods, through a corn field, back upon their main reinforcements which were advancing in several strong columns supported by artillery. As soon as their force and position were discovered we were ordered to withdraw, the object of the expedition having been attained. Though the 1st Conn. was so prominent in the action we are thankful to report but two casualties. J. N. Knowles, Orderly Sergeant of Co. C, was wounded slightly on the back of the head—a ball grazing the skin and glancing off. Charles Randolph, of Co. II, was shot in both legs, but was taken from the field and is now in the Hospital doing well.

After the engagement, Gen. McIntosh, commanding the Brigade, who has a way in a fight of being where he can see what is going on, called Col. Blakeslee to him and said—"Colonel, I want to thank you and your Regiment for the handsome

manner in which you have behaved to-day."

While the column was retiring, sharply followed up, I noticed, as we passed a hill, from which our guns were busily at work, that in a hollow, just below, some plucky General had stationed a band of music—and, above the roar of artillery, above the racket of tramping horses, of hurrying wagons, above the yells that rang in our rear, there could be heard every few seconds, a strain of the Star Spangled Banner. It sounded rather strangely just then. It did not seem precisely the time for glorifications. Yet we could not but feel as we marched along, that those strains, so defiant in the face of temporary defeat, were only a type of the spirit of faith which should animate our armies and the whole country; of the determined conviction that though we may possibly be driven to-day, and even to-morrow, yet the day is surely coming when the old flag is to be borne forward, to fall back no more, when truly it "in triumph shall wave" over an undivided land.

Returning in the afternoon to the spot we had left in the morning, thoroughly tired with the day's work, we were glad to anticipate a night of refreshing rest—but our anticipation was to be disappointed, for, by 10 o'clock we were again in the saddle, though this time in an opposite direction. It was understood the rebels had, after the battle, begun to cross the river at Shepherdstown Ford, and our Division was sent into Maryland to meet them. We crossed the Bridge at Harper's Ferry and after marching steadily all night, halted the next morning in the vicinity of Boonsboro. Remaining here till Saturday we then proceeded thro' Sharpsburg, over the battle ground of Antietam, in the direction of Hagerstown, where, it was understood, we were to arrest the progress of the enemy if they should advance through one of the mountain gaps. But the next morning, Sunday, to our surprise, we were started southward again, and at noon found ourselves fording the river at Shepherdstown.

We were cheated out of our Maryland campaign, for the rebels, instead of advancing, were falling back followed up carefully, by General Sheridan, with his whole force. At Charlestown we met the 6th Corps moving in solid column. As they went through the city, while passing the large brick church in the rear

of which, on a prominent knoll is said to have been a certain erection, that has become historic, one of their bands played for the edification of the citizens the "John Brown Song—" Glory Hallelujah!"—reminding them, as the strains entered their dwellings that quiet Sabbath evening, that though the old man's body lay "mouldering in the grave, and his soul was yet "marching on."—It being found that the enemy instead of continuing their retreat, had taken a strong position a few miles from Charlestown, our own forces halted and went into camp just south of the city where they could be prepared for any movement defensive or otherwise. So here we are for the present. The two armies are watching each other vigilantly, both intrenching, both manoeuvring for some advantage by which to win victory. Here we seem likely to stay for a while, busy with cavalry work, hoping to do our part towards making the campaign a complete success. II.

#### From the Second Conn. Light Battery.

ALGERS, LA., Sept. 14th, 1864.

We have again become re-united, having returned to this place from Fort Morgan, reaching here on the 10th inst. We came by the way of Lake Pontchartrain and have been absent just six weeks. During that time we have experienced some of the hardest kind of campaigning, have done our share of the fighting, and what is most important of all, have been successful.

In a former letter I gave an account of the part performed by the battery in the siege, which ended in the surrender of Fort Gaines. The battery remained at the latter fort until the 20th of Aug., when it crossed to the rear of Fort Morgan. Only two sections were taken over, the other remaining at Fort Gaines together with Lieut. Hotchkiss, who was too ill to accompany us. The charge of the battery thus devolved upon Lieut. Whiting, who, however, proved himself fully equal to the emergency. At the time we crossed, the earthworks had been prepared for the heavy artillery and mortars, and their pieces had been placed in position. Our battery was the last to go into position, and was placed on the extreme left of the semi-circular line of intrenchments. We were within 300 yards of the southeast angle of the fort, and had to place our guns in position under the grape and canister of the enemy and





the fire of their sharpshooters who were posted behind sand bags placed on the parapet. The general bombardment was to commence at daylight on the morning of the 22d. During the night previous we succeeded in getting safely posted and intrenched without damage, although with many narrow escapes, as the enemy were watching our movements and constantly firing at us. After working all night we were ready at daylight to join the grand chorus of the general bombardment, which opened from the fleet and land forces as soon as the day dawned. The guns of the fort were silenced at the first discharge, and made no response afterwards. The principal duties assigned to our battery were to dislodge sharpshooters, and to keep silenced three large pieces facing us—one a 10-inch Columbiad, a 68 pounder pivot gun and a 32 pounder. We disabled the entire three, hitting them often, and several times directly in the muzzle, and splintering and shooting away their carriages. We had a fine opportunity for target practice at short range.

The bombardment continued through the day and night, with only a slight intermission. A fire, caused by our shells, (probably the mortars) broke out inside the fort about eleven o'clock at night, which lighted the outline of the fort so as to render every object on the parapet distinctly visible. This was the occasion of renewed activity on the part of the artillery and mortars, whose shot and shell for nearly an hour, went crashing into the blazing fortress in the ugliest kind of profusion. At this moment a lull occurred in the firing, caused by the waving of a lantern from the parapet of the fort. Brig. Gen. Bailey and a staff officer rode up to ascertain its purport, which turned out to be a request that we should suspend firing until they could subdue the fire within the fort! Gen. Bailey responded to such impudence by demanding the immediate surrender of the fort and garrison. This they would not comply with, and the order was at once given to commence firing again. And so on throughout the night the heavy Dahlgren guns, which had been taken from the fleet and planted upon shore, hurled their ponderous shot into the flaming fortress, while the mortars dropped their bursting shells almost perpendicularly upon parapet and bastion and citadel. The 30 pounder Parrot and

lighter batteries filled up the intervals of heavier firing, and the continuous rattle of musketry completed the scene. At daylight on the morning of 23d, a cheer was heard from the right of where our battery was posted, which was caught up and soon ran along the entire line. A white flag waved from the parapet of the fort, announcing that the inmates had been compelled to ask quarter. The formal surrender took place at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, and was made conjointly to the land and naval forces.

An examination of the inside of the fort disclosed the fact that the besiegers had done terrible execution, and the prisoners said that the interior of the fort was like a fiery furnace. It was also ascertained after the surrender that most of the guns were spiked, and a vast amount of public property destroyed. At the time we left Fort Morgan a court of inquiry was being held there, to which Gen. Paige (the former commander of the fort) had been summoned.

On the 25th ult. the battery, with one section of the 17th Ohio battery, and five regiments of infantry, crossed the bay to Cedar Point. This point of land corresponds to Mobile Point, (on which Fort Morgan is situated) and is near Fort Powell. A fortification had been constructed here for a six gun battery, with embrasures complete, and a magazine in process of construction. Several heavy pivot guns had been mounted on the shore. All the guns had been removed except a 12-pounder howitzer which had been dismounted and left concealed. The gun was loaded with canister. We remounted it on its carriage which had also been left, and, after discharging it, placed it in position. We took it with us to Fort Morgan when we evacuated the place. We remained at Cedar Point until the 3d inst. when we returned to Fort Morgan. We experienced great difficulty in unloading and loading at Cedar Point, owing to the shallow water, and a dilapidated pier. The water there was bad and the mosquitoes were intolerable. While at Fort Gaines some three or four of our men were sent to the hospital at that point. Of the number thus sent, one, Lyman A. Clark, bugler, died. He was a thorough master of his instrument, and faithful in the discharge of his duties. So long accustomed to hear his clear and musical

calls, he will be greatly missed. His death is sincerely regretted by all members of the battery.

On reaching Algiers, we learned that Capt. Sterling and Lieut. Munger had gone North, on leave of absence, on account of sickness. Lieut. Gray is still in hospital but improving.

We are at present comfortably situated in a capacious and commodious warehouse, with a dry roof and a dry floor. If not sent to the field soon, we expect to be furnished quarters in New Orleans.

UNION.

#### From the 16th Regiment.

CAMP OF DETACHMENT, 16TH CONN. VOLS.  
ROANOKE ISLAND, X. C., Sept. 19th, 1864. }

We are having warm days and cold nights, and fever and ague is becoming more than common. About one-third of the detachment are sick either in camp or in hospital.

We have had no mail for the last ten days, which is a privation that we feel deeply, as we do also the loss of Lieut. Col. John H. Burnham, who was taken prisoner on the 9th inst., while on his way to the regiment. Col. Burnham was captured with the regiment at Plymouth, and has been but recently released by the rebels. His exchange having been finally effected, he took passage from Norfolk to this place, and while on the steamer Fawn—the little steamer that runs through the Chesapeake and Albemarle Canal—was again captured at Coinjock Bridge, within one half mile of the south end of the canal, and within sight of the steamer Trumpeter that runs from Roanoke Island to connect with the Fawn. Lieut. Wilson of the 103d Penn. Regiment, Provost Marshal of this post; Major Jenner, late Judge Advocate at Newbern; Major Oliver, 5th R. I. Artillery, and 25 others, consisting of soldiers of the 23d Mass., and citizens, were also taken. The rebel party, numbering about 70 men, was composed in part of the crew of the rebel ram Albemarle, and was commanded by Hopkins, the pilot of that vessel. The Fawn was immediately burned, and the prisoners were taken to Elizabeth City, 25 miles distant, at which place Major Jenner and Mr. Julian, a State Senator from New York State, were paroled, and arrived here on the 11th inst., coming a distance of 25 miles in a small sail-boat.

The Trumpeter, after bringing the news here of the capture of the Fawn,





was immediately sent back with soldiers from the 16th and other regiments, under command of Col. Wardrop, of the 99th N. Y. Had they proceeded at once to Elizabeth City or Edenton, they would have headed off the marauders and easily captured the whole party, and retaken the prisoners, but unfortunately they missed the opportunity.

Col. Burnham is said to have been undaunted, insisting that a rebel soldier who relieved him of his pocket-knife, should return the same, but expressing sorrow at his capture, on account of his mother, on whom the news of his second captivity will fall heavily.

ROANOKE.

#### From the 17th Regiment.

CAMP OF THE DETACHMENT OF THE 17TH C. V.,  
PICOLATA, FLORIDA, Sept. 13th, 1864. }

MR. EDITOR:—I have several times thought of writing you a letter, giving you a little idea of what our regiment is doing, but have always backed down from the attempt, for the reason that I thought I should make a very poor correspondent in writing anything that would interest the friends and readers of your valuable WAR RECORD, but as "faint heart never won fair lady," I have concluded to make the effort, and leave it to your criticism, if I have not made a bad job of it. So here it goes:

The regiment still has its Headquarters at St. Augustine, having been ordered there from Jacksonville last April, to relieve the 10th Conn. Regiment, since which time the men have had all they could attend to, in the way of picket, camp and fatigue duty, and as Col. Noble has great faith in the pedestrian abilities of the regiment—that they can march more miles in less time than any other regiment in this Department, he has had them on several raids with him through the country.

As I have before remarked, the duty comes pretty hard on the boys, on account of the smallness of the Regiment at this time. Companies E, G, and D, garrison Fort Marion, at the upper end of the city, while Cos. F, and H, are quartered at the U. S. Barracks, at the lower end of the city. Details are made from each for picket, camp and provost guard duty; they also drill on the artillery every day. The companies in St. Augustine are under the command of Lieut. Col. Wilcoxson, and who is in temporary command of the Post. Col. Noble is

absent on duty at Magnolia, being in command of the forces at that place. Four other companies of the 17th C. V., stationed at Picolata, Companies A, C, I, and K, under the command of Major Henry Allen, a very fine young officer, and who is esteemed and respected by every one in the Regiment, and who does all in his power to provide for the wants of the boys under him. I wish I could say with the old Razor Strop man, "there is a few more of the same sort left."

Picolata is about 18 miles west from Augustine, and situated, what is left of it, on the St. Johns River, and about 40 miles from Jacksonville. The companies I speak of, were sent here some seven weeks ago, to do picket duty along the river, and hold the place, while four other companies which had left Augustine under Lieut. Col. Wilcoxson, went to Jacksonville to join some other forces to go on a raid to Baldwin, upon the line of the Railroad to Jacksonville. All the forces were in command of Col. Noble, of the 17th Reg. C. V., acting under orders from Gen. Hatch, commander of this District. The expedition did not meet with much opposition on the march; but few rebs were seen, and they left as soon as the boys drew sight on them along the barrels of their Springfields. A halt was made at Baldwin; intrenchments were soon thrown up, in case of emergency. The troops staid about three weeks, when orders came that a further advance was to be made towards Jacksonville, so off they started, and upon reaching a place called Trail Ridge, some 15 miles from Baldwin, Col. Harris, of the 75th Ohio, with a portion of his regiment, who are mounted, and a company of the 11th Mass. Cavalry, were detached from the main body and went upon a reconnaissance towards Gainesville. They reached the village of Stark, without interruption, and there found some railroad cars and subsistence stores which they destroyed; then encamped in the woods close to Gainesville. This was on the 16th. Next morning Col. Harris discovered about fifty Johnnies just outside of the town; he ordered a charge, driving them, and still keeping up the pursuit, till they crossed the railroad the other side of the town. There his small force was attacked by a large force of rebels, supposed to number about 1500, who were in ambuscade behind hillocks

each side of the road. After a stubborn and well contested fight for nearly two hours, Col. Harris found his little band had been flanked and surrounded, gave the word for his men to charge and cut their way through, and save themselves from being captured. The Colonel and about 100 of his men made their escape. The rest were taken prisoners. Most of the 75th Ohio men captured, had but a few days to serve, their time expiring on the 6th of this month. The forces under Col. Noble being upon another route, were not aware of the disaster to Col. Harris and could return him no assistance in time. The expedition proceeded to Magnolia, on the St. John's River, some 30 miles from Jacksonville.

The companies of the 17th that had been on the raid returned to Augustine with Lieut. Col. Wilcoxson. We still remain here to hold this post.

The health of the men is very good—weather very warm indeed.

Yours, truly,

J. H. P.

#### From the Second Conn. Light Battery.

FORT GAINES, DAUPHIN ISLAND, ALA.,  
Aug. 11th, 1864. }

The six guns and caissons of the battery with a full complement of men and horses, for one section, left Algiers on the evening of the 30th of July, under charge of 1st Lieut. Walter S. Hotchkiss. Capt. Sterling went to the hospital a few days before. We left in camp at Algiers about thirty of our men, together with the balance of our horses, baggage and battery wagons, forge and some camp equipage, under charge of Lieut. Munger, who left hospital to assume the duty. Lieut. Whiting accompanied the expedition. Lieut. Gray was yet in the hospital. On the day of our departure we received the painful intelligence of the death of one of our much beloved comrades, Edward F. Moody, who died at the marine hospital in the city of New Orleans. By his death the country has lost a noble hearted young man, and the battery one of its most estimable members.

On the evening of the 31st of July, we dropped anchor at the mouth of the Southeast Pass. The next morning we started on our way and again halted on reaching Ship Island, where we remained for a day and a half. From thence we proceeded to Petit Blois Island and again dropped anchor. After a half day's delay, we started for Dauphin Island, reaching there just before sundown, on the evening of the 3d of August. The infantry troops of the expedition immediately commenced to disembark in small boats, upon the sandy beach. Hundreds, however, jumped into the water from the light-draught transports, and waded ashore. The battery was loaded on a barge which was run aground, and the pieces let down the gang-plank into the water, and drawn ashore by hand. The disembarkation was a scene for a painter. There was no moon, but a





violent thunder storm lent vivid flashes of lightning to relieve the darkness. In three hours the battery, horses, forage, rations, and our camp and garrison equipage was unloaded and without the slightest accident. An officer of Gen. Granger's staff, said he would not have believed it possible had he not seen it, although he had before seen Connecticut boys work.

Fort Gaines is situated on the Northeast extremity of Dauphin Island, and is about ten miles distant from the place where we disembarked. During the night of the 4th inst. our battery was moved to the front, and planted behind some sand hills within 1600 yards of the fort, and on a line with the front pickets of the infantry. The attack by the fleet was to be made on the morning of the 5th and the passage of Fort Morgan and Fort Gaines attempted. The former fort stands on the main land and commands the entrance to Mobile Bay. The distance between the two forts is about five miles. At sunrise the Monitors Tecumseh, Chickasaw, Winnebago and Manhattan, took the lead, followed by the Hartford, (flag ship,) Brooklyn, Oneida, Metacomet, Tennessee, and others of the wooden fleet. As the vessels came within range, Fort Morgan was at once all ablaze, with her hundred guns raining shot and shell upon the fleet, which responded with her hundred pounder Parrots, from the advance vessels, and presently with broadside after broadside from the wooden ships. The Monitor Tecumseh was in advance, sounding the channel, and when just abreast Fort Morgan suddenly disappeared, having run upon a torpedo. The firing from both sides was terrific, but the fleet passed in safety, save the ill-fated Monitor. No sooner had the fleet passed Fort Morgan than three rebel gunboats, the Selma, Morgan and Gaines, opened fire on our advancing vessels, which were now approaching Fort Gaines. The rebel ram Tennessee, the pride and hope of the rebel navy, and which they were wont to boast could sink all the Yankee crafts that dared invade the waters of the "Southern Confederacy," was also preparing to enter the contest. As our fleet approached Fort Gaines, it opened fire, and immediately our battery opened fire upon the rear of Fort Gaines. The rebel pickets jumped up in astonishment at our first discharge, being utterly surprised, and ran some distance towards the Fort, followed by yells from our pickets who thus advanced their picket line quite a distance. We continued firing during the passage of the fleet, sending several shells directly into the fort, and greatly embarrassing their pickets. The loss in the Fort and among their pickets during the engagement, was reported at 40 killed, and 30 wounded. We did not lose a man in the battery, nor were any wounded. Only one of the entire land force was killed during the siege. The guns from the Fort fired 24 and 32-pounder shells at us, none of which did any damage, and but few of them exploded. One of their shells passed about two feet over one of our guns.

After the fleet had passed both Forts, we suspended fire, as did also the Fort. Then followed the most interesting naval engagement of which history gives us any account. The sight was worth a year's campaigning, and the interest manifested by the spectators from the land forces

was no less intense and absorbing than the contest was desperate and bloody. Of the three rebel gunboats the Selma was speedily captured, and the other two were soon out of the fight. The rebel ram, however, built as it had been, by the contributions of the jewels which had adorned the fair ladies of "Secessia," was not to allow victory to be snatched thus easily. Steaming towards the fleet, she was evidently aiming to strike the Hartford amidships. The monitors closed in and commenced a circuit around the ram, thundering against her sides their heaviest metal. After a brief contest, the terrific cannonading suddenly ceased, the smoke lifted, and the ram with her smoke-stack gone, and her rudder disabled, displayed the white flag. The day was ours!

During the night of the 5th, Fort Powell, in Grant's Pass, was blown up and evacuated. Fort Gaines being thus invested, with all supplies cut off, without the remotest prospect of escape, and exposed to the mercy of the fleet and to our fire in the rear, surrendered unconditionally to Admiral Farragut, in conjunction with the land forces, on the 8th inst. The Fort was garrisoned by the 21st Alabama Regiment, commanded by Colonel Anderson. The land force comprised six regiments, two companies of heavy artillery, and our battery. The heavy artillery had just got in readiness to open fire when the flag of truce was sent in.

As the land forces approached the fort on the morning of the surrender, the band played "Yankee Doodle," and on being drawn up in line, the 21st Alabama marched out of the fort fronting them. The officers delivered up their swords; the men stacked arms; the rebel ensign was run down, and the Stars and Stripes raised, while the guns from the Fort thundered forth a salute.

UNION.

### From the Twelfth Regiment.

HEADQUARTERS 12th C. V. }  
Near CHARLESTOWN, VA., Aug. 30th, 1864. }

MR. EDITOR:—The summer is almost ended. It has been one of activity with us, and the autumn promises to be almost as much so. Since our last communication, the Twelfth has moved from Bermuda Hundred six miles to the front, when after an hour, which was occupied in pitching camp and preparing supper, we counter-marched and took the Catawba for Washington,—encamped two days near Chain Bridge,—received the first mail in five weeks,—Saturday night's march to the railroad depot, and in the course of the night are loaded on a long freight train, and by daylight reach the Relay House;—and all the long, hot Sabbath, wind our way up among the Maryland hills to Monocacy Junction—pitch our tents on the battle field of few weeks previous. Fences leveled, old muskets, here and there a rifle pit, and in one corner of a corn field, a number of graves mark the place which, as Gen. Emory says, is "a good one for a large force to whip a small one." The Regiment end the Sabbath by a ten mile march without a mouthful of provisions, to meet the wagon train from Washington.

August 4th, about noon, we received orders to "fall in, with three days rations, in haversacks, in ten minutes"—wait till midnight, mount a

freight train, fifty to a car. Roach Harper's Ferry at daylight, march up Maryland Heights, go into rifle pits. In a drenching rain next morning march over to Halltown, Va., and remain until the 10th of August, which day will be remembered by seven hundred men of the 12th C. V., as one of terrible heat. As the march continued hour after hour in the middle of the day, the line melted away as if of wax. Men in squads, blindly staggering, sought the shade, or finding water, would drink as if dying for thirst.

It was a strange, heart-sickening sight, but the sun did not "stand still," as of old, and the shade of night refreshed the over-heated men so that four o'clock next morning found nearly full ranks in line of battle. Advancing by the flank in regiments, through corn-fields, over walls and fences, for five miles of hill, grove and valley, we were prepared to meet an enemy if one should confront us; but Gen. Early did not wait. Avoiding Winchester we bivouacked near Cedar Creek, where we could distinctly hear the guns of the cavalry who were fighting at Front Royal.

Opposed by a superior force, we march mostly by night, back to Halltown, which is fortified, and we determined to give battle if desired. The twelfth are in reserve, with three days rations on hand constantly, are hourly expecting to go into battle, but after a day or two the enemy fall back, and we march up the Shenandoah again.

Only a very few men are sick in hospital, and with those of the 13th C. V., who did not re-enlist, we have a long line. Dr. Brownell is Medical Director of the 19th Army Corps. Lieut. Fletcher, recently promoted, has charge of brigade ambulances. Capt. L. Dickinson, is A. A. G. of the 2d Brigade. Lieut. O'Neil, we hope, is on his way up from New Orleans, with the stores, baggage, &c., of our Brigade. We shall greet our trunks as old friends, for we left the Department of the Gulf, with only what we could carry on our backs, and some of these cool nights our flannel clothing is rather thin.

The old John Brown jail, in Charlestown, hard by, reminds us we are "marching on," and by night and day marching, throwing up breast-works, felling trees, making three days rations of hard bread and coffee last four, we are trying to do what we can to end this infernal rebellion, and overthrow a power that protects those who commit most revolting outrages. So ends the summer.

Yours, J. H. B.

### From the 21st Regiment.

CAMP 21ST CONN. VOLS. }  
IN THE FIELD, VA., Sept. 20th, 1864. }

EDITOR OF CONN. WAR RECORD—SIR:—Those brave defenders of our country's flag, who fall in its defense, cannot be too highly honored, or too long remembered. Yet, it is with feelings of sadness that we think of the loss of our gallant officer, Captain Isaac I. Kenyon, of Co. B, who was mortally wounded while at his post in the trenches before Petersburg, Aug. 18th, 1864. He most deservedly possessed the respect and esteem of his brother officers. Possessing a large fund of anecdote and pleasantry, he was ever the life of the circle around the bivouac fire, and always welcome in every tent. Nor was he less welcome on account of his personal worth. He was noble





and generous-hearted; brave, and unflinching in battle, prompt and energetic in the performance of duty. We miss his cheerful countenance and hearty jest. But he died a noble death, and his name is enshrined upon our memories as one of our Country's Heroes. One of his last wishes was that he might be buried in his military suit, and that his coffin should be wrapped in the American Flag. "That flag for which he left his home and friends, and died defending."

After lingering for two weeks, he died at the 18th Corps Hospital, Sept. 1st, 1864, attended by his wife and brother, who had been summoned to his side. His body was embalmed and taken to his home.

L.

### Peace.

Every patriot longs for peace. Every true heart responds with alacrity and sincerity to any honest expression of real desire for peace. And whenever authoritative propositions for an honorable peace are definitely made, the whole nation at home and in the field, will demand that they be at once received, and acted upon in a proper spirit.

The people were electrified, recently, by the rumor that accredited commissioners were awaiting permission to visit Washington and offer terms of peace. But they were doomed to disappointment. Neither the rebel visitors at Niagara nor the Union visitors at Richmond, represented any body but themselves.

Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Davis have each a natural desire to know exactly what terms the other might be induced to accept—but they both represent contending parties not yet in an attitude favorable to peace. The Richmond Examiner claims thus to express the sentiments of the rebel leaders:

*"It is for those who have unjustly and wantonly invaded our country to offer us peace; and when they do, they will still offer it in vain until their armed men are withdrawn from the soil of these Confederate States, and THE FELON FLAG OF STRIPES is hauled down from every fort within our borders. After that, it will be time enough to prate about peace. Now, the very word is nonsense."* \* \* \*

The extravagance and malignity of expression indicates bitter feeling as well as determined purpose.

Our own people are not ready for peace on the terms of the rebels. These are the facts obvious to all. To wish them otherwise will not make them so.

We cannot hope for negotiations if we desire them, until the present campaign is ended. What may subsequently occur we will not predict. We believe that there will be peace through the enforced submission of the rebels to just authority. Let us hope for peace, and be ever ready to yield anything we can honorably give up for the sake of peace. But let us also be prepared for war—protracted and fierce war. Let the recruiting go on vigorously in view of future quotas. Let us be deluded into no relaxation of effort that shall in any degree weaken the army or diminish our war resources. A wary foe may take advantage of any such state of feeling—may conceive new hopes of triumph—and deny to our apparent weakness the amnesty, which proffered in resolute strength, he might deem it wise to accept.

When best prepared to fight we are best situated to secure an early and advantageous peace.

### Present Prospects.

The unparalleled achievements of the patriot army and navy, under Sherman, Farragut, and Sheridan, have gladdened and strengthened every true heart in the nation. Our brave defenders have made an immense stride towards the long desired triumph and peace. If we at home do our duty promptly, the end, the glorious end is not far distant.

Gen. Grant asks 100,000 fresh men from the present call—and with them promises to finish up his part of the great task. This is no boastful or unmeaning promise. If we but sustain and recruit the army, it will be fulfilled. Let us follow up our immense advantages and make them quickly decisive. Continue to recruit the army. Send the best men that can be found. An excellent class of men are now enlisting all over the State, and the country. In this there is sure and cheering promise. Let us take heart and stand by our noble friends in the field. Say one to another everywhere—

"Oh! for God and duty stand,  
Heart to heart and hand to hand,  
Round the old graves of the land.

Whoso shirks or falters now,  
Whoso to the yoke would bow,  
Brand the craven on his brow.

Perish party—perish clan;  
Strike together while you can,  
Like the strong arm of one man!"

### The Navy Department.

While the people are exulting over the victory in Mobile Bay, and we are singing deserved praises to the gallant old sailor who won it, let them not forget to honor the skill, the industry, the patience of the Navy Department in the organization of the means by which success was achieved. Partisan newspapers and hasty and incompetent editors, have made Mr. Secretary WELLES a favorite victim of their ridicule. Meanwhile, he has quietly continued in the performance of his duties, adapting his department to the necessities of a vast and newly created navy, until it has become perhaps, the most systematic department of the Government.—*Army and Navy Journal.*

First Lieut. J. C. Kinney, Co. A, Thirteenth Regiment, has been transferred to the Signal Corps. During the entrance of the fleet into Mobile Bay, and through the whole fight, he was Signal Officer, on the flag ship Hartford, and sat on the cross trees of the fore-top-mast. To escape uninjured is certainly good fortune. We before knew that he was brave and efficient.

Rev. C. N. Lyman, of Canton, recently bade adieu to an united and affectionate people, and enlisted as a private in the 13th Conn. Infantry. He is at present detailed to act as Chaplain at the Draft Rendezvous, at Grapevine Point. He enters on his new field with patriotic enthusiasm and christian zeal.

John H. Osgood, of Pomfret has been appointed Captain in the 16th Regiment, U. S. C. T.

## HOME DEPARTMENT.

### Connecticut Agency in New York.

In September, 1861, the Governor appointed John H. Almy, a merchant of New York, but a native, or former resident of Norwich, Connecticut, as an agent of the State, to attend to the wants and requirements of Connecticut regiments on their passage through New York City, and to exercise a care and oversight for those volunteers or their friends from this State, who found themselves in that great city needing advice and assistance. The large number of our volunteers who were compelled to pass through the city, and often to remain there for a period, made this appointment a necessity.

Many of our readers have undoubtedly queried what could be the amount and nature of the business which should require the service of a special agent in New York. It seemed to us at one time as though all the protection necessary for our troops, and the facilities needed could be afforded and secured by some arrangement with the officers of lines of travel, and the police department of the metropolis; but a few hours spent in the office of Col. Almy a short time ago, dispelled this allusion, and convinced us that his position is one of great responsibility and usefulness. Among his multifarious duties is, the reception of regiments either going to or returning from the war, providing meals and lodging, procuring transportation, and furnishing them, either as organizations, or individuals, with whatever is necessary to their comfort and usefulness. Packages, boxes, barrels, &c., containing provisions and stores for the soldiers from towns, societies and individuals, are forwarded mainly through the agency of Col. Almy. Procuring the return of deserters, collecting the pay of discharged soldiers, getting the discharges of soldiers confined in hospitals who are unfit for active duty, obtaining and forwarding to friends, the bodies of deceased volunteers from every department of the country, and the procuring of facilities for relatives to visit sick and wounded friends in the army, all are but a part of Col. Almy's duties. On an average he is visited by at least one hundred and fifty persons per day, requiring advice or assistance. During the year ending April 1st, the answers to correspondents required the writing of between 5,000 and 6,000 letters, and the number of visitors at his rooms amounted to nearly 40,000, all of whom required aid of some sort, either advice, direction, personal effort, money or influence. But the nature and variety of his duties will be better understood by the relation of one or two incidents. It may be proper to state that although Col. Almy is the agent for Connecticut and Rhode Island alone, he does not confine his assistance to soldiers and their friends from these States.

A short time ago, a boy about eighteen years old, belonging to a Massachusetts regiment, had received a furlough and was on his way home to see his mother, a widow, who lived in Boston. At the depot in New York city he sat down waiting for the train, when he was accosted by an apparently respectable gentleman, who by leading questions, ascertained the young man's antecedents, and pretending he was well acquainted





with his mother, thoroughly ingratiated himself into the lad's confidence. As an hour or two would elapse before the train started, the new found friend proposed a walk, and cautioning the man against pickpockets, ascertained that he had just forty dollars in his pocket. They passed up street, and, on a plea that he had a bill to pay which would delay him but a moment, the pleasant companion left the volunteer on a stairway and passed up higher, presently returning, however, with a \$100 note which he said his creditor could not change, and requesting (as the amount of the bill was just fifty dollars, and he had a ten dollar note,) the loan of the lad's forty dollars for a few moments to make change, until they got into the street, where his \$100 bill could be broken and the loan refunded. He passed up the stairs again with the borrowed forty dollars and did not return. It was afterward ascertained that the stairway led to an adjoining building, by which one could pass into another street. The lad came to Col. Almy weeping, and told his tale, describing the appearance of the man. He was induced to remain in New York a few days to give an opportunity to regain his money. A detective was set on the track of the swindler and a man was stationed at the stairway, which had been so convenient for the scamps operation, and which it was ascertained, had been used for similar purposes before. After several days of thorough search, during which time the young soldier was disguised in civilians dress so as not to alarm the villain or any of his fraternity, who might know the circumstances, the swindling confidence man was caught and made to disgorge, paying twenty dollars and pawning his watch to raise the other twenty dollars.

A volunteer belonging to the 13th C. V., quite an old man, came home from the department of the Gulf, discharged for disability, with \$1.87 in cash. On the arrival of the steamer at the wharf in New York, he was approached by the driver of an express wagon, who inquired if he had any baggage and where he intended to stop. He told him he had a trunk and knapsack but no money to pay for riding or board. The driver offered to take him and the baggage for nothing to a boarding house where discharged soldiers were taken care of gratuitously. He gladly accepted the kind offer of his thoughtful and benevolent friend, who on arriving at the boarding house demanded two dollars for the ride. The old man paid the \$1.87 and the keeper of the place seized his baggage and kept the poor soldier locked into a room without food until next morning, with a design to extort money from him by means of letters or some other communication with his friends. His jailers allowed him, however, to go out the next day to try to raise some money. He called on Col. Almy and told his story. Taking two police officers, Col. A. went to the house indicated, but as soon as he mentioned his business, some twelve or fourteen burly fellows appeared and declared that the baggage should not be given up. A re-enforcement of police, however, succeeded in securing the volunteer's property, and the proprietor of the house. On a hearing before the Mayor, it was ascertained that the landlord had neglected to obtain a renewal of his license as a taverner, which had expired about a week

before, and His Honor the Mayor very justly refused to issue another. The prevention of frauds upon the soldiers, and the detection and punishment of those who wrong our volunteers, is one of the most arduous and delicate duties of Col. Almy's position. He incurs the enmity of the associations of knaves who infest New York, but his services are appreciated by hundreds of brave fellows whose grateful letters are the best testimonial to the value of his labors, which are of the most arduous and exacting kind, allowing no rest, but making Sunday a day of closer application rather than a season of repose. For these services Col. Almy receives a salary wholly inadequate to their demands upon his time and attention, and which is issued with no unsparing hand to relieve cases of individual hardship. The establishment of this agency is an honor to the State; and its management by Col. Almy, is productive of the most beneficial results, which can be adequately understood only by a personal investigation, or by a day's observation in his office.

### Our Veterans.

#### NUMBER SEVEN.

On the bright autumn evening of Thursday September 16th, the steamer Nashua entered the harbor of New Haven, bringing a noble and happy band of four hundred returning veterans. Brief notice of their coming had been passed from mouth to mouth along the streets, and the whole city was alive. The militia were nearly all absent in camp at Waterbury and the only escort which could be furnished were the Veteran Reserve Corps from the Knight Hospital, with the New Haven Band—but this was quickly and gladly provided. The citizens turned out in dense crowds to give spontaneous and rousing welcome. The usual form and route of procession, ringing of bells, roar of cannon, beautiful display of the Star Spangled Banner, was once more repeated with unabated satisfaction and enthusiasm. The majority of displays grow familiar and excite no interest; but the public expressions of proud welcome to our nation's defenders will not lose their freshness or charm, while the great conflict rages.

Another feature which has an abiding and substantial popularity is the bountiful repast provided as usual by the skill and energy of Major B. F. Mansfield.

When seated around the tables at the State House, the veterans were briefly and appropriately welcomed by Mayor Tyler, and then listened to an eloquent ADDRESS OF HON. HENRY B. HARRISON.

*Soldiers of the Sixth and Seventh Connecticut:—*

The little State welcomes you home:—the little

State that, three years ago, intrusted her honor to your keeping, and whose honor you have kept spotless:—the warlike little State which, for more than two hundred years, ever since she first sprang into life with the declaration of her trust in God upon her lips, has ever been ready, at the call of duty, to pour forth her blood like water: the little State which, not needing the stimulus of invasion, has fought her battles, not upon her own soil, but upon distant fields:—the little State which, ever ready to fight for the sake of her honor, and ever ready to maintain by arms her faith plighted to other communities, has sent forth her brave legions from year to year and from generation to generation to protect her sister commonwealths and to defend the nation:—the little State whose children's bones rest beneath the sod at Louisburg, at Quebec, at Havana, at Bunker Hill, at Ticonderoga, at Fort George, at Saratoga, at Lundy's Lane, and now upon a hundred battle-fields of the far South. Proudly the brave little State welcomes you home.

Soldiers! it is not enough for me to say that you have preserved untarnished the military renown of your State. By your valor you have added to the ancient lustre of that renown.

But, soldiers, I do not speak to you simply as soldiers of the State. The State is your home; it is not your country. I salute you as soldiers of the Republic, one and indivisible.

With your brave companions from Minnesota, from Illinois, from Vermont, from Pennsylvania, from Kentucky, from New York, from Maine, from Louisiana, from Tennessee, and from every part of this great continental empire, you have, for three years, been fighting, side by side, under the starry flag of the Republic. Therefore, to you as soldiers of the great Republic, we pay our homage.

Soldiers! what a flag to fight for is the flag of the Republic!

It is the flag of peace:—when that flag is not insulted, the sun in all his course shines not upon a nation so peaceful as that which dwell in this blessed land of ours; peaceful because happy and free.

It is the flag of war. The fiercest fights that ever were fought upon the sea were fought under the flag of the Republic. The deadliest battles ever won upon the land, were won under the flag of the Republic.

It is the flag of liberty. It is the flag of hope to all nations. There is not upon the earth one man bowed down and crushed by tyranny, whose face does not beam with hope and joy whenever the dear, old flag shines upon him.

It is the flag to fight for, and, if need be, to die for; and because you have fought for it and were ready to die for it, we pay you this poor honor to-day.

Soldiers! I do not undertake to recount your deeds. We remember how you fought at Pocotalico under the brave Terry. We heard of your valor at Olustee, under the noble Hawley—God bless him! We remember your intrepid actions on James Island and Morris Island, under the gallant Rodman and the heroic Chatfield. We have not forgotten how Chatfield, mortally wounded, thought less of himself than of the flag; and how he asked if the colors were safe, and being told





that they were safe, was ready to die. All your brave deeds we remember.

Soldiers! they will never be forgotten. The time will never come when they shall be effaced from the memories of men.

Soldiers! we have not forgotten the heroic dead who fell in your ranks fighting for the nation and the flag. The ground where they fell is consecrated by their precious blood. Henceforth it is holy; by their dear blood it has been forever consecrated to the dominion of the Republic, one and indivisible; and it shall never escape from that dominion.

Soldiers! they did not die in vain. Their precious blood was not shed in vain. You have not fought and suffered in vain. For an unconquerable nation has decreed, and through all darkness and storm and trial and suffering and alternations of success and defeat—that wherever one drop of blood has been spilled in defense of the Republic, there the flag of the Republic shall wave forever over the blessed spot.

Soldiers! accept our welcome. May the blue hills of your little State be bluer than ever, its bright rivers more flashing than ever, its valleys more sweet than ever, the autumnal foliage of its trees more gaily tinted than ever, and its clear skies more bright and pure than ever, for the sake of the war-worn soldiers who come back after three years of trial and of battle to their homes. The consciousness of duty done, and valiantly done, will make sweeter than ever to you the kiss of the wife, the sister, the child, the mother.

Soldiers! may God Almighty, the God of our fathers, have you in his holy keeping. Above all—for your sakes and for the sake of your children, for our sakes and for the sake of the innumerable generations of men who shall yet inhabit this broad land of ours—from all its enemies at home and abroad, God save the Republic! From the stain and insufferable shame of a cowardly submission to traitors in arms, God save the flag of the Republic.

Then followed the response of General J. R. HAWLEY:

MAYOR TYLER AND CITIZENS: In behalf of the soldiers of the 6th and 7th Conn. Regiments I return you most sincere thanks for your great kindness shown us. It is not the first time we have had the occasion to share the generosity of the people of New Haven, and I presume it will not be the last.

You can hardly realize, my friends, the feelings of these men now coming back to these pleasant streets, these elegant dwellings, and these evidences of civilization, after three years of life on the battle field.

I need not attempt to recount the hardships they have undergone. But I will say no Connecticut man has ever had occasion to blush at the behavior of Connecticut troops wherever my knowledge of them has gone. I think I may indulge in a little personal pride in saying no State has sent braver troops to the field than ours, and no New England State has sent troops equal to ours.

One month ago we were encamped at Deep River, Va. We were called into action. We took, after a desperate charge, the breastworks of the

enemy. We lay in them waiting for reinforcements to come up and enable us to hold our position. But we waited in vain for our supporters, and when the tide turned Connecticut men were the last to leave the field. [Cheers.] And the last work upon that field was to drive back a howling rebel battalion who came wildly dashing upon us. [Applause.]

Dan Rodman could tell you of another occasion. But I know that you are tired and anxious to do justice to the hospitalities set before you in order that you may sooner enjoy a greater treat at home with your wives and sweethearts. [Laughter and applause.] I know I am as badly off as any of you in this matter.

But I am just going personally to return my thanks to these soldiers for their excellent behaviour on the weary homeward passage. The Captain of the United States remarked to me that he had carried thousands of soldiers, and never had the pleasure of carrying such gentlemanly and soldierly men before.

Again I thank you for the manliness you exhibited on the voyage. I am going back. But some of you are not going back. You are under circumstances which forbid your re-entering the service. You have wives and children who demand your sojourn at home. But to the young men who can return, I say, go back with me; for I am sorry to say the flag still needs defenders.

But the day breaks. The contest is coming to a triumphant close. And here with the greatest earnestness I say it, that the triumph of the nation does not require greater courage and faith on the part of the soldiers, but a noble, manly, united stand of the North in the support and encouragement of the army. [Great applause.]

The day breaks. Unconditional Surrender Grant has said it. [Prolonged cheers.] Soldiers, three cheers for U. S. Grant. [Tremendous cheering.]

With three hearty cheers for General Hawley the veterans made vigorous and highly satisfactory assault upon the edibles. All were comfortable and happy. The veterans thus welcomed were of the Seventh C. V., Col. J. R. Hawley, Lieut. W. T. Seward, Lieut. Bryan Bradford and 180 men. Of the Sixth C. V., Capt. John L. Tracy, Surgeon L. F. Dibble, Assist. Surgeon Edward Bulkley and 215 men.

The Sixth regiment left the trenches before Petersburg on the 11th ult., the Seventh on the 12th,—were transported by rail to City Point, and by transport United States to New York, and by the Nashua, a side wheel steamer, to New Haven.

The officers began to issue discharge papers on Saturday morning but the entire task of discharging and paying the men was not completed until Tuesday afternoon. After this was satisfactorily finished the members of the "Townsend

Rifles," including twenty who were discharged and ten or eleven who are in the Knight Hospital, suffering from wounds, were invited by their friend and patron Hon. James M. Townsend, to partake of a collation provided for them at the New Haven House, by his munificence. The boys with hearts full of cheerful gratitude enjoyed themselves as only veterans can.

At the conclusion of the bountiful collation, the boys drank the health of their noble and steadfast friend with a sincerity and heartiness of emotion which proved their high appreciation of his indefatigable and judicious exertions for their welfare and that of their families.

With evident feelings of mingled tenderness and pride, such as every noble man must feel under such circumstances,

MR. TOWNSEND RESPONDED.

MY BRAVE BOYS—Members of the Townsend Rifles: I welcome you; I welcome you home. It is now three years since we parted on yonder camp ground, when you went forth to meet the enemies of your country. What changes have occurred since then; but let us all be thankful that we who are here at this time have been spared, while so many have gone to their long home. Well do I remember the parting words of your noble, brave and tried commandant, Capt. Hitchcock, when, at the presentation of the flag which I had the honor to present you, he pledged his life to defend it, and you know how nobly he laid that life down to protect the glorious old flag of his country; and I well remember when that loved Captain asked if you would take care of the flag, how each and all of you promised to protect, defend and care for it, and I am proud to know you have all fulfilled the promise then made.

I have watched you from the time you left the camp under the popular and accomplished soldier (then Colonel, now Major-General) A. H. Terry, until your return under the gallant Colonel (now Brigadier-General) Hawley, and have learned from them and the other brave officers who have commanded the regiment how well the Townsend Rifles have performed their duty from the first to the last. Hilton Head, Pulaski, James Island (where your dear brave Captain fell,) Pocotaligo, Olustee, Wagner, and in the battles of Virginia, all tell of your courageous and noble deeds; and the brave comrades who sleep upon those fields, will never be forgotten, for, in the words of your lamented Hitchcock, "They have done their duty faithfully and well."

Soldiers, I am proud of you! I have ever been proud of you, and have ever been proud to know that you bore my name; that name you promised never to disgrace, and you have not; I thank you for the honor you have conferred upon me by the heroic deeds you have performed, and shall ever remember you with pride and satisfaction. But some are not with us to-day. Your present brave commandant, Captain Mills, is suffering with a severe wound received at Drury's Bluff; our





List of Connecticut Soldiers in Hospitals in New York City and Vicinity, to  
September 10, 1864.

AT BLACKWELL'S ISLAND HOSPITAL.

NAME.	CO.	REGT.	RESIDENCE.	DISEASE OR WOUND.	ADMITTED. July 31.
Ferd. Hauf,	A,	1st Cav.,	Hartford,		
Sergt. G. H. Taft,	"	"	"	dumb ague,	"
Geo. Cooper,	H,	"	Norwich,	wounded hand,	"
Sergt. L. W. Coles,	K,	"	Hartford,	wound and rheumatism,	"
Solomon Hinekey,	B,	2d Art'y,	Kent,	chron. diarrhoea,	"
John Morrow,	"	"	Bristol,	"	"
Sergt. Jos. Pettit,	E,	"	Winsted,	heart disease,	"
Peter Bunts,	C,	"	Pennsylvania,	wounded shoulder,	"
H. S. Hoyt,	"	"	Brookfield,	chronic diar.,	"
G. C. Thompson,	"	"	Wolcottville,	fever and ague,	"
F. M. Thurston,	"	"	Salisbury,	pleurisy,	"
Emory Castle,	D,	"	Harwinton,	sick,	"
Wm. Hillaker,	"	"	N. Y. State,	chronic diar.,	"
G. L. Leonard,	"	"	W. Winsted,	confusion of back,	"
P. Gordon,	E,	"	New York,	wounded,	"
Pat Lynch,	"	"	Newtown,	" hip,	"
John O'Connell,	"	"	Hartford,	" knee,	"
E. Woodworth,	"	"	Massachusetts,	" thigh,	"
B. C. Keegan,	K,	"	Middletown,	"	"
Orville Glover,	G,	"	Cornwall,	chronic rheumatism,	"
E. Grover,	"	"	N. Y. State,	rheumatism,	"
D. Killmer,	"	"	Canaan,	"	"
Corp. T. J. Pierce,	"	"	Farmington,	neuralgia,	"
Corp. Ch. H. Smith,	"	"	Cornwall,	chronic diar.,	"
F. A. Beardsley,	H,	"	Kent,	heart disease,	"
John Harris,	"	"	Michigan,	wounded foot,	"
Abner Bennett,	I,	"	N. Y. State,	" arm,	"
C. H. Fogg,	"	"	Woodbury,	chronic diar.,	"
Geo. Walker,	"	"	"	"	"
S. P. Hollow,	K,	"	Morris,	wounded arm,	"
Jno. Ludford,	"	"	Watertown,	"	"
Geor. M. Murphy,	"	"	W. Cornwall,	chronic diar.,	"
Abner L. Palmer,	"	"	Morris,	"	"
Robt. S. Short,	"	"	New Haven,	"	"
Edgar Stevens,	"	"	Danbury,	"	"
Corp. T. P. Tompkins,	"	"	Waterbury,	"	"
Jesse Cady,	L,	"	Morris,	"	"
Geo. McCoy,	"	"	Newark, N. J.,	broken leg,	"
W. W. Vayno,	"	"	Hartford,	heart disease,	"
Geo. Phelps,	"	"	Canaan,	chronic diar.,	"
James M. Price,	M,	"	Pennsylvania,	asthma,	"
Edw. Sturges,	I,	"	Danbury,	varicocele,	"
Noah Hart,	L,	"	Massachusetts,	rheumatism,	"
E. Rawson,	M,	"	Westville,	heart disease,	"
I. P. Buck,	B,	"	Plymouth,	chronic rheumatism,	"
Philo Cleveland,	C,	"	Harwinton,	" diar.	"
John Duckery,	B,	7th C. V.,	Hartford,	wounded foot,	"
Francis M. Barnes,	H,	"	Southington,	wounded,	"
E. S. Mainwaring,	"	"	Stafford,	" leg,	"
James Maly,	"	"	Hartford,	"	"
Jno. Sullivan,	"	"	Plainfield,	" hand,	"
Danl. Sullivan,	"	"	"	" shoulder,	"
H. W. Brown,	K,	"	Danielsonville,	"	"
Hitchell Daly,	I,	8th C. V.,	Bridgeport,	"	"
David Durand,	A,	10th C. V.,	Derby,	" thigh,	"
John Kelly,	I,	11th C. V.,	New York city,	" foot,	"
John Beardsley,	A,	"	Danbury,	dropsy,	"
Michael Coyle,	"	"	"	wounded foot,	"
Russell E. Cooper,	D,	"	Robertsville,	gastretis,	"
George Starr,	E,	"	Danbury,	wounded thigh,	"
Wm. Abbott,	F,	"	N. Y. State,	" foot,	"
Abner L. Taylor,	"	"	Rhode Island,	typhoid fever,	"
M. S. Easton,	G,	"	Massachusetts,	chronic diar.,	"
H. T. Tripp,	"	"	Centrebroke,	injury to back,	"
Corp. S. Kilduff,	C,	14th C. V.,	Waterbury,	wounded foot,	"
H. A. Lawrence,	D,	"	"	" hand,	"
Alpheus Knowles,	G,	"	Middletown,	chronic diar.,	"
R. Tallman,	H,	"	Norwich,	wounded leg,	"
M. C. Sanders,	"	15th C. V.,	Naugatuck,	sprained back,	"
Erastus Spicer,	F,	18th C. V.,	Jewett City,	sun stroke,	"
I. Edwards,	I,	21st C. V.,	Middletown,	wounded,	"
Michael Hines,	D,	"	New London,	rheumatism,	"
W. H. Fraser,	E,	"	Mystic,	consumption,	"
Morris P. Bernard,	H,	"	Haddam,	wounded thigh,	"
Andrew J. Allen,	G,	"	N. Stonington,	" arm,	"
John Farrell,	D,	"	Mansfield,	" head,	"
Albert Baker,	H,	"	Colchester,	heart disease,	"

AT CENTRAL PARK, N. Y. CITY.

Edward Ricker,	E,	2d Art'y,	Newton,	wounded,	July 21.
Jolt Les,	D,	6th C. V.,	France,	" leg,	"
John Stratton,	I,	"	Bridgeport,	chronic dysentery,	"

(Continued on following page.)

prayer is that he may soon recover. Some are suffering in hospitals, some have been discharged on account of wounds and sickness, others are dead, while others have re-enlisted to continue to battle for their country. Let us not forget them at this time, their names are still fresh in our memory. May God return to health the sick and the wounded, and protect and care for the re-enlisted, while those who are dead will ever be remembered as our noble brothers who fell fighting gloriously for their country.

Veterans, you have been engaged in a noble cause, battling for your country, (for which our fathers bled and died,) and in defense of the glorious old Union. It must be, and, I have no doubt, will ever be, the proudest act of your life that you volunteered among the first to meet the foes of your country, and help put down this unnecessary and infernal rebellion. Men, you have done your duty, and done it well, and the citizens of the good old State of Connecticut are proud of you, for you have left no blot to tarnish her fair fame.

I do not propose to make a speech for that is not in my line, but I felt that I must say a few words to you, "my boys," before we part. (I call you boys, for you know during the last three years you have called yourselves and been known as "my boys.") It has been a pleasure for me to do what little I could for the comfort of yourselves and families since you left, and it will ever be a pleasure for me to know of your welfare, as I may not be able to carry your faces in my mind so as to recollect you, still I hope not one of you will pass without recognizing me, for there is no place but that I shall be happy to be recognized and spoken to by every member of the "Townsend Rifles." And now, boys, good bye; God bless you, and may you ever be thankful to that kind Father who has watched over and protected you from the dangers through which you have passed, and although we may not meet again on this earth, let us all live so that we may enjoy eternally a happy re-union.

Soldiers, let us never forget the "old flag of our Union." You have nobly defended it, endangering your lives in its defence, and I have no doubt if the time should arise when you felt that it were necessary again for you to protect it from home or foreign enemies, you will be willing to again buckle on your armor in its defense; for remember, "the Union must and shall be preserved."

The conclusion of the address was greeted with hearty cheers.

Brief addresses were made by Capt. Jerry Townsend of Co. D, formerly Lieut. of Co. G, (the Townsend Rifles,) and by others.

The veterans then rose to separate and go to their homes, which Mr. Townsend had done so much for three long years to render comfortable and happy—and each passed by and grasped the hand of their liberal patron with that deep and fervent gratitude which is best expressed by quivering lips and moistening eyes.





To give more public expression to this sincere gratitude, the veterans publish the following card:

In behalf of the members of the Townsend Rifles, Co. G, 7th C. V., whose term of service has just expired, we tender our thanks to our worthy friend and patron, James M. Townsend, for the many favors bestowed on us, the fatherly care he has kept over our families during our term of service, his kindly greeting on our return home, and the never to be forgotten repast provided for us ere we separated to wind our way to our homes. We shall ever remember him with pride and the name we bore, his many acts of kindness, and the kind welcome he gave us on our return.

Very respectfully,

TOWNSEND RIFLES, Co. G, 7TH C. V.

L. E. PECK, }  
E. J. BALDEN, } Committee.  
A. DOWNS, }

### Contentment.

"Why slave so," said Croesus, "your lifetime for gold?"

"Contentment is better than gold."

"Who asked you to meddle," cried Jeph, in a fret;

"It ought to be better—It is harder to get."

## CASUALTIES.

HEADQUARTERS, 1ST CONN. ARTILLERY, }  
BROADWAY LANDING, Aug. 30, 1864. }

GENERAL:—I have the honor to report the following Casualties in this Regiment since last report:

Privates Monroe Eddy, Co. H, injured in foot; Ira Burgess, Co. D, dangerously wounded in thigh.

Very respectfully, your obt. servant,

H. L. ABBOT, Col. 1st Conn. Art'y.

Brig. Gen. H. J. Morse, Adj. Gen. Conn.

HEADQUARTERS 1ST CONN. ARTILLERY, }  
BROADWAY LANDING, VA., Sept. 3, 1864. }

GENERAL:—I have the honor to report the following Casualties in this Regiment, since last report:

Privates Elly J. Sherwood, Co. B, wounded in left thigh; Thomas McMullen, Co. M, died of disease, Aug. 31, 1864; Frank Schmidt, Co. K, died of disease, Sept. 1, 1864; Wm. Cassidy, Co. K, died of disease, Sept. 1, 1864.

I am, Gen., very respectfully,

Your obt. servant,

H. L. ABBOT,

Col. Art'y, C. V., Comd'g.

To Brig. Gen. H. J. Morse, Adj. Gen. Conn.

LIST OF CASUALTIES IN 7TH C. V., DURING ENGAGEMENTS OF AUG. 14, 15, 16, 17 AND 18, 1864.

### Killed.

Co. A—Corp. Geo. Castle, Aug. 16; Private J. H. Couch, Aug. 15.

Co. B—Sergt. W. W. Whapels, Aug. 14.

Co. C—Privates G. P. Garrett, Aug. 14; C. P. Lewis, Aug. 16.

Co. F—Private Samuel Woolcott, Aug. 16.

Co. H— " Stephen A. Wilcox, Aug. 16.

### Wounded.

Co. A—Sergt. Alfred Hatch, Aug. 16, leg, severe; Private J. C. Lewis, Aug. 16, arm, severe.

Co. B—Private Albert Clark, Aug. 18, foot, slight.

Co. C—Privates R. Tennant, Aug. 16, right foot; L. Vermilyea, Aug. 16, leg, slight; Edwin Butler, Aug. 16, leg, severe; Amos Dickerman, Aug. 17, hand.

Co. D—Sergt. Wheeler J. Veats, Aug. 14, abdomen, slight; Privates John Smith, Aug. 16, leg, severe; Orrin K. Seinfeld, Aug. 16, leg, severe; Alonzo Austin, Aug. 16, leg, severe.

Co. E—Corp. James E. Smith, Aug. 16, leg, severe.

Co. F—Corps. Edw. W. Clark, Aug. 16, face.

Patrick Ryan,  
Ira C. Latham,  
Danl. J. Ross,  
Patrick Mahoney,

K, 9th C. V., New Haven,  
A, 21st " Ladyard,  
D, " " Norwich,  
E, 14th " Norwalk,

wounded leg, July 21.  
chronic dysentery, "  
" "  
wounded cheek, "

### AT NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

John Murphy,  
Oliver Stearns,  
W. G. Crockett,  
John Davis,

D, 6th " New York City  
A, 9th " "  
C, 10th " Norwalk,  
E, 21st " "

wounded wrist, "  
" "  
wounded arm, June 3.  
amputated finger, "

### AT FORT SCHUYLER, N. Y. HARBOR.

James E. Risley,  
Jas. Simpson,  
Horace Ball,  
H. W. Richards,  
Corp. R. C. Gangill,  
Francis Hawley,  
Abraham Hunter,  
Charles Mason,

B, 1st Cav.,  
H, " " Enfield,  
B, 2d Art'y, Bethel,  
C, " "  
E, " "  
D, " " Danbury,  
" " " Madison,  
" " " Farmington

int. fever, June 25.  
sick, July 11.  
wounded shoulder, June 22.  
" arm, "  
" hand, " 19.  
bronchitis, Aug. 26.  
sick, June 22.  
wounded thigh, " "

H. Whitehead,  
L. J. Welsh,  
Samuel Porter,  
Theo. B. Benedict,  
Oscar Mellenson,  
Merrill Gleason,  
Peter Gourlay,  
Thos. J. Hubbard,  
John Sinter,

E, " "  
K, " " Warren,  
B, 6th C. V., Thompson,  
D, 7th " S. Norwalk,  
G, " " Canada,  
K, " " E. Killingly,  
B, 8th " "  
C, " " Torrington,

sick, June 25.  
chronic diar. June 27.  
wounded thigh, July 27.  
" " May 26.  
" " " "  
" leg, " "  
" arm, June 22.  
" " June 11.

D. Gregory,  
James Sands,  
Corp. B. Simons,  
Frank Miller,  
Robt. Horn—musician,  
W. H. H. George,  
W. Watson,

A, 11th C. V., Salisbury,  
" " " Danbury,  
" " " "  
C, " " New Haven,  
F, " " Winsted,  
G, " " Berlin,  
I, " " New York,

chronic diar. " 29.  
wounded foot, June 19.  
sick, May 26.  
wounded arm, June 22.  
" foot, " 25.  
" hand, " "  
" foot, July 14.  
" hip, " 27.

Levi A. Goshen,  
R. B. Jones,  
John H. Palmer,

K, " " "  
" " " New Haven,

diarrhoea, June 25.  
" " May 26.  
" " July 27.

Wm. Kimball,  
Albert L. Wagner,  
Corp. W. B. Norris,

C, 13th C. V., Rhode Island,  
E, " " Baltimore,  
I, " " Watertown,

Aug. 26.  
" " " "  
" " " "

" Jas. Moreau,  
Watson A. Spring,  
John Sinter,

C, 14th C. V., Simsbury,  
F, " " "  
B, " " "

heart disease, " "  
sore eye, " "  
wounded arm, June 22.

Geo. B. Swan,  
Geo. D. Tinker,  
Edwin Hadwell,

F, 21st C. V., Windsor,  
F, " " New London,  
D, 26th " "

" thigh, " "  
" leg, May 3.  
amputated leg, July 23.

### AT DAVID'S ISLAND, N. Y. HARBOR.

Chas. R. Goodwell,  
Sergt. H. Bradley,

D, 1st Cav.,  
M, " " Hartford,

wounded leg, Sept. 5  
" knee, Sept. 8

Julius P. Keislan,  
C. S. Williams,

B, 1st Art'y, New Haven,  
D, " " Willington,

chronic diar. " 5  
" " " 5

D. W. Haydin,  
Corp. S. S. Phelan,

E, " " Willimantic,  
G, " " Bridgeport,

general debility, " 5  
wounded arm, Aug. 27

Lucy Andrews,  
Augustus Adams,

L, " " "  
B, 2d Art'y, Norfolk,

" foot, " "  
wounded leg, June 15

N. H. Geer,  
Lawrence Hunt,

D, " " Bristol,  
F, " " "

convalescent, Sept. 5

Sergt. E. D. Lawrence,  
Michael Curley,

G, " " Sharon,  
L, " " Scotland,

amputated leg, June 15  
wounded foot, " "

George Reed,  
Andrew P. Bartow,

A, 6th C. V., W. Canaan,  
Chas. Bishop,

paralysis, Sept. 5  
wounded leg, " 5

Frank Bussy,  
Myron DeForest,

" " " New York,  
" " " Massachusetts,

" arm, " "  
" leg, Sept. 5

John Reynolds,  
Wm. Harrison,

" " " Plainfield,  
B, " " Auburn,

" " " "  
" hand, " "  
" breast & arms, June 10

Sergt. Edward Dunning,  
Peter Seaving,

C, " " New Haven,  
" " " New Britain,

" foot, Sept. 5

Thomas Schwiber,  
Lawrence Charles,

D, " " Stamford,  
" " " "

wounded arm, " 5  
" wrist, " 5

John Flanagan,  
Horace Moulthrop,

E, " " Watertown,  
" " " Waterbury,

" knee, Aug. 27

Wm. Fritchard,  
Wm. Smith,

" " " Rhode Island,  
" " " Philadelphia,

" wrist, Sept. 5  
" hand, " 5

Edwin Wall,

" " " "

" " " 5

Rudolph Hall,  
Jean Huber,

F, " " N. Y. City,  
" " " Switzerland,

" thigh, " 5  
" back, Aug. 27

Terence Maloy,  
Jno. Wyre,

G, " " Norwalk,  
" " " New Britain,

" throat, " "  
" hip, Sept. 5

Jno. Hamburger,  
Philip Miller,

H, " " Bridgeport,  
" " " Norwalk,

" back, Aug. 27  
" leg, Sept. 5

Charley Newman,  
George Schauer,

" " " Bridgeport,  
" " " Pennsylvania,

" arm, Aug. 28

Gottlieb Stoll,  
Julius Simon,

" " " N. Y. City,  
" " " Rockville,

sore leg, Sept. 5  
wounded arm, Aug. 31

Lewis Vogel,  
Charles Burrutt,

" " " New Haven,  
I, " " Bridgeport,

" foot, Sept. 8  
" side, Aug. 27





Denis McCarthy,	"	"	Salisbury,	"	arm,	"	"
Jacob Paulovitch,	"	"	N. Y. City,	"	"	"	"
Amos A. Bunnell,	K,	"	New Haven,	"	mouth,	"	31
Wm. N. Clark,	"	"	Waterford,	"	head,	"	27
Charles Green,	"	"	New Haven,	"	wrist,	Sept. 5	"
J. S. Smith,	"	"	"	"	legs,	Aug. 27	"
Geo. A. Willard,	"	7th C. V.,	Bozrah,	"	leg,	Sept. 5	"
Isaac K. Baker,	A,	"	Cheshire,	"	thigh,	"	5
Emerson Rogers,	D,	"	W. Meriden,	"	heart disease,	"	"
Joel Goebel,	G,	"	N. Y. City,	"	chronic diar.,	"	"
Corp. E. W. Clark,	H,	"	Voluntown,	"	wounded face,	Aug. 25	"
Frank Galligan,	H,	"	Williamantic,	"	wounded arm,	Aug. 25	"
Corp. Jas. D. Lanphear,	"	"	Norwich,	"	side,	"	"
Nathan Carson,	I,	"	Philadelphia,	"	leg,	"	25
Sgt. C. N. Shaler,	"	"	Hartford,	"	hip,	Sept. 7	"
Louis Rounsevell,	K,	"	"	"	"	June 11	"
Sgt. A. S. Porter,	A,	8th C. V.,	Unionville,	"	eye,	Sept. 5	"
Robt. Hickman,	"	"	Danville, Pa.,	"	arm,	"	5
E. D. Tracy,	H,	10th C. V.,	Scotland,	"	thigh,	"	"
G. B. Shields,	B,	"	S. Manchester,	"	shoulder,	Sept. 6	"
Abram Moffit,	D,	"	Bethel,	"	thigh,	"	"
Maden Hayes,	F,	"	Sprague,	"	hip,	"	"
S. N. Harkens,	"	"	Voluntown,	"	hand,	"	"
D. R. Pryor,	"	"	Baltic,	"	arm,	"	"
S. Taylor,	"	"	Hampton,	"	"	"	"
Lewis F. Thornton,	"	"	Voluntown,	"	"	"	"
D. P. Weaver,	"	"	Hampton,	"	"	"	"
H. L. Webb,	G,	"	Darien,	"	"	Aug. 27	"
Jno. H. Burdock,	H,	"	Stonington,	"	"	"	"
Victor Roll,	"	"	N. Y. City,	"	"	"	"
Geo. Jerman,	I,	"	Greenwich,	"	shoulder	"	"
Aaron J. Sherwood,	"	"	North Castle,	"	hand,	"	"
R. A. Miller,	"	"	Banksville,	"	side,	"	"
Geo. Picon,	C,	"	New Haven,	"	hand,	"	"
V. B. Kinney,	F,	"	Jewett City,	"	thigh,	Sept. 5	"
C. E. Harvey,	"	"	Sprague,	"	hip,	"	8
A. Cline,	C,	"	Philadelphia,	"	dropsy,	"	"
Corp. M. Dank,	D,	"	Tariffville,	"	wounded shoulder,	Aug. 27	"
Jno. B. Wilson,	E,	"	Willington,	"	amputated arm,	"	"
Jacob Bernhardt,	C,	"	New Haven,	"	chronic diar.	Sept. 5	"
Sgt. Jas. T. Danielson,	G,	"	Killingly,	"	wounded arm,	Aug. 27	"
Francis J. Hart,	C,	13th C. V.,	Southington,	"	chronic diar.	Sept. 5	"
Sgt. H. A. Wilcox,	A,	14th "	Saybrook,	"	wounded thigh,	May 12	"
James F. Robbins,	C,	"	Waterbury,	"	sun stroke,	Aug. 27	"
C. W. Prentice,	I,	21st "	Middletown,	"	wounded arm,	"	"
H. O. Bailey,	A,	"	Deep River,	"	hand,	"	"
W. Brewster,	"	29th "	Hartford,	"	rheumatism,	Sept. 5	"
Aug. Harley,	"	"	N. Y. State,	"	sick,	"	5
Chas. Phillips,	B,	"	Danbury,	"	hernia,	"	5
Jas. Johnson,	A,	"	New Haven,	"	sick,	"	5
John Purdy,	"	"	N. Y. State,	"	wounded jaw,	"	5
Corp. R. Cox,	E,	"	Chillicothe,	"	scrofula,	"	5
M. Smith,	"	"	Norwich,	"	phthisis,	"	5
Wm. F. Graham,	F,	"	N. Y. State,	"	ulcer on leg,	"	5
G. H. Jackson,	"	"	Southington,	"	sick,	"	5
Sgt. G. E. Brown,	H,	"	New Haven,	"	wounded foot,	"	5
" W. H. Ten Eyck,	I,	"	"	"	rheumatism,	"	5
Luther Harris,	"	"	Simsbury,	"	diarrhoea,	"	5
M. Nichols,	"	"	Southport,	"	rheumatism,	"	5
W. D. Morrison,	"	"	N. Milford,	"	"	"	5
H. J. Randall,	"	"	"	"	heart disease,	"	5
Jno. K. Thompson,	"	"	New Jersey,	"	"	"	5

## AT WILLIET'S POINT, L. I.

Chas. Howes,	I,	1st Cav.,	Massachusetts,	"	wounded knee,	July 27	"
Corp. W. H. Smith,	"	2d Art'y,	N. Y. State,	"	foot,	"	4
Sgt. I. B. Winslow,	A,	6th C. V.,	Putnam,	"	amputated arm,	Sept. 5	"
Julius Washburne,	B,	"	Stafford,	"	wounded hand,	"	5
Louis Rousdins,	H,	"	W. Meriden,	"	abdomen,	July 14	"
Wm. Saler,	I,	"	Baltimore, Md.,	"	arm,	Sept. 8	"
Albert N. Clark,	B,	7th C. V.,	New Haven,	"	sick,	"	5
James Howard,	D,	"	Danbury,	"	wounded breast,	July 14	"
Corp. B. C. Worden,	F,	"	Hampton,	"	amputated arm,	Sept. 5	"
H. H. Hubbard,	G,	"	W. Meriden,	"	wounded arm,	"	8
Edward Lowry,	"	"	Torrington,	"	"	"	"
Stephen H. Green,	K,	"	Killingly,	"	foot,	"	5
John Shappner,	"	"	New Haven,	"	chronic diar.,	"	5
John H. Brooks,	I,	"	Meriden,	"	wounded arm,	"	"
Harney Sisson,	G,	8th C. V.,	Stonington,	"	rheumatism,	"	5
W. H. Hamilton,	H,	"	Norwalk,	"	hernia,	July 14	"
Corp. Geo. A. Wilcox,	C,	10th "	Bristol,	"	chronic diar.	Sept. 8	"
L. M. Fancher,	A,	"	N. Canaan,	"	sick,	"	5
Joshua J. Eaos,	H,	"	Salem,	"	wounded ankle,	"	8
P. T. Barnum,	A,	11th C. V.,	Danbury,	"	arm,	July 14	"
A. B. Thomas,	B,	"	"	"	general debility,	Sept. 5	"
S. B. Barker,	"	"	Ridgefield,	"	chronic diar.	July 14	"
H. C. Adams,	C,	"	Beaver Center,	"	rheumatism,	"	4
M. Williams,	D,	"	Wales,	"	sick,	Sept. 5	"

[Continued on following page.]

severe; Benj. Wooding, Aug. 16, arm, severe;  
 Private Henri Currie, Aug. 16, leg, severe.  
 Co. G—Privates Joel Goble, Aug. 14, left leg;  
 A. Dunn, Aug. 16, thighs, severe.  
 Co. H—Sergt. Timothy Dorgan, Aug. 16, right  
 shoulder; Corp. Jas. Lamphier, Aug. 16, breast,  
 severe; Privates George A. Millard, Aug. 16, leg,  
 severe; John Zabrockie, Aug. 16, hip severe;  
 Frank Gallagher, Aug. 16, slight.  
 Co. I—Sergts. C. M. Shailer, Aug. 14, wrist,  
 and thigh, severe; Nicholas Van Dusen, Aug. 16,  
 shoulder, slight; Private Joseph Brarie, Aug. 16,  
 leg, slight.  
 Co. K—Corp. Edward Lyon, Aug. 16, wrist,  
 severe; 1st Sergt. Gilbert Eaton, Aug. 16, shoul-  
 der, slight; Private Stephen Green, Aug. 18, arm,  
 slight.  
 Co. G—1st Lieut. John I. Hutchinson, Aug.  
 16, wrist, slight.  
 Co. E—1st Lieut. Charles E. Barker, Aug. 16,  
 wounded severely.  
 Co. F—2d Lieut. Henry B. Lee, Aug. 16, proba-  
 bly mortal.  
 Co. E—Lieut. E. J. Merriam, Aug. 16, leg,  
 severe.  
 Co. G—Lieut. Henry B. Gill, Aug. 14, shoulder,  
 slight.

## Missing.

Co. B—Private Fred. Williams, Aug. 16.  
 Co. C— " Edmund Westwood, Aug. 16.  
 Co. F— " Francis Schaler, "  
 Co. G— " Henry Young, "  
 Co. K—Corp. William Britter, "  
 Co. E—1st Lieut. Chas. E. Barker, Aug. 16, and  
 wounded.

Co. F—2d Lieut. Henry B. Lee, Aug. 16.  
 Killed, . . . . . 7  
 Wounded, . . . . . 31  
 Missing, . . . . . 7

Total, . . . . . 45

JOHN THOMPSON,  
Capt. 7th C. V., Comd'g Regt.HEADQUARTERS, 11th CONN. VOLS.,  
September 21st, 1864.

To Gen. Morse, Adj't. Gen. State of Conn:

Sir:—I have the honor to make the following  
 report of Casualties incident to this command,  
 from the 6th to the 27th of August, on which day  
 the Regiment was relieved from the front of  
 Petersburg.

## Killed.

Co. C—Private Frederick Schoenbein, Aug. 13.  
 Co. I—Private John Morton, " 15.  
 Co. C—Corp. Geo. Reisel, (drowned,) " 15.

## Wounded.

Co. C—Private Louis Noyer, mortally wounded,  
 Aug. 8.  
 Co. F— " Edmund H. Lyon, mortally  
 wounded, Aug. 13; Sergt. Hiram Snow, severe,  
 in shoulder, Aug. 15.  
 Co. E—Privates August Adams, leg, slightly,  
 Aug. 18; John Laber, thigh, severe, Aug. 20.  
 Co. C—Private Arthur Linchot, arm and leg,  
 mortally.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Your obt. servant,

H. C. MOEGLIN,

Lieut. Col. Comd'g 11th C. V.

LIST OF CASUALTIES IN 14TH REGT. CONN. VOLS.  
IN ACTION OF REAMS STATION, AUG. 25TH, 1864.

## Killed.

Co. K—Captain Wm. H. Hawley.  
 Co. D—Corporals John O'Brien, David W.  
 Whiting.

Co. B—Private James Anderson.

Co. F— " Henry M. Moore.

## Wounded.

Co. B—Capt. George N. Brigham, leg.  
 Co. C—Capt. James F. Simpson, back.  
 Co. I—Capt. James R. Nickels, leg.  
 1st Asst. Surg. Levi Jewett, head.  
 Co. A—Private Chas. H. Adams, foot.  
 Co. C—Corp. Robert Wolf, leg; Private Chas.  
 Long, bowels.  
 Co. D—Corp. Chas. E. Morrison, shoulder.  
 Co. E—Privates John Degnan, arm; Bael Keo-  
 ney, shoulder.





Sergt. W. B. Mansfield,	E,	11th C.V.,	Danbury,	wounded side,	June 25
John Quinn,	F,	"	Putnam,	" hand,	Sept. 5
Sergt. H. A. Snow,	"	"	Chaplin,	" shoulder,	" 5
P. Simpson,	G,	"	N. Y. City,	amputated arm,	Aug. 16
Wm. Miller,	I,	"	Bridgeport,	chronic diar.	" "
B. McLoughlin,	K,	"	New Haven,	"	June 25
Philo B. Bradley,	"	"	Danbury,	"	Aug. 25
Jno. Morton,	C,	14th C. V.,	Rocky Hill,	"	Sept. 8
Chas. Myer,	F,	"	N. Y. City,	bronchitis,	" 8
F. Williams,	I,	"	"	wounded head,	" 8
Corp. J. B. Baldwin	D,	21st "	Mansfield,	" eye,	Aug. 22
" Jno. L. Taft,	E,	"	Mystic,	varicose veins,	July 29

## CONVALESCENT CAMP, BEDLOE'S ISLAND, N. Y. HARBOR.

Leander Rolfe,	B,	1st Cav.,	Birmingham,	Sept. 10
Lewis Hale,	H,	"	Bridgeport,	" 7
Jas. Haselton,	K,	"	"	" 7
Austin Rogers,	"	1st Art'y,	"	" 10
Sheldon Curley,	B,	2d "	"	" 13
A. Sebastian,	H,	"	N. Y. State,	" 10
Geo. Wedge,	"	"	East Kent,	" "
H. O. Sweet,	F,	"	"	" "
Ebenezer Hodge,	K,	"	"	" "
Corp. P. Farrell,	"	"	"	" 9
D. Crowley,	B,	7th C. V.	"	" 5
Richard Olney,	E,	"	Massachusetts,	" "
Chas. Stebbins,	G,	8th "	New London,	Sept. 10
Jos. Sullivan,	B,	10th C. V.,	"	" 12
Corp. F. Bradley,	C,	"	"	" 7
Sergt. C. N. Holmes,	I,	"	Greenwich,	" 10
Lyman H. Stearns,	D,	14th C. V.,	Vermont,	" "
S. M. Watrous,	"	"	New London,	" "
Geo. Smith,	H,	"	N. Y. City,	" "
Dwight Price,	D,	16th C. V.,	East Granby,	" "
Capt. H. C. Lamphear,	F,	21st "	North Hartford,	" "
John P. V. Burton,	G,	"	Rhode Island,	" 14

NOTE.—All Connecticut men at Blackwell's Island Hospital, able to travel, were transferred to Knight General Hospital, New Haven, Sept. 14, 1864.

## [Casualties continued.]

Co. F—Privates Henry B. Goodrich, arm; Geo. Stockpole, breast.  
Co. G—Corp. Nelson C. Murray, foot; Private Joel C. Smith, neck.  
Co. I—Privates Geo. Manville, thigh; Joseph Robinson, head; Frank Williams, head.  
Co. K—Sergt. James E. Goodwin, leg.

## Missing.

Co. E—Capt. Henry Lee.  
Co. C—2d Lieut. James M. Moore.  
Co. A—Privates Thomas Purcell; Thomas Gallagher.  
Co. B—Private Chas. E. Pollard.  
Co. C—Private Geo. Rich.  
Co. D—Sergt. Joseph Murray; Privates John Murray; John Rollins.  
Co. E—Privates John Parker; Thos. Dorns; Samuel Burke; Henry Seymour; Austin H. Shelly; Corp. Jas. Rogers.  
Co. F—1st Sergt. Imri A. Spencer; Privates John L. Bartholomew; Anson D. Clapp.  
Co. H—Privates George Smith; Chas. Johnson; Patrick H. Schill.  
Co. I—Privates Martin Nolan; Wm. Robinson; John Jennings.  
Co. K—Sert. Paul P. Noyes; Privates Geo. M. Blake; Henry W. Bowns.

[Official.] S. A. MOORE,  
Lieut. Col. Comd'g Regt.  
(Signed.) Wm. B. HICKS, Adjt.

## LIST OF CASUALTIES 14TH CONN. VOLS. AUG. 15TH AND 16TH, 1864.

*Killed.*  
Co. I—Private Wm. A. Bartlett, Aug. 15.  
*Wounded.*  
Co. A—Private Henry Phillips, arm, severely.  
Co. B— " Wm. W. Miller, side, (since dead).  
Co. F— " James Warren, hip, slight.  
Co. I— " J. B. Kirby, arm, severe.  
Co. K— " Calvin Lamphere, back, slight.  
Co. K— " Edward Rigney, foot, slight.

## CASUALTIES IN 29TH C. V., DURING AUGUST, 1864.

*Killed.*  
Co. E—Private James Fowler, by explosion of shell, Aug. 29.

## Wounded.

Co. I—Corp. George Hughes, Aug. 27, head, slight.  
Co. G—Sergt. James A. Paine, Aug. 27, leg, slight.  
Co. B—Private Daniel Wakeman, Aug. 27, ankle, slight.  
Co. C—Musician John Elky, Aug. 29, shoulder, slight.  
Co. D—Private Henry J. Wills, Aug. 29, head, slight.  
Co. E— " Jacob Robinson, Aug. 29, head, slight; Corp. Francis Cleveland, Aug. 29, hip, slight.  
All these casualties occurred while stationed in the trenches in front of Petersburg.  
WM. P. BROOKS,  
2d Lieut. and Acting Adjutant,  
20th Conn. Vols.

## LIST OF CASUALTIES IN 29TH CONN. VOLS., SEPT. 1, TO 11TH, 1864.

*Killed.*  
Co. K—Private Samuel Burder, Sept. 1.  
Co. H— " Charles Domingo, Sept. 3.  
*Wounded.*  
Co. I—Private Henry Parker, Sept. 1, mortally, died same day.  
Co. G—Private William Lambert, Sept. 1, hip, slight.  
Co. B— " Abram Johnson, Sept. 1, face, slight.  
Co. D— " Geo. T. Porter, Sept. 3, shoulder, slight.  
Co. E— " Geo. W. Odell, Sept. 3, foot, severe.  
Co. H— " Theodore Anderson, Sept. 4, leg, slight.  
Co. C— " George Carl, Sept. 8, hip, severe.  
Co. E— " Joseph Dimmery, Sept. 8, head, severe.  
These casualties all occurred while on duty in trenches, in front of Petersburg, Va.  
WM. P. BROOKS,  
2d Lieut. 29th Conn. Vols.  
Acting Adjutant.

## CASUALTIES IN 1ST CONN. ARTILLERY, SEPT. 1ST TO 21ST, 1864.

*Wounded.*—Co. M—Private John Benedict, Sept. 9, head, not dangerously.

## Killed.

Co. F—Private Jacob Schlafler, died of wounds, Aug. 31.  
Co. D— " E. A. Frietag, " " Aug. 29.  
Co. D— " Lucius B. Truesdell, mortally wounded and died Sept. 12.  
Co. L—Private Truman Foote, killed by a musket ball, Aug. 29.  
(Signed.) H. L. ABBOT,

Col. 1st Conn. Art'y Comd'g.

## CASUALTIES IN THE 12TH CONN. VOL. INFANTRY, IN THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER, SEPT. 19TH, 1864.

Col. Frank H. Peck, wounded by a shell, and died Sept. 20th.  
Co. A—Lieut. Wm. S. Bulkley, killed; Oscar N. Billing, killed; Andrew Hull, killed; Wm. Gordon, wounded shoulder; Wm. E. Flagg, wounded leg; Chas. E. Platt, wounded thigh; Wilbur Whiting, wounded head.  
Co. B—John Coyle, killed; John U. White, wounded leg; Fritz P. Riley, wounded leg; Patrick Donnelly, wounded leg; corp. Nehemiah Woodruff, wounded hip.  
Co. C—Jacob T. Brown, killed; Sergt. Thomas E. Twitchell, wounded leg; Henry Marsh, arm; Henry Mullen, arm.  
Co. D—Corp. Jonathan Reynolds, leg amputated; Thos. Banskfield, wounded hand; Heinrich Webber, leg; Horace Avery, leg; Russell Treadway, leg; Thomas C. Beebe, hand; Wm. Campbell, head; Daniel Abel, hand.  
Co. E—Capt. A. C. Hendricks, wounded leg; Patrick Fitzpatrick, shoulder.  
Co. F—Lieut. E. W. Bushnell, wounded, foot; Hiram S. Fox, killed; R. F. Hull, wounded, arm; Serg. Smith Canfield, breast; Corp. Gilbert Hefflon, arm; R. P. Chapman, ankle; W. Fuller, finger; J. Seranton, breast; M. Clark, thigh.  
Co. G—Lieut. A. D. McCall, wounded head; Ord. Sergt. Chas. McGlatlin, head; Corp. F. A. Adams, head; O. C. Andrews, head; Corp. H. F. Williams, head; Jas. E. Coace, leg; Benj. G. Barber, leg and neck; A. P. Lewis, leg; F. Small, nose; P. Fitzpatrick, leg; T. O'Sullivan, arm; Chas. H. Green, both legs; Simon Brown, leg; O. P. Davidson, hand.  
Co. H—Patrick Galligan, killed; Corp. J. W. Carter, wounded, head; Pat. Scalley, arm; Francis McEwan, leg; Fred Maroney, arm and leg; Burton Goddard, neck.  
Co. I—Corp. H. L. Whitaker, wounded arm; Horace D. Meginn, Henry Bradley, shoulder.  
Co. K—Lt. Geo. W. Steadman, killed; Hiram Powers, killed; Michael McCoy, killed; James Crowley, wounded chin; James Thomas, hand; Henry B. Pinney, hand; John M. Smith, arm; Michael Ryan, leg; Corp. John Ball, head; Corp. Geo. W. Edwards, leg.

## RECAPITULATION.

Officers killed,	3
Wounded,	3
Enlisted men killed,	8
Wounded,	56

Total,

67

## Regimental.

The several regiments are located as last month except that the gallant force under Sheridan have pushed down the valley in hot pursuit of a routed and fleeing foe.

Connecticut Regiments have suffered quite severely in the Valley. We print the list of casualties from the 12th, in the battle of Winchester. We have received a list, but an incomplete one, from the 13th. Lieut. Col. H. B. Sprague, with 28 men, were captured Sept. 19th.

Details from the Valley are meagre, and no official reports later than the battle of Winchester have been received.

In the recent engagements on the North side of the James, Connecticut troops did splendid fighting and suffered considerably. Official and accurate reports are not yet received.





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PEACE NEXT,  
WAR LAST,  
SEPARATION NEVER.

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"O'er the dark and gloomy horizon which bounds her,  
Through the storm and the night, and the hell  
which surrounds her,  
I can see with a faith which immortals have given,  
Burning words blazing out o'er the portals of  
Heaven—

SHE WILL LIVE!

She will live while a billow lies swelling before her,  
She will live while the blue arch of heaven bends  
o'er,  
While the name of a Christ to the fallen we cherish,  
Till the hopes in the breast of humanity perish—

SHE WILL LIVE!"

## To our Friends.

We wish to make a plain statement to our friends and patrons. We commenced our second year at our old rates, in hope that our list, already large, would be increased. It has not been increased. We are not, to-day, *paying our expenses*. Hence, we raise our price to ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF, and appeal to the patriotic people of the State of Connecticut, to sustain the record of the heroic deeds of their gallant sons and friends. We do not try to compete with the newspapers. We seek to make a permanent record of historic value—a record which will be worth more years hence, to any subscriber, than it now costs him. It is for the future more than for the present that we labor, and ask, as we believe we may justly ask, for liberal support.

## Acknowledgment.

Our large and accurate list of Conn. men in the hospitals about New York city, is furnished by Col. J. H. Almy. The completeness of the report is an indication of the vigilance and thoroughness with which he searches out and cares for our Connecticut soldiers. The parents and friends of our brave boys, are indebted (for more than they are aware,) to the indefatigable exertions of this energetic and patriotic gentleman.

## To our Contributors.

We earnestly entreat all writers to make their communications as brief, concise, and animated as possible; divesting them of all general remarks—giving us only that which is peculiar to the time, place or subject. Our space is limited; our material almost limitless.

## To Inquirers.

We receive many letters of inquiry concerning soldiers who are missing; concerning furloughs, bounties, pensions and many other matters. We are willing to answer these questions so far as we can. We would request that persons writing such letters would make them brief and clear in statement, so that we can comprehend at once just what they desire to know. We will endeavor to give each a brief but accurate reply.

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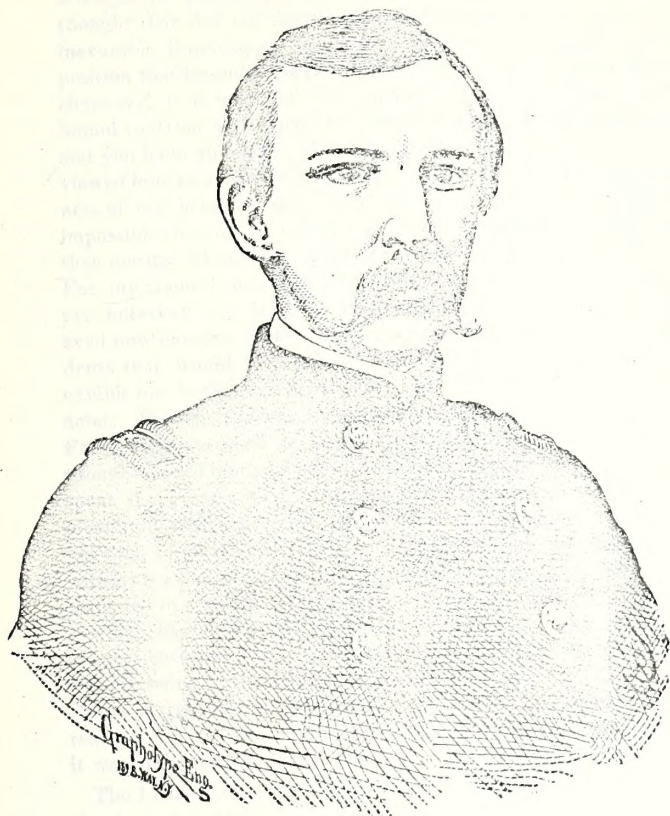
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## Reminiscences of the Eleventh.

GRIFFIN A. STEDMAN.

It is a long time, and it seems still longer, when I endeavor to call up the events that mark it. Yet, fair and clear is the picture of that camp on the Trent. Far below, with the haze of a Southern distance softening its contours, nestled conquered Newbern on the wavy bosom of its twin rivers. From above, a narrow reedy peninsula, like a vivid green flame streamed down the river, and matched its brilliant hues with the changing azure of the divided waters. A dark circle of woods concealed the horizon. Alas, I visited this scene not long since, and the once fair shores of the Trent are now as bare and dry as

those of the Appomattox, which drank his blood near Petersburg.

He was then Major of the 11th Conn. Vols. A peculiar position it was at that time. There was no Colonel. The Lieut. Colonel was a plain farmer of good sense, but one of those officers sometimes appointed in the beginning of the war, concerning whom a writer in the Atlantic observes, that "they possessed every Christian virtue except that of resignation." The line officers, with a few brilliant exceptions, were coarse and ill-informed. The men were miserably disciplined. Imagine in the midst of these, a gentleman, by birth, education, habits, condition and opinions, a thorough-bred aristocrat, and you will at once be aware of the awe with which the Major was

looked upon by all in the Regiment, and of the disgust with which he himself viewed his solitary position—powerless as he was to mend matters. Few knew his feelings at this time. But he was about to leave a career for which nature and a masterly training had so eminently fitted him, and to leave it in bitterness of spirit and disgust. Better days came, however. The last Christian virtue was recommended to the Lieut. Colonel, by the line officers, and he resigned. Major, now Lieut. Col. Stedman, took command of the Regiment, and a new era had dawned upon the Eleventh.

He lifted the Regiment at once to a higher state of military discipline. He set it a grand aim, and infused a gentlemanly, chivalric, and military tone into its life, as only the commander of an organization, if he himself possesses those qualities in the highest degree, is able to infuse. But he only paved the way for Col. Kingsbury, who shortly after took command, and who crowned with triumphs at West Point, and fragrant with the smoke of all the Peninsular battles, regenerated the Eleventh, and made it the model regiment for discipline, military spirit and appearance, which it ever after remained.

I must revert to those days of Newbern. We had much sickness then. The Lieut. Col. was the constant visitor of his sick boys, and his fine smile cheered them in many an hour of pain. It was then, and afterwards at the mess table, that I received my first impressions of his character, impressions that were only strengthened during an intercourse of two years, by the legitimate developments of this rare nature. I have already said that he was an aristocrat, and I will now add, an aristocrat in the noblest acceptance of the term, when aristocrats were the representatives of mental power and culture, of moral strength and purity, of grand aims and lofty deeds, and of the most exquisite sentiments perpetuated in the pages of romance. Conceive Tennyson's Sir Galahad, or any of King Arthur's mail clad champions; imagine





Kingsley's Francis Leigh, or any of Queen Elizabeth's pure and chivalrous courtiers; conjure up, in short, a nature with the purity, delicacy, and innocence of a maiden bound to the valor, firmness and power of a hero, a hundred charming weaknesses blended with adamant strength of principle, an elegance of thought that did not impair the mind's inexorable firmness, an affectionate disposition that lessened not the strength of character, a number of iron qualities bound together with garlands of roses—and you have an idea with what eyes I viewed him, to whom I bowed in the fullness of my hero worship. It is almost impossible for me to justify any more than merited admiration, by illustrations. For, my friend had a horror of newspaper notoriety and public tattle, which even now constrains me to suppress incidents that would to the casual reader exhibit him in the true light of his character. Besides, it is scarce easy to do so. For though we lived so long together, though I loved him so fondly, though we spent the greater part of many, many moonlight nights in sweet conversation, yet even to me the last veil was never withdrawn, and he walked about, always shrouded in a mantle of dignified reserve—which, like a very thin coat of ice, was always between him and every other human being. This was a true Anglo-Saxon characteristic. Thin and transparent as the partition was to his friends, it was, nevertheless, always there.

The Lieut. Col. always lived in very simple style. He had a small wall tent at Newbern, with the bare earth for a floor, and three or four blankets rolled up in the corner to be spread out for his bed at night. A rough stand and a camp stool completed the furniture of his tent. Remember, this was not on a campaign, but in a permanent camp, and at a time when almost every officer's tent was full of an incongruous assortment of the spoils of conquered Newbern. His negro servant slept in the same tent.

Like other officers of kind disposition, he delighted in procuring delicacies for his sick men, and brought up whatever of the kind came into his way, frequently dedicating the tit-bits of his own table to that purpose. However, we did not fare very sumptuously at that time. The Chaplain was caterer, and the table was meagre, as if purposely designed to mortify the flesh. This lasted until we

went to Norfolk and Newport News, when, it being suddenly discovered that we had to all appearance used up in the space of two days, sixteen dozen eggs, the mess was re-organized, and the Lieut. Col. undertook to cater. From that time we had a very elegant table. I am speaking of Newport News. There Col. Kingsbury joined us. A discussion of this remarkable soldier is out of place here, except in so far as his character influenced and developed that of the Lieut. Colonel, and only in so far, shall it be alluded to.

If the Lieut. Col. was a representative of the noblest class of gentlemen, the Colonel was the highest type of a soldier. The traditions of the regular Army and the teachings of West Point, vivified by his own youthful ardor, and enthusiasm, were alive in him. He attempted no less than to make his regiment like that corps of cadets he had left at the Military Academy, and the history of the regiment attests his success, so far as it was possible to succeed with the material. There was an immediate casting out of officers, and many good and true men went home complaining, unable to comprehend what was patent to the Colonel, that they were incapable of becoming military men. The Colonel and Lieut. Colonel met like brothers, and it was beautiful to see the admiration each yielded to the other's character. From Col. Kingsbury my friend received his military education. That habit of command, that jealousy of the honor of the straps he wore, that forgetfulness of self and his own inclinations in the true representation of his rank and office, and that military knowledge which, ever after, destiny distinguished him.

Hard struggled the regiment at Newport News to acquire all its Colonel demanded; but it succeeded. Harder yet did it struggle afterwards, as the Provost Guard of Fredericksburg, to abstain from all its Colonel denied; but it succeeded. The town of Fredericksburg was never more quiet and peaceful in its happiest days, than when the Eleventh guarded it. And the Lieut. Colonel deserved no small share of the praise.

But how pleasant was our social life at this time. The most brilliant conversation flashed forth at each meal. There was an elegance of manner, and a refinement of expression cultivated, that might have graced the best circles. And so

congenial were the tastes of all! Imagine the Field and Staff of a regiment, none of whom, with one exception, drank intoxicating liquors or used tobacco, and all of whom, with one exception, were under twenty-six years of age. So flowed on our life in warm friendship, sparkling conversation, laughter and good sense, and in the strictest attention to our duties, through our stay at Newport News and Fredericksburg, until we were summoned with the rest of our corps to Washington, to form part of the army gathering there under McClellan, for the purpose of expelling Lee from Maryland.

There is not much to tell of our march through Maryland. The days were hot and wearisome. But at evening, gathered round our huge mess-chest, we uncorked the vials of our mirth, and the spirits repressed all day gushed forth the merrier then. Often it was in the midst of some charming landscape that we were encamped. A fire in the center of a circle of shelter tents, threw its fitful light on the occupants. There was the young Colonel, wrapped in his blankets, with the square, manly face, the profusion of blonde moustache and whisker, the large, earnest blue eye, and the sweet, womanly mouth that could so easily assume the expression of firmness and determination, and raise up the ends of the moustache, until they seemed to touch the eyes. God bless him, dear Colonel Kingsbury; he made us all better and nobler, and when I soon after pressed my lips in last adieu upon that forehead cold in death, I felt that when I would next behold it, it would be crowned with the aureola of a hero and saint. There sat, mostly at the Colonel's side, upon a tiger skin blanket, the subject of this sketch. A large heavy brow, with ponderous developments, and very short light hair, overshadowed features lovely and mirthful as a schoolboy's. Only the jaw's powerful sweep, and the long blonde moustache, relieved the lower part of his face from that gay and roguish look, that boyish smile, that always lingered there. There was Maj. Moegling, with his straightforward face and brilliant color, and Adjutant Converse, pale, quick and spiritual. Furthermore there was the old Surgeon, stout as a live oak, with kindness and good sense beaming from his eyes, and his ruddy cheeks always ready to smooth out their thousand





wrinkles in a good laugh. The Quartermaster, tall and melancholy, with a most gentlemanly air, and myself, were the last and least. Antietam took the Colonel from us. How I remember Lt. Col. Stedman coming in towards night, and after visiting all the wounded of our Regiment, saying to me:

"Doctor, I believe I am shot through the leg." It was not a very serious wound. He stayed until the Colonel had breathed his last. When I came to him and said: "The Colonel has opened his eyes, and given me the sweetest, most brilliant smile, and then closed them forever," he silently pressed my hand, and went to take a last farewell look at him who had loved him so much, and whom we all adored. Then he went home. When he returned he wore the Eagles. We went on our march, down Virginia. I never spent a more pleasant time. The Colonel was compelled by his wound, to ride in an ambulance. But every evening we would have a re-union around the mess-chest, and afterward around a fire. How late we used to sit talking of the world and its manners, of the brilliant actions of renowned men; recapitulating the wittiest sayings, the rarest thoughts, and the queerest stories. How we tried to discuss that exquisite politeness, that delicate chivalry, which graced the last days of Francis, old Regime, and that wonderful spirit of devotion, and consistent purity which characterized the days of Knighthood. These were favorite themes with the Colonel. Often with the enemy's pickets not a quarter of a mile distant, have we laughed over the brilliant scandal of Charles First's or Maria Antoinette's court. And with quaint, musty histories of decayed German courts, dug from quaint musty memories, piled up in libraries on the continent, I have charmed his attention many times. In more lonely hours he would confide hopes, attachments, family histories to my ear, and the more I knew of him, the purer and greater I knew him to be.

A pleasant thanksgiving it was that year. We had General Harland to dinner. He taught us how to eat apple dumplings in the old-fashioned way, with sugar. We had quite a merry time in camp, the men having received rations of hot punch.

Soon after, the battle of Fredericksburg was fought. We were not in the fight, but held the extreme picket line on

the flank, half way between the contending armies. From morning until night, we saw the long brigade lines of men, with four or five flags flaunting over them, sweep up the fatal hill, upon the side of which, behind a stone wall, the enemy were posted. All was silent. Then from the stone wall flashed one shot, then another, and then a long line of fire developed, and leaped and subsided, and flashed and disappeared until one flag fell, and then another, and another, and finally the long line broken, the fragments turned and retired rapidly,—from morning until night, one brigade after the other. We cried with vexation.

When the regiments lay in the streets of Fredericksburg with the enemy before them, every Colonel selected some house to sleep in. Col. Stedman said: "At such a time, every Captain should sleep with his company, every Colonel with his regiment." And in the cold of the December night the Colonel rolled himself in his blanket, and lay down in the mud of the street, by the colors of the regiment, and we lay down around him. Next day, we secured an old stranded boat in which we located headquarters. Then, the plan of attacking in column was mooted, and the Eleventh were chosen to precede the column composed of two Army Corps, as skirmishers. It was virtually devoting the regiment to a glorious death. But the Colonel rejoiced, and to their praise be it told, the men shared his joy. That plan was soon abandoned, however, and we re-crossed the river.

Soon after my connection with the Eleventh ceased. The bright affectionate smile with which the Colonel congratulated me on my promotion, will never fade from my memory. "Doctor," he said, "we shall always claim you as one of the Eleventh. We merely lend you to your new regiment."

Let me here point out the influence that Col. Stedman exerted upon the 11th, which Col. Kingsbury had already made one of the best disciplined regiments in the service. While the force of strict rules, and splendid external management at first controlled the regiment, Colonel Stedman slowly substituted for these a chivalric feeling, a *corps d'esprit*, that made every private as anxious to uphold the reputation of the regiment as the commander himself. The tinge

of patriotism which made every man individually adore himself as a hero and martyr of liberty, was brushed away, and they felt themselves soldiers, links of a chain, pieces of machinery, but pieces that were conscious of the glory which was earned by the whole, and that strove for it united, and each in his place. Besides this, they were a gentlemanly regiment, by the influence of the gentleman at their head, and who always upheld their dignity as men, in their higher character as soldiers. No work unworthy of a soldier, was ever put upon them; no private details as cooks, and servants, and hostlers were allowed; no insult to the men was ever permitted from arbitrary superiors. In consequence, we find such facts recorded as the march of the Eleventh from Yorktown to White House, in July, 1863, where not a man fell out of the ranks, notwithstanding the hot sun, and the dusty road—where not a chicken was stolen, not a tree robbed, notwithstanding their hard fare. Or such an occurrence as happened last winter, where a sentinel stood by the arsenal which was burning at Yorktown, and budged not from his place, though shell and shot were flying around him by hundreds, from the burning magazines.

Another must write the history of his last campaigns, his history as Brigade Commander, his history as dying hero. That is not for me, who loving him in life, adore him in death, and to whom his departure is not the hiss of a musket ball, the pouring out of a heart's blood, in short, an every day occurrence of battle, but an apotheosis grand and beautiful. It only remains for me to lay the friend's wreath of immortelles upon the grave, on which they have written: Brigadier-General Griffin A. Stedman.

Brave, good, and true,  
I see him stand before me now,  
And read again on that clear brow,  
Where victory's signal flew!  
*How sweet were life!* Yet, by the mouth firm set,  
And look made up for Duty's utmost debt,—  
I could divine he knew  
That death within the sulphurous hostile lines,  
In the mere wreck of nobly pitched designs,  
Plucks hearts-ease, and not rue.

Happy their end,  
Who vanish down life's evening stream,  
Placid as swans that drift in dream  
Round the next river-bend!  
Happy long life, with honor at the close,  
Friends' painless tears, the softened thought of foes!  
And yet, like him, to spend  
All at a gush, keeping our first faith sure  
From mid-life's doubt and old's contentment poor;  
What more could Fortune send?





We bide our chance,  
 Unhappy, and make terms with Fate,  
 A little more to let us wait:  
 He leads for aye the advance,  
 Hopes forlorn—hopes that plant the desperate good  
 For nobler Earths and days of manlier mood;  
 Our wall of circumstance  
 Cleared at a bound, he flashes o'er the fight,  
 A saintly shape of fame to cheer the right,  
 And steel each wavering glance.  
 I write of one,  
 While with dim eyes I think of three:  
 Who weeps not others fair and brave as he!  
 Ah when the fight is won,  
 Dear Land, whom tridlers now make bold to scorn,  
 (Thee! from whose forehead earth awaits her morn!)  
 How nobler shall the sun  
 Flame in thy sky—how braver breathe thy air,  
 That thou bred'st children who for thee could dare,  
 And die as thine have done!

HORSE JOHN.

### Captain Edwin R. Lee.

CAPT. EDWIN R. LEE, Co. D, 11th C. V., was killed at the battle of Newbern, N. C., March 14th, 1862. He was born April 28th, 1833, in Pleasant Valley, Litchfield Co., Conn., the third of a family of five. Descended from revolutionary stock, he grew up with an intense love of American nationality, and prized republican institutions as something worth all toils and sacrifices. Until the age of 17 he remained at the old homestead with his father, a plain New England farmer, when he became an apprentice to the machinist trade. From 1855 to the time of his commission he resided in Hartford. Naturally of an ardent and enthusiastic temperament, he engaged earnestly in the political campaign of 1860, making speeches and otherwise laboring to secure the election of Lincoln and Hamlin. He joined the City Guard of Hartford the following winter and became an adept in the minutiae of military drill. Matters of a personal nature prevented him from participating in the three months campaign, but the second call for troops found him ready, and in September, 1861, he, in company with an officer of the returned 2d regiment, began enlisting men. Having filled his company ranks, he was commissioned as captain and assigned to the 11th regiment, which was somewhat a disappointment, as he had expected to serve under his valued friend, Col. Russell of the 10th. The subsequent history of the 11th regiment is well known; its passage to Hatteras, the storm and the landing. On the morning of the 14th March as he was wheeling his company into line in front of the enemy's breastworks, a shell struck Capt. Lee in the abdomen, tearing out his side and shattering his sword arm. One of his men sprang to his side as he fell, and raising his head inquired, "Captain, can we do anything for you?" He answered, "No. Tell my brother I died at the post of duty. Good-by. Go on for your country." These were the last words of the youthful patriot hero.

On a beautiful spring day, (April 18th, 1862,) he was laid to rest in the quiet village where he first saw the light, his remains escorted to their last home by the City Guard and many citizens of Hartford and of his native place. Public services were held in the church, and every token of sorrow which sincere respect, admiration and affection could suggest was shown by the people generally. By the side of the mother who bore him he rests, the rippling stream of Farmington river and the sighing of the tall pines that shadow his grave, gently sounding his dirge. A plain free stone monument bearing his last words and the simple sentence "He died that his country might live," perpetuates his memory and teaches a lesson of patriotism.

The sleep of the hero is sweet,  
 Who dies his country defending,  
 For his labors our praises are meet,  
 And songs of his virtues unending.

### What Englishmen Think.

We clip from the London Star, a single item from an article on our Western Army:

"From Cairo to Atlanta constitutes a record of the most brilliant success which any army could hope to achieve. That obstacles and defeats have been encountered only makes the persistence, which has at length obtained victory, shine out with greater lustre. Kentucky was cleared of the great Rebel armies in 1862; Tennessee was fought for and won in 1863, and the summer campaign of 1864, more arduous than either of the preceding, has rolled back the Confederates from the north of Georgia, and placed Atlanta—the Birmingham of the West—at the feet of the conqueror."

All this, say some in America, is FAILURE.

### A Just and Agreeable Order.

Gen. Butler has, (with whatever fault he may be charged,) a happy faculty of saying and doing a great many appropriate and telling things. He has, among others, kept an eye on the manliest and bravest of the non-commissioned officers and men under his command, and recently issued an order recommending for promotion a large number of noble fellows, who have performed deeds of unusual excellence or daring. This ought long ago to have been the uniform practice throughout the army. Our brave boys have too often felt, and with good reason, that high merit or conspicuous courage did not secure just advancement. We trust that day is past, and that this good example will become the established rule.

The brave boys from Connecticut, who have won recommendation and promotion are—

First Lieut. C. W. Cook, 21st Conn., acting aid to Brig. Gen. Stannard, has special mention for distinguished gallantry, and is recommended to his Excellency, the Governor of Connecticut, for promotion.

Wm. S. Simmons and Jacob Bishop, Color Sergeants of the 8th Conn. Vols., are commended for planting their colors on the parapet of the fort among the earliest. Sergts. Bishop and Simmons are promoted to 2d Lieuts. in the U. S. colored troops; with the approval of the President.

Corp. Nathan Hiecock, 8th Conn. Vols., honorable mention for his gallantry in capturing a rebel battle flag, and is recommended to the Secretary of War for a medal. His colonel will see that he has his warrant as a sergeant.

Acting Adjutant William P. Long, 21st Conn. Vols., is recommended to his Excellency the Governor of Connecticut for promotion for gallantry, planting his colors among the first on the rebel fortifications.

Corp. F. Clarence Buck, Co. A, 21st Conn. Sharpshooter Battalion, is recommended to the Secretary of War for a medal for courage. Although wounded in the arm, he refused to leave the field until the engagement closed. In addition, he will have his warrant as sergeant.

1st Sergeant Wm. H. Haynes, Co. G, 7th Conn. is recommended to his Excellency, the Governor of Connecticut, for promotion for marked ability and attention to his duties as acting Lieutenant.

1st Sergeant Benjamin A. Hill, Co. A, 7th Connecticut, is honorably mentioned for gallantry on the skirmish line on the 29th of September, in the reconnaissance on Richmond. He is appointed a 2d Lieutenant in the U. S. colored troops.

Sergt. Lewis A. Cooke, 7th Connecticut, for gallantry on a skirmish line and zeal in performance of duty, is recommended for a medal.

Sergeant-Major George A. Gesner, Co. K, 6th Conn., is recommended for promotion, to his Excellency, to the Governor of Connecticut, for attention to his duties, and is recommended to the Secretary of War for a medal.

2d Lieuts. Edward Coe and John Bishop, 29th C. V., (colored troops,) are appointed first Lieuts. for uniform attention to duty.

### Stray Items.

**HUMAN NATURE.**—Here is a fair illustration, in a young way, of that *disinterested* kindness we sometimes read of, and one of the ways one might adopt to render a compliance with that Scripture which reads "in honor preferring one to another." "Now, George, you must divide the cake honorably with your brother Charles." "What is honorable, mother?" "It means that you must give him the largest piece." "Then, mother, I'd rather Charley should divide it."

**GLOVE LEGEND.**—Then there is the monkish legend of St. Gudule, the patroness of Brussels, who flourished, as the date book says, in the beginning of the eighth century, and who one day came praying in the church with naked feet; praying with such fervor and with feet so naked, that a charitable priest put his gloves under them for shoes, to protect them from chilblains and the damp stones. But St. Gudule kicked the gloves away, and went on with her prayers, while the gloves hung suspended in the air for upwards of an hour, to the great marvelling of the beholders, and the testimony, by a miracle, of the saint's true character beneath her cowl.

**A HAPPY OLD MAN.**—The genial old Grant Thorburn wrote just after his last birth day: "I have lived another year in this falsely so-called miserable world. I verily believe it is the best world, terrestrial, that ever God made. I have never felt head, heart, nor toothache during the year just gone by, and this day I enter upon my eighty-fifth year. I walk without a staff; I sleep without rocking, and eat my food without brandy or bitters. I never was drunk in my life, and never had a rheumatic pain."





### Recollections of Army Life in the 27th Connecticut.

On the 22d of October, 1862, as the shadows of evening were settling down upon Camp Terry, the 27th Regiment began its nine months campaign. Probably no regiment, which has left the city of New Haven, so thoroughly concentrated in itself the deep interest of all classes in the community. Every condition in life, every employment, found their representatives among our number. Many of our most respected and enterprising mechanics laid aside for a season the implements of their labor to join its ranks; the public schools of the city contributed one of their most esteemed teachers, and in the room, where of yore he so successfully led on his pupils from step to step in knowledge, hangs his portrait, to them a daily recurring lesson of noble patriotism and self-devotion. And Old Yale, never faithless to the patriotic instincts of her revolutionary sons, and at whose record in this righteous war none can look but with a just pride, was represented, by several of her children, one of whom fearlessly upheld our regimental colors at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. No wonder that the people of New Haven followed the career of the 27th with ever increasing interest, and that every item of the battle history it was helping to work out, should thrill the community to its very centre.

Without stopping to dwell upon the passage to New York, to Port Monmouth, or upon the generous hospitality of the Quaker City, and passing by the night journey to Baltimore, succeeded by a day's rest on the pavements of that city, the morning of the 25th found us in Washington. Camp Seward, on Arlington Heights, is soon reached, and quickly long rows of tents rear their white roofs in Gen. Lee's peach orchard. Possibly in other days we should have been summarily ejected by a grand charge of that gentleman's dusky retainers, or perhaps indicted in the courts for presuming to trespass upon the domain of an F. F. V., and have paid dearly to appease his injured feelings. But now the crowd of slaves is dispersed, and "Massa Lee" is not there to dispute our right to possession.

Our introduction to the Old Dominion would be incomplete unless the foreground of the picture presented to view that bugbear, Virginia mud, which has

made and unmade so many generals, and stops the wheels of the Army of the Potomac, with a periodical regularity worthy of the injunctions of a New York lawyer.

We had hardly arrived at Camp Seward when the clouds began to marshal their forces for an illustration of their power, and as if to show the minutiae of the forming forces, it began to drizzle slowly. The mist gradually enlarged into drops, and the soil grew softer and softer. As we floundered about we began to realize that the aforesaid mud was not altogether a myth, conjured up by inefficient commanders to excuse inaction. As night approached, a strong wind superadded to the rain, swept over the ridge, but we retired, our minds at ease, feeling secure in the thought that our tent surely was too well moored to the ground to give way before the blasts of Eolus, and too well trenched about to be flooded. Alas for mortal foresight! How deceptive is Virginia mud! Our little squad of five are all unconscious of the howling winds and pelting rain without, when suddenly a fiercer blast from the caverns of the storm god swoops down upon our devoted shelter, and as if by mutual arrangement, the soft earth yielded up the pins, the edge of the tent sweeps across our faces, and we wake to find the circle of vision enlarged from the narrow limits of our canvass tent to the sky above, black with heavy clouds. Our establishment is as quickly righted as the darkness allows, and we again lie down to sleep, not without some misgivings of another downfall. The tent starts again, and only the utmost celerity prevents a total capsize. The wind, determined never to be beaten, again overturns our abode as if to declare the transient nature of our residence at Camp Seward, and we conclude to let Boreas have his way, it finally turning out that he had done us a personal favor, as some compensation for previous rough treatment. At noon the order came to strike tents, with a view to moving our camp a few miles up the Potomac. Ours had been kindly, though somewhat unseasonably struck, and all that remained was to roll it up and put it in the wagon. Late in the afternoon the march began. Crossing over into Georgetown by the Aqueduct Bridge, and following the picturesque course of the river up to Chain Bridge, we return to the left bank and

bivouac for the rest of the night around huge fires. The next morning Camp Tuttle assumes a veritable existence, and here the 27th settle down to a month's routine and drill preparatory to the rough experience of an actual campaign. Our camp is situated on a rising ground; some distance in front of the parade, and on the left are the woods, while the right is skirted by the road, across which are the encampments of the 24th and 28th New Jersey and the 127th Pennsylvania which, with our regiment, constitute a Brigade of Abercrombie's Division of the army for the defense of Washington. In the distance rises the majestic dome of the Capitol ready to receive the statue of Freedom, and fitting is the coincidence that this emblem should be elevated to its position, when liberty for the humblest in the land is ceasing to be a lifeless principle and approaches faithful realization.

A regimental order sets forth the programme of daily duty as follows: reveille at six A. M.; guard-mounting at eight; Co. drill from nine to eleven, and again from one to two; battalion drill from three to four, and dress parade at five P. M.; tattoo at nine, taps at half-past nine. All this was varied by an occasional season of picket duty a few miles up the Leesburg turnpike.

Our first Sabbath at Camp Tuttle, forms, in most respects, a sample of all the rest. Sunday is to the soldier the most anomalous day of the calendar, especially if situated, as we were, without a Chaplain. The weekly inspection and freedom from drill, are the chief points which distinguish it from other days. In the present instance, however, an unexpected cause of excitement appeared. After dress parade it was announced that in consequence of certain rumored movements of the enemy in the direction of Leesburg, it might be necessary to beat the long roll, to call the regiment under arms at any moment during the night. Of course the very thought of a rebel added new zest to our military existence. Every one was on the qui vive, and made his arrangements to respond to the call with the utmost promptness. But no drum-beat disturbed our quiet rest; and it is a circumstance worth remarking, that although our camp on the Rappahannock lay nearer the rebel lines than almost any other, yet during the whole campaign the long roll never sent forth its soul-stir-





ring notes to call us into battle line at night.

At length our turn came to go on picket, which was not altogether unwelcome, as a relief to the monotonous round of camp duties and as an introduction to a new phase of experience. Picketing near Washington is a mere pastime in comparison with the same duty at the front. On the present occasion Co. H, with detachments from other regiments started out one morning, and after marching several miles on the Leesburg turnpike, arrived about ten o'clock at the village of Langley, which has recently been the scene of a guerrilla raid. Houses favorably situated at different points of the picket line, were occupied as headquarters of the different squads. It was our good fortune to be assigned to the principal tavern, and it is but due to the enterprise of the villagers to state that notwithstanding the place consists of but one church and a dozen houses, it is favored with no less than two regular taverns and two boarding houses of minor importance, one of which indicates its character to the public by the sign

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We found our hotel deserted by its former proprietor, a rabid secessionist, who barely escaped arrest by a posse of United States soldiers.

Near the tavern the road divides, one branch leading to Fall's Church, and the other to Leesburg. A short distance up the latter stands the residence of an old secession slave-holder, whose son is a general in the rebel army. In front of the house a sentinel paces back and forth to look after the old gentleman.

The dinner hour having arrived we conclude to set aside Uncle Sam's homely fare and take advantage of the enlarged facilities of entertainment afforded by the village. Falling in with the current we adjourn to one of the boarding houses, kept by a man of secession proclivities, whose principles, however, did not interfere with his untiring efforts to please. Those who have experienced the necessarily semi-barbarous life of the camp will appreciate what were our feelings as we sat down to a civilized meal. Attracted by the sign, we subsequently visited the "resterant," kept by negroes, who did their best to entertain us.

Only once more before leaving for the

front was it our privilege to picket near Langley. None who were out on that occasion, and sat down to the well-spread board, presided over by Mrs. Paine, will soon forget the fair Asmarina, whose assiduous attention added so much to the entertainment.

The march back to camp was attended by a driving snow storm, and the cold was so great as to freeze the water in our canteens. On the evening of the next day reports came in that rebel cavalry had got between our pickets and furthest outposts, and the regiment was ordered to be in readiness to turn out at a moment's warning. As in the previous instance, our services were not required.

In view of the approach of winter, and the probability of remaining in our present location for some time, it was thought best to make corresponding preparations. Pine logs, with considerable labor, were cut and brought in from the neighboring forest, and soon Camp Tuttle began to present an air of comfort positively inviting.

But we had hardly begun to appreciate the uncertainty always attending the soldier's life. After one night's enjoyment of our improved dwelling, orders came for Co. H, to strike tents, pack up and march over to Hall's Hill, there to clear up a place for the regimental encampment. Arriving on the hill in a pelting rain, huge fires were built of the brush and stumps which covered the ground, and by evening our tents were up, and we were as comfortable as circumstances would allow. Hearing of several deserted encampments about a mile distant on Miner's and Upton's Hills, many parties went out to secure anything which might add to their convenience. A large barren plain was covered with the huts and debris of a large army, probably McClellan's, in the winter of 1861. The whole presented a very curious and suggestive sight. Meanwhile, orders came to strike tents and re-join the regiment. It appeared that all the regiments in the vicinity were ordered to prepare for a rapid march. The Army of the Potomac had but recently crossed the river after the battle of Antietam in pursuit of Lee, and the enemy were said to be threatening Gen. Sigel, in command at Centreville. In view of this state of affairs the reserve in the defences of Washington, was called upon to be ready for any emergency. Returning to camp

we immediately pitched our tent in its old place, congratulating ourselves that after all we should have some chance to enjoy the fruits of our Monday's labor. The marching orders were countermanded, and we settled down once more to our ordinary duties.

#### TO THE FRONT.

The soldier, who is untried in the fearful ordeal of war, looks forward with a kind of adventurous excitement to the time when he shall cross swords with the enemy, and especially if his heart is bound up in the cause, his motives lie deeper than mere love of adventure, he desires to stand at the post of duty though it be in the deadly charge, and at the cannon's mouth.

At length the last day of November, a beautiful Sabbath, came, and with it marching orders. All attention was now concentrated upon the movement to take place the next day at nine o'clock. The cooks were busy preparing ration for the march; the men were arranging their traps in the most portable form, and all looked forward with eager interest to the new scenes before us. At the appointed time, on the following morning, the 27th, with the other regiments in the Brigade, began the march for Washington, leaving our comparatively commodious A tents standing. Henceforth shelter tents, and for much of the time no tents at all, were to be our covering. Our final destination was all a mystery, until as the days advanced conjecture was enabled, with some probability, to fix upon Fredericksburg. The march across Chain Bridge, through Georgetown and Washington, and down the Potomac, 15 miles, consumed the first day, and that night a tired set slept beneath their shelter tents, nestling in the woods by the roadside. Had Gulliver dropped in among them he would certainly have thought himself again surrounded by the abodes of the Lilliputians. By eight o'clock, Dec. 2d, we were again in motion, and before sundown accomplished the appointed distance of 20 miles, through a pleasant country, divided into large and apparently well cultivated plantations. Sambo's glittering ivory and staring eyes gleamed from many gateways, greeting us half suspiciously. One young colored boy concluded he had been beaten quite long enough by his master, and not liking the prospect before him if he remained in slavery, thought best to join the column





and march to freedom. In anticipation of some such proceedings on the part of the colored population, the planters of that region patrolled the roads on horse-back, watching our ranks as we filed past to see if some luckless contraband was not harbored therein.

The third day brought us within three miles of Port Tobacco, and without standing on ceremony, we encamped on the grounds of a secession planter, and availed ourselves of his abundant store of hay and straw. By this time our haversacks were getting low, not having been replenished since leaving Camp Tuttle, and many were disposed, contrary to orders, to forage upon the farm-yards, hen-roosts and hog-pens of the strong secession element which prevailed throughout that region. Uncle Sam's cartridges in too many cases, were not conscientiously preserved to fire at rebels in arms, but every few minutes bang went a gun, and some rebel in heart was minus a brace of chickens, a pig or calf, which graced the breakfast table of a Union volunteer. Our company cooks, by hook or by crook, had procured some secession pork, and when we arose the next morning, a very savory smell greeted our nostrils, as the steak hissed over a fire made of secession rails, and we all partook of it with a genuine relish, remembering, in obedience to Paul's injunction, to ask no questions for conscience sake. Many were the chickens' heads scattered along the route of this day's march, no less than fifteen having been counted within the space of a few feet, and numberless feathers to match. Occasionally, one more bold in iniquity than the rest, would trudge by with an unfortunate hen dangling at his back, with as much assurance as though fortified by a *carte blanche* from his venerable Uncle in Washington, to levy his rations on the neighboring country, and one was seen trying to conceal a quarter of a calf which, notwithstanding all his efforts, like the ass, in the fable, who donned the lion's skin, would show his ears. It is but just to remark that few of these depredations were committed by members of the 27th, the most of them being chargeable to Jerseymen and Pennsylvania Dutchmen, who showed a proficiency in such things entirely unattainable by Connecticut Yankees.

Dec. 4th, we passed through Port Tobacco, a very ordinary, shabby looking

town, whose secession population hardly deigned to glance at us except from behind closed shutters. Several of its denizens had recently been sent to the Old Capitol prison, having been caught in the act of escorting a young rebel lieutenant across the Potomac. One of these luckless individuals is personally known to the writer, and his plantation is said to have contributed that savory dish of pork-steak to which we have already alluded.

The fifth day of our march, and the last on the Maryland side of the Potomac, opened rather inauspiciously, and by the time we reached the river bank at Liverpool Point, a cold rain storm set in, in which we were obliged to stand a couple hours awaiting our turn to be ferried across to Aquia Landing. At length the rain changed into driving snow, and when we arrived at the Landing, the surrounding hills were white with the generous deposit. The village at Aquia Creek, after being evacuated sundry times, had risen again from the ashes of several burnings to become the base of supplies for Burnside's army before Fredericksburg. Busy carpenters were rearing storehouses eventually to take their turn at conflagration, and the offing was full of vessels of every description, loaded with stores to be transferred by rail to Falmouth.

In the snow we disembarked, and after many delays, reached our camping ground on a hill-side, a mile or more up the railroad. It was now evening, and the prospect seemed anything but encouraging in view of the fact that the storm continued with even augmented fury. We pitched our shelter tents and made our beds in the snow, and built fires, under circumstances which would have discouraged that gentleman whom we are wont to look up to as a model of patient perseverance. Almost the first thing the soldier has to learn is, how to make a fire. Let the problem be this: wood soaked in water an indefinite period, six or more inches of snow on the ground, and the air full of it; fingers all thumbs, and thumbs all fingers; required to build a fire. The soldier who, after a brief experience in the army, cannot bring this problem to a triumphant solution, should be mustered out of the service immediately, as unfit to perform military duty. So essential to the soldiers' comfort is this skill, would it

not be well for that august committee in Washington, who sit in judgment on the qualifications of applicants for appointments in colored regiments, to test the ability of these gentlemen in this particular. The suggestion is certainly as good as four-fifths of those thrust upon our attention in these days.

To add to the discomfort of the case our supplies were entirely exhausted. The old refrain of the reading books:

"Water, water, everywhere, but not a drop to drink;" requires only a slight alteration to describe our circumstances exactly.

Pork and hard tack everywhere, but not a bit to eat, for only a mile or more distant the wharves and storehouses at the landing fairly groaned with these articles, which we, however, could not obtain owing to inflexible red tape, and also to the fact that the railroad was entirely monopolized in carrying subsistence for the army at Falmouth. A very limited supply of saw-dust gingercakes constituted our bill of fare until the evening of the next day.

Dec. 6th dawned upon us, cold and frosty, but clear, just such a day as grace this month in the latitude of New England. The discomforts of the preceding day were soon forgotten in the cheerful sunshine. Ye who sit in your houses, or places of business, in the comfort of your situation scarcely bestowing a thought upon the weather without, little realize the magic influence of old Sol's genial countenance upon the physical and mental state of the soldier. The sun's beams seem to flash through and through his physical and spiritual being, dispelling the temporary depression which the wear and tear of hardship may have produced, and the dark picture of former privation fades away before the fresh, smiling face of nature.

To-day, our worthy Chaplain, Rev. J. W. Leek, joined the regiment, and though our long deprivation of a Chaplain's labors was certainly most undesirable, yet thereby we could the better appreciate the kindly qualities of head and heart he brought to his work.

WINTHROP.

HOW FOLKS DIFFER.—We chew tobacco, the Hindoo takes to lime. The children of this country delight in candy, those of Africa in rock salt. A Frenchman "goes his length" on fried frogs, while an Esquimaux Indian thinks a stewed candle the climax of delicacies.





## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

## From the Eighth Regiment.

18TH ARMY CORPS, 8TH REG., CONN. VOLS.,  
IN CAMP NEAR BERMUDA HUNDRED, VA.,  
Sept. 24th, 1864.

FRIEND MORRIS:—Two months have passed since your attention was called to us, and during that time few events have transpired above our common routine of duties, which are more numerous if not as arduous in the trenches in front of Petersburg, when the 18th Corps was relieved by the 10th on the 26th of August. The 10th and 18th Corps simply exchanged places with each other. The 18th Corps occupies the line of works from the Appomattox to the James, Dutch Gap and Deep Bottom.

Our campaign commenced the 4th of May, when we left Yorktown for Bermuda Hundred, and has been the severest of the war. For nearly four months we were not out of range of shell and bullets more than ten days, and then we were on board transports penned up like cattle, or marching to battle, as from White House to Coal Harbor, via New Castle, through clouds of dust, dense enough to suffocate a mule; we reached the front about 4 P. M. on the first of June, having marched 28 miles with only four hours rest, deployed in line of battle under fire, carried the front line of works and held them against several furious assaults. We remained there about three weeks, so close to the "Rebs" that it was dangerous to lift a head above the works in the night, much more in the day time. Our skirmishers and pickets had to dig holes and throw up defenses with their tin cups, plates and bayonets, many having to work in a lying position. Our casualties were few in proportion to the position occupied and work accomplished.

When Gen. Grant marched the Army of the Potomac across Lee's right flank to the James, the 18th Corps marched back to White House, embarked and sailed up the Appomattox, landed at Point of Rocks, bivouacked for the night, next morning crossed the Appomattox, and started for Petersburg. Skirmishing began about nine o'clock, the 8th Conn. and 13th New Hampshire composed the skirmish line; drove the enemy behind their works before noon, and lay down to await orders. Orders came to advance under their works and await the line of battle. By some misunderstanding of

the order, we didn't halt until inside the rebel works. We carried them completely, captured over three hundred prisoners, all their guns, which were treble shotted for us, and turned them upon the flying foe. The Captain of the battery declared it to be a Yankee sell, to make him keep his guns treble shotted waiting for the line of battle, and then let the skirmish line capture him, guns and all. A line of works was thrown up close to the next line of rebel works, and our rifle pits were so close to the "Johnnies," that we used to throw stones at each other, sometimes with considerable effect. We were in the pits two, and sometimes four days at a time through night and day, rain and sun, mud and water. We had to lie low of course, and when we were relieved and got behind our breast works it was not much better, for if a head or hand was lifted in sight fifty bullets were sent after it. The enemy's guns had good range upon our camps, and would open upon us about midnight, supposing us sound asleep after our fatigue in the trenches, keep us awake all night and down all day, and many times drive us into our Gopher hole, (bomb proof.)

Thus we stood the storm, growing stronger in works and faith, for the stronger our works the stronger our faith. Nine weeks of siege work, has told fearfully upon our numbers, for I judge the Corps by the 1st Division, which when the 19th Corps relieved us, included thirteen regiments, which numbered about forty-three hundred men for duty. During the summer's campaign, three week's fighting around Bermuda Hundred and Drury's Bluff, under Butler; three weeks about Cold Harbor, under Baldy Smith; and nine weeks in front of Petersburg, our regiment has been through six hard fought battles, making thirteen in all, and skirmishes too numerous to mention. Some of the boys say they have been in only one fight and that has lasted four months. Night and thunder showers don't stop us when we get at it. Although the campaign has been so severe upon the boys I have never heard a single complaint against General Grant, and but few against the Government, and those were all because the Paymaster has become a time-honored institution of the past. All of us have six months' pay due, and some of us have more. Is the soldiers' patri-

otism worth anything to the Government?

The position we now occupy is far from a holiday situation to us. Our detail for picket is very large, the two lines are from eighty to a hundred rods apart. Much good feeling exists between them. Orders have been strict against intercourse with them, but papers, coffee and pocket knives get exchanged for tobacco somehow or other. Our line of breast-works and batteries are from a half mile to a mile in rear of the picket line, and our camps just in rear of our breastworks. Old works are to be strengthened, new ones built, bad roads and slough holes to be corduroyed. These tasks call for heavy details so that every man not excused by the doctor, is on duty every day. But few of the 8th are sick; less than in many regiments. I won't say anything in this connection, about the wormy hard-tack we have had for three weeks past. Some may conclude that it is conducive to our health and we may get more of it.

Convalescents are returning to duty promptly; some having recovered from their wounds the second time this campaign. Capt. Goodrich has returned to duty. Our Chaplain is again with us, having recovered from an illness contracted in the trenches. We have Divine Service twice each Sabbath, and two evenings a week, and they are well attended. A few men are leaving each day by day, whose term of service is out. About sixty in all will leave us.

Part of a detail of twenty-five men from this regiment, while putting up a line of telegraph from City Point to Fort Powhattan, were taken prisoners by Wade Hampton, on his raid into our lines after beef, Sept. 16th. Enclosed is a list of their names. Everything quiet along our front most of the time. The enemy have shelled our signal towers a few times, without serious effect. The Howlett House battery opens on our gunboats occasionally, but the Mortar Parrott and Craw's West battery of ours, as often shuts "Howlett House" up. More or less canonading occurs every day at Dutch Gap, on our fatigue party at work on the canal.

Night before last a dispatch came of Sheridan's victory, each regiment "fell in" along the line and heard it read, and then made the woods and ravines reverberate with our cheers. We made the





"Johnnies" feel blue even over their extra ration of Uncle Sam's beef. Next morning at 7 o'clock each battery along the line fired a salute with shotted guns. Last night, Sept. 23d, we were called up about midnight, all along the line to hear another dispatch from Sheridan to Gen. Grant, of his rout of Early's army. We cheered long and loud enough to wake up all the Johnnies along our front; and this morning at seven o'clock, a salute of an hour's length, with shotted guns, was fired from the entire front, and every gun along the line opened. We took our position in the works, in case the "Johnnies" should decide to return our compliments, which they did not except to a small extent.

Desertions to our lines are numerous, and daily increasing.

Yours, for crushing the rebellion.

OLD VET.

#### From the Twelfth Regiment.

HEADQUARTERS 12TH REGT. C. V.,  
HARRISBURG, VA., Sept. 27, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—Resting a day in this pleasant town, for rations, we have time to collect our thoughts and review the events of the past week.

Nothing of importance happened to us during the first weeks of the month. We were watching Gen. Early and his crowd, once in a while reconnoitering his position, to see that he did not slide away. If he moved we soon followed, strongly intrenching, so that when he came out with his army to take a look at us, he concluded "that would not do," and retired. We do not recollect that he went very far into Maryland. At length, on the 18th, Gen. Sheridan, assured a favorable time had come to attack him, on Monday morning at 3 o'clock, we moved forward. The cavalry skirmished all the morning, but it was nearly noon when the 12th went into the fight. The rebels were strongly intrenched around Winchester, but they had come out to a piece of woods some half a mile in front, where a strong line was posted. The 2d Division of the 19th Corps, had been obliged to fall back, on account of an enfilading fire that was poured in upon them. The rebels rushed upon them, took some prisoners, and stripped the wounded, but the 1st Division presented an unbroken front, and as soon as a movement could be made by the eighth Corps on the right, a charge was made, the 12th being in the front, and with

scarcely a round of ammunition. It was a grand sight; the rebels ran like sheep, the Eighth Corps swinging around on to their flank. Nothing could restrain the men when once started. They rushed across the open field, through the woods and on toward the works around Winchester, with an impetuosity nothing could resist. When they were well started, down came the hosts of cavalry on the right of our line with drawn sabres, and few rebels stopped for their earthly works, but threw away every thing, cutting off their equipments, and running with all speed for their lives. The country knows how, nearly six thousand prisoners and wounded were gobbled then, and how our victorious army pushed on and attacked them in their strong position at Fisher's Hill, where a high mountain protected either flank and the front presented continued earthworks and shining guns. But Gen. Sheridan was too much for him, and a large force rushing down the mountain on their flank threw them in complete confusion, and away they started again, not even stopping to relieve two regiments on their right on picket. I suppose over twenty pieces of artillery and over two thousand prisoners unhurt, was the result of that day's work, but that was not the end. On the army pushed all night, and after resting a few hours, and getting a few days' rations, again pursue and overtake their train and lines of battle seemingly very tired, near New Market. As we ascended one hill, their whole force was in plain view on the next, but darkness closed upon us and they were forced on all night, crossing the Blue Ridge only to encounter a large body of our cavalry. How much damage they received at their hands I cannot tell.

This victory purchased with the lives of some of our noblest men and officers, has been as near complete as any in the history of the war, and of course, our army is in the best of spirits, waiting to be led on to yet greater achievements.

Our brave Colonel Peck was one of those who heroically yielded up his life in this glorious cause. As the command "forward, double quick," was on his lips, a shell exploded within a very few feet of his head, a piece nearly two inches long passed through his right knee, stopping in the stirrup strap, and wounding his horse. He was taken to the Division Hospital, where every attention was paid

him by sympathizing friends and surgeons, but the shock and loss of blood was so great that he died the next morning at half past seven o'clock.

All testimony concurs in the fact that on the field of battle, under the hottest fire, the Col. bore himself most heroically. In the confusion of battle, when four generals were giving orders at nearly the same time to the Regiment, he was as calm and self-possessed as on parade; and when told that his wound was probably mortal, he received the news with calmness unsurpassed.

"I do not regret that I came to the war; it is all perfectly right," he said; and again, "I do not know how I could die in a better cause." "Oh, my Regiment, tell them I love them all."

Private Jacob T. Brown, Co. C, shot in the abdomen, died gloriously in the same room. Also, private John Coyle, Co. B, shot through the lungs.

Lieuts. W. S. Bulkley, and John W. Steadman, killed instantly, were brought to the hospital. We buried them all on the little side hill above the hospital, where their graves stand marked, a noble testimony to their undying patriotism.

Capt. S. E. Clarke took command of the Regiment, and nobly led them thro' the charge.

All the officers and men behaved most nobly, not a shirk among those who marched into that bloody field. Our list of killed and wounded is—3 officers killed and 2 wounded; 8 men killed, 56 wounded.

Yours truly, J. H. B.

#### From the 20th Regiment.

From D. W. Graham, to his Mother, in Portland, Conn.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, Sept. 6th, 1864.

DEAR MOTHER:—Since my last letter to you, we have advanced slowly but surely into the city of Atlanta. Perhaps you are aware that the 20th Corps have the praise of this wonderful achievement, which was wrought on the second day of September, and without much trouble. The rebels evacuated the town, except that a brigade of Cavalry which were left to hold it in check while the Infantry were getting out of the way; they left at eleven in the evening. At midnight our Gen. had word of it; the next day one hundred men were detailed from our regiment, taking fifteen from our Company, myself being one of the





number. We did not think of reaching Atlanta that day, but thought we would move a little, and try to find the enemy, and see how much force they had, and fall back to our works. When about one mile out, we sent skirmishers, they kept on, we following by the flank. When within a quarter of a mile of town, our skirmishers commenced to fire; we then formed a line of battle and waited for the Second Division. By the time they came, the cavalry had left, and our skirmishers were in town. We then marched by the flank, to the depot, when we stacked arms, and the boys started for the stores, bursting in the doors, bringing out the tobacco by the cart load, bread, cakes, matches, ink, and many other articles. We staid about town until very near dark, sent our pickets out, and the rest of us went into camp. After we had been in the city about two hours, our boys wished to try their matches by lighting and throwing upon the floor; there being some loose powder, it flashed and burned three of the boys pretty badly in their face and hands. On the afternoon of the 4th, the rest of regiment came up, and we moved some three miles to the right, where we now remain near the Johnnies' works, which they left, guarding the rear of the city. Our army will rest now for a while, as this great city is ours.

From your son,

D. W. GRAHAM.

#### From the 10th Regiment.

We take great pleasure in presenting official reports of the conduct of the invincible 10th, during the early part of October.

Some of our readers will be pleased to see the official forms of reports, and all will be gratified that the high claims of this noble regiment are not idle boasts but are fully and uniformly recognized by the commanding officers of the Brigade, Division and Corps.

The importance of these engagements as gradual approaches to the splendid and not distant triumph, is shown in our editorial column.

HEADQUARTERS, 3D BRIG., 1ST DIV.,  
10TH A. C., 6 MILES FROM RICHMOND,  
October 1st, 1864—2½ P. M. }

[ORDERS.]

COL. OTIS, Commanding 10th C. V.—Will immediately move his Regiment, excepting those boys whose time has expired, up the New Mar-

ket Road, and drive in the enemy's pickets—making a *demonstration* in favor of Gen. Terry's movement on the "Central Railroad." He will move through the woods to the open field if practicable without making a *serious* attack.

(Signed,) H. M. PLAISTED,  
Col. 11th Me. Vols., Comd'g 3d Brigade.

HEADQUARTERS, 10TH C. V., NEAR RICHMOND, }  
Oct. 1st, 1864—7 P. M. }

COLONEL:—I have the honor to report my arrival in camp with my command from the "Demonstration," on the New Market Road. My losses are light. The prisoners have been forwarded to Gen. Birney's Headquarters.

Very respectfully, your ob't. servant,  
(Signed) J. L. OTIS,  
Col. Comd'g 10th C. V.

HEADQUARTERS, 3D BRIG., }  
IN THE FIELD, Oct. 1st, 1864. }

COLONEL:—Please give me a written report to-night if *convenient*. I regret the loss of your men. The 10th is always *satisfactory*.

(Signed) H. M. P.  
Col. Comd'g 10th C. V.

HEADQUARTERS, 10TH REG. C. V., }  
Oct. 1st, 1864. }

COLONEL:—I have the honor to report the part taken by this regiment in the operations of this afternoon.

Pursuant to orders received from yourself, I moved out, about 2.30 P. M., upon the New Market road, passed the picket line and formed the regiment on either side of the road; deployed three companies upon the right and three upon the left as skirmishers. The enemy's videttes fell back before them, one being captured and sent immediately to Gen. Birney. They were driven from their pits and from a house occupied as an advanced post, but, forming behind the crest of a hill at the foot of which the road was barricaded, opened a vigorous fire. I halted my line in an advantageous position at the edge of the woods, well covered, with open ground in front, and kept up a fire which proved effective; several of the enemy being seen to fall, and one brought in severely wounded. The report was now brought from the left that the line was outflanked in that direction, and a severe enfilading fire was poured into it,—Sergt. Williams, of Co. G, being mortally and private Williams of Co. F, severely wounded. I therefore sent forward another company, with instructions to support the left, and attack the enemy, who had advanced at that point. These orders were successfully carried out, and the enemy forced to retire. It was now reported that their skirmish line was moving toward our right; and to guard against this movement, I sent a small detachment to reconnoitre in that direction. The movement proved to be the deployment of a regiment as skirmishers, but no further attempt at an advance was made by the force opposite us, though firing was continued on both sides. And having carried out the instructions given me, I withdrew after dark, no attempt to follow me being made, and returned to my position in the works.

I lost two men wounded, (one mortally,) and

one missing, probably captured from the extreme right of our line on its first advance.

Very respectfully, your ob't. servant,  
J. L. OTIS,  
Col. Comd'g. 10th C. V.  
To Col. H. M. PLAISTED, Comd'g Brigade.

HEADQ'RS 3D BRIG., 1ST DIV., 10TH A. C., }  
IN THE FIELD, Oct. 1st, 1864. }

Captain A. TERRY, A. A. General:

CAPTAIN:—I have the honor to report that in obedience to orders of the Maj. Gen. Comd'g, I moved the 10th Conn. Vols. of my command, up the New Market road, about 3 P. M., to make a demonstration in favor of Gen. Terry, now on the "Central Road." Col. Otis, commanding the 10th, was directed to drive the enemy's pickets through the woods if practicable, but not advance into the open field beyond, some 800 yards.

The rebel skirmishers were soon driven from the woods into the open field where they were strengthened by another regiment. A sharp skirmish fire was kept until after dark, when the regiment returned.

The casualties in the 10th were two wounded severely, and one taken prisoner. The loss of the enemy must have been quite severe, as the rebel regiment received the full benefit of our fire while in the act of deploying.

Two prisoners were captured and sent into Corps Headquarters. One of them was wounded. I am pleased to say that Col. Otis, with his gallant 10th Regt., performed the part assigned them in their usual good style. Report of Col. Otis, of the affair, will accompany this.

I have the honor to be, Captain,

Your most obedient servant,  
(Signed,) H. M. PLAISTED,  
Col. 11th Me., Comd'g Brig.

HEADQUARTERS, 10TH REGT. C. V., }  
NEAR RICHMOND, Va., Oct. 8th, 1864. }

Lt. Benj. Wright, A. A. Gen.:

LIEUTENANT:—I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by this Regiment in the affair of yesterday:

At 8½ A. M., I received orders from Col. Plaisted, commanding the Brigade, to move my regiment down the New Market Road, as fast as possible, without taking a double quick. I marched immediately, and when between the Varina Road and Four-Mile Creek Church, received orders to move in line of battle across the open field, at the left of the road, throw out a strong line of skirmishers to the right and front. My command moved in this order until about half a mile from the main road, and was then halted and formed *en echelon*, at about 40 paces in rear of the 100th N. Y. Vols. My regiment now formed the extreme right of our line, my skirmishers extending a quarter of a mile to the right, and well refused to protect our flank. After remaining in this position for half an hour, my command (except the skirmishers,) was moved by the left flank, and formed in line of battle between the 24th Mass. and 100th N. Y. Vols., the latter being now on the flank of the Division with their skirmishers in front of my regiment. In this position we were attacked by the enemy in strong force. The skirmishers in our front came in at a





run, without making the least resistance, and the regiment on my right following the example, broke and ran in confusion; not an officer or man remaining on the field.

The enemy's line of battle overlapped us considerably on the right, and the bad conduct of the 100th N. Y. had left our flank entirely uncovered, but taking advantage of the confusion into which the enemy's lines had been thrown, in passing the woods in our front, I commenced the attack, and drove him through the woods before his forces could be got in position to deliver an effective fire. He made two more feeble attempts to re-form his line and advance against us but our fire was too hot, and was compelled to fall back in confusion, leaving two officers and six men dead, and two severely wounded on the field. We took prisoners representing the 1st and 5th S. C., and 34th Ala. regiments, showing that a portion at least of each of those regiments were opposed to us.

I make no comments on the behavior of my command, as the entire affair occurred under the observation of the Col. Commanding the Brigade. My loss was two killed and seven wounded.

Very respectfully, your obt. servant,  
J. L. OTIS, Col. Commanding the Regt.

*Extract from the Official Report of Col. Plaisted.*

The conduct of regiments of this Brigade, through the affair, with the single exception referred to, was satisfactory, nor could it have been more so. The Brigade was on the right flank of our line, which the enemy was seeking to turn. All seemed to feel the responsibility of their position, and no troops in the world could have behaved better. The 10th Conn., Col. Otis Commanding, held the vital point of the position, and its splendid behavior when the regiment on its right gave way, saved us from disaster. \*\*

(Signed) H. M. PLAISTED,  
Col. 11th Me. Vols., Comd'g 3d Brigade.

**From the First Conn. Light Battery.**

1ST CONN. LIGHT BATTERY,  
LIGHT ARTILLERY BRIG., 10TH ARMY CORPS,  
IN THE FIELD, Va., Oct. 15, 1864.

Nearly six weeks were spent in the defences at Bermuda Hundred, during which time the Battery suffered no loss from the enemy's canonading, although more or less exposed to it nearly the whole period.

When Brig. Gen. Foster moved across the James River at Deep Bottom, one section of the Battery accompanied him, and was, a few days after, followed by another section. One section still remained at the intrenchments at Bermuda Hundred, under the immediate command of Lieut. Bliss. Early in July, however, the remaining section was withdrawn from its position in the defences, and transferred to the north side of the James, thus bringing the whole Battery together once more.

About the first of June, the National Colors, and the guidon which were presented us by the State, upon our organization in 1861, having become unserviceable from constant use in the field, were forwarded to the State authorities, for preservation. Since the promotion of Capt. Rock-

well to the Colonelcy of the 6th Regiment of Infantry, the Battery has been under the command of Capt. James B. Clinton, formerly First Lieut. in the Battery.

During the month of July nothing of importance was done until the 26th and 27th, when we engaged in some demonstrations against the enemy, on which occasion about five hundred rounds of ammunition were expended. No casualties in the Battery.

On the 14th of August, we took a part in the movement of the 2d and 10th Army Corps on the Kingsland and New Market roads towards Richmond. About two hundred shots were fired, but our usual good fortune attended us, and there was no loss of men in this movement.

On the 25th of August the Battery was ordered to move across the James and Appomattox rivers, to the line of works in front of Petersburg. The guns were placed in position at the front on the 27th, where they remained for one month. During that time we had some lively artillery duels with the enemy's guns in our front, but were so well protected by our works that we received no damage. As the rebel sharpshooters lay very near us, it was necessary to keep well out of sight in order to avoid the whistling bullets.

But the fortunes of war do not allow a very long stay in one position, and on the 25th of September the Battery was again on the march, together with the 10th and 18th Army Corps, for some unknown destination.

The 25th found us at Jones' Landing, near Deep Bottom, on the James. It was now evident that we were on the road to Richmond by the "North side" route. The infantry by a rapid advance surprised the enemy and captured his works at Chapin's Bluff, five miles from the city.

Owing to the nature of the country it was impossible to use artillery during the advance, but immediately on the capture of the enemy's line of works the artillery was brought into position, and has since rendered good service on several occasions, when our line was assaulted by the enemy.

Our guns remained in position at the breast-works about a week, when on the 13th of Oct. we took a part in a reconnaissance on the left of the enemy's line, on the Central and Charles City roads towards Richmond.

During the day the Battery was not called into action, until towards night, when the object of the movement having been attained, the infantry and cavalry were ordered to fall back to their original position in the intrenchments. Then, our Battery was called upon to cover the withdrawal, and was effectually used to prevent the enemy from falling upon our rear.

As our infantry retired, the rebels followed with cheers and yells, with the intention of driving us back in disorder; but our rapid and destructive fire soon silenced their yells and stopped their pursuit. During this affair, about two hundred rounds were fired. The Battery suffered no loss, and is now quietly resting within the intrenchments waiting for another opportunity to show the rebels a little more artillery practice.

T.

"Grant keeps quiet but far from idle."—*Richmond Examiner.*

**The Voice of our Soldiers.**

Our country is calling with names that of old,  
Emblazoned America's story;  
May those of to-day, when its tale shall be told  
Blaze with them forever in glory!  
Be our banner redeemed, the reward of our scars;  
No scathe on its stripes and no cloud on its stars!

**A Southern View.**

We here present a private letter picked up at Pineville, La., on the Red River, by a soldier of Co. B, 12th Regiment, and forwarded to us by E. L. French, of Co. D. The soldiers will please accept our thanks. The sentiments expressed by a Southern lady, are really worth perusal:—

NEW ORLEANS, July 24th.

MR. C. BOYCE—ESTEEMED FRIEND:—So you're taken at last? How do you feel any way? If you don't like it, let me console you by telling you that it's what I've been praying for ever since this city was captured. Did you fight up there as hard as the city folks did? I guess you skedadeled too, just as they did; I don't mean *you*, Charley, for I won't believe you're a rebel until you tell me so yourself. How much I've wanted to hear from you, and I should like so much to have a long chat with you. Do write and tell me how you've got along up there these two long sad years? Isn't it terrible to contemplate the condition of our country? But, Charley, it begins to brighten, and let me tell you that the United States will come out all right side up yet, and what is best of all, the *cause* of this war will be forever removed. O, how much I wish I could see you. I want to hear you talk. I want to hear you tell how you felt when you saw that Banner that "waved o'er our cradle at the hour of our birth," again raised in proud triumph over you? Did it ever before wave so proudly, the stripes look so broad, or the stars shine so brightly? Ah, Charley, I'm sure they never taught you to hate it. I suppose your wife and all her relatives are good rebels. Well, I cannot be angry with them for that. The South is their own native country; they love and respect her institutions, and it would be unnatural if they did not feel a preference, and have a strong desire for her to win; but it's all up, they *can't* do it. If you answer this I'm going to write you one of the greatest letters you ever read; and, if you are a rebel, look out, you'll either have to run or get whipped, that's certain. Now don't deny it if you are one, for I want a chance to get at some *sensible* rebel, and I've never found one yet. Isn't that complimentary? Now do write *immediately* I'm very anxious to hear from you. How is Mrs. David and family? Are Ben and Andrew in the army yet? I suppose they are conscripts like my poor boy, but I have the proud satisfaction of knowing that I am *no* rebel, although my son is so unfortunate as to be among them. I shall wait with the greatest anxiety for a letter, and if you're offended, and determined not to answer, just drop a line and tell me so.

Your old friend, N. M. S.

"Moderation in war is imbecility."—Macaulay.





## PERSONAL.

MAJOR HEMENWAY of Hartford, has at last relieved the long anxiety of his friends by appearing in person. He was captured in citizens dress near Harper's Ferry, and taken to Lynchburg, Va. He there lay ill for three weeks and was finally released. He made his way as best he could through Western Virginia to Ohio, and thence by way of Washington home. He is heartily welcomed by a large circle of admiring friends.

COL. BLAKESLEE, First Conn. Cavalry, spent a few days of October in New Haven. He rejoined his regiment before he had fully recovered from his wound, and has suffered constantly from his injudicious eagerness to lead his gallant regiment. He is compelled again to remit for a short time, active labor in the cause he serves so faithfully and efficiently.

DR. NICKERSON, and Chaplain C. DIXON, of the 16th C. V. I., were recently exchanged and are now at home on furlough. The officers in confinement in South Carolina passed resolutions expressing high commendation and sincere gratitude to Dr. Nickerson for his constant and self-denying efforts for their health and comfort.

Chaplain Dixon is travelling through the State, visiting the families of the brave boys of the 16th. The friends of the 16th will long and gratefully remember the outlay of time and money, which he has made to comfort and gratify them.

SERGT. MAJOR FORREST SPOFFORD, of the 8th C. V. I., lost his left arm at Antietam in 1862. He was soon again at his post in the regiment and has been faithful and efficient as before, petted by the officers and honored by all. He desired to re-enlist, but the examining surgeon refused to pass him and he now returns to his home in Norwich. His departure from his regiment is deeply regretted, and he will be ever affectionately remembered by his comrades in the stern and sturdy service the gallant 8th has seen.

ANDREW J. SPRING, Co. E, 16th regiment, recently escaped from the rebel prison at Andersonville, and is now at his home in Collinsville. The prisoners were being taken from Andersonville to Savannah, and to save sending a heavy guard with them the rebels represented that they were going to be exchanged. Spring didn't believe their story, and, with two western men, made his escape from the train, dodged about Hood's lines, and finally reached Sherman's lines at Atlanta.—*Hartford Press.*

CHAPLAIN JACOB EATON, of the 7th regiment, whose indefatigable labors for his brave and suffering men in the trenches, prostrated him with severe illness, is slowly recovering. He is eager to return to the scene of the labors to which his manly heart is wholly devoted, but we trust that he will remain with us until his health is firmly established, and then go forth to serve again, with zeal and efficiency, the cause of God and the country.

CAPT. W. J. DENSLOW, of Hartford, has been promoted to a majority in the Ninth New York Heavy Artillery.

COL. MULLIGAN, is said to have been at one time, vigilantly awaiting an attack from the rebel Fitz Hugh Lee. Gen. Lee at length sent him word that it was so cold that he should not attack. The intrepid and defiant Colonel replied: "My compliments to Gen. Lee, with the assurance that he can be accommodated with a *warm fire* whenever he chooses."

BRIG. GEN. JOSEPH A. MOWER, has been made a Major General. His home is in New London. Connecticut may well be proud to claim him. Every rebel on either side of the Mississippi trembles at the sound of his name.

LIEUT. W. T. SEWARD, has received his commission as Commissary of Subsistence, U. S. V., with rank of Captain, with orders to report at Washington. Captain Seward entered the service as 2d Lieut. in the First Conn. Battery; was promoted to be Quartermaster of the 7th C. V. I., which position he has held up to this time. He is admirably qualified both by ability and experience, for the duties of his new position.

REV. C. C. TIFFANY, formerly pastor of the church at Derby, has been appointed Chaplain of the 6th C. V. I. Mr. Tiffany is a man of high character, finished scholarship, and genuine sympathy for the cause and the soldiers. We venture to express our sincere gratification that this sturdy old regiment so long destitute, should at last obtain a chaplain, so capable and accomplished.

SHERMAN W. ADAMS, of Wethersfield, has resigned his commission as Assistant Paymaster in the Navy. He has been stationed during the greater part of his term of service in the Gulf Squadron, and has performed his duties with creditable efficiency. He will commence the practice of Law in Hartford. The hearty good wishes of many patriotic friends go with him to his new sphere of labor.

CAPT. CHAS. C. BREWSTER, 10th Conn. regiment, has been honorably discharged, on account of continued physical disability. It is with sincere regret that we see such men tried and true, dropping out of the service.

CAPT. T. R. PARKER, of Middletown, who went to Newbern, N. C., as agent for procuring negro substitutes for that town, has returned without a man. The success of others is hardly better. It is not his fault.

LIEUT. GIDEON WELLES, a native of Wethersfield, and a graduate of Yale in 1859, and an officer of the 8th regiment Mass. Militia, (100 days men) is missing. He is probably captured by guerillas.

LIEUT. O. L. HATCH, has been ill at Meriden, his home, for some weeks. Every patriotic citizen will be glad to learn that he is rapidly recovering.

MAJOR G. W. SMITH, formerly of New Haven, has been promoted to be Colonel of his regiment, the 88th Illinois.

LIEUT. COLONEL MEEKER, and Quartermaster Joseph Colton, of the Sixth regiment, have resigned, and been honorably discharged.

JOHN MORRIS, of New London, has passed Casey's board for a captaincy in a colored regiment.

LIEUT. COL. ROBERT LEGGETT, of New London, has resigned on account of continued disability. Brave, faithful and patriotic, it was hard for him to retire from the service he loved and the gallant invincible regiment that loved and honored him, but reluctantly retiring, he receives that which at such a time is always comforting to the unflinching soldier—*merited recognition of his approved fidelity and efficiency.*

Gen. Butler accepts his resignation with the following special order:

Lieut. Col. Robert Leggett, Tenth Conn. Volunteers, having tendered his resignation, it is accepted with regret that so gallant an officer, with honorable wounds received in the service, is obliged to leave it. Col. Leggett's patriotic endeavors to remain in service, notwithstanding his partial disability in the loss of a limb, are appreciated by the Commanding General, who desires to thank him for the example of courage and endurance he has set to the officers and soldiers of his command.

By command of Major Gen. Butler.

R. S. DAVIS,

Major and Ass't. Adjutant General.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH and Society of Plainville, have unanimously granted their Pastor, Rev. Moses Smith, leave of absence for another year, that he may retain his position as Chaplain of the 8th C. V. I. It is a noble self-denial on the part of the patriotic congregation, and it is a great kindness to that war-scarred regiment. Mr. Smith is active, earnest and efficient, in every good word and work.

CORP. GEO. F. OTIS, of Co. B, 10th C. V., has been promoted to be Commissary Sergeant. He has deserved his advancement, and will perform his duties with promptness and efficiency.

ROBERT PEASE—The man who enlisted last, so as to complete the quota of the town of Farmington. He is the last of six sons, all in the patriot army.

Hospital Steward G. H. Pickett, U. S. A., has been promoted to be Assistant Surgeon in the U. S. Regular Army, and ordered to report for duty at Camp Relief, Washington, D. C.

Lieut. Col. John H. Burnham, 16th Regiment, recently captured for the second time by the rebels while on the way to Roanoke Island, has been again paroled.

Second Lieut. Benjamin Andrews, of the First Conn. Artillery, had his left eye destroyed, accidentally, by a friction primer.

Capt. Theodore C. Kibbe has been appointed Provost Marshal of the 3d district, *vice* Captain Isaac H. Bromley, resigned.

First Lieut. William Goodrich, Jr., of the 15th Conn. Vols., has been appointed Provost Marshal of the District of North Carolina.

Ezra T. Sprague, son of Dea. Sprague, of Danielsonville, has been promoted from Adjutant of the 8th to be Lieut. Col. of the 42d Wisconsin.

Justin Hodge, of Barkhamsted is appointed chief quartermaster of the 6th Army Corps, with the rank of Lieut. Colonel.

H. B. Brown, Assistant Paymaster in the Navy, has been ordered on board the United States steamer Mount Vernon, at Hampton Roads.





# List of Appointments and Promotions in the Connecticut Volunteer Force, during the month of September, 1864.

## 1ST ARTILLERY.

Capt. Albert F. Brooker to be Major, with rank from the 5th day of September, 1864, vice Hemmingway honorably discharged.

David C. Card, M. D., of Willimantic, to be Assistant Surgeon for Battery A, with rank from the 16th day of September, 1864.

## 2D ARTILLERY.

Sergeant Austin P. Kirkham of Co. L, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from the 5th day of September, vice Hubbard, promoted.

1st Sergeant Joseph Fenn, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from the 16th day of September, vice Alfred, promoted.

## 1ST CAVALRY.

Captain Edward W. Whitaker to be Major, for meritorious services in cutting through the enemy's lines on the 29th of June, and reporting the perilous condition of Gen. Wilson's Cavalry at Reams' Station, Va., to Maj. Gen. Meade, with rank from the 14th day of Sept., vice Blakeslee, promoted.

Captain Leonard P. Goodwin to be Major, vice Ives, promoted.

1st Lieut. Henry T. Phillips to be Captain, vice Morris, discharged.

1st Lieut. Wm. C. Spellman to be Captain, vice Whitaker, promoted.

2d Lieut. Benj. B. Tuttle to be 1st Lieut., vice Phillips, promoted.

2d Lieut. Aaron S. Lanfare to be 1st Lieut., vice Spellman, promoted.

1st Sergt. James Wheeler, to be 2d Lieut., vice Tuttle, promoted.

Sergt. James W. Crissey to be 2d Lieut., vice Lanfare, promoted.

1st Sergt. James M. Knowles to be 2d Lieut., vice Clark, promoted.

All with rank from the 24th day of September.

## 6TH REGIMENT.

Rev. Charles C. Tiffany, of New Haven to be Chaplain, vice Woodruff, resigned. Commission to date from the 22d day of September.

1st Lieut. Hiram L. Grant to be Captain, with rank from Sept. 23d, vice King, dishonorably discharged.

2d Lieut. George Bellows to be 1st Lieut., with rank from September 23d, vice Hammond died of wounds received in action.

1st Lieut. Henry F. Stanley to be Adjutant, with rank from Sept. 23d, vice Fitch, resigned and discharged.

## 8TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Geo. C. Merriam, 15th Conn. Vols. to be Captain, with rank from the 5th day of Sept., vice McCall killed in action.

## 10TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Henry E. Peck to be Captain, vice Jepson, resigned.

1st Lieut. Frank S. Hickerson to be Captain, vice Quinn, deceased.

2d Lieut. James H. Linsley to be 1st Lieut., vice Mallory, discharged.

2d Lieut. George H. Brown to be 1st Lieut., vice Peck, promoted.

All with rank from the 24th day of Sept.

## 11TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Samuel B. Horne to be Captain, with rank from the 24th day of September, vice Kerr, honorably discharged.

## 12TH REGIMENT.

Captain Sidney E. Clark to be Major, with rank from the 6th day of September, vice Lewis, promoted.

## 14TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Newell P. Rockwood to be Captain, vice Hawley, killed in action.

2d Lieut. George A. Stocking to be 1st Lieut., vice Rockwood, promoted.

2d Lieut. George H. Lillibridge to be 1st Lieut., vice Wadhams killed in action.

All to take rank from the 3d day of Sept.

Sergt. Joseph Thompson to be 2d Lieut., with rank from the 22d of September, vice Norton, dismissed.

Captain John C. Brotch to be Major, with rank from the 21st of Sept., vice Coit, honorably discharged.

## 15TH REGIMENT.

Sergt. Heber S. Ives, of the 8th Conn. Vols., to be 2d Lieut., with rank from the 26th of Sept., vice Bishop, honorably discharged.

## 17TH REGIMENT.

Charles E. Doty, of Norwalk, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from the 20th of Sept., vice Dutton discharged.

## 18TH REGIMENT.

Charles H. Rowe, of Farmington to be 2d Asst. Surgeon, with rank from the 2d of Sept., vice North resigned.

## 20TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. James Spruce to be Captain, vice Post died of wounds.

1st Lieut. James Foley to be Captain, vice Woodruff discharged for disability.

Both to take rank from the 23d of Sept.

## 21ST REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Henry R. Jennings to be Captain, vice Stanton, promoted.

1st Lieut. William S. Hubbell to be Captain, vice Belden cashiered.

Both to take rank from the 22d of Sept.

Capt. James F. Brown to be Major, with rank from the 28th of Sept. vice Stanton, honorably discharged.

# CASUALTIES.

HEADQUARTERS, 1ST CONN. ART'Y, }  
BROADWAY LANDING, VA. }

The following is a list of casualties in this Regiment, since last report:

## Killed.

Co. D—Private Lucius B. Truesdell, Sept. 12, 1864.

Co. L—Private Truman Foot, Sept. 12, 1864.

## Wounded.

Co. M—Private John Benedict, head, not dangerously, Sept. 9.

Co. K—Private Dwight F. Benton, breast, face and arm, Sept. 24.

Co. C—Private John Downie, ankle, Sept. 26.

Co. K—Corp. Patrick W. Daley, leg, shell, (died next day,) Sept. 29; Private William Haggerty.

Very respectfully,

H. L. ABBOT,

Col. Comd'g 1st C. V. A.

HEADQUARTERS, 12TH C. V., }  
HARRISBURG, VA., Sept. 27, 1864. }

Brig. Gen. HORACE J. MORSE:

SIR:—I have the honor to report the following list of casualties of this regiment at the battle near Winchester, Va., Sept. 19:

## Killed.

Field and Staff—Col. Frank H. Peck.

Co. A—Lieut. Wm. S. Buckley.

" Private Oscar N. Billings.

" Private Andrew Hull, supposed dead.

Co. B—Private John Coyle.

Co. C— " Jacob T. Brown.

Co. F— " Hiram S. Fox.

Co. H— " Patrick Gallivan.

Co. K—Lieut. Geo. W. Steadman.

Co. K—Privates Patrick Powers; Michael McCoy.

## Wounded.

Co. A—Corp. Wm. Gordon, shoulder; Privates Wm. E. Flagg, leg; Chas. E. Pratt, thigh; Wm. Whiting, head.

Co. B—Corp. Nehemiah Woodruff, hip; Pri-

vates John U. White, leg; Fritz P. Riley, leg; Patrick Donnelly, leg; Thomas Telford, shoulder.

Co. C—Sergt. Thos. E. Twitchell, leg; Privates Henry Marsh, arm; Henry Mullen, arm.

Co. D—Corp. Jonathan Reynolds, leg amputated; Privates Thomas Bransfield, hand; Hendrich Webber, leg; Horace Avery, leg; Russell Treadway, leg; Thomas C. Beebe, breast, slight; Wm. Campbell, head; David Abel, hand.

Co. E—Capt. A. C. Hendricks, leg, slight; Private Patrick Fitzpatrick, shoulder.

Co. F—Lieut. Ed. Bushnell, foot; 1st Sergeant Smith Canfield, breast; Corp. G. Heffon, arm; Privates R. F. Hills, arm; K. P. Chapman, ankle; Wm. Fuller, finger; I. Scranton, breast; M. Clark, thigh.

Co. G—Lieut. A. D. McCall, head; 1st Sergt. C. E. McGlavin, head; Corp. F. Andrews, head; H. F. Williams, head; Privates O. C. Andrews, head; Jas. E. Chase, leg; Benj. J. Barber, leg, arm and neck; A. P. Lewis, leg; F. Small, nose; P. Fitzpatrick, leg; T. O'Sullivan, arm; Chas. H. Greene, both legs; S. Brown, leg; O. P. Davison, hand.

Co. H—Corp. J. W. Carter, head; Privates Pat. Scally, arm; Francis McEwan, leg; Frederick Maroney, arm and leg; Burton Goddard, neck.

Co. I—Corp. H. L. Whitaker, arm; Privates Horace McGin, shoulder; Henry Bradley, shoulder.

Co. K—Corps. John Ball, head; Geo. W. Edwards, leg; Privates James Crowley, chin; Jas. Thomas, hand; Henry B. Penny, hand; John M. Smith, arm; Michael Ryan, leg.

## RECAPITULATION.

Officers killed, . . . . .	3
Wounded, . . . . .	3
Enlisted men killed, . . . . .	8
Wounded, . . . . .	56
Total, . . . . .	70

Very respectfully, your ob't servant,  
(Signed) SIDNEY E. CLARK,  
Capt. 12th C. V. Comd'g Regt.

## Capt. John P. Blakeman.

Died at New Orleans, August 5, of typhoid fever, Capt. John Pulaski Blakeman, of the Twentieth Regiment United States colored troops, aged 25 years and four months. He was a native of Morris, in this State, where his parents now reside. He leaves three sisters and two brothers to mourn his loss, one of whom is now in the First Conn. Cavalry.

Young Blakeman enlisted in September, 1861, in the Twenty-seventh Mass. Regiment, as orderly sergeant of Co. A, and went to Newbern under the gallant Burnside. He was soon promoted to a Second Lieutenancy in the same Company. Within a year and a half afterward his health failed, and by the advice of surgeons he resigned and came home. He so far recovered in six months that, notwithstanding the solicitations of his relatives, he enlisted again as a private in a Massachusetts Heavy Artillery regiment, where he was soon promoted to be an orderly sergeant. Having an opportunity to appear before Gen. Casey's Board, he was examined and passed as a First Lieutenant of the first class, and assigned to the Twentieth United States colored regiment. He went to New Orleans as Acting Adjutant of his regiment, and was soon after made a Captain.

Capt. B. was dear to a large circle of friends. As a soldier he ever discharged his duties faithfully and punctually, and won for himself the respect of his superior officers as well as his fellow soldiers. He sleeps far away from that New England home he loved so well, adding another to the long list of youthful heroes, who have offered themselves up as sacrifices on the altar of their country.





## HOME DEPARTMENT.

## The 3d Conn. Battery.

This new organization has been accepted by the Government, and takes the field immediately after the Presidential election. This Battery has been enlisted by dint of persevering industry on the part of its officers. For four months, in the face of difficulty and discouragement, they worked night and day, until their determined and patriotic energy has achieved well earned success.

They have now enlisted 136 men, and are daily adding to this number. Many of the men are veterans of one to three years service, and nearly all are men of excellent character and high respectability.

The enterprising men to whom the State and the country are chiefly indebted for this handsome addition to our effective military force are, Thos. S. Gilbert and Henry Middlebrook, of Derby, and these gentlemen are justly honored and compensated by being appointed Captain and First Lieutenant of the Battery.

Both these officers have been already in the service, Captain Gilbert as Captain in Co. A, First Artillery, Lieut. Middlebrook as 1st Lieut. Co. F, 23d Regiment.

If the energy and success of these officers in raising this fine body of men, be an indication of the spirit and efficiency they will exhibit in the service, Connecticut men will hereafter have occasion to point with just pride to an honorable record of the deeds of the 3d Conn. Independent Battery.

## The Christian Commission.

A meeting of the Committee of the Connecticut branch was held in New Haven, Oct. 4th. Rev. Henry Powers, is appointed Corresponding Secretary. This gentleman has opened an office at No. 87 Asylum street, Hartford, which will be the Headquarters of the Commission for Connecticut during the winter. To this point all stores may be sent and all letters directed to Mr. Powers. We trust that the Commission may be heartily sustained. The eminent gentlemen who compose the Committee of the Conn. Branch, are—Wm. A. Buckingham, Chairman; Rev. R. Turnbull, D. D., Vice Chairman; Francis Wayland, Jr., Secretary; A. G. Hammond, Treasurer; Rev. E. L. Cleveland, D. D., Rev. E. Harwood, D. D., Prof. John A. Porter, D. C. Gilman, Col. Benj. Pardee, Calvin Day, Thomas Smith, John F. Judd, Nelson Kingsbury, J. P. Elton, H. P. Haven, David Gallup, John D. Candee.

## Honor to Whom Honor is Due.

GEN. ROBERT O. TYLER, of Hartford, is the gratified recipient of a valuable sword and trappings, the gift of some of his many warm personal friends.

The sword was manufactured by the Ames Co. of Chicopee, Mass. The hilt is heavily mounted with gold, and the scabbard ornamented with a shield, bearing the arms of the city of Hartford. The sword and equipments were enclosed in a beautiful black walnut case. The cost of this splendid gift was about \$1,000. The sword was tendered and accepted by the following correspondence:—

## THE PRESENTATION.

(Letter to General Tyler.)

HARTFORD, Sept. 26, 1864.

Brig. Gen. R. O. Tyler:

DEAR SIR:—During the progress of the present struggle against rebellion, our citizens have regarded with peculiar interest, the career of each one of the sons of Hartford, who have been engaged in behalf of the Government and the Union.

When you were placed in command of a Connecticut regiment, recalling to mind your gallant services on the frontier, during your early connection with the army, they felt assured that under your leadership, our soldiers would soon become trusted veterans in the service. The reputation of your command—a reputation second to that of no body of troops, either in the Regular or Volunteer Army, and the reliance placed upon their services by officers of the highest rank—prove that the anticipations of your friends were not to be disappointed.

While the banners of the First Connecticut Artillery, inscribed by orders of Government, with the historic names of Yorktown, Hanover Court House, Gaines' Mill, Chickahominy and Malvern Hill, proudly testify to the heroism with which your men were inspired, your city and State gladly remembered that the honors due to your troops were alike earned by yourself, and when at Gettysburg victory rewarded valor, your townsmen did not forget that you shared in the perils and successes of that bloody field.

Of the daring and steady endurance of the Division which followed you with courage undimmed to triumph at Spottsylvania, your Commanding General has already assured the country, and the wound which still detains you from active service, attests your personal gallantry during the brilliant charges at Cold Harbor.

While you are again at your home, we, a few of your friends, have united in presenting to you the sword and equipments which accompany this letter, as a testimonial of our high admiration for the honorable distinction you have won in the many engagements of this protracted contest. In the hope that long after the restoration of the Union, "one and inseparable," when the events of the last few years shall have become a part of history, forming our proudest and saddest memories only, you may live to enjoy the blessings which the bravery of yourself and your comrades have won.

We are very respectfully, your friends,

M. M. Merriman, Roland Mather, Edmund G. Howe, N. Shipman, H. A. Perkins, Jas. L. Howard & Co., J. H. Trumbull, Albert Day, Sons & Co., W. H. D. Callender, J. C. Coleman, R. Swift, Watson Beach, Chas. M. Beach, James Dixon, H. L. Porter, J. M. Niles, A. G. Hammond, Thomas Smith, J. G. Rathbun, Chas. H. Prentice, J. C. Parsons, W. T. Lee, E. Flower, J. A. Butler, Lucius Barbour, Wm. H. Post, N. Kingsbury & Co., Collins Bros. & Co., Griswold, Seymour & Co., E. Fessenden, E. S. Cleveland, Moore & Johnson, E. M. Kellogg & Co., R. Burket, Saml. S. Ward, T. M. Allyn, H. & W. Keeney, Tudor Brownell, Bolles, Sexton & Co., Gurdon Trumbull, E. K. Root, Cheney Bros., Owen, Day & Root, Richd S. Ely, J. G. Batterson, W. C. Alden, H. T. Sperry, Marshall Jewell, E. P. Allen.

## REPLY OF GEN. TYLER.

Messrs. M. M. Merriman, Roland Mather, E. G. Howe, N. Shipman, E. P. Allen, and others:

GENTLEMEN:—Accept my warmest thanks for your magnificent gift, and for the flattering expressions of approbation contained in the accompanying letter.

Such generous appreciation compensates a soldier for all dangers and hardships he may have undergone, and proves a strong incentive to future labors.

While I feel that your kindness is far beyond my desert, I am proud of the assurance, that as "a son of Hartford," notwithstanding my early and long continued absence, I am still remembered with kindly interest by friends at home, and that my performance of duty has received their approval. A city which sends forth to battle such soldiers as the noble, lamented Stedman, the gallant Hawley, and our other brave spirits, need have no fear for its honor upon any field, and I shall be indeed grateful if my services are remembered with theirs.

Whatever success I may have had with a Connecticut Regiment, and whatever advancement I have gained, is due to the high order of intelligence and gallantry of Connecticut troops, and to the fact that in carrying out a strict military system, I was always thoroughly and generously sustained by that true patriot, Governor Buckingham.

Under the fire of the trenches of Petersburg, the First Connecticut Artillery is daily adding to its already high reputation. On every battlefield for the Union, the soldiers of our State are winning new laurels by their daring and devotion. All they desire in return for their sacrifices is, to be sustained by your sympathy and gratitude. Let me assure you that amidst all his labors and dangers, the soldier desires no peace which cannot be accepted with honor, or which looks to anything but the re-establishment of the authority of the Government over the whole country. I entreat you, therefore, as friends to spare no influence or means you may possess, which shall serve to push forward men to fill our armies, and, having supplied them that you will patiently trust to GRANT and his skillful Generals, to find the most effective means of crushing rebellion.

Believe me, gentlemen, that when I am permitted again to return to the field, I shall bear with me a renewed desire to merit your approval, and, with a most grateful sense of your generous kindness, allow me to subscribe myself,

Your obedient servant,

R. O. TYLER, Brigadier General.

The presentation of the magnificent sword was followed by a brilliant reception at the residence of the General's father, Frederick Tyler, Esq. The admiring donors of the splendid gift, several members of Gen. Tyler's Staff, and a few accomplished ladies, were received with cordial welcome, and entertained in elegant style. Rarely has a party enjoyed an evening of more refined and unalloyed pleasure.

The event should not pass without a few words to our readers concerning the accomplished soldier, who is the grateful recipient of this splendid sword. Gen. R. O. Tyler, is of the West Point class of 1853, and a class-mate of Sheridan,





McPherson and Schofield, as well of the Confederate Gen. Hood. This class has already given no less than thirteen Generals to the armies on both sides, and three, viz: McPherson, Sill and Terrill, have been killed on the battle field, in the Union Army.

The high commendation of the General expressed in the letter of presentation is richly merited. To him as Colonel, the 1st Artillery, chiefly owes its unquestioned reputation as the finest Artillery Regiment in the service. His influence gave to it not only discipline but soldierly character and spirit. As a brigade and division commander, he has been vigilant, prompt, thorough and intrepid. The just admiration of his many intimate friends is only what must be felt by all, so far as they comprehend his character and career. It is pleasant to record due honor to the worthy brave.

### The Institute of Reward.

It will be remembered that Congress, on the 2d of July, 1862, made to the several States of the Union, a grant for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts. Connecticut, in December following, accepted her share, and in 1863 appropriated it to the endowment of Sheffield Scientific School—providing further in 1864, that in the selection of pupils to be thus educated, preference be given to those made orphans by the death of a parent in the military or naval service of the United States. The number of pupils who may thus receive free tuition at the Sheffield Scientific School, is sixty, and there is no doubt that sixty will, within two years at farthest, avail themselves of the opportunity. Among these, some, perhaps many, though deserving and eager for an education, will be unable to defray the expenses of board and clothing. Hence, the officers of the Institute of Reward, (organized at the beginning of the war, at New York, and now extending its branches into all the States,) propose as an auxiliary, the Connecticut "Institute of Reward," to assist in supporting these worthy and needy sons of patriots.

The "Connecticut Institute of Reward," will consist of persons who are willing to pledge themselves to furnish a portion of this supplemental aid.

A sufficient number of gentlemen having pledged themselves to supply each a portion of the supplemental fund, a meeting was held in New Haven, Oct. 15th, at the residence of Jeremiah Day, Ex-President of Yale College.

Organization was effected by choice of the following officers:

#### PRESIDENT.

JEREMIAH DAY, D. D., LL. D., Ex-President of Yale College.

#### VICE PRESIDENTS.

Wm. H. Russell, Maj. General Conn. Militia.

Hon. Wm. W. Boardman.

Hon. John Woodruff.

Wells Southworth, Esq.

Eli Whitney, Esq.

#### TREASURER.

Samuel Noyes, Esq., 301 Chapel street.

#### CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

Rev. John M. Morris, cor. Church and Chapel sts.

#### RECORDING SECRETARY.

Joel L. Rockwell, College, corner Chapel street.

*Ex-Officio Members of the Executive Committee.*

#### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Professor Edward E. Salisbury.

Nathan Peck, Esq.

Amos Townsend, Esq.

Wm. B. Goodyear, Esq.

Rev. Chauncey Goodrich.

The following persons, by virtue of subscription to the fund, are members of The Conn. Institute of Reward:

Jeremiah Day, D. D., LL. D., Ex-President of Yale College; Edward E. Salisbury, Professor of Sanscrit; Wm. H. Russell, Maj. Gen. Conn. Militia; Amos Townsend, Cashier of New Haven Bank; Nathan Peck, President of Merchants' Bank; James M. Townsend, President of Townsend Savings Bank; John Woodruff, Collector of Internal Revenue; Wells Southworth, President City Fire Insurance Company; Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor, Printers; J. H. Benham, Printer; Edwin Robbins, Teacher; Eli Whitney; Wm. B. Goodyear; E. H. Bishop, M. D.; Thos. J. Stafford, Printer; Rev. John M. Morris, Editor of CONN. WAR RECORD; Samuel Noyes, Chemist; Joel L. Rockwell, Tailor; A. L. Train, Editor of Journal and Courier; James A. Duncan, Engraver; Rev. Chauncey Goodrich; Wm. W. Boardman, President New Haven Gas Company; Mrs. Mary A. Hill, 74 High street; Miss Mary Dutton, Principal of Female Seminary; Miss M. G. Perry, Principal of Female Seminary; Mrs. Abby Salisbury; Mrs. Phebe C. Nickelson, New Haven; Mrs. Miriam Holton Brown, of Milwaukee, Wis.; and D. P. Holton, of New York.

A more extended statement of the noble purposes of this patriotic association will be given in our next issue, and we trust that philanthropic citizens will give careful attention to this well matured plan to reward devotion to the flag by educating indigent children of its fallen defenders.

### Railroad Accident.

A special train was chartered by the Government, Oct. 15th, to carry 270 sick or wounded soldiers from Knight Hospital to the Hospital in Readville, Mass., under charge of Lieut. Stearns, V. R. C., and Surg. T. H. Bishop. When about a mile east of South Lyme, the pressure of the cars snapped a rail, the whole train was dashed against the ragged sides of a rocky cut through which it was passing, and the cars completely smashed. Hardly a man escaped slight injury and many were horribly mutilated. Eleven were killed and more than forty seriously injured.

The Connecticut soldiers killed and badly wounded are—

#### KILLED.

Manwaring Green, E, 2d Conn. Heavy Art.; William Moffat, G, 6th Conn.; N. W. Doyle, I, 18th Conn.

#### WOUNDED.

George Methoon, B, 2d Conn. II. Art., hand bruised and internally injured; Alphonse Bose, C, 8th Conn., head and left leg bruised; John Clow, L, 2d Conn. Art'y, bruised in head, right leg and left shoulder; John R. Thompson, G, 2d Conn. Art'y, head, shoulders and both legs bruised; F. Keables, M, 1st Conn. Cav., collar bone broken, side injured; Augustus Holley, (colored) A, 29th Conn. injured internally.

Hints of charges of carelessness or worse misconduct on the part of the Railroad Co., have been freely made in the newspapers, but on careful examination, the accident seems to have been one which no vigilance could have adequately provided against. The rails along the entire road are considerably worn, and should ere long, be replaced by new iron.

### Paying Soldiers' Families.

The following plan for paying to the families of officers and soldiers in the service of the United States, who are or may become prisoners of war, sums due them by the Government, having been approved by the President, is published for the information of all concerned:

"Payment will be made to persons presenting a written authority from a prisoner to draw his pay; or, without such authority, to his wife, the guardian of his minor children, or his widowed mother, in the order named."

Application for such pay must be made to the senior paymaster of the district in which the regiment of the prisoner is serving, and must be accompanied by the certificate of a judge of a court of the United States, of a district attorney of the United States, or of some other party, under the seal of a court of record of the State in which the applicant is a resident, setting forth that the said applicant is the wife of the prisoner, the guardian of his children, or his widowed mother; and if occupying either of the last two relationships toward him, that there is no one in existence who is more nearly related, according to the above classification.

Payments will be made to parties thus authorized and identified, on their receipts made out in the manner that would be required of the prisoner, himself, at least one month's pay being in all cases retained by the United States. The officer making the payment will see that it is entered on the last previous muster roll for the payment of the prisoner's company, or will report it, if these rolls are not in his possession, to the senior paymaster of the district, who will either attend to the entry, or give notice of the payment to the Paymaster-General, if the rolls have been forwarded to his office.—*Army and Navy Journal.*

### Soldiers' Votes.

The Commissioners have all returned. Votes have been collected at all points except at Newbern and its vicinity. The health regulations debarred the Commissioners from visiting those points, and the soldiers there will probably lose their votes at this important election.

The vote, which we cannot give exactly, is in large majority for Lincoln and Johnson. We hope to give full returns in our next number.

The Union! The Union! The hope of the free,  
Howso'er we may differ in this we agree;  
Our glorious banner no traitor shall mar,  
By effacing a stripe, or destroying a star!  
Division! No, never! The Union forever!  
And cursed be the hand that our country would sever!

THE MILITARY COMPANY of Wethersfield have received a very handsome silk banner, costing \$100, from the patriotic ladies of that town.





## REGIMENTAL.

The 6th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 21st and 29th Conn. Regiments and the First Light Battery are with the

## ARMY OF THE JAMES,

on the North side of the River. They have seen stern service during the past month, and added new laurels to the many before gallantly won.

The 8th receives commendation as leading the charge on Fort Harrison, and first planting the colors of the State and nation on the breastworks of the enemy. Both Color Sergeants and Corporal Hickok, receive promotion for bravery, as will be seen in another column.

The 10th, leading magnificently in another desperate but unavailing charge, has incurred the irreparable loss of its accomplished Major, H. W. Camp. No reports except through the newspapers, have yet been received from the other regiments in this army. The exciting political canvass absorbs all attention everywhere. When the smoke of civil battle has cleared away, we shall all, with confidence, attend to our wonted business.

The First Artillery belongs nominally to the 18th Corps, but is scattered along the whole extended line of impregnable intrenchments.

## ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

## THE 14TH REGIMENT

Forms a part of the 2d Corps of this Army, and consequently must have been with Hancock in his recent movement to the left, for the purpose of flanking the enemy's line of works, and thus forcing evacuation. It is believed, however, that this gallant and decimated regiment did not suffer severely.

The 1st Cavalry, 1st Battalion Cavalry, the 9th, 12th, 13th, 18th regiments, are in the

## ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH,

and have contributed their full share in the magnificent achievements in the valley.

We were surprised to learn on the evening of Oct. 31st, that the 18th were in New Haven. They were hastily supplied with crackers and cheese, and sent on a kind of experimental trip to Saybrook and back to New Haven. No one knew exactly their destination, but on Tuesday morning they marched up Chapel street and stacked arms to spend the bright day on the New Haven Green—a cheerful, healthy, hardy column of stalwart men. We have never seen a finer looking body of men. No one knew why they were here. It could not be to vote, because they have already voted. It probably is to check any outbreak which may occur on or previous to election day.

All real Union men were glad to see them. But it is worthy of record that while heartily welcomed by the majority of citizens, there were those who knit their brows and clenched their teeth and scowled. There were those who openly hissed and cursed the nation's defenders, as they marched—and they were members of a party which pretends to be friendly to the soldier, and which supports as its candidate a Major General of the United States Army. They offer as excuse for this despicable conduct, the clumsy pretext, that the soldiers are here to interfere with free-

dom of the ballot. This pretended excuse is but a further insult. Are our soldiers pliant tools or intelligent men? They are intelligent men who clearly comprehend this momentous struggle—who are soldiers, not to override, but to maintain all our free institutions, and who will maintain them against every foe abroad or at home.

The soldiers of the 18th and the people of New Haven will never forget this exhibition of these scowls and taunts. They are now quartered at the U. S. Rendezvous.

The 5th and 26th Regiments belong to the ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND, and are now situated comfortably at Atlanta, and in spite of rebel threats and prophecies and raids, seem able and content to remain there. We at home, may worry, but the boys in Atlanta do not.

## THE 15TH REGIMENT

Is still at Newbern. It has been relieved from provost duty and encamped outside the city. It has suffered severely from that terrible infection, yellow fever. The frightful reports of the ravages of the disease, which at one time spread gloom over the anxious faces of all friends of the regiment, were but rumors, born of inventive fear, in absence of definite intelligence. Few new cases appear, and these will not prove fatal. Gen. Harland, Colonel Upham, Lieut. Col. Tolles and others, though they have been ill, are all safe. Two officers, Capt. Smith and Lieut. Augur, have died. And though reports were exaggerated, the visitation has been appalling. More than fifty brave men and true, have fallen victims. While we mourn for them, our anxiety for the living may cease, and we thank God that his heavy hand is lifted from the camp.

## THE DETACHMENT OF THE 16TH REGIMENT

Has been deprived almost entirely of mail communication for the month. They still remain quietly at Roanoke Island.

## THE 17TH REGIMENT

Are situated as reported in our last. A communication dated at Picolata arrived too late for insertion. Several small but successful expeditions into the interior have occurred.

## THE SECOND LIGHT BATTERY

Is still at New Orleans.

## THE THIRD BATTERY

Is in camp at the U. S. Rendezvous.

## OBITUARY.

## Capt. Smith.

CAMP 15TH CONN. VOLS. INFANTRY, }  
NEWBERN, N. C., Oct. 8, 1864. }

At a meeting of the Officers of the 15th Conn. Vols., held to draft resolutions on the death of Captain Smith, a Committee was appointed, who submitted the following report:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in his allwise providence, to remove by death, Capt. Septimius S. Smith, who, from the time of its organization, has held the position of commandant of Co. C, of this Regiment; therefore

Resolved, That in the death of Capt. Smith, we have lost a tried and faithful friend, the Regiment a brave and efficient officer, and the country a true patriot and zealous defender.

Resolved, That while we deeply deplore our own loss, our sympathies are especially extended to the afflicted family of the deceased; and further, that in token of our regard we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded by the Secretary, to the family of Capt. Smith; also copies to the CONN. WAR RECORD, and N. H. Palladium, for publication.

CAPT. MISSOTT A. BUTRICKS,  
CHAP. J. B. DOOLITTLE, } Committee.  
LIEUT. JULIUS E. BISSELL,  
LT. COL. SAM'L. TOLLES, Chairman.

WM. A. BOWNS, Sec'y.

## Abel M. Wheeler.

DANBURY, AUG. 8th, 1863.

EDITOR OF CONN. WAR RECORD:—May I be permitted to introduce into your valuable paper for permanent record, the name of one of our country's brave defenders, though it is long since he fell. Abel Montgomery Wheeler, of Co. B, 23d Regt. Conn. Vols., was no common man. In loyalty, patriotism, and fervent piety, he ranked well among the number—not a small one—who, to save their country, have left a sweet domestic circle, a good social position, and the ordinances of the Church they loved, simply under the impulse of duty.

Almost a year after he fell—at Lafourche Crossing, La.—his bereaved widow, received the record of a meeting of his company soon after his death, an abbreviated copy of which is appended:

BONNET CARLEE, La., Aug. 7th, 1863.

WHEREAS, It hath pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from us another comrade and friend, who by his social and christian virtues made his life an example worthy of imitation; it is therefore, by this company, unanimously

Resolved, 1st. That while we humbly bow to the great Disposer of men as well as nations, we cannot but mourn with heart-felt sorrow, the loss of one who has endeared himself to us all, by his many acts of uniform kindness. We all resolve that in the death of A. M. Wheeler, each of us has lost a friend, society one of its most brilliant ornaments, and our country a noble patriot. Yet it is a satisfaction to know, that he died while bravely fighting for a cause which he deemed dearer than life itself. Many a brave man has yielded his life in the same holy cause, but none nobler, braver, or better than he.

Resolved, 2d. That we tender to the family and friends our heartfelt sympathy. We assure them that his memory will be kindly cherished in every one of our hearts so long as life shall last. We know that the only source from which true comfort and hope can come, is the same Savior whom he served and loved in life, and trusted in death, and when life's duties are over, may they all meet in that bright land where all sorrows cease, and parting and death are unknown.

Signed,

HENRY S. REED,  
R. C. FULLER,  
THEODORE SANFORD.

Mr. Wheeler was mortally wounded in an assault by the rebels on LaFourche, on the evening of June 21st, 1863, and survived until the morning of the 24th. During all this time he suffered much, but in the language of his surgeon, "No one could have told this from any audible expression, so quiet, so peaceful, so resigned was he." "It was sad, but sweet," writes his Captain, "to stand by his side and hear him talk of Christ, and the happiness of soon being in a land where there are no wars or rumors of wars." When told that in all probability he would soon die, he appeared a little surprised but calmly said: "I am ready. I know I have a Savior; he will take me home." About ten minutes before he expired one said: "You suffer much." He replied, "it is sweet to suffer for the cause of Christ," and thus calmly breathed his life away.

His former Pastor,

K. E. C.





## EDITORIAL COLUMN.

## Early in Each Month.

Our readers may expect to see the WAR RECORD. Circumstances have often caused delay, but we are resolved in the future to be masters of circumstances.

Yet, in carrying out our purpose, we are compelled to postpone, for this month, official lists of promotions and casualties, and a much desired article on the doings of our Conn. Soldiers around Petersburg. But these will all be printed in our next, and perhaps with greater completeness than they could be furnished for this number.

## Books for the Soldiers.

We shall, in a few days, send from our office several boxes of reading matter to some of our Connecticut regiments. We shall continue to send from time to time, as long as Connecticut regiments remain in the field, and as often as a sufficient quantity is accumulated.

Do not cast aside books which you have read. Do not tear or throw away magazines and illustrated papers. Send them to the Office of the CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD, No. 2, Glebe Building, New Haven, and we will cheerfully forward them to Connecticut regiments, receiving as full compensation for our trouble the satisfaction of relieving, in a profitable manner, the dullness of idle hours in camp and in the trenches. Books and papers will be forwarded, if any prefer that method, by the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. We care not how they reach the soldiers. If it be convenient for any to send them to our office we will gladly forward them.

But let us not forget that we may thus put to good use that which is no longer serviceable to us—that we may thus easily contribute to the happiness and improvement of our noble and courageous brothers in the field. Save your interesting books, magazines and illustrated papers, and forward them, with hearty good wishes, to the soldiers.

## Maj.-Gen. Sheridan,

Dashing Phil. Sheridan, is now the country's idol and toast. And justly, for he, though yet a young man, has exhibited patience in waiting for the right time, wisdom in disposing his forces, fiery impetuosity in attack, ardor without rashness in pursuit, self-command and magnetic power to rally men from panic, and convert rout into splendid victory. These qualities brilliantly exhibited, prove him to be one of the ablest Generals of the time. The features of Gen. Sheridan are as singular as his abilities are great. A wide, round forehead, full cheeks, large elegant eyes, a mouth wearing an expression almost playful, yet firm as granite, displaying the man just as he is, cheerful, generous, frank and manly;—vigilant, brave, self-poised and tireless; careful to plan, swift to act, and sure to reap all results of action.

We are able to announce as an addition to the splendid set of Ritchie's Imperial Steel Engravings, that of Gen. Sheridan. It is of large size, and one of the best engravings we have ever seen. Price one dollar.

Orders received at the Office of the CONN. WAR RECORD.

## The Soldiers' Memorial,

OR ORNAMENTAL DISCHARGE PAPER,

Which we advertise, is having an unprecedented sale among the brave and noble volunteers who are now, after three years of faithful service, returning to their dear homes. The Memorial forms a tasteful parlor ornament, and appropriately perpetuates the record of their patriotic and splendid services, in the holy cause of our imperiled country. Price one dollar.

Orders for it received at the Office of the CONN. WAR RECORD.

## To Soldiers' Friends.

THE BENEFICENCE OF OUR STATE ADMINISTRATION.

—A new bureau has been made in the Adj.-General's Office, for the purpose of collecting back pay, pensions and bounties, for the families of deceased soldiers and men discharged from the U. S. service, *free of charge*. Redfield Duryea, (formerly Colonel of the 6th C. V.), has been appointed Capt. and Asst. Adj.-General, and is to be placed in charge of this branch of the office.

## Ethno-soterian.

We do not commonly notice exhibitions of any sort. But this panorama is of such genuine merit that we feel justified in recommending it to our patrons in any part of the country where opportunity of visiting it may be afforded. It illustrates Bible scenes from the dream of Joseph to the days of King Solomon. The scenes are judiciously chosen, and exquisitely finished, and are calculated both to educate taste and awaken moral feeling. Old and young alike may look upon it with delight and profit.

## Ever Pointed Slate Pencil.

Connecticut is fruitful in neat little contrivances. One of the neatest and cheapest of the sort is the "*Ever Pointed Slate Pencil*" of Geo. Munger. The pencil is of a composition known only to the inventor. It is encased in wood with a slide, similar to that of the ordinary silver pencil. It is very convenient, neat and cheap. See advertisement in another column.

## Shaver's Patent Eraser.

It is a real pleasure to examine and recommend an article so ingenious and useful as this new Patent Eraser. It supplies in small, neat, and tasteful form, the place of six distinct and important articles, viz: Ink Eraser, Burnisher, Paper Cutter and Folder, and Pencil Sharpener; also, with India Rubber tip, it serves as a sizer of the paper after the erasure has been made, and as a pencil mark eraser.

The Eraser is made of a single piece of steel beautifully shaped, and firmly fitted in a hand, some handle of bone, wood, or ivory, with a neat closed end and slotted silver ferrule, and has neither slide, catch or spring, requires no change, and is always ready for use.

The shape of the blade makes it easy to erase a hair line or a blot, while the rounded back smooths the roughened surface so that it can be again written upon as neatly as before. The sharp edges serve to cut paper and open letters, while between the blade and shank is a keen edge for cutting away the wood of a pencil, and a ser-

rated groove on the back gives a finished point to the lead.

For sale by stationers everywhere. Send for a circular, to A. G. SHAVER, New Haven, Conn.

## Laws of Newspapers.

We print several of the just laws concerning newspapers—and would respectfully request our subscribers to read them, as we shall act strictly in accordance with the enactment.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order their papers discontinued, publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered their papers discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and papers are sent to the former direction, they are responsible.

## Bound Volumes.

The present high prices, and the fact that we issue a second volume, are sufficient reasons against binding the first volume of the WAR RECORD. Both volumes may be bound up together at a cost but a trifle greater than for one, at the end of the second year. We shall probably be able to get the volumes bound for our subscribers, when it is expedient, at a cost less than they could individually have it done.

## Lost Numbers.

If by any mistake or mishap, a subscriber fails to receive any number of the WAR RECORD due to him, he is requested to inform us immediately. We can always supply deficiencies for a month after the issue of each number.

If notice be not given within that time we cannot rectify mistakes. We are anxious that every subscriber should have a full set, and hence wish to be promptly informed if any number be missing.

Our Maps advertised are J. T. LLOYD'S.

## Facetiæ.

TO FARMERS.—Unprofitable achers—corns.

A SLEEPY JOKE.—The nation won't take it's "Little Nap."

A SPARE JOKE.—"Uncle Abe."

A TOAST.—"The nutmeg State, where shall we find a grater?"

A FACT.—We have heard of men celebrating their country's battles, who, in war, were celebrated for keeping out of them.

THE DIFFERENCE.—"Doctor," said an old lady, "I have great trouble with my eyes." "Madam," was the reply, "you would have more trouble without them." The same is true of colored soldiers.

A PATRIOTIC WISH.—An enthusiastic son of Erin on a visit to his friends in the old country, concluded an eloquent description of the United States, by exclaiming: "And faith, if ever I live to die, I hope I may die in America!"





# The "Connecticut War Record,"

PUBLISHED BY

MORRIS &amp; BENHAM,

At No. 2, Glebe Building, New Haven, Conn.

TERMS:—\$1.50 a year, (in advance.)—Single Numbers 15 cents.

## CLUBS.

In towns where there are no local agents, any one sending us \$9, will be entitled to seven copies of the War Record.

## TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.

One Square, (12 lines Minion) a year, - - \$20  
Two Squares, - - - - - 36

We have local agents in most of the towns in the State, who are authorized to collect and forward money to us. Subscribers may hand it to them or forward it directly to us by mail.

We have at present, but one traveling agent, L. W. SMITH, of Norwalk. No other general agent is authorized to collect money.

JOHN M. MORRIS.

CHARLES C. BENHAM.

## Wanted.

Jan., Feb., March, April, May, and June Nos. of the WAR RECORD. Persons having clean copies of any or all these numbers, can dispose of them for cash, at the office of the CONN. WAR RECORD, No. 2 Glebe Building, New Haven, Conn.

Postage—on the War Record—3 cents per quarter—12 cents a year.

WONDERFUL! IF TRUE.—The great length of barrel to the "old King's arm" is well known. A sportsman, speaking of this fact says:

"I once aimed at a robin, snapped the lock four times, then looked into the muzzle, saw the charge coming out, raised the gun again, took aim and killed the bird."

## LLOYD'S MAPS.

### Steel Plate Map of the United States and Canadas.

Mounted with rollers and varnished and colored in Counties, at only \$1.50 per copy, or in sheets at 60 cts. Pocket Edition \$1.25, or with linen backs \$2.00. This Map cost \$20,000 to make it, and is better than any \$20 Map ever made.

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HEADQUARTERS, ARMIES UNITED STATES, I

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# THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

OUR STATE POINTS TO BEEES, NOT ACRES.

Office, 2 Glebe Building.  
MORRIS & BENHAM, Publishers. }

NEW HAVEN, DECEMBER, 1864.

{ VOL. II. NO. V.  
\$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

The January Number will contain a Portrait and Biography of Major H. W. Camp.

## To our Subscribers.

We have sent bills to all our patrons, from whom we have not received the subscription price for Vol. II.

To pay expenses, at present prices, we must do a CASH BUSINESS, and hence we respectfully request a prompt response from our generous patrons. It is important that we know our list of subscribers exactly on or before the first of January.

Another reason for sending bills grows out of the fact, that money has been collected from our subscribers in some towns, which has never been paid over to us. It is important that we ascertain just how far this has been done. Hence, any subscriber, who has paid for the second year, and who receives a bill, may know that we have not received the money, and will do us a great favor by informing us when he paid and what name is signed to the receipt. L. W. Smith, of Norwalk, and J. W. Rogers, of East Lyme, are at present, the only authorized traveling agents for the WAR RECORD. By doing a cash business, without waste or loss, the publishers hope for means to publish a record not unworthy the noble soldiers of our gallant State, and devoutly do they hope that Providence will so shape events as to complete the task within the coming year.

We shall be sorry to lose one of our old friends, but a few, for good reasons, will doubtless decline to continue their subscriptions. We would respectfully call the attention of such to the just laws of newspapers.

1. Subscribers must give express notice to THE PUBLISHERS that they wish the paper stopped. It is not sufficient to give notice to the THE POSTMASTER, or refuse to take the paper from the office.

2. All ARREARAGES must be PAID. Until both regulations are complied with, the paper may be sent and the bill legally collected.

We shall PAY CASH for Jan., Feb., March, April, May, and June Nos. of the WAR RECORD, for 1864. We shall be very glad to receive them in payment of arrearages, or in partial payment of a year's subscription.

## A NEW DRESS.

To give our readers an equal amount of reading matter, and a neater appearance to the WAR RECORD, and at the same time to reduce somewhat our expenditure, we propose—

1. To print a smaller number of advertisements in more compact form.

2. To print a larger proportion of our matter in neat, clear, briefer type. We shall thus economize in paper, the chief item of cost.

AERIAL ARCHITECTURE.—Sherman's Flying Column.

## Exchange of Prisoners.

The course of the Government in regard to this subject is not generally well understood, nor do the difficulties which have much delayed or at times prevented any exchange seem to be appreciated. There are people who have for unworthy ends represented that the Government had deliberately and purposely caused the interruption of exchange, in order to avoid returning to the rebel ranks able bodied fighting men, even at the cost of great sufferings to our own soldiers. There have even been some shameless enough to pretend that political objects governed the conduct of the Administration in this matter.

All these statements are as unmanly and unfair as they are unfounded. No intelligent person, knowing what the soldiers' vote has been, can fail to see that every conceivable political consideration would lead to efforts for the release of prisoners, nor will candid men believe that our rulers are so destitute of the ordinary feelings of humanity as to be indifferent to the sufferings of such of our soldiers as have fallen into the hands of the enemy.

The truth, as we understand it is this: That the exchange has been repeatedly interrupted by brazen faced and outrageous violations of the cartel by the rebel authorities, who have displayed the same barbarity in this whole matter that has marked the conduct of their piratical cruisers on the seas, and instigated the fiendish plot to burn Northern cities, and the same shameless faithlessness that violated the oath of allegiance to our government, and even used high rank or official power to aid the foul plot to destroy it.

The last and most serious interruption occurred in consequence of the unblushing violation of agreement by the Confederate authorities, after the fall of Vicksburg. More than thirty thousand prisoners, regularly paroled at that time, were called back, and even forced back, into the rebel ranks without exchange or pretense of exchange, and it was demanded

that our Government should not only overlook and permit this breach of faith, but in the subsequent exchange take no account of the prisoners whose parole had thus been unlawfully set aside. This led, and could not but lead to resistance on the part of Government. We had repeatedly yielded, already, to demands only less unjust, and had borne violations of agreement on a smaller scale again and again, preferring to pass them by rather than interrupt exchange of our prisoners. But there is a point at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and a civilized nation compelled to fight with barbarians cannot fail to reach that point occasionally. It is one of the peculiarities of this war that while the rebels, and those who sympathize with them all over the world, have never ceased to denounce with pious horror, every act of severity and almost every act of hostility committed by our Government, as "bloody, brutal, barbarous and cruel," they have themselves continually resorted to practices that should close the mouths of all apologists to all time—acts that ought to open the eyes of all people to the fiendish barbarity, so utterly hostile to the whole spirit of this age, which the system of slavery has engendered. The massacre at Fort Pillow, the horrors of Belle Isle and Andersonville, and the attempted burning at dead of night of hotels crowded with inoffensive and helpless women and children, are examples; and these are dictated by the same spirit that disregards all honorable agreements and obligations in regard to exchange, and relies upon cruelty and inhumanity to force our government to assent to all demands, however impudent.

Again, leaning to humanity rather than justice, Government has resumed exchange, but we believe, without conceding the latest claims of the insurgents. It is exchange man for man, leaving all disputed points unsettled. Perhaps there is no other way to deal with a foe that knows nothing of the obligations of honor; it certainly seems so; but it should be borne in mind that in war with





any civilized nation on the face of the earth, one such shameless breach of faith would be final, and would shut the door of exchange utterly and forever.

The march of Sherman may, and probably will release some of our prisoners, though the greater number will doubtless be moved from the several camps or prisons before he can reach them. Camp Lawton, east of Milledgeville, and a camp at Millen, on the junction of the Augusta road with the Savannah and Macon road, received most of the prisoners formerly at Andersonville, it is said, and both these have now been reached by Sherman's advance. There is also a prison for officers at Savannah, and another at Charleston, one or both of which may not improbably be broken up. But it is hardly to be expected that the rebels will not have time to move at least the greater part of those confined in them to other points. The main camp now remaining, is said to be at Florence, North Carolina, where 1600 prisoners are said to be confined, and there are others at Danville and Salisbury, N. C., and officers' prisons at Columbia and Richmond. The surest—the only sure way to terminate the sufferings of brave boys, subjected to the cruelty of these barbarians, is to crush the enemy. Instead of finding fault with the Government, let indignant and earnest men shoulder their muskets, join Grant, and put the finishing stroke to this rebellion.

#### Escape of Prisoners.

Quite a number of officers and men who have broken out of Southern prisons have already reached the Union lines and stand again with tear-glistening eyes and grateful hearts beneath the "dear old flag." Many more have doubtless escaped during the sudden removal of prisoners to new localities, which Gen. Sherman has so unceremoniously compelled the rebels to make. We may expect daily to hear of new arrivals at the New England homes, now more than ever deemed dear and worthy of defense.

We are happy to publish the record of a somewhat unique experience, communicated to us by one of the party, an officer of the 16th C. V. I.

HARTFORD, Nov. 26th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—Thinking your readers will be interested in an account of our escape from a confederate prison, I give you the following brief narrative: Upon the evening of the 3d of Nov., a large number of officers were paroled for the purpose of getting wood for cooking and building purposes. Three of us, Cpts. Thomas A. Burke, T. B. Robinson and myself, of the 16th Regt. Conn. Vols., finished getting wood, saw our paroles destroyed, returned to camp, and after a short time re-crossed the guard line, and unsus-

pected made our way to the woods. We kept slowly through the woods until we were safely beyond the reach of the rebels. Night coming on we traveled through the fields and woods until we struck a road which ran parallel with the Congaree river and traveled southward about 12 miles. We then left the public road and traveled through the woods toward the river, which was about eight miles distant. Upon the afternoon of the fourth, we fell in with five other of our escaped prisoners from the same camp, who escaped two nights previous to ourselves, by bribing the guard. They had been in the swamp two days, and had made an arrangement with the negroes for provisions and information where two boats could be found. We joined our parties, and in the evening the negroes met us and furnished us with the promised necessities. Proceeding to the river, which was about two miles distant, we found the boats which accommodated all of us. At about eleven o'clock, all things being ready, we embarked in our boats and paddled down the river. Early in the morning we landed, having secured a hiding place for our boats and ourselves, and devoted the day to cooking and sleep. Darkness again found us upon the river, and we soon passed the bridge of the South Carolina railroad, which was guarded by sentries, paddled all night and again secured ourselves for the day. While engaged, some in cooking, others in sleep, our attention was attracted by loud talking, and soon we discovered a boat below us upon the river, being poled up the river by negroes. One of our party posted himself upon the bank of the river where he could hail the boat without discovering the presence of the rest of the party, and hailing the negro in charge of the boat informed him that he was in want of provisions. The negro replied that he had no time to stop, and persisted in keeping on his course. When all entreaty failed, the Captain told him that he was a "Yankee" officer escaped from rebel prison, making his way North, and needed provisions and information regarding obstructions in the river. The negro no sooner learned his true character than he immediately landed, secured his boat, staid with us all day, cooking rations and giving very valuable information. He claimed in return for his service, a sight of the rest of the party, whom he had instinctive shrewdness to know were concealed close by. Night again found us upon the river, and after a few hours sail, we landed at a farm of which we had been informed by the negroes, where we succeeded in capturing a goat which supplied us with meat to our journey's end.

Monday and Tuesday nights nothing occurred to delay our progress toward the desired goal. Wednesday evening we were again upon our way down the river but a short time, when we reached a ferry, where we made the acquaintance of four negroes, who furnished us with a large quantity of sweet potatoes, salt and meat. Upon parting with them they bade us God speed and a safe journey. Elated and happy with our success we kept steadily forward and soon after we landed to again consult the negroes who told us we were but five miles from a battery mounting two pieces, upon the right bank of the river, guarded by rebel soldiers. After receiving other information and provisions, we parted company with the last

of our negro friends, and proceeded down the river, passed the battery in safety, and landing waited for the darkness of the night to finish our journey to the coast. Thursday night, full of hope, we again took to our boats and meeting no interference, reached the coast safely.

The light of Friday morning, Nov. 11th, revealed to us the spars of a ship, which we soon made out to be one of the U. S. blockade. Three of us immediately embarked in our best boat and paddled for the ship. When but a short distance from her, and about eight miles from shore, the ship not having seen us, put to sea, and we were compelled to pull for shore, to avoid a storm which was fast coming up. We reached the shore in safety and determined to persevere in the morning. At sunrise we were again upon our way to the ship, which we succeeded in reaching in about two hours and a half, while yet at anchor. Captain Harrison, commanding the *Canandaigua*, received us kindly and hospitably; sent a boat ashore and brought off our comrades, and when all were safe upon the deck of the ship and under the protection of the "Star Spangled Banner," our hardships ended and pleasure took the sway. Our feeling of joy when safe in the protection of our Government, can be conceived only by those who have been called upon to undergo similar privations and hardship, and who beheld the dawn of *Freedom* upon their toilsome efforts. The "*Flambeau*" having arrived with dispatches and mail, Capt. Harrison directed us to report upon her to Admiral Dahlgren at Hilton Head. Arriving at Hilton Head, Monday, Nov. 14th, were directed by Admiral Dahlgren to report to Major Gen. Foster, who received us kindly, and ordered passage given us in the steamer *Fulton*. We arrived in New York as is known, Friday, Nov. 18th, safe from the hands of our enemies, and happy in being once more able to meet our friends.

Respectfully Yours,

ONE OF THE PARTY.

#### From the 12th Regiment.

HEAD-QUARTERS 12TH C. V., }  
CAMP RUSSELL, VA., Nov. 26, 1864. }

MR. EDITOR:—Three years ago this month, we were just going into winter quarters at Camp Lyon, two miles out of Hartford. Our quarters there were Sibley tents, with convenient stoves, and were very comfortable during the long severe months of Northern snow and ice. Transferred into the Gulf Department in the spring of '62, we hardly needed and never had winter quarters, but here in Western Virginia, where the cold winds and snow have begun to sweep over these hills and through these valleys thus early, we need, and are now building log houses for winter. Not that we are to remain here, we do not know that, but we are bound to be comfortable if possible while we do stay. Our usual luck attends us this winter; we are on the *front line*, and must keep one eye open that no foe may approach us unseen.

The order came yesterday to have inscribed on our glorious banner, in addition to "Georgia Landing, Oct. 27th, 1863; Cotton, Jan. 14th, 1863; Bisland, April 12th and 13th, 1863; Port Hudson, May 24th and 27th; June 14th, July 7th, 1863," which are now shining there, the follow-





ing: "Winchester, Sept. 19, 1864; Fisher's Hill Sept. 22d, 1864; Cedar Creek, Oct. 19, 1864."

If any regiment in the army of the Shenandoah has earned those names, the 12th have, for in the short course of the month ending, Oct. 19th, we lost in battle *two hundred and forty men*. The list of casualties for Sept. 19th, has already appeared in your columns, the longer lists for Oct. 19th will be forwarded with this.

We had returned from Harrisonburg to Cedar Creek, and established our line in good communication with the water, and in a good defensive position. Along portions of the line, works had been thrown up which would afford partial protection. The 19th Corps occupied the center, the 2d Brigade a reserve position.

On the 13th of Oct, the Rebs. came up apparently thinking our force weakened so that they could carry our position, but after a few hours cannonading and some sharp infantry firing by a division of the 8th Corps that was sent out to ascertain their strength, they withdrew, so that when on Saturday morning, Oct. 15th, the 12th went out as far as Strasburg, no enemy was in sight. Sharp picket firing before daylight on the morning of the 19th was heard, and the 2d Brig. consisting of the 8th V. V., 12th Conn., 160th N. Y., and 47th Penn. regiments, were ordered out, leaving everything in camp, under the temporary command of Lieut. Col. Geo. N. Lewis, of the 12th Conn., and formed a line on the left flank, just over the pike which separated the 19th from the 8th Corps. A ravine was just in front partially wooded, and another elevation a few rods in advance. Col. Thomas, 8th V. V., who commanded the brigade on that day, came in from the picket line where some audacious rebel had commanded him to surrender, but he replied that it was "too early in the morning," and rode away. He relieved Lieut. Col. Lewis, and ordered the Brigade across the ravine into the next mound. It was scarcely daylight and very foggy. The rebels in double lines were forcing their way up among the trees just in front of our line. The 8th Corps had already been routed, and the rebel line closed around both flanks of the 2d Brigade, and they losing half their men, were obliged to give way or be taken entire. The 12th was the last to leave that perilous spot, the balls rattling around them like hail. *They had never retreated under fire, and did not understand that movement.* The rebel line was upon them, some fought hand to hand, friends and foes were mingled. One Lieut. was ordered to surrender at the rear of his Company, by some one whom he supposed to be one of our men, and had rebuked for firing the wrong way. The rebel ball, however, missed him and he escaped. One Captain said: "boys, form where the last line was, as quick as possible." There was a ravine with a deep ditch to cross, and a mound to ascend, raked both ways by rebel fire, and the wonder is how any one of the 12th escaped alive. Nearly twenty bodies were afterwards brought out of that place and buried near the old camp. Ninety prisoners were taken, ten of them wounded, five of whom afterwards escaped, the others, several of whom had expected to return to their homes in a few weeks, having served faithfully their three years, were hurried to the rear.

All was now confusion; the men and officers who had escaped, formed a temporary line on the pike, but were obliged to fall back, and for a quarter of a mile passing through what had just been a peaceful camp, the balls and shot from our own batteries, which had been captured and turned upon them, came in from both flanks. Retreating past Gen. Sheridan's Headquarters, several times the men were gathered into line, but did not succeed in checking the enemy until the line was half way from Middletown to Newtown, nearly four miles from the camp.

The men of the 12th who had become very much scattered, formed about the colors, and at length the Brigade, woefully diminished, was reformed, and had the post of honor on the extreme right, and turned the enemy's left; then commenced the glorious advance, which turned the rout into a victory so decisive. Gen. Sheridan had arrived from Winchester, and with enthusiasm unbounded, our army rushed upon the rebel hosts and drove them pell-mell on past the camp, over hills and ravines, through the village of Strasburg, nearly four miles from the line of the morning. The 12th, hungry and faint, rested beyond the village that night, and as they gathered in groups to talk over the events of the day, many a face was sad at the loss of a comrade. The cavalry pursuing, captured nearly all the enemies' artillery, and hundreds of prisoners.

In three days the regiment was back on the old ground, but the shortened line showed how sadly they had fared. In the course of a few days the bodies of all who had fallen on the field, were collected and decently buried within a neat little enclosure. A substantial head-board at each grave, the whole sodded smoothly and enclosed by a cedar rail fence, and a little later by young trees planted along the fence. We could do no more for them. That little mound has been visited by thousands attracted to the spot to honor the regiment that honor their dead. Every Company is represented there, a monument to the valor and courage of the 12th Conn.—two officers and twenty men—who heroically gave their lives or their country.

*Plan of 12th Conn. Burying Ground, at Cedar Creek, Va., where Twenty-two, killed in action, Oct. 19th, 1864, lie buried.*

<i>Co. F.</i>	<i>Co. F.</i>
Gilbert Hefflon.	Joseph Everts.
<i>Co. G.</i>	<i>Co. F.</i>
Daniel Sullivan.	Daniel H. Spencer.
<i>Co. E.</i>	<i>Co. F.</i>
Francisco Battallano	John H. Chadwick.
<i>Co. D.</i>	<i>Co. F.</i>
Ferdinand Stoll.	Geo. W. Beckley.
<i>Co. C.</i>	<i>Co. G.</i>
Wm. Putnam.	B. D. Smith.
<i>Co. B.</i>	<i>Co. G.</i>
Geo. H. Nash.	L. A. Smith.
<i>Co. B.</i>	<i>Co. G.</i>
C. R. McCorney.	R. A. McGann.
<i>Co. A.</i>	<i>Co. I.</i>
J. H. Steele.	J. Bevans.
<i>Co. A.</i>	<i>Co. K.</i>
J. D. Sheldon.	Chas. W. Sherman.
<i>Co. C.</i>	<i>Co. K.</i>
Lt. H. E. Phelps.	Sergt. Amos Bray.
<i>Co. H.</i>	<i>Co. K.</i>
Capt. J. P. Lowell.	John G. Ball.

\*Cedar Trees. (FRONT.)

After the battle of Cedar Creek, Paymasters paid the regiment for four months. The last payment was made in New Orleans. We came on without baggage and without money. What necessity there is for the U. S. to be so slack in paying off troops, we cannot tell. Necessary suffering we can willingly endure, but, why officers should be compelled to shiver for twenty-four hours, while the only shirt they have is washed, is beyond our comprehension.

Lieut. George M. Benton had his leg amputated and died soon after at Winchester. Com. Sergt. H. S. Hine, took his remains to Connecticut, where they are buried.

Our band have obtained a nearly complete set of new instruments, which enables them correspondingly to improve their music.

The original term of service is nearly out, and several officers with the non-veterans, return home. We trust those who remain will not be wanted long. We know they will be good soldiers.

Yours, J. H. B.

### Lieut. Col. Wm. C. Moegling.

Lieut. Col. Moegling was born in Wurttemberg, came when a mere boy to America, and grew up with intense love for his adopted country and her free institutions. He enlisted from Danbury for three months in the Wooster Guards, of the First Connecticut Regiment, and was made Sergeant. He here evinced his capacity and acquired his taste for military life. Soon after his return to Connecticut he set himself enthusiastically at work to raise a German Company in New Haven and vicinity. His energy and ardor were crowned with success, and he entered the 11th C. V. I. as Captain of this large and excellent company. As a line officer, he was faithful, just, brave and efficient. Sometimes apparently harsh and exacting, but only where duty seemed to him to require sternness.

He was promoted to be Major, July 17th, 1862, and Lieut. Col. Sept. 17th, 1862, date of the battle of Antietam, in which he behaved with great gallantry. As Lieut. Col. he has commanded his well disciplined regiment much of the time. He was rarely absent from his post for any reason. During the winter of 1864 he was in Connecticut on recruiting service. His labors with those of Capt. Sackett, Lieut. Dickinson and others, secured full ranks to the veteran 11th. He was three times wounded, at Antietam severely, at Cold Harbor, June 2d, by accident slightly, and Aug. 5th by a shell, slightly.

He incurred peril with dauntless courage, endured hardship with smiling fortitude, but weighty care and wounds, and long exposure at last prostrated him with fever. Not even the tender care and reviving associations of home could stay the progress of disease. He breathed his last in Danbury, Oct. 26th. He is the third and last of the field officers of the 11th, who have given their lives during the present campaign, for the sacred cause of Freedom and the Union. They and the gallant men of the undividing 11th, who have fallen with them, will be honored by the American people, to the latest generation.

"Freemen! we fight, roused in our might,  
For Justice and Freedom, for God and the Right."





## REGIMENTAL.

The 10th and 18th Corps are consolidated to form the 24th Corps, to be commanded by Major Gen. Ord.

The 6th, 8th, 10th, 11th, and 21st regiments will thus belong to the same Corps, in the

## ARMY OF THE JAMES.

The 6th, 7th and 10th will probably belong to Terry's Division,—the 8th, 11th and 21st to Stannard's. The 1st Conn. Light Battery will also belong to this large and effective Corps.

Several brief communications from these regiments are necessarily omitted from this number. The 10th has received 350 pairs of gloves and 100 of mittens, from merchants of Hartford. They were collected from these liberal gentlemen, in a single forenoon, by Mrs. Cowan.

The 10th has also received a batch of recruits, for the most part, of the usual sort.

The 8th has been on duty at Corps Headquarters, and will probably be retained on the organization of the new Corps.

A long letter from the 11th, comes a day too late for insertion.

The visit of the 6th, 7th and 10th to New York, has as yet received no chronicler for the WAR RECORD.

## THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The 14th is the sole representation at present, of Connecticut, in that magnificent army. In the recent engagement at Boynton's Road, the 14th proved itself equal to any emergency of attack or defence. We hope for minuter details ere long.

A Corps d'Afrique, called the 25th, is to be formed from the colored troops of the 9th, 10th and 18th Corps. It will be commanded by Gen. Weitzel. In this Corps will be found the 29th Conn. and the detachment of the 30th merged in the 31st U. S. C. T. Both have proved themselves second to none in camp or in the field. The 25th Corps will probably be assigned to the Army of the Potomac.

## ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH.

The 9th and 12th regiments are consolidated into battalions of six companies each, to be commanded by Lieut. Colonels.

The 13th retains its regimental organization.

The first Cavalry still retains its position in the Cav. Corps—daily gaining health and strength.

## ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

The 5th and 20th are "Marching on," with the invincible Sherman.

The detachment of the 16th at Roanoke Island, is quietly doing duty and building winter quarters. It is commanded by Capt. Barnum. They took creditable part in the recent successful expedition to Plymouth. The letter from them must be passed over this month.

The 15th—the long agony of fever gone by—is lying quietly in its camp. The men and officers showed genuine fortitude through the long and gloomy period of infectious disease. They are now receiving a large number of recruits, and generally of a better class than the average now enlisted.

The 17th is still scattered at St. Augustine, Picolata and elsewhere, with good health, and constant, tedious duty.

## 2D LIGHT BATTERY.

A communication was received too late for insertion, dated Montgomery Point, Arkansas, Nov. 22d, 1864.

## 3D HEAVY BATTERY.

Is stationed at City Point, with pleasant and comfortable quarters. It garrisons four redoubts with Headquarters at Fort Lewis.

Recruiting for the Battery is pushed at New Haven quite briskly by Sergt. Crane. It is a most capital opportunity for any who desire to enlist, and we have no doubt that the full complement of men will soon be obtained.

The Artillery arm of the service is very desirable, and the officers of the Battery are efficient, kind and careful to see the men well provided for.

## The Enrollment.

There is great activity throughout Connecticut, in providing substitutes against a future draft. During the month of November 1,863 men were credited to Connecticut. This number added to the 1,481 before credited, gives to our little State on the first day of Dec. an excess of 3,344, over all calls. Volunteering and the procuring of substitutes is proceeding with great rapidity.

It is believed that another draft will be ordered in season to fill the ranks for the spring campaign. If so no time should be lost in perfecting the enrollment lists, and unless patriotic citizens voluntarily assist the Selectmen of the several towns, the work will be very imperfectly performed.

Every town should furnish its just proportion of recruits reckoned according to an enrollment exactly correct.

Every name struck from the enrollment list diminishes the number to be furnished by each town. Hence the name of every man exempt from any cause, should be immediately stricken off the list. The recognized causes for exemption are the following:

Over 45, or under 20 years of age. Being an alien, and never having voted. Having furnished a substitute in anticipation of the draft. Having been drafted and furnished a substitute. Having been drafted and paid commutation. Having been drafted and received a certificate of permanent physical disability. Being permanently physically disqualified. Having served two years in the army or navy during the present war, and been honorably discharged.

It is equally important for the interest of every enrolled man to stand only his fair chance of being drafted, and therefore to have added to the lists the names of those who have become twenty, or who have become residents of a new sub-district, and of all foreigners who have been made electors or declared their intentions. And this work, also, cannot be perfectly done by the Selectmen alone, and must be attended to by others who have an interest in the completeness of the lists. Let it be done, and thoroughly done, without delay.

## The Thanksgiving Dinner.

The spontaneous and magnificent effort of the people to give every soldier a thanksgiving dinner was an unusual and gratifying success. The boys were incredulous to the last, insisting that it would not come to them. But finally almost eve-

ry man—even the humblest was made glad by receiving "something nice" from home. Much that was sent was somewhat injured by rough usage on the passage. Some paid liberal toll to the hands it passed through—but, certain it is, that never did an equal quantity of edibles get through to its actual destination—the *enlisted men* of the army. The quartermasters and commissaries deserve great credit for the vigorous exertion which, in most cases, they made to expedite transportation and equitable distribution. The officers of regiments and companies, with some dishonorable exceptions, used their position not as they too often do, to sponge or plunder the men, but to secure to them equitably what loving hearts and patriotic hands had, at great expense, provided. Almost every man received something—enough to remind him of home and assure him of hearty and generous sympathy from those for whom he suffers and fights. There is not on record in history such a vast voluntary effort to cheer and comfort immense armies. The daring, the patriotism, the intelligence of American soldiers is nowhere paralleled—the thoughtful, self-denying generosity of the American people is matchless—soldiers and people alike peerless. I thank God that I am an American.

## Letters for Prisoners of War.

The regulations as forwarded recently from Fort Monroe, may not be in all particulars understood, and we will try to make them in one or two points more explicit.

1. The letter must not exceed one letter page of matter, purely domestic, signed by the writer's name, with P. O. address in full.

2. The letter must be inclosed in an *unsealed* envelope, on which the address of the prisoner is plainly written.

3. The letter thus *unsealed* must be inclosed in a *sealed envelope*, and addressed

To the COMMANDING GENERAL  
of the Department of Va. and N. C.,  
Fortress Monroe,  
Va.

FOR FLAG OF TRUCE.

4. Five cents must be inclosed to pay rebel postage to Richmond—ten for points beyond.

It is well to inclose an envelope with a blank sheet of paper and a U. S. postage stamp, to furnish means to the prisoner to reply. Money may be inclosed at the risk of the sender. Letters forwarded strictly in accordance with these rules, will be sent through the rebel lines, and, in some cases at least, will reach those to whom they are addressed.

## Soldiers' Votes.

We had hoped to give the exact number of ballots cast by Connecticut soldiers for each of the candidates. But many voted at home, many did not vote. Some votes were rejected on election day for various informalities, and in some cases neither the exact number or proportion of the vote is known. Probably not more than 2500 votes were actually cast, and of these at least three-fourths were for Abraham Lincoln.

The voting was conducted fairly, in the presence of two Commissioners, one from each party,





## Recollections of Army Life in the 27th Connecticut.

### II.

After a rest of two days we bade adieu to Acquia Creek, on the morning of Dec. 8th, and resumed our march to Falmouth. Having lost our way, the journey which properly required but one day, occupied until noon of the next, when we arrived at the headquarters of Gen. Couch, at that time in command of the Second Army Corps. By him the 27th was assigned to the Third Brigade, Gen. Zook's, of the First Division, commanded by Gen. W. S. Hancock. At this time, the Army of the Potomac was divided into three Grand Divisions, the Right, Left, and Center, the first of which our Corps formed a part, under the command of Gen. Edwin V. Sumner.

We were now marched off to our camping ground, in a pine forest, and henceforth the fortunes of the 27th are linked with the Army of the Potomac. The Regiment belonged to a Corps whose thinned ranks eloquently testified to the hard fought contests of the Peninsula where it had borne the brunt, always in the forefront of battle, and the last to retire when retreat became necessary. The history of the Second proved it to be one of the most reliable Corps in the service, always ready for any desperate encounter under its brave and fighting leaders. The famous Irish Brigade formed a part of our Division. Such being the character and history of our Corps, it was evident that the 27th must now make up its mind to the severest of campaign service. Scarcely were our tents up when the Colonel received orders to have the company cooks prepare four days' rations, to be ready by the next morning, the inevitable preliminary to more important events.

The forenoon of Dec. 10th was occupied in cleaning our arms, and preparing for an inspection, to take place at 12 o'clock, before Gen. Zook and staff. Perhaps at this point it might be well to speak of the weapons the Gen. was called upon to inspect, and which he declared unfit for service. One of his staff a day or two later remarked, "Boys, if you can't discharge them, you can use the bayonet." That certainly was the most serviceable part of the gun. At the outset, the 27th was furnished with Austrian rifles, of such an inferior order, that no decent inspector would have passed them. One of these

pieces in the hands of the writer, was fired in target practice, with the ordinary ball cartridge, and on examination, a crack eight or ten inches long was found in the barrel, the bands alone preventing a split through the entire length. Scarcely one of these weapons was without defects in the most essential particulars. These facts are not mentioned to bring discredit upon any of the authorities cognizant of such matters, but simply as a matter of justice to the regiment. Doubtless the best of reasons can be given to justify the temporary distribution of such arms. Early, however, in the following January, the Regiment was supplied with the Whitney rifled musket, a weapon in the highest degree satisfactory to all.

In the afternoon of the 10th, two hundred and fifty men of the 27th were detailed to picket along the Rappahannock above Falmouth. During all the following night might be heard an unusual rambling of cars, bringing up subsistence from Acquia Creek, the rattling of ammunition wagons and pontoon trains, slowly moving to their respective destinations. At half past four, on the morning of the 11th, the Colonel passed around to the officers' quarters, giving orders to have their companies supplied with three days' rations, and fall in by half past six, in light marching order. Let us leave the scene of busy preparation in camp, and for a few moments view the events transpiring on the river. Three points had been carefully selected by Gen. Burnside, where bridges were to be thrown across, one a short distance above the Lacey House, another a few rods below the railroad bridge, and the third about two miles below the city. Boat after boat was anchored in its place; plank after plank was laid in quick succession, and the river is well nigh spanned by the trembling structure, when suddenly two signal guns break on the still night air, and a sheet of flame bursts from houses on the opposite bank, where hundreds of sharpshooters lie concealed. The defenseless bridge builders are temporarily driven from their work, while the cannon from the bluffs behind, belched forth a defiant response to the rebel challenge.

To return to the 27th. Promptly at half past six the regiment fell in and joined the rest of the Brigade, a short distance from camp; silently through woods, and across fields, we march to

the Corps rendezvous, in a deep hollow near the Phillips House, where General Sumner has his headquarters. On the way we passed long lines of troops moving rapidly to the river, or resting behind rows of musket stacks. Here we were to remain until a crossing could be effected.

Meanwhile, the frequency of cannon discharges increases; every moment another adds its voice to the swelling volume, until from twenty batteries, comprising more than a hundred guns arranged along the banks of the river, bursts a tempest of shot and shell, over the rebel city. This continues with little cessation until noon. For three hours following, only occasionally a gun disturbs the comparative quiet. Then the ball opens again with renewed violence. A visit to the top of the hill, overlooking the city, reveals columns of smoke with now and then a flash of flame, testifying to the effectiveness of the bombardment. At the river all attempts to complete the pontoon bridge had hitherto failed.

With particular interest, we gazed upon a regiment of the Corps, as tired, dusty, and powder-smear'd, it rejoined us after a protracted effort at the bridge. History records but few parallels to the more than heroic valor which crowned that day's work. A trusty weapon supports the soldier's courage, but, to stand unarmed, the target of unerring sharpshooters, unable to respond to their attacks, and in view of almost inevitable death, is the highest test of courage. It became evident that the bridge could be completed only by driving the sharpshooters from the houses on the opposite side, by a sudden dash across the river. This hazardous duty was entrusted to the 7th Michigan and detachments from several other regiments, and nobly was it performed; the rebels were driven from their hiding places, the bridge touched the opposite shore, and the first act in this fearful drama closed. This success was received with universal joy, and all attention now concentrated in what the future should unfold.

Gen. Howard's Division of the Second Corps, crossed over into the city, while the other two Divisions, Hancock's and French's, bivouacked for the night in a strip of woods near the Phillips House.

Early the next morning, Dec. 12th, we crossed into Fredericksburg, over the bridge which had cost so much blood and labor the preceding day.





Evidences of the bombardment everywhere presented themselves in the houses perforated with shot and shell, and in the miscellaneous rubbish which hindered our progress through the street. Mattresses, pitchers, chairs, kitchen utensils, and other furniture, scattered about in grotesque confusion, testified that those who had spent the night in the town, had availed themselves of all the comforts within reach. We moved down Water street and halted at the first pontoon bridge, a few rods below the railroad, where we encamped that day and night. The 27th was occupied during the day in bridging gullies and mudholes, with boards and planks from neighboring fences, so that the artillery could pass. About the middle of the afternoon the rebel batteries attempted to annoy the men engaged in these preparations, and for a time a very brisk artillery duel was maintained between the opposing forces. Sheltered as we were, by the steep bank, the rebels could not obtain accurate range, and most of the shells shrieked harmlessly over our heads and fell into the river, or struck on the opposite side. With night the note of preparation ceased, and the morrow was to be the decisive day.

The stern face of war even, sometimes puts on a smile, as the many amusing scenes around us bore witness. A horseman rode swiftly by decked in a mantilla, which once, doubtless, graced the shoulders of some fair secession lady, who had abandoned her finery to escape the unceremonious intrusion of Uncle Sam's shells. A soldier might have been observed slowly trundling along a light baby carriage, intently gazing upon the article as if it carried his thought to his home in the North; while another might have been seen, springing gaily down the bank, holding in his arms an enormous doll.

At length the eventful 13th arrived, a day full of scenes and experiences which will never fade from the memory of those who participated in them. Immediately after breakfast we were marched up to Caroline street, the principal street of the town, parallel with the river. Here the Division was formed in line of battle, and stacked arms, while arrangements were being completed to storm the heights back of the city. Staff officers were riding in hot haste to and fro, carrying orders, or disposing of the forces, and occasionally our Division General, Hancock, rode slowly and proudly up and down the lines surveying the ranks, his countenance wearing the aspect of quiet and cool determination. At length the sound of cannonading comes to our ears from below, indicating that Gen. Franklin has entered upon the task assigned him, of seizing the railroad, and turning the enemy's flank. Like banks of keys in a great organ, the rebel works rise behind the town, and gradually the chorus of notes bursts forth directly in front of us. The rebel shell crash among the houses, or strike in the street, while the batteries of the Second Corps, on the north bank of the Rappahannock, send their shrieking replies over the city. "Attention," rings out loud and long above the din; every man is in his place, his musket at a shoulder; "right face," "right shoulder shift arms," follow in quick succession. At this moment Gen. Hancock rides up to the 27th, and, leaving forward in his saddle with his right arm upraised,

briefly addresses them, "You are the only Connecticut Regiment in my Division. Bring no dishonor upon the State you represent." The order is given, "Forward, March," re-echoed by commanders of Brigades, Regiments and Companies, and we move in quick time down the street to the railroad.

While the column is moving on let us briefly survey the position of the battle field. Fredericksburg is situated in a large amphitheatre, admirably adapted for defence. Directly in the rear of the town is a smooth field with a slightly ascending grade extending back a little less than half a mile to the telegraph road, which is flanked by a stonewall, beyond which rises a ridge somewhat abruptly from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet high. This range of high ground extends as far as Hazel Run, a little stream emptying into the Rappahannock just below the lower edge of the town, and in the other direction bends towards the river, which it very nearly touches just above Falmouth, about a mile above Fredericksburg. Rebel batteries were strongly posted along this eminence so that a front and enfilading fire could be secured upon any force advancing across the level plateau. Gen. Longstreet was in command of these lines of fortifications, while Stonewall Jackson commanded the rebel right opposite General Franklin, the whole under the supreme direction of General Lee. Bearing in mind that the task before us was to capture these formidable heights, let us return to the storming column.

Sheltered in a measure by the houses, it passes down Caroline street with little interruption, but as soon as we arrived at the railroad depot, several rebel guns, trained upon the spot with fatal accuracy, welcome us to the encounter. Very near this point fell Capt. Schweizer, the first of the long list of casualties which at nightfall told how fearfully the conflict had decimated the ranks of the 27th. Several were knocked down, one of whom leaping up exclaimed earnestly, "I'll have pay for that," then springing to his place, rushed on to death, for no one ever saw or heard of him afterwards. The Division now advanced at a double quick into the open field, then after resting a few moments on the ground, at the order, charge, moves by the left flank with fixed bayonets, passing French's Division, which had been obliged to fall back. A second brief rest, then on again, while shot and shell plough the ground in front, burst over our heads, or make fearful gaps in the line. Yet on we rush; the wounded are left where they fall; not a word is spoken, not a gun fired. As we approach nearer the rebel lines, all the elements of destruction ingenuity could devise or position afford, are concentrated upon the narrow space. From rows of rifle pits protected by a heavy stone wall, bursts a continuous roll of musketry; from neighboring houses flashes the deadly fire of sharpshooters, while batteries posted on the heights behind strong field works, and supported by infantry, sweep the field with shot and shell, and grape and cannister; enfilading batteries on the right and left of the rebel semicircle pour in their swift discharges, and behind us the batteries of the 2d Corps, on the other side of the river, shell the enemy's works with little effect at the distance of near-

ly three thousand yards, but with so much danger to the storming party that General Couch orders them to cease firing. The line now begins to waver, and with some confusion presses forward to a brick house, from which a brisk musketry fire is kept up in the direction of the stone wall. At this time, the various regiments became mingled together, and unfortunately at the order to deploy into line to renew the charge, the 27th became separated into two parts, one advancing to the right of the house, the other to the left. The time for a sudden dash had passed, and we continued the charge only as far as a board fence, less than a hundred yards from the famous stone wall, as estimated by an officer of the regiment, who afterwards visited the spot under flag of truce. Unable longer to stem the avalanche of fire which seemed to gather intensity as we proceeded, a halt was rendered necessary at the fence, all full of bullet holes and torn with shot. Here we remained the rest of the afternoon, loading our guns on the ground, then rising sufficiently to deliver our fire. The rebel musketry continued with almost uninterrupted violence until night overshadowed the scene, never entirely ceasing in our front. At times it surged off to another part of the line, with only a scattering fire opposite our position; then rolled back again with redoubled power, the peculiar rattling of separate discharges being fused into one prolonged sound. Lines of rebel troops could be seen marching along the ridge and running down to reinforce their comrades in the rifle pits below, and for a weary two hours no reinforcement advanced to the support of the Union forces. At one time appearances seemed to indicate that the rebels were about to charge upon our feeble line, but a few well directed volleys admonished them to remain behind their stone walls.

The Union artillery had thus far accomplished comparatively little, owing to its distance from the rebel works, and to the absence of all favorable positions, where guns could be posted, on the Fredericksburg side of the river. Late in the afternoon, however, several guns took position in the upper streets of the city. The battle field shook with their combined discharge. Meanwhile Hancock's Division had been mostly withdrawn to give place to the other Division of the Second Corps. But many of the 27th and other regiments remained at their posts, their safety being still more endangered if they attempted to leave the field.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, Howard's Division advanced to the attack, to be hurled back before the overwhelming fire of the rebels. Only a brief time is now left before darkness will cover the scene. A final, desperate effort must be made to take the heights. Supported by the batteries in the streets, a fresh Division advances into the field. How splendidly they charge; with what a perfect line. We can look into the faces of the men as they come on. Nothing apparently can withstand their onset. They come steadily to within a few paces of where we lie. Then bursts forth from the rebel works an iron tempest which had scarcely a parallel even on that day. Showers of bullets went whistling by or struck the ground in every direction with a zip, zip, while pieces of shell, bits of old iron, grape and cannister, rained down with a dull sound as they





hit the earth. Arrested in its course, the line wavers, fires a few volleys, then scatters like chaff. It was now about dusk, and several of the 27th, who had remained on the field after the withdrawal of our Division, retired into the city. At the edge of the plateau, where a battery was stationed, mounted officers were endeavoring to rally into some sort of order, the shattered remnants of the Division, whose magnificent charge we have just described.

The aspect of Fredericksburg that night cannot be adequately described. Lines of troops were under arms in the streets ready to meet the enemy should they attempt to follow up their advantage, and drive the army across the river. Crowds of soldiers, all excited by the events of the day, moved rapidly along the sidewalks. Processions of stretcher bearers tenderly conveyed their mangled freight to the hospitals. The eloquent red flag waved from almost every house, suggesting that the surgeons were diligently at work, while the glare of candles from the windows added to the wildness of the scene without.

The next day was the Sabbath, bright and clear over head, but inexpressibly sad to us, for one-third of the three hundred and seventy-five, who followed the colors of the 27th into battle, lay dead on the field, or wounded in the hospital. That forenoon was spent in cleaning our guns, in anticipation of further fighting. The Connecticut Brigade, under Gen. Harland, was drawn up in line of battle on the main street, under orders to be ready at any moment, to charge up the heights. As will subsequently appear, they were not called to do this perilous duty.

In the afternoon a search among the hospitals after several of our wounded, led me a mile and a half through the principal part of the city. New evidences of the bombardment appeared at every step. The churches had been struck in several places, and a small part of the spire of one, a hundred feet from the ground, had been knocked off. A large quantity of coal in a cellar was all ablaze. The stores on Commerce street were completely stripped of their contents, and soldiers bivouacked on the counters. Occasionally a resident of the town came timidly forth from his hiding place, or a family loaded down with bundles of household effects, slowly wended their way across the bridge to escape the terrors surrounding them. A disagreeable uncertainty hung over every moment of the day, and when we awoke on the morning of the 15th, nothing had transpired to diminish our suspense. It was plain that something must be done, and that very soon. Delay only added to the difficulties of the situation. The army must fight, or evacuate the city. Every few minutes during the day, we were ordered to fall in. The expectation was universal that we were again to be led to the attack. Hour after hour processions of ambulances moved across the pontoon bridge, and up the opposite bank, so that by evening the town was nearly empty of the wounded. Gen. Burnside rode by and received a hearty welcome. Evidently a movement of some kind was soon to be made. A short time after dark the Division was ordered under arms, and all, except the 27th Connecticut, marched down Water street toward the railroad bridge. Our little band stood wait-

ing thus during the evening, in momentary expectation of being led out to support the picket. At length orders were received to advance a few hundred yards below the railroad. As we arrived the rest of the Brigade silently arose from the ground where they had been sleeping, and like spectres vanished in the darkness. Here we remained until near midnight, obtaining what sleep was possible, then noiselessly fell in, and without a word spoken above a whisper, retired rapidly down the street to the pontoon bridge. The streets were silent as death. A few soldiers were preparing to loosen the moorings which held the pontoons to the banks. After a brief halt, the 27th carrying a few boxes of ammunition, recrossed the river by the same bridge on which they had entered the city four days before. On the road to Falmouth we met Gen. Hancock, who asked "what regiment is this," and being informed, the 27th Connecticut, expressed his great satisfaction with the conduct of the regiment in the events of the last few days. After losing our way in the darkness and experiencing a heavy rain storm, we arrived at our old camp ground on the morning of the 16th.

All unconscious of the night's events the rebels threw a few shells into the town, and meeting no response crept cautiously down from their fortifications, expecting to find our forces concealed under the banks of the river, but no pickets challenged their advance, the Union Army had slipped from their grasp, the pontoons were up, and thus was accomplished one of the most skillful movements recorded in military history.

WINTHROP.

### Home for Disabled Soldiers.

The deep gratitude of our noble people to the heroic defenders of the nation is proportionate to the personal interest and proprietorship which the people have in our free government. This gratitude has found practical expression in unparalleled benevolence and self-denial to promote their comfort and to ward off or heal disease. We beg leave to suggest one more direction in which the national gratitude may find practical and praiseworthy expression. To the magnificent benevolence displayed for the exigency of existing war, let there be added a permanent establishment, for suffering caused by, but protracted years beyond the conflict—in other words, an "ASYLUM FOR DISCHARGED AND DISABLED SOLDIERS." Many a faithful, brave, efficient veteran will return maimed, or broken down, penniless and unable to support life by labor. Pensions will be but a pittance. This nation cannot disgrace itself by permitting such to be *common paupers*. They must be provided for as a distinct class—in an honorable manner.

Two Homes have been already established, one in Philadelphia, one in Boston. That in Boston is for New England soldiers, and we hope that the Soldiers' Aid Societies will turn their attention to the support of this Home in Boston, until a similar institution is established for Connecticut. Contributions of money, flour, vegetables, supplies of any sort, are respectfully solicited, and may be sent to the Soldiers' Aid Rooms, No. 87 Asylum street, Hartford.

Meanwhile, we should consider carefully, the

expediency of establishing such a Home for Connecticut Soldiers. We will not say that we have great burdens on us already. We can bear them for our country and her defenders. We can bear greater—God will bless and prosper us the more, as we give the more freely. We trust that this matter will be taken in hand speedily. We know that if it be deemed best, the patriotic people of Connecticut can endow and sustain such an establishment. If it be best, as it seems to us to be, we know that they can do it now.

We do not wish to send away to another State, the war-worn veterans, who at price of health or limb, won fadeless honor beneath the flag of Connecticut. Nor is it certain that we could provide for these, to whom in part we owe our own lives and property, so well or so cheaply in Boston as in our own State. Without writing more, we commend this important subject to the attention of the patriotic and philanthropic citizens of our gallant little State.

### Paper Guns and Leather Guns.

Paper tubes, prepared by a new process, have been recently tested in the most satisfactory manner as rocket tubes. Not less remarkable are thick slabs and boards made of paper. These boards, of one inch in thickness, have been tested by bullet and ball, and the result shows that their power of resistance is equal to ten inches of solid oak. These paper boards are admirably adapted for the sides of ships; their specific gravity is somewhat less than that of oak, and they are easily fixed to the frame-work of vessels. They have, moreover, this additional advantage over timber, that they do not require copper sheathing to prevent fouling, they are non-absorbent, neither animal nor vegetable life flourishes upon their surface, and they are incombustible.

"M. Szerlemy, the inventor, has discovered a fibre which grows in the Southern portions of Germany, and which may be converted into a rough kind of paper at a cost so trifling as to enable him to compete with the builder of timber and iron ships. Not content, however, with forming the sides of ships of paper, the inventor is now engaged in the construction of light field pieces, specially adapted for mountain warfare, and these, judging from the results already obtained by experiments with paper tubes, will be found to answer the purpose admirably. Tubes have already been formed of this prepared paper, and they have stood the test against iron in the most satisfactory manner. The process of manufacture consists in lapping sheets or rolls of paper moistened with a solution, of which zopissa is the principal ingredient, one over the other, until the requisite degree of thickness or strength is attained, and exposing the material for a short time until it becomes thoroughly hardened."

### LEATHER GUNS.

To construct field-pieces of adequate strength and projectile force without excessive weight, has long been a favorite problem in ordnance. They were manufactured by Robert Scott, in the 17th century, of hardened leather, and stood every test. They were effectually used by Gustavus Adolphus, at the great and decisive battle of Leipsic; and it is asserted that to his leather cannon, so readily carried from point to point, Gustavus was chiefly indebted for his magnificent victory. Yet leather cannon seem to have, for some untold reason, fallen into disrepute, as there is no record of their use in any subsequent battle.





## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

## From the Second Conn. Light Battery.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Oct. 21st, 1864.

We left Algiers on the 19th of Sept. last, for New Orleans, and were assigned excellent quarters on St. Charles street, corner of Eighth. We have not had better accommodations for men or horses since we have been in service than those which we are now enjoying. There is a fine drill ground near our quarters, and the opportunity to manœuvre in field evolutions, has been improved nearly every day.

The members of the battery have just had the privilege of exercising the elective franchise. The vote for President and Vice President, was taken at our barracks on the 17th inst., and resulted as follows:

Lincoln and Johnson,	64
McClellan and Pendleton,	12

Some, who style themselves "democrats," declined to vote, not being willing to commit themselves to the degrading propositions contained in the Chicago platform.

Since the date of my last letter three of our number have died: Alonzo Frink of Sharon, and John Clary and Francis Simpson of Bridgeport, Conn. The two former died in hospital, the latter suddenly at our barracks. We have but one or two in hospital in this city, and the time has about arrived for those who have been North on sick furlough to return.

A deep interest has lately been manifested in the battery, upon the subject of religion. Already several profess to have found the "pearl of great price," and scores are attending the meetings which are held almost nightly, for prayer and praise.

UNION.

## From the First Conn. Cavalry.

CAMP OF 1ST CAVALRY, }  
NEAR STRASBURG, VA., Oct. 18th, 1864. }

The hope expressed in our last communication, that we might have the satisfaction of contributing somewhat to the success of the Shenandoah campaign, has been pretty well realized. The success has been complete, and we have helped to win it. After the army took its position at Berryville, the cavalry were kept constantly at work picketing and reconnoitering, to take care that Early's force was not removed to Richmond. On the 6th our Regiment having been out to

gain some desired information, drove in the enemy's pickets, accomplished the object with the loss of only one horse, bringing in six prisoners. On the 13th our Brigade had the good fortune to accomplish one of the best feats of the campaign. Marching rapidly to the Opequan Creek, five miles from camp, they crossed the stream, drove the rebel pickets a mile and a half, surrounded their infantry reserves, the 8th South Carolina, captured them with a squad of cavalry, numbering all together one hundred and forty-three, officers and men, and drove them at a double quick rate back to the Creek and over, before a large pursuing force could overtake and recapture the prize. One squadron of our Regiment, under Lieut. Burnham, of Co. D, took more prisoners than they numbered themselves.

In the great battle of the 19th, before Winchester, which resulted so gloriously, the 1st Conn. struck the first blow and secured the first important advantage. On Sunday night the Regiment advanced five miles, surprised and routed the rebel pickets, taking possession of Lime Stone Ridge, a very strong position. The Ridge was firmly held till the next morning, when at 3 A. M. the whole Brigade came up, crossed at once the Opequan, chased the enemy three miles, charged, mounted, and carried their first line of intrenchments. It is not commonly the business of cavalry to storm formidable earthworks, and for the gallant style in which it was accomplished, the Brigade were especially commended by Gen. Sheridan, as the position gained was almost the key to the whole battle ground. The intrenchments were held in spite of a murderous fire of shell, in which our own Regiment lost one killed and three severely wounded, till the Infantry came up and formed upon the spot a strong line of battle. The Third Division were now removed to the left of Sheridan's line, where they remained during the day. Gen. McIntosh, our Brigade Commander, was wounded in the foot. It was found necessary to amputate his leg, so we lose him for a while. Though he had been but a few months in command of the Brigade, he had secured undivided respect as a fearless, skillful, effective commander. His bravery had come to be a proverb. General Wilson of our Division, said once, "If he wanted McIntosh in a battle he sent

at once to the front, and the man who went after him needed to get his life insured." We hope to have him with us again before many months, unless the Government claims him for some larger sphere. Just before sundown, when the battle had turned, the Brigade charged on the left flank of the rebel column, precipitating their flying rout—very agreeable business to men who were themselves hurried over the same ground in quick retreat, a few weeks before—the night when our cavalry were pursued by the whole of Early's command.

On the night of the 19th the Regiment encamped in an orchard four miles south of Winchester, lying on the ground where room could be found among the wounded and dead. On the 20th, the Division advanced on the Front Royal Road, and on the 21st by daylight, forced a passage of the Shenandoah. The two Brigades in line, charged and routed Lomax' rebel Division, drove them flying through the town and fifteen miles beyond. On the 22d, they advanced up the Luray Valley to Milferd, where, finding the enemy strongly intrenched and themselves nearly out of ammunition, they returned to Strasburg. Here official intelligence was read to the command, of the victory at Fisher's Hill, upon receipt of which they were turned back immediately without rest, toward Milford. Finding, as they expected, the enemy gone, they continued the march through Luray—where the 1st Division in the advance had scattered the enemy, taking many prisoners—and encamped on the night of the 24th, at the foot of the mountains, reaching the next morning, New Market, where supplies were waiting for them. We wanted to have here a Sabbath service, especially with reference to the victories of the week past, but we were halted only a few hours—hours full of work—drawing rations, forage and clothing, distributing sanitary stores, reading letters and papers brought by the mail, cooking coffee, &c.—and by two o'clock our march was resumed up the Valley. We encamped that night at Harrisonburg, the place appointed by the Rebel Congress, as a rendezvous where all males in this part of Virginia, between sixteen and eighty, were ordered to report to Gen. Early. We rested delightfully and left leisurely the next morning, without getting one sight of Gen. Early or his conscripts. The night





of the 26th found us at Staunton, where the command effected extensive destruction of railroad property, track, depot, warehouses, &c., and of ordnance stores, in great abundance, which the rebels in their disorderly flight did not find it convenient to carry off. As many of the stores as possible were appropriated for our own use. Half a doz. barrels of hard tack came to our Regiment as its share of the spoils; and to tell the truth, we felt inclined to congratulate the confederate soldiers, if this was a sample, in quality, of their other food. It was like our own, though with a more positive and palatable taste. Their salt, too, of which a good supply was issued to the Commissaries of our Regiment, compared more than favorably with the article which Uncle Sam supplies to us. We found, besides, a large quantity of excellent hay, at different points, baled and ready for shipment to rebel markets; a fortunate discovery for our poor horses, over a hundred miles from any depot of supply. Tuesday, the 27th, we went twelve miles further south, to Waynesboro', to reconnoitre, but especially to destroy a valuable railroad bridge, at that point. We saw nothing of the enemy till the next day when, late in the afternoon, they very suddenly made their appearance. We were having a quiet, delightful time in a beautiful camp in the woods, preparing supper and arranging for a comfortable night's rest, when the sound of "Boots and Saddles," echoed by the bugles of the different Regiments and accompanied by the ringing of artillery with a clatter along the picket lines, announced that our peace was at an end. A strong rebel force, Infantry and Cavalry, brought by rail from Charlottesville had attacked us, and for an hour or two the fight was very severe. After dark we fell back as the enemy greatly outnumbered us, and we were over twenty miles from our infantry support. Marching all night, we arrived the next forenoon at Bridgewater, on the North River, where we remained quietly till Sunday. We were preparing for religious services in our camp, Sabbath forenoon, when a staff officer rode up with the intelligence, furnished by scouts, that a division of rebel infantry, with four thousand cavalry, were moving toward us a mile or two distant. They soon crossed at the ford, charged with great bluster our slender line of pickets, and were pressing with

their peculiar yell through the town, when their column was brought to a sudden halt. Met with more vigor than they had anticipated, by a portion of our Brigade, they were hurled back over the stream, some of them plunging from the abutment of a burnt bridge, twenty feet into the water. They did not see fit to come over again, but remained upon a height on the other side, from which they experimented with shot and shell; but, failing to inflict any harm they gradually retired. Tuesday night the sky about us in almost every direction, was brilliant with a light which had been kindled as a warning to bushwhackers. When Lieut. Meigs, a member of Gen. Sheridan's staff, was cruelly murdered by citizens who were under protection of our army; the Gen. ordered that every barn and house within a certain area, should be burnt. It seems impossible to stop this infamous crime of bushwhacking, except by such terrible retribution.

On Wednesday, we started to escort a train to Martinsburg, reaching there Sunday forenoon. We expected trouble from guerrilla parties, and were once attacked, but they did not venture very near us. While at Mt. Jackson, we were informed that the rebel Captain McNeil, noted through this region, was lying wounded at a house in the neighborhood. Capt. Rogers went with a party to learn the truth, and found him suffering from a wound which our Surgeon, Dr. Hubbard, pronounced fatal. He was the chief of a gang similar to Moseby's, and his death will be a severe loss to that branch of the rebel service. The army wagons which we guarded were filled with refugees from the country about Harrisonburg, eager to escape with what they could carry of personal effects to the North. Many of them had brought their own conveyances, so that the train consisted of not only army wagons and ambulances, but of hay wagons, rockaways, carts, buggies—in short of every thing on wheels which could hurry them to a free State. There were about a hundred families in all, only a few of which were black, consisting mainly of certain non-contraband religious sects, common in that vicinity, heretofore exempt by the payment of \$500, but now liable to be forced into the army of the rebellion. Some of these people were fleeing because their houses had been burnt; some to escape persecution for their Union faith;

some to get out of a region ever echoing with the sound of war—all longing for the air of liberty and northern civilization, of which they had heard so much. At Martinsburg I had the satisfaction of expressing North, for the regiment, as the fruits of a long deferred pay day, which had occurred while we were lying at Dayton, over \$22,000 (twenty-two thousand dollars,) besides several thousand more sent by individuals. It reflects not a little credit upon a regiment when so large a proportion of the soldiers' hard earnings is sent to promote the comfort of a far distant but never forgotten home.

Returning from this trip to the rear, during which we lost a share in that splendid chase after Rosser, we rejoined on the 13th the Division, at the right of Gen. Sheridan's lines. We are rejoicing, every body, at the appointment of Gen. Custar to the command of our Division. No record in the cavalry service, in this war or any other, has been more brilliant than his, and it will be strange if the 3d Division, catching his inspiration, does not accomplish more even than it has in the past.

Our Regiment suffered, yesterday, a serious loss. While a squadron were on picket at a place called Spring Hill, they were, just before day-break, surrounded and attacked by a force of over two thousand rebels, two brigades of infantry and one of cavalry, under Gen. Rosser. Of course, resistance to such a body was vain, and the whole squadron, two officers, Capt. Parmalee and Lieut. Havens, with forty men, were compelled to surrender. Unfortunately, Major George O. Marey, was with them at the time, and was taken with the rest. He has, in the absence of Col. Blakeslee, commanded the Regiment since Sept. 16th, through the severest part of this Shenandoah campaign. He will be greatly missed as a beloved comrade and an esteemed commander. He and many of the others taken with him, after three years of faithful service, were about to leave the army for home.

Everything in this vicinity is for the moment, very quiet. The two armies seem disposed to rest; pickets are friendly and let each other alone; regimental wagons are here, and officers are having a grand chance to write up their accounts; the bugles sound in the morning the drill call, which has not been heard since





April last, and one is tempted to think the lull may last. But General Sheridan has gone to Harper's Ferry, it is rumored for an interview with the Lieut. General; at all events for *some* thing, and we shall not be surprised to hear at any moment, the call "to horse." Let it come.

H.

### From the Eighth Regiment.

8TH CONN. VOLS. VETERANS, 18TH CORPS, }  
ARMY OF THE JAMES, Oct. 24th, 1864. }

FRIEND MORRIS:—Will you believe me? The Eighth C. V. V. has been relieved from the immediate front! Our men think that something surely is about to happen. We have to-day been taken from the Second Brigade, First Division, and are assigned to duty as Provost Guard, at Corps Headquarters. We had become so reduced that the regiment could report but ninety muskets, and might well be relieved.

In the late movement to the north of the James the regiment suffered severely but added another chapter in its history of worthy service in the cause of betrayed liberty. For meritorious deeds on the morning of Sept. 29th, Fort Harrison is to be inscribed upon our banner. For noble daring on that day Wm. S. Simmons, Co. F, and Jacob Bishop, Co. H, Color Sergeants, are to receive commissions. And for like service Corporal Hickok, Co. A, has the promise of a thirty days' furlough, in lieu of a commission which he declined.

We boast not of excellence on that day superior to the rest of our Division. The conduct of the whole body could not be surpassed. Justly did our Division Commander, Gen. Stannard remark, as he was being carried wounded from the field, "I have had the honor to lead the best Division in the whole army." But we are proud to record the fact, that being assigned the post of honor at the head of the storming column, the heroic old Eighth to a man did its duty, and who could ask for more?

Nearly a mile that column moved in open view of the heights to be carried. Ten guns, three of them hundred pounders, stood open-mouthed before us. We had already driven the enemy's pickets two miles, and we could not expect to surprise our foe. To one following that column as it advanced on those strong works, terrible failure seemed almost certain. But the order had been given, and on and on those heroes trod. Each moment seemed an age of suspense. Now a solid shot crashing through the ranks; now a murderous shell exploding in their midst, and soon, most deadly of all, the volleys of musketry. "Who can come back alive?" I cried, and must have turned away in agony. But help is needed. Here comes a bleeding Lieutenant, borne by loving men of his command. Here limps our wounded Colonel, supported by two brave boys. Here cries a dying man for the Chaplain. Here shrieks a mangled creature for the Surgeon's aid; and, over all, rings the wild hurrah! "The Fort is ours." "The colors are on the ramparts." "Our boys are there." "They are there." Yes, they were there; but every day as I pass and re-pass

that ground, I wonder more and more. We had really surprised the rebels. Ten minutes delay would have lost the battle and sacrificed whole hcatombs of precious lives. It was really a race for the prize. Reinforcements were coming down at "double quick." Our men saw them approaching, but were soon enough to snatch from them the otherwise impregnable heights.

Friends at home may be assured that we did not achieve that morning's success, save in answer to prayer. God guided the counsels of our Generals, and nerved the courage of our men. In the Eighth the prayer meeting closed but one hour before the march began. That meeting we can never forget, for the voices of some of the dead last mingled with ours, in that tent of prayer.

Our killed and wounded that morning, were sixty-eight; eight killed. Among these lost were two Lieutenants, Chas. N. Irwin, of New Milford, whose term of service had just expired, and who was expected home each train, when the melancholy tidings arrived; and James B. Kilbourne of New Haven, who had but recently been commissioned. One other name I must mention among our honored dead. Our rolls record him only as an enlisted man, with rank of sergeant; for although having been commissioned, he had never been mustered as Lieutenant. But fairer character never graced a soldier's uniform, and he lives embalmed in the affections of home, and in the hearts of his comrades. He led in the closing prayer of that last meeting before the fight, and his last words as the column moved for the charge were respecting "that good meeting," and the preciousness of Christ to the soldier. Even the casket in which such a jewel has been carried, is prized; and as we write here in camp, on the burying ground of Litchfield, Conn., weeping friends are preparing the grave of our dear comrade, Seth F. Plumb.

But few incidents of interest occurred as we maintained the coveted position in front of our watchful foe. Gunboat and mortar shells have added to the list of our wounded and our dead. Autumnal storms have increased our sick list; some have left us because their three years service had expired, and others have returned from hospitals to fight this war to its just and worthy end. The wounded officers of Sept. 29th, Lieut. Colonel Smith, Capts. Roberts and Morgan, and Lieuts. Foss, Knevals and Rathburn, are all doing well, and we hope to greet them all with us again. Capt. Hoyt and Lieuts. Weed, Dougherty, Stevens and Lane, have been mustered out on expiration of service. Col. Ward has been commanding the Brigade; Capt. Coit, who has recently received the commission as Major in the regiment, has been acting Asst. Adj. Gen. on Brigade staff; and Capt. Goodrich, who was wounded in front of Petersburg, has been commanding the regiment. He has the affections of the men, and worthily receives the commendation of superior officers. A few days since the Captain surprised the Chaplain by presenting to him, in behalf of the men, and in their presence, a magnificent roll of green-backs, counting \$130. Among all the trophies of service, none will be valued more highly, or preserved more carefully, than this list of soldiers who sufficiently appreciated their Chaplain's en-

deavors, to share in this gift. Ever treated with courtesy and respect before, I feel that I am honored now.

Yours, for Christ and the country.

CHAPLAIN.

### From the 10th Regiment.

HEAD-QUARTERS 10TH CONN. VOLUNTEERS, }  
In the field before Richmond, Va., }  
October 28th, 1864. }

DEAR RECORD:—The month of Oct. has been one of the most important, as well as destructive to our shattered ranks, of any one month since we left the quiet old Nutmeg State, just three years ago, with a thousand men. Although we lay in the trenches before Petersburg through a part of Aug. and mostly all of Sept., every day exposed to the shot and shell from the enemy's guns, our loss was but a unit compared to what it has been since we crossed the James, on the 29th of Sept. last. We have not only been engaged in a number of battles, but in no less than six instances have we performed an important part in skirmishing with the rebels while reconnoitering their position, usually losing several killed or wounded. I will only mention two or three of the engagements which are of the most importance.

The first fight of importance, and one in which our little handful of men particularly distinguished themselves, took place on the 7th inst. The enemy, in large force, made a vigorous attack on our lines, and had driven in our cavalry pickets, and were fast pressing back the Brigade on our right, when our Brigade, (Col. Plaisted, of the 11th Me., commanding,) was sent to their support. The enemy three to our one, came upon us with terrible fury, and confident of success, charged our Brigade, which numbers in all not over 600 men. At this critical period the 100th N. Y. broke and fled in confusion; it now seemed that our fate was sealed, *but not so*; our brave Commander, Col. Otis, paced up and down the lines, exhorting the men to stand firm, and they did, pouring such volleys of musketry into the ranks of the advancing foe, that they were compelled to retire, leaving the field strewn with their dead and wounded. Our loss was very small, owing to the steadiness of our men. We drove them in confusion beyond the line we had lost, and which we now hold. Not only our Brigade but Division Commander spoke highly of the conduct of the Regiment in this fight.

Again, on the 18th, only six days after, six companies of the 10th, (about 70 men,) were detached from this the 3d, and placed with the 2d Brigade, to charge the enemy's works. This was a sad time to all engaged, but more especially to our little band, for although they charged gallantly, they were compelled to fall back, the enemy being in too large numbers behind their strong works for our small force to drive them out. In this charge, we lost our gallant young Major, H. M. Camp, killed, and 75 enlisted men killed or wounded. This was a severe blow to the 10th Conn. Major Camp's body was left on the field, but afterwards brought in by flag of truce. The commander of every company was either severely or mortally wounded.

Since that time the Regiment has been in camp.





engaged principally in building log houses, and preparing for winter quarters, which from all appearances will soon be needed.

The Regiment is under the command of Lieut. Col. E. S. Greeley, Col. Otis having resigned and gone home; a loss which is severely felt by all in the Regiment. He was a kind-hearted and efficient officer, cool and determined in battle, and always prompt for duty. And although Colonel Greeley may fill his place well, Col. Otis' name will ever be dear to the 10th Conn. Eight of our line officers have recently been discharged, and have gone home, viz: Capt. Goodyear, Webb, Eagles and Campbell; Lieut. Marshall, Lincoln, Savage and Wright. Two others expect to leave in a few days, Corps. Greaves and Lieut. Martin. This will leave us but two line officers present, Capt. (late Lieut.) Hickerson, and Lieut. Linsley. There are present about 250 enlisted men; we can turn out 200 muskets in cases of emergency, *every one of which counts well in battle* in the hands of the Veterans. We are now quite pleasantly situated in a pine grove, and if allowed to remain here long enough, can make ourselves quite comfortable by converting the pines into log houses. We get N. Y. daily papers one day old, a daily mail which comes via Bermuda Hundred directed to the 10th Army Corps.

A few words in reference to the Presidential campaign. Abraham Lincoln is our man, and received four-fifths of the vote of this Regiment. C. S.

### From the 17th Regiment.

CAMP OF DETACHMENT, 17TH CONN. VOLS. }  
PICOLATA, FLORIDA, Oct. 15th, 1864. }

MR. EDITOR:—There is but little war news of interest to communicate. I hardly think the Rebs. will trouble us much at present, for they have but a small force in the State scattered in little detachments upon the west side of the St. John's River, collecting horses and cattle, and watching every movement made by us; and, as a general rule, they prefer to have the Yanks open the ball.

Since my last letter to you, Gen. Hatch, who commands this district, received information of a contemplated meeting at a place called Enterprise, in Volusia County, for the purpose of organizing a company for the rebel service. The principal mover in it was Capt. Watson, a bitter secessionist, and noted for his persecution of all who sympathise with the Union cause. The Gen. issued an order warning all persons from organizing a force to act against the U. S. Government, or to force any of its citizens to serve against the United States.

The meeting was to have been held on the 2d of October, but Gen. Hatch thought it best to nip the affair in the bud. A small force of the 75th Ohio Mounted Infantry, stationed at St. Augustine, were sent out one day in advance, while Col. Noble, with a company of the 4th Mass. Cavalry, and 200 of the U. S. C. Regiment, embarked upon the Hatty Brock, a river steambot, and proceeded up the St. John's River to Dunn's Lake, where they landed, for the purpose of marching by another route to Enterprise, and joining the 75th Ohio, but the Buckeye boys got there ahead and did the business up in good style, bagging Capt.

Watson and 29 of his party, with their horses, and were on their return when Col. Noble met them. The prisoners were placed in confinement at Fort Marion, and will be sent to Jacksonville for trial. Capt. Wilson French, Provost Marshal of Augustine, recognized some three or four of the prisoners who had, previous to their capture, taken the oath of allegiance to the United States before him. And the prospects are that they will have to take something else that will not be quite so easy to break.

Major General Foster, commanding the Department, and Brig. Gen. Hatch, of this District, with portions of their staff officers, visited Picolata on the 7th of this month. They arrived here upon the steamer Delaware, from Jacksonville, for the purpose of examining the defences and the location of our camp. They remained about an hour, going over the ground and through the stockade, Major Allen accompanying them, and before they left, expressed to the Major their entire satisfaction at the condition of affairs at this Post. They also left orders for the enlargement of the Stockade, building of Barracks inside, and the cutting down of the woods farther back from the camp, and since then the axes in the hands of our boys, can be heard every day ringing in the woods.

The next day Gen. Foster and Hatch, and their retinue, went to St. Augustine, visited the Fort, and the old U. S. Barracks at the lower end of the city, where part of the Regiment is quartered. Some improvements are to be added to the ancient fort built by the Spaniards. About a hundred negroes are to be set at work there in a few days.

The General did not leave Augustine till the next day. And I have been informed by good authority, that Gen. Foster had told Col. Noble and Major Allen, that he considered the 17th Regiment C. V. the best Regiment for service in his Department; and that Gen. Hatch had also recommended that it be changed into a Heavy Artillery Regiment, filled up by recruits, and kept at St. Augustine, Picolata and Magnolia, to garrison those posts.

Col. Noble and Adjutant Chatfield, left Augustine for the North for thirty days, with a commission to recruit for the Regiment. Lieut. Col. Wilcoxson is in command of the Post during the temporary absence of the Col.

We are beginning to have cool nights and mornings. Men on picket at night, find overcoats very acceptable. Through the day it is quite warm. The health of the men, as a general thing, is very good; some few have the chills and fever. We have very good quarters for this place; our rations are nothing to brag of, and our opinion is somebody is to blame, and we would like to know who the individual is.

While Lieut. Col. Wilcoxson was in Connecticut last winter, on recruiting service, he made an unsuccessful effort to engage a band for our Regiment, but having a portion of the regimental fund in his hands, he selected a complete set of German silver instruments, and forwarded them to St. Augustine, knowing that there was musical talent enough in the Regiment to organize a good band. The full compliment of enlisted men have taken hold of it with energy. They are at pres-

ent under the instruction of the leader of the 107th Ohio Band, at Jacksonville, and before a great while we are in hopes to see sheep-skin fiddles at a discount on dress parades and guard mountings, and if we have the good fortune to get home to old Connecticut in about ten months, it will be to the music of the 17th Regiment Brass Band.

Co. A, C, I and K, are still on duty at this post, and since my last letter the following named Privates have been promoted to non commissioned officers in Co. A, and I:

Private Geo. F. Olmsted of Co. A, to be Corp'l.  
" Wm. W. Paynton, " A, " "  
" James McElroy, " I, " "  
" Daniel W. Warren, " I, " "  
" Whitman Sackett, " I, " "

We are all anxiously waiting for the arrival of Major Herriek, the Paymaster, and his iron safe, to deal us a hand of green-backs. It is nearly four months since we were last paid.

Yours,

J. H. P.

### Return of Maj. Peale to the 18th Reg't.

CAMP 18TH C. V., NEAR MARTINSBURG, VA., }  
Oct 11th, 1864. }

#### Editors Norwich Bulletin:

We, of the 18th regiment, are glad to welcome back Major Henry Peale, to his old command, and feel ourselves fortunate in having an officer who has entitled himself to the respect and esteem of the officers and men of his command, for his efficiency and unflinching courage, restored to us.

Major Peale has proved himself on many a hard fought field, to be an officer of no ordinary ability; always one of the foremost in an engagement, and one of the last to leave the field, he has won for himself the entire confidence of his command. When he was removed by order of Gen. Hunter, it was a subject of common remark, not only by the officers and men of his own command, but by the officers of other regiments, that the country could ill afford to lose the services of so able and brave an officer as Major Peale, for making a statement which he could truthfully substantiate.

When his removal was first announced, a feeling of strong regret and a spirit of gloom seemed to pervade the regiment; and it has been the daily inquiry since, what the prospect was of his return. We can now satisfactorily answer the question by saying that Gen. Hunter's order was not approved, and the Major is with us hale and hearty, and busy looking after the interests of the regiment. The boys have assumed their wonted cheerfulness, and feel as though they had received in the Major a strong reinforcement.

We, the undersigned officers of the 18th Regiment, do cordially endorse the above statements as being the sentiments of our several commands, and would request that you would publish them as an act of justice to Major Peale:

Joseph Mathewson, Captain Co. D; Israel N. Kibbe, Captain Co. B; M. V. B. Tiffany, Captain Co. E; Horatio Blanchard, First Lieut. Co. B; N. P. Johnson, First Lieut. and Acting Regimental Quartermaster; E. C. Hinckley, First Lieut. Commanding Co. C; J. P. Rockwell, Adjutant, 18th Conn. Vols.

"A noble scar is a good livery of honor."—*Shakespeare.*





## HOME DEPARTMENT.

## Liberty.

"The good old cause—be it a name,  
Idea, pigment, as some claim—  
Thou, liberty, art still the same.

That good old cause, good cause shall be,  
Down to the far futurity—  
Not vain he dies, who dies for thee.

That good old cause is ours to-day,  
Whatever venal tongues may say,  
Who fights for Union and the laws,  
Now battles for the good old cause."

## Connecticut Institute of Reward.

*Organized in behalf of those made Orphans through the death of a parent in the Military or Naval Service of the United States.*

A somewhat detailed report of the organization of the Conn. Institute of Reward, was given in our last issue.

This Institute is a branch of a vast and well planned national system, which is gradually coming into efficient operation through the energetic and persevering efforts of distinguished patriots throughout the land.

The noble objects of this national organization are—

1. Statistics of Orphanage, and particularly of orphanage in relation to patriotic deeds.

2. Aid to Orphan Asylums and kindred institutions in operation.

3. Founding new ones, when necessary.

4. Creating and investing permanent funds to secure prizes for specific excellences in the institutions formed under the friendly agency of the Institute and in other institutions consenting to this co-operation.

5. Establishing Experimental Farms under the patronage of the General Government, or of States; also, connected therewith, Agricultural Colleges, embracing departments commensurate with high purposes and progressive developments of the Institute.

6. Founding or procuring Scholarships for the Experimental Farm Schools, Academy of the Institute, Colleges, Universities and professional Institutions, American and Foreign, as prizes for those pupils in any of the schools or departments of the Institute, evincing high degree of excellence and capability—also for other orphans, wherever found, on evidence of personal qualities or parental antecedents, entitled to elective considerations.

7. Founding an International Academy of Political Economy, in which geographical and historical statistics, mercantile, science, political economy, national and international law, and the modern languages shall occupy a prominent place, chiefly with reference to consular and other public duties—an Academy endowed with scholarships: Firstly, for orphans of those having died in the military or naval service of the United States, elected as "Prize Pupils," in view of individual characteristics, giving promise of great good to the Republic, and in default of candidates of said class of youth; Secondly, for such other youth having requisite qualifications, as by act of the several State Legislatures may be appointed—each congressional district being entitled to an equal number of candidates; Thirdly, for pupils delegated from foreign governments under regulations to be hereafter determined, an Academy designed to bring into the closest relations of amity pupils delegated by local authorities from each Congressional District of the United States, and from every republic, kingdom, empire and other government enlisted in co-operation therewith.

The Academy may be opened to such other persons as may be admitted on the payment of established terms.

At first view the design seems too vast and complicated to be fully carried out. But so much has already been done that we have just ground to hope for speedy and complete realization of the magnificent project.

The great land grant by Congress to the several States, approved July 2d, 1862, was made with particular reference to this grand scheme, and secures a foundation in each State for the Association.

The grant has been accepted in several States and the Institute organized. In others, preliminary steps have been taken and the great work is progressing. Connecticut has accepted the grant of land, converted it into valuable stock, and with it endowed the Sheffield Scientific School of New Haven. By this endowment, at least sixty pupils receive gratuitous tuition at this institution, second to none in the United States.

The Connecticut Institute of Reward directs its energies first to providing support for indigent patriot orphans, who may avail themselves of this rare opportunity for superior education. Persons may become members of the Institute by pledging themselves to furnish a portion of this supplemental aid. And to this first undertaking the attention of philanthropic and patriotic citizens is respectfully invited.

It will be noticed in the law of July 6th, that patriot orphan candidates for the State scholarships in the Sheffield Scientific School, may apply to His Excellency, the Governor, the Lieutenant Governor, the Superintendent of Common Schools, the three senior Senators, or to the Secretary of the School.

When solicited, the officers of the Institute will be happy to present any application.

Historic Committees, Soldiers' Aid Societies, and other friends and auxiliaries of our cause, may encourage and help patriot orphans, now too young for Yale Scientific School, to press on in their course of preparation; for in due time, a farm and workshops in or near New Haven, will be secured for the accepted candidates, where the industrious will find means of sustaining themselves during a three years' course of science and practice.

In the meantime, the Institute has already secured arrangements for the board of a goodly number, in excess of the present applicants, and we invite an increased number of patriot orphan occupants of the State scholarships.

Letters of inquiry or business, may be addressed to the Corresponding Secretary, Rev. John M. Morris, New Haven, Conn.

A report of the organization with a list of officers and members of the Institute was given in the October number of the WAR RECORD.

From the outline given it will be seen that, though the whole system is vast, each branch attends to affairs within its own sphere, and there to one thing at a time. It may be well to remark that no officer or agent has yet received compensation for services.

It is important in this connection to present the subject of

## STATISTICS OF ORPHANAGE.

We print the law as approved July 9th, 1864.

"SEC. 1. It shall be the duty of the Registrar of each town, on or before the first of March of each year, to record the names of every boy and girl made orphan, or half orphan, before the first day of the preceding January of each year, by the death of a parent enlisted from their respective precincts, in the military or naval service of the United States, since the outbreak of the rebellion, tabulated in a book, with such items of patriotic devotion to the deceased; as the said Registrar may deem of public interest; and on the first Tuesday in March of each year, to place the same with the Town Clerk, to be by him deposited among the public archives of the respective towns.

"SEC. 2. And the said Registrar shall receive for the recording of the name of each child, twenty-five cents, to be paid from the treasury of the State, on the certificate of such Registrar.—[Approved July 9th, 1864.]

These records will be of inestimable value not only as material for the future historian, but as evidence with reference to pensions and future support of various kinds which will be provided by a rich and grateful nation. Every Registrar should feel at once the dignity and value of a work to be preserved and consulted with interest by generations yet to be.

It is hoped that some individual in every school district of the Union will volunteer to move in the organization of a local society, or historic committee, whose work shall be supplemental to, or in aid of official records, to preserve the patriotic sentiments, and thrilling details of sufferings and sacrifices, contained in the intimate correspondence of our heroic soldiers and sailors, in these trials of the strength of republican institutions.

The associations making these records may greatly aid the Boards of Appointment, established by the several Legislatures, in determining their selection of candidates for the EXPERIMENTAL FARM and SCHOOL in the interests of agriculture and the mechanic arts, realizing the intention of Congress, in the grant of July 2, 1862.

## Our Veterans.

## NUMBER EIGHT.

Since we have made record of our returning Veterans, detachments of three regiments have separated to their loved homes, and the occupations of peace. They have been heartily welcomed. The terrible conduct prophesied by croakers has not startled our listening ears. They return, not like the disbanded mercenaries of the armies of despots, abandoned and desperate in gross vices—but as citizen soldiers—who have freely given three valuable years for the maintenance of those institutions which are the bulwarks of their own freedom and safety. They return honest, manly, intelligent, and patriotic, to do as before, the labor and the civil duties of American citizens. There are, of course, those who have squandered the residue of their pay, in wild riot and debauch, and others who have spent it very unwisely, but from a wide acquaintance, we can truly say that these, though they make a great show, are comparatively few. Hardly less than 5000 war-bronzed veterans have been mustered out of service since last spring. Less than fifteen hundred have been publicly welcomed. But the veterans of the 8th and 11th





were mustered out by small detachments, and the number from each regiment quietly mustered out from hospitals exceeds the number discharged from the headquarters of the regiment. Not less than four thousand men, soldiers for three years, have returned to their homes, and yet how little confusion, how little disorder. Is it not a high tribute to our free institutions and to the intelligence and character of our citizen soldiers. But to continue our record—one hundred and fifty-four non re-enlisting veterans of

#### THE TENTH REGIMENT,

left Bermuda Hundred Oct. 4th, and reached New Haven October 6th, about 3 P. M. Remaining a short time at the depot, they received the hearty greetings of many friends, and proceeded in the jolliest mood to Hartford. At Hartford, they were handsomely welcomed by a salute of Artillery on the Park, and escorted by Col's Band, the City Guard, the Mayor and Common Council, and many citizens in carriages,—up High Street and down Main to American Hall. They were here briefly but appropriately welcomed in the following

#### ADDRESS OF MAYOR ALLYN S. STILLMAN.

Gentlemen, Officers, and Soldiers of the 10th Conn. Vols.—We meet you here this afternoon, in behalf of the loyal citizens of Hartford, to congratulate you on your safe return to your native State and to your homes, and we bid you welcome. We welcome you home, as the brave defenders of our glorious Union.

Three years ago this month, the 31st of Oct., we witnessed your departure from this city, to the scenes of conflict and danger, with pride and satisfaction. We knew full well to whom we had committed the honor of the Stars and Stripes, our glorious flag. We knew that it would never be surrendered by you with dishonor.

We have followed you with our sympathies through all your dangers and trials; through every battle field from Roanoke to Newbern, from Newbern to Kinston, and many other conflicts in which you have participated, and have never heard of any dishonor to our glorious old flag, it has never been seen trailing in the dust.

There were many familiar faces that took their departure with you that we now miss on your return, a Russell, a Wells, a Coffing, and a Stillman, and many other brave and noble patriots, that have sealed their devotion to their country, by pouring out their life blood on the field of battle; their memories will be revered, and enshrined in the hearts of their countrymen.

The soldier who perils life and limb, who devotes the best days of his youth for his country, and the good of posterity, is deserving of all honor and praise.

We have followed you with our sympathies as you have been on your lonely rounds of picket duty, and through your long and weary marches, in the scorching sun by day, and the dark and dreary hours of tempest and of storm.

We welcome you home, as the brave defenders of our liberties, and our glorious Union. You have stood between us and those enemies of our government, who would invade and desecrate our homes and our firesides, and for this we thank you and bid you welcome—yes, thrice welcome.

After blessing had been invoked by Rev. Mr. Leek, the boys responded, with a will, to the invitation to ease the loaded tables of their tempting burden. After a half hour of absolute gustatory delight, the boys were called to order by Capt. E. D. S. Goodyear, who commanded the veterans. In a very neat, though brief speech he thanked Col. Prentice and the other members of the committee of arrangements, and the generous citizens of Hartford, for their respectful and

bountiful welcome. The boys expressed their emphatic endorsement of the sentiments uttered by six soldiers' cheers. A veteran here called for "three cheers for old Abe." Three "stunning" cheers were given, almost every man contributing to the utmost capacity of his lungs. Cheers were given for the escort, the band and the ladies, all joyous and hearty.

The veterans are a hardy, noble set of men. They have, in the words of one of their own gallant officers, "marched boldly, worked earnestly, fought fiercely, and endured patiently." They deserved and received an enthusiastic and bountiful reception.

The men, except those whose friends resided near, were quartered for the night at the barracks of the Invalid Corps.

The officers who return are Capt. E. D. S. Goodyear, Lieuts. Marshal and Chitty. All have a stainless record. Of the first named, a firm friend and former comrade has well said:

"Capt. Goodyear has been for many months the last of the captains originally commissioned with the regiment. He is a native and citizen of North Haven, and a man of extensive reading and much experience among men. His counsel was always valuable to his brother officers, as well as to the men of his command. No officer was more particular than he to see that his company was well cared for, and that it received everything furnished by the Government to the army. Many a laggard quartermaster or surgeon has ached with vexation because this persistent, determined Captain would compel them to do their duty, where some of his men were concerned.

"Fearing no man, he was not so fool-hardy as to court danger by unnecessary exposures, but when bullets and larger missiles poured around him like hail, he neither flinched nor trembled, but cheered his men forward; caring with the tenderness of a mother for those wounded, and writing letters full of sympathy and consolation to the bereaved families of such as perished."

#### THE NINTH REGIMENT.

The non re-enlisting veterans of the Ninth, numbering 64 enlisted men and 22 Commissioned Officers, left the Shenandoah Valley Oct. 14th. A few stopped at Bridgeport, and the remainder arrived almost unannounced, at New Haven, Oct. 21st. A collation, prepared by Major Mansfield in a twinkling, was yet substantial, sufficient, and highly satisfactory. There was no time to provide further escort than the hospital band and Veteran Reserve corps, but the welcome was as sincere as if opportunity had been afforded to make a more imposing demonstration. The men were escorted to the State House, and welcomed by Mayor Tyler, in a few words of sincere commendation and congratulation, to which the men responded with enthusiastic cheers. The repast was then enjoyed with a soldier's relish of nice home viands.

The boys of the Ninth were quickly "at home," and strolled through the city with careless freedom and joviality.

The boys of the Ninth have been for three years brave, faithful and uncomplaining. Few regiments have done more service than they, for the common cause. They leave in the field 360 enlisted men, and ten officers. These are consi-

dated into a battalion of four companies, commanded by Capt. John G. Healey. The Officers of the Ninth, who return are—

Colonel—Thomas W. Cahill,  
Lieut. Colonel—Richard Fitzgibbons.  
Major—Frederick Fry.  
Adjutant—Henry Kattanbroth.  
Surgeon—Charles A. Gallagher.  
Assistant Surgeon—Rollin McNeill.  
Quartermaster—Thomas Fitzgibbons.  
Captains—William Wright, Patrick Garvy, Michael Williams, Addison Payne, Thomas Haley, Lawrence O'Brien, Elliot Curtiss.  
First Lieutenants—John Carroll, Frank McKeon, James Cahill, John Curtiss, Michael Kennedy.  
Second Lieutenants—Wm. O'Keefe, James Lawler, Thomas Wilson.

#### THE FIFTH REGIMENT.

The return of 128 men of the veteran "marching" 5th, was hardly noticed. They came unheralded at one o'clock Friday morning, July 29th, having executed a flank movement and effected an entrance into Hartford from the North side, by way of Springfield.

The officers, however, who accompanied them as far as Albany, are said to have executed a movement at that point, which they never learned or practiced under Gen. Sherman, namely, deserted their command.

But in Hartford the boys were, and helped themselves to lodgings for the most part in a public place, but not at *public expense*. Citizens crossing the Park at an early hour, were startled to see small heaps of blue coats and brown blankets, with here and there a bronzed face happy in refreshing sleep. The sun smiled on nearly all before they awoke. The news spread rapidly. The story was soon told. They were mustered out on the banks of the Chattahoochee, July 22d, left Chattanooga Sunday, 24th, and journeyed via Nashville, Louisville, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Albany and Springfield, to Hartford.

A public display was out of the question. Citizens declared themselves sorry. Boys said that they didn't mind it. They wanted to get home—yet thought a good dinner wouldn't come amiss. So thought Col. Burnham and other patriotic citizens, and springing to the work they provided a very handsome repast for them at the Invalid Barracks. The boys ate heartily, laughed merrily, and expressed sincere thanks. Nearly all were paid off before night and started for their homes.

"Tis right to welcome home with cheers,  
These patriot soldiers, fresh from fight,  
Though some no longer greet the sight,  
But claim their country's grateful tears.

For them we mourn; for these we raise  
Our happy plaudits to the sky,  
And as their ranks come marching by,  
Reward their courage with our praise."

#### Facetie.

LATEST FROM GEORGIA.—Sherman's sport for the winter will be "coasting"—his principal battlefield some fair "Savannah." He has an army in reserve under "Foster-ing" care.

Rusticus wrote a letter to his love,  
And filled it full of warm and keen desire;  
He hoped to raise a flame, and so he did,  
The lady put his nonsense in the fire.





## CASUALTIES.

LIST OF KILLED, WOUNDED, PRISONERS AND MISSING,  
13TH C. V., AT BATTLE OF WINCHESTER, SEPT.  
19TH, AND BATTLE OF FISHER'S HILL, SEPT. 22D,  
1864.

*Killed.*

Co. A—Private Michael West.  
Co. C— " Oliver Potter.  
Co. E— " James Cole.  
Co. F— " David Laird.  
Co. H— " William Malkin.  
Co. I— " James Dillon.

*Wounded.*

Co. A—Privates F. B. Deming, Wm. Walker,  
F. Meney.

Co. B—Sergt. E. Ruggles; Privates E. S.

Blackman, T. McGarrigal.

Co. C—Corp. J. H. Pratt.

Co. D—Private J. Dillon.

Co. E—H. Parker, G. M. Harvey, J. Warner, F.

Hayes.

Co. F—Sergt. J. F. Reynolds; Private James

Case.

Co. G—Corps. J. Suarman, A. Seleitner; Pri-

ivate A. Ingraham.

Co. H—Sergt. N. Brown; Corps. H. W. Baily,

A. Blakeslee; Privates E. Congo, Wm. Kenting.

Co. I—Sergt. E. Sauter; Corps. D. H. Geer,

F. J. Shelly; Privates J. A. Davidson, E. Cog-

well, N. W. Smith.

Co. K—1st Sergt. S. B. Dunn; Sergt. M. J.

Beecher; Corps. R. Hollinger, N. J. Lee; Pri-

vates B. E. Bensen, M. Campbell.

Co. K—Privates Wm. Coyer, J. Fauls, H. Van-

der Dahn.

*Prisoners.*

Lieut. Col. H. B. Sprague.

1st Lieut. Wm. C. Gardner.

Co. A—Privates J. J. Lloyd, Wm. H. Walker.

Co. B—1st Sergt. F. E. Weed, F. S. Twitchell;

Corp. W. W. Jones; Privates J. Kane, J. E.

Sarles.

Co. C—1st Sergt. H. M. Welch; Corp. Wm. H.

Murphy; Private W. Barnes.

Co. D—Sergt. A. Holford; Corp. L. Walters;

Privates D. Bishop, E. J. Weldon, J. B. Andrus.

Co. E—Sergt. R. Croley; Privates C. A. Mil-

ler, A. Geize.

Co. F—Privates P. Corney, A. Vogel.

Co. G—Privates M. Kearney, C. Rowen, D.

Moore, G. J. Austin, J. Brand.

Co. H—Corp. H. W. Bailey; Privates W. W.

Smith, F. L. Wadhams, J. M. Kienley.

*Missing.*

Co. B—Privates T. Brady, J. Black, J. Thorn.

Co. E— " J. Greer.

Co. G— " A. Schlosser.

SEPTEMBER 22D, 1864.

*Wounded.*

Co. A—Private K. Brennock.

Co. K— " P. Nelson.

CASUALTIES IN THE 10TH CONN. VOLS., Oct. 7, 1864.

*Killed.*

Co. B—Amandson Kearney.

Co. C—Chas. A. Robinson.

*Wounded.*

Co. F—Sergt. Sumner B. Cole, arm, severe;  
Corp. Nathan E. Campbell, thigh, contusion; Pri-

ivate Norman W. Ferrige, thigh, contusion.

Co. G—Private Caleb Wood, arm, severe.

Co. I—Corp. Wm. G. Robbins, abdomen contu-

sion; Private John Brannan, head, slight.

Co. K—Private Wesley Brown, arm, slight.

J. L. OTIS, Comd'g Regt.

CASUALTIES IN 10TH CONN. VOL. INFANTRY.

List of officers and men killed, wounded and  
missing in action, Oct. 13, 1864.

*Killed.*

Major Henry W. Camp.

Co. A—Private Geo. M. Johnson.

Co. C—1st Sergt. Geo. G. Bradley; Private  
Oliver T. Smith.

Co. I—1st Sergt. Caleb M. Holmes.

*Wounded.*

Co. A—1st Sergt. Danl. W. Boardman, thigh,  
slight; Corp. Edward L. Smith, thigh, contu-  
sion; Privates Norton S. Bird, knee, contusion;  
Chas. H. Packard, thigh, severe; Jas. E. Parme-  
lee, leg, severe.

Co. B—Sergt. Jas. E. Nichols, arm, slight; Pri-  
vates Michael Kelley, shin and thumb, slight;  
Chas. Schaffer, finger, slight; Asa A. Harvey,  
hand, severe.

Co. C—Corp. Josiah A. Smith, head, slight;  
Privates Francis E. Curtis, abdomen, contusion;  
Chas. F. Taylor, nose, slight.

Co. D—1st Sergt. George Northrop, thigh, side,  
mouth, dangerous; Sergt. Orland S. Goff, breast  
and arm, mortal; Privates Antonio V. Bograter,  
thigh, severe; Garrett Dean, leg, contusion; Al-  
bert Smith, finger, slight; Charles Witham, leg,  
contusion.

Co. E—Corp. Chas. I. Green, back, severe;  
Privates Orville G. Brockett, head, slight; Geo.  
W. Berry, hand, slight; Valette C. Keeney, leg,  
severe.

Co. F—Private John Bentley, knee, contusion.

Co. G—1st Sergt. Francis E. Burt, foot, flesh  
wound; Corp. Cyrus Rusco, knee, slight; Pri-  
vates Edward Hanford, side, contusion; William  
Offing, thigh, severe; George Poster, both legs,  
severe; Henry Tucker, hip, slight.

Co. H—Private Geo. W. Rowley, head, severe.

Co. I—Privates Wm. L. Hayes, leg, and hand,

severe; Wm. E. Edgar, leg, slight.

Co. K—1st Sergt. Wm. B. Curtiss, leg, severe;

Privates John T. Marshall, leg, severe; John B.

Pierpont, shoulder, severe.

*Missing.*

Co. D—Private Wm. Lapatria.

Co. E—Corp. John D. Laurie.

Co. H—Private James B. Taylor.

Co. G— " Henry E. Hoyt, known to be  
wounded; Michael E. Newman, known to be

wounded.

Co. I—Privates Chas. H. Hoyt, known to be  
wounded; Wm. H. Rich.

[Official.]

J. L. OTIS,

Col. Comd'g Regt.

CASUALTIES IN THE 29TH CONN. VOLS., Oct. 13, 1864.

*Killed.*

Co. H—Corp. Wm. N. Sidney.

Co. I—Corp. George Burr.

Co. D—Privates Joseph H. Halsted; Henry

Gaunt.

*Wounded.*

1st Lieut. and Adj. J. L. Spaulding, foot.

Co. A—Wm. Hunt.

Co. C—Orin Hawley.

Co. D—James Calwell, Wm. Cole, David Tread-

well, Geo. Peters, Oscar Ramsdell, Geo. Morris.

Co. G—Jones Lee.

Co. H—Hutch Miller, Harrison Smith.

Co. I—Sergt. James Evans; Elijah Williams.

HEADQUARTERS 12TH C.V., }

Near Cedar Creek, Va., Oct. 22d, 1864. }

SIR:—The following List of Casualties is res-  
pectfully forwarded:—

*CAMPANY A.*

*Killed*—John H. Steele, Joseph D. Sheldon.

*Wounded*—Sergt. Wells Hubbard, leg; privates

Thomas Marshall and Aaron Parsons, body.

*Wounded and missing*—Private Daniel R. P.

Gilbert, head.

*Captured*—Corporal Andrew J. Gleason; Pri-

vates David Jones and Wm. H. Wilcox.

*CAMPANY B.*

*Killed*—Privates Charles R. McCorney, Geo. H.

Nash.

*Wounded*—2d Lieut. Geo. M. Benton, leg ampu-

tated; Corp'l Henry Crittenden, privates, James

Barkley and Thomas Telford.

*Captured*—1st Sergt. Smith Downs; Sergts.  
John Whiton, John W. Bowen, Harley W. Soule;  
Corp'l's Henry Johnson and James Kinnien; pri-  
vates John Mehan, John Maloy, Frederick Bevans,  
Charles R. Burns, James B. Anderson, Almon R.  
Thompson, Madison Davis, Wm. H. Dickerman,  
Wm. N. Marsh, James T. Carroll, James H. Lane,  
John Powell, Thomas Frezer, Richard M. Good-  
sell, George W. West, Corp'l Wm. E. Dunning,  
private Monroe B. Downes.

*CAMPANY C.*

*Killed*—Lieut. Horace E. Phelps, Corp'l Wm.  
Putnam.

*Wounded*—Lieut. Wm. Berry, foot; Corp'l Jo-  
seph Dorr, head; privates Charles Astorya, head;  
Frank J. Darby, leg; Wm. Toole, head; Charles  
Radcliffe.

*Wounded and Captured*—Sergt. Wm. E. John-  
son, leg; Corp'l Geo. S. Dickson, leg.

*CAMPANY D.*

*Killed*—Ferdinand Stoll.

*Wounded*—1st Sergt. Alexander Cohn, leg;  
Sergt. Andrew J. Phillips, arm; Corp'l's James S.  
Ault, leg, Fernando Thayer, leg; privates Wm.  
C. Slate, leg, Thomas McKelvie, leg, Aaron D.  
Watrous, leg, James Roberson, leg, Mortimer E.  
Holmes, hand.

*Wounded and Captured*—Private Enoch T.  
Staples.

*Captured*—Privates Benjamin F. Dart, Joseph  
Smith.

*CAMPANY E.*

*Killed*—Privates Francisco Battallano and  
Patrick Sullivan.

*Wounded*—Sergts. Aaron S. Hull, head, and  
Peter Reilly, shoulder; privates George W. Park-  
ton, leg; Giles St. John, head.

*Wounded and Captured*—Sergt. Clark H. Os-  
born; privates Wm. H. Holley and William H.  
Tubbs.

*Captured*—Sergt. Wm. O. Hoyt; Corp'l's John  
Tappen, John A. Geddes; privates Wm. Dauchy  
and Olin L. Lynch.

*CAMPANY F.*

*Killed*—Corp'l Gilbert W. Hefflon; privates  
John H. Chadwick, George W. Beckley, Joseph  
Everts and Daniel H. Spencer.

*Wounded*—Lieut. Edwin W. Bushnell, shoulder,  
slight; Corp'l's Benjamin H. Tillinghaust, arm,  
and Chas. R. Williams, leg.

*Captured*—Sergt. Geo. B. Dodge; privates  
Frederick Candee, Roderick P. Chapman, Milton  
A. Clark, William Fuller, Geo. Hackney, John  
Jackson, Henry Purple, James S. Rich, James H.  
Scranton and Hobart E. Dudley.

*CAMPANY G.*

*Killed*—Privates Richard A. McCann, Lemuel  
Smith, Byron D. Smith.

*Wounded*—Sergt. Whipple O. Trask, thigh;  
Lieut. John Mullen, side, slight; Corps. Hudson  
Austin, head; James T. West, shoulder; Privates  
Austin Adams, hand; Henry A. Howard, head;  
Wm. H. Harris, thigh; Lyman Bunnell, arm;  
Thos. Douglas, face and thigh.

*Wounded and Captured*—Corp. Albert H.  
Comins, arm.

*Captured*—Corp. F. A. Adams; Privates James  
E. Chace.

*CAMPANY H.*

*Killed*—Capt. John P. Lowell.

*Wounded*—Corp. Geo. R. Wetherby, leg; Pri-  
vates Joseph W. Graham, leg and hand; Hugh  
Donnelly, leg; Daniel Murphy, neck, slight.

*Captured*—Privates P. B. Avers, Burton God-  
dard, Wm. Lenning, Samuel W. Elroth, Henry  
Simonds, John Stephens.

*CAMPANY I.*

*Killed*—Private Joseph Bevans.

*Wounded*—Lieut. Francis Smith, leg; Sergt.  
James H. Hurlbut, leg; Corps. David C. Roberts,  
groin; Benj. F. Fields, arm; Privates Charles  
Bowman, thigh; Willis Bunnell, thigh; Charles  
Wells, thigh, since died.

*Captured*—1st Sergt. Wm. Slater; Privates  
Walter B. Bishop, Joseph Elwell, Lawrence





Grant, Chas. Egerts, Wm. Byron, Geo. W. Ferris, Thos. Ferrell, Eliphalet Benedict, Henry Bradley, John C. Willman, Charles Smith, William A. Hough.

## COMPANY K.

*Killed*—1st Sergt. Amos Bray; Corps. John G. Ball, Chas. W. Sherman.

*Wounded*—Privates John Perhune; Grovener Ball, arm; Thos. Smith, leg; Francis Beaumont, leg; Corps. Fred. W. Ball, back; Martin Flynn, breast; Thos. Crowley, leg.

*Captured*—Sergts. O. E. Stoddard, W. B. Lucas; Corp. G. W. Edwards; Privates Walter Burgoyne, Cornelius Burgoyne, Thomas I. Clark, Ori E. Chapman, George Fitzgerald, John Murphy, Patrick Mansfield, James Roche, Charles T. Parkhurst, James McGuire, Chas. E. Sisson, Wm. Jennings, Saml. J. Sanford, Felix McCordle, Chester H. Loomis.

Killed,	23
Wounded,	55
Wounded and Captured,	8
Captured,	84

Total, . . . . . 170

## OBITUARY.

## Lieut. H. P. Carpenter.

Lieut. Carpenter was a native of Eastford, Connecticut. At the first call for troops he temporarily residing at Winona, Minnesota, enlisted in the 1st Minnesota Regiment. The regiment was changed to a three years regiment, and he served faithfully through two severe campaigns, with the Army of the Potomac, participating in the battles of Bull Run, the "seven days," Antietam and Gettysburg. We complete our notice by clipping from the Wisconsin State Journal, printed at Madison, where his brother, J. H. Carpenter, now resides:

"At the time of his enlistment he had not an acquaintance in the regiment, and only asked that he might be allowed to serve his country, and sought no position but that of a private.

After carrying a musket two and one half years, he was transferred to the 2d regiment U. S. colored troops, and organized and drilled Co. K, of that regiment. Late in the fall of 1863, his regiment was ordered to Texas. Stopping on the way at New Orleans, the order was countermanded, and the regiment sent to Key West, to garrison Fort Taylor, and occasionally make raids to the main land.

After over three years of service without a day's leave of absence, his health was so seriously impaired that his surgeon said to him, 'You must go North or die.' He came North on a leave of absence, and so far recovered his health that he sailed from New York to rejoin his regiment at Key West, Aug. 30th. A week after his arrival he was attacked by yellow fever, and died September 18th.

When in hospital in Maryland, just after the battle of Antietam, a member of Congress, a friend of his, offered to aid him to procure a discharge. His reply to the offer was, 'I prefer to rejoin my regiment,' which he did, but not till he had suffered many weeks in hospital. He entered the army with a fixed determination to remain till the rebellion was broken. In that purpose he never faltered.

A purer patriot or a nobler young man never belonged to any army. He has given to his country all he had to give, and cheerfully. After three years of service he might have returned with honor; but he had no disposition to consult his ease in times like these, and only seemed anxious to be at the post of duty. Friends urged him to protract his stay North, but he felt that duty called him back to his regiment, and he went, knowing that the fever was making havoc there.

In his death another item is added to the cost of this rebellion and the price of liberty and good government on this continent.

His parents survive to mourn him, but have four representatives still left in the Union armies."

## Lieut. Marshall C. Augur.

CAMP 15TH CONN. VOLS. INFANTRY, }  
NEWBURN, N. C., Oct. 28th, 1864. }

At a meeting of the Officers of the Regiment, held at these Headquarters, to draft resolutions on the death of Lieut. Marshall C. Augur, the Committee submitted the following, which were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, In the dispensation of an overruling Providence, we have been called to mourn the loss of a faithful friend and brother officer, Lieutenant Marshall C. Augur, and

WHEREAS, We feel impelled to an expression of our deep sorrow at this affliction, and of our sympathy for those afflicted with us; therefore

Resolved, That while we bow in submission to this painful visitation, recognizing therein the chastening hand of the Allwise, we are yet forced to realize amid the gloom that has fallen alike upon all, that not only has the service lost, in the death of Lieut. Augur, a most faithful and efficient officer, and the country an earnest, untiring patriot, but that socially, in the circle that have known his genial presence, a loss will be felt which neither words can express nor time alleviate.

Resolved, That in uniform cheerfulness of disposition, in prompt and uncomplaining performance of every duty, in courteous and gentlemanly bearing toward all with whom he came in contact, and in unswerving devotion to the cause of his country, the deceased has furnished an example worthy in the highest degree of emulation, and one which must lend an enduring charm to his memory; a memory we shall delight to cherish, tempered with nothing we could wish to forget.

Resolved, That in this deep affliction we extend our most heartfelt sympathies to the family and relations of the deceased, with the hope that they may find a lasting consolation in the reflection that no life is lost, however precious, which is laid as an offering upon the Altar of Liberty, in this time of the Nation's trial.

Resolved, That out of respect to the memory of the deceased, we will wear the customary badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the widow of the deceased and to family friends, also for publication to the "Meriden Record," the "New Haven Palladium," the "New Haven Journal and Courier," and to the "CONN. WAR RECORD."

CAPT. GEORGE M. WHITE,	} Committee.
CAPT. M. A. BUTRICKS,	
CAPT. WM. C. BURGESS,	
ASST. SERG. E. O. COWLES,	
1ST LT. WM. A. BOWNS,	

COL. CHAS. L. UPHAM, Chairman.  
LIEUT. PHILIP RAND, Secretary.

## Lieut. James Hewison,

Enlisted as a private in the 5th Conn. Regiment, and was successively promoted for gallantry and efficiency to the position of 1st Lieut. At the sanguinary battle of Cedar Mountain, he was Color Sergeant, and severely wounded in both legs. He was promoted soon after, but has never been able to endure a long march, and was finally compelled to resign. Since his resignation he has been connected with the 20th C. V., as news agent, and a part of the time, as sutler.

As an officer, he was brave and competent, in his business dealings, accommodating and honorable. He left Atlanta Oct. 28th, came to New

Haven on Saturday, Nov. 4th, and was walking down Chapel street with Henry O. Beach, Esq., to ascertain definitely concerning his right and place to vote. While passing the large McClellan banner, suspended across the street from Austin's building, a sudden gust of wind broke the guy, lifted high the flag with the six pound weight fastened to the corner—the weight descending with great force, snapped its fastenings, was jerked with violence across the street, and struck Lieut. Hewison on the head, inflicting a frightful fracture and mutilation. He fell insensible, was taken to Klock's drug store, and thence to the Knight Hospital, where he died at 7 o'clock that evening. He was buried at Bridgeport from the residence of his grief-stricken family, with Masonic honors.

For the Connecticut War Record.

## Joel Leander Chapin.

In that "slaughter pen" of the South, at Andersonville, Ga., it is stated that more than 10,000 Union soldiers have fallen a sacrifice for their country; and among that company of soldier martyrs, the death of none is more keenly felt and deeply mourned by relatives and friends than that of Joel Leander Chapin, of Enfield, Conn. He died, July 20th, 1864, in the 21st year of his age.

He was born in Springfield, Mass., where his father died when he was but eight years old, leaving the widowed mother and two other sons, of whom Leander was the second. After the father's death, Mrs. Chapin removed to Enfield with her little family, where she still resides. Leander enlisted as a soldier of Jesus, and united with the First Congregational Church in Enfield, at the age of thirteen years. He was a youth of quick perception, warm affection, great energy, and decision of character, and an active worker in his Master's cause, having been instrumental in the conversion of a number of his young companions before he enlisted in the army. The great purpose of his life was to do good. He desired to become a missionary, and had given much thought to preparation for the work. He was a good scholar, and his reading had been quite extensive and very select. He had written several articles for the WAR RECORD, under the name of "Adelphi."

At the breaking out of war he felt it his duty to enlist, and was restrained only by the loving solicitude of a kind mother, who was not then prepared to give him up for her country's sake. Upon the President's call for 300,000 men, in July, 1862, he wrote thus to his mother, from a neighboring town, where he was employed: "My country demands my services. She must have them. The time has come when those who love their country must rally around her flag. I deprecate war, but since it has been forced upon us we must meet it." \* \* \* "I know a soldier's life is a hard one, but a patriot ought not to shirk hardships, but should bravely meet them in the cause of God and his country."

He enlisted as a private in August following, in the 16th Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers, Co. A. That brave, but unfortunate Regiment marched to the front just in time to participate in the great battle of Antietam. The soldiers of





that Regiment, fresh from their homes and the peaceful occupations of life, were put into the thickest of the fight, and many of Leander's comrades fell facing the foe, where the battled raged the fiercest. He, however, escaped unharmed, one ball only grazing his face. He also participated in the battle of Fredericksburg, under Gen. Burnside, in the following December. Soon after his shoes having given out, he was obliged to march a whole day barefooted, through snow six inches deep, thereby contracting a cold and sickness, which disabled him for duty until Aug. 1863, during which time, after a brief furlough at home, he remained in the Hospital at New Haven. He rejoined his Regiment in August, 1863, at Portsmouth, Va. In January, of the present year, he went with the Regiment to Plymouth, N. C., was captured by the rebels on the 20th of April last. Nothing more was heard from him by his friends until the recent news of his death, not unanticipated, yet filling many hearts with sadness.

On Sabbath, the 16th inst., a discourse was preached in memorial of his Christian and patriotic life, in the First Congregational Church, at Enfield, by his pastor, Rev. H. B. Glidden, in the presence of a large and appreciative audience, from the words of Paul, 4: 7. "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."

Thus a young Christian and patriot has passed away, finished his course, loved and honored by all who knew him. He was faithful both as a Christian and soldier, having been instrumental of doing more for God and his country than many who live to a much greater age. In camp, on the battle field, in hospitals, he ever maintained the same Christian character, his religious principles indeed becoming firmer, and his works more direct and earnest. He has fought the good fight, and received the crown of life.

May his remains rest in peace, until the dear old flag which he would have planted there, shall wave in triumph over that spot where ten thousand of his brave comrades lie. That time will come, and the mothers of those brave boys can go there to water those precious graves with tears, or bring the ashes of the loved ones back to the tombs of their fathers.

Daniel Crowley,	F	Sept. 30th,	30
George Dean,	C	" "	20
Henry L. Curtiss,	D	" "	22
Joseph Ransom,	F	Oct. 1st,	33
Bliss Tuttle,	C	" 2d,	21
John Ohugemach,	D	" "	22
James B. Lines,	"	" 3d,	25
Jacob A. Smith,	K	" "	25
Henry Culver,	B	" 4th,	25
Timothy Braeken,	C	" "	20
John Dugan,	I	" "	38
Lyman A. Beach,	F	" 6th,	29
Joseph Hammond,	D	" "	19
Chas. T. Wade,	"	" "	27
Capt. S. S. Smith,	C	" "	40
Christian Miller,	B	" 7th,	25
Henry E. Sperry,	C	" "	20
Corp. F. K. Beecher,	H	" "	32
Edward W. Dudley,	I	" 8th,	23
Sergt. C. A. Benjamin,	H	" 9th,	26
Geo. W. Thompson,	I	" 10th,	23
Sergt. C. A. Boyle,	E	" "	27
Bernard Dougherty,	G	" "	19
Theodore Dutton,	"	" "	20
William Uhl,	A	" "	40
Willis Redfield,	"	" 11th,	18
Alonso S. Mortimer,	G	" "	42
Lt. Marshall C. Augur,	Q M	" "	29
Henry Martin,	C	" 12th,	25
Edward Johnson,	G	" "	19
Albert Huntley,	G	" "	18
Franklin S. Carpenter,	F	" 13th,	21
Luke Boylan,	I	" "	28
Garret H. Reynolds,	C	" "	32
Alvah J. Cook,	F	" "	26
Theodore Bellwood,	C	" "	29
Cornelius R. Smith,	B	" "	25
Joseph A. Sturgess,	C	" 14th,	20
Joseph A. Wilson,	H	" 16th C. V.	
Prescott W. Parson,	E	" 13th,	31
Alvin Kenney,	F	" 14th,	45
Corp. John O. Story,	D	" 15th,	19
Patrick Divine,	"	" 16th,	28
Dudley W. Crandall,	B	" 17th,	35
Sergt. J. H. Burwell,	"	" 19th,	24
Chauncey S. Baldwin,	E	" "	29
John Osborn,	I	" "	38
Albert H. Whaley,	I	" "	24
James R. Baker,	F	" 20th,	20
Horace M. Warner,	C	" 16th C. V.	
G. H. Howe, Sutter's Clerk,	"	" 24th,	30
Thos. G. Barnard,	H	" 26th,	27
Emil Striby,	C	" 27th,	19
Edward A. Miller,	H	" 29th,	20
Lt. W. W. Thompson,	F	" "	25
H. Ellsworth Hull,	E	" 31st,	20

### From the Fifteenth Regiment.

HEADQUARTERS 15TH C. V.,  
NEWBERN, N. C., Nov. 2d, 1864.

The following is a correct list of the deaths which have occurred in the 15th C. V., since it came to Newbern. I give them in the order in which they lie buried in the Union Cemetery here. I thought it might be some consolation to friends of the deceased, if such a list could be furnished. Steps are being taken to have some neat headboards erected inscribed as in the following list. You will observe that two from the 16th C. V. are buried in our lot. As soon as practicable we propose to enclose the whole with a substantial fence.

Any information which it is in my power to give friends I will gladly impart.

Very truly yours,

JOHN B. DOOLITTLE, Chaplain.

John Reynolds,	C	March 2d,	43
Charles Brown,	A	April 18th,	19
B. Norton,	H	June 7th,	18
Michael Cullum,	"	" 27th,	21
Pedro Bossart,	E	" 30th,	25
John Forde,	F	July 16th,	21
Conrad Hansel,	Band	" 16th,	20
Oscar Olmsted,	G	" 30th,	18
Edmund Hawley,	B	Aug. 8th,	18
Thomas Haley,	D	" 10th,	31
Elliott R. Pickett,	H	" 22d,	20
Sergt. Mason Rogers,	B	Sept. 9th,	20
Henry C. Lord,	H	" 16th,	20
Sergt. Amos J. Platt,	A	" 24th,	21
Sidney M. Andrews,	D	" 26th,	19
Sergt. Rotheus Pettee,	"	" 28th,	33
Thomas Wilson,	H	" "	27
Thomas Baker,	D	" 30th,	25

## PERSONAL.

List of Appointments and Promotions in the Connecticut Volunteer Force, during the month of October, 1864, from the Records of the Adjutant Gen. of the State.

### 1ST ARTILLERY.

1st Lieut. Wm. A. Lincoln to be Captain, vice	
Brooker, promoted.	
1st Lieut. Chas. R. Bannan to be Captain, vice	
Hubbard discharged for disability.	
2d Lieut. Ebenezer P. Mason to be 1st Lieut.	
vice Bunce, discharged.	
2d Lieut. Joseph Talcott to be 1st Lieut., vice	
Harwood, discharged.	
2d Lieut. Henry D. Patterson to be 1st Lieut.,	
vice Turner, deceased.	
2d Lieut. Robert Lewis to be 1st Lieut. vice	
Cummings, deceased.	
2d Lieut. John O'Brien to be 1st Lieut., vice	
Lincoln, promoted.	
2d Lieut. Frank Bangs to be 1st Lieut., vice	
Bannan, promoted.	
Sergt. Henry W. Loomis, to be 2d Lieut. vice	
Bangs, promoted.	
Sergt. Wm. H. H. Bingham to be 1st Lieut.,	
vice Bond, mustered out of service.	
Sergt. John E. Tarbell to be 2d Lieut., vice	
Birge, discharged for disability.	

1st Sergt. Azro Drown to be 2d Lieut., vice	
Hall, killed in action.	
Sergt. Chas. W. Smith to be 2d Lieut., vice Ma-	
son, promoted.	
1st Sergt. Hobert W. Deming to be 2d Lieut.	
vice Talcott, promoted.	
Sergt. Wells W. Reed to be 2d Lieut., vice	
Patterson, promoted.	
Sergt.-Major Chas. W. Filer to be 2d Lieut.,	
vice Lewis, promoted.	
Sergt. Wm. B. Atwood to be 2d Lieut., vice	
O'Brien, promoted.	
All to take rank from the 25th of Oct., 1864.	
2d Lieut. Thos. D. Cashier to be 1st Lieut.,	
vice Logan, mustered out, term expired.	
2d Lieut. Chas. A. Truesdell to be 1st Lieut.,	
vice Gilbert, dismissed.	
Sergt. Austin S. Humphrey to be 2d Lieut.,	
vice Cashier, promoted.	
1st Sergt. George C. Couch to be 2d Lieut., vice	
Truesdell, promoted.	
All to take rank from the 27th of October, 1864.	

### 2D ARTILLERY.

Capt. Edward W. Jones to be Major, vice Rice	
killed in action.	
2d Lieut. Hubbard E. Tuttle to be 1st Lieut.,	
vice Candee, killed in action.	
2d Lieut. Daniel E. Marsh to be 1st Lieut., to	
fill an original vacancy.	
Sergt. Chas. P. Travers to be 2d Lieut., vice	
Hubbard, killed in action.	
Sergt. Major Frederick A. Lucas to be 2d Lieut.,	
vice Norman, dismissed.	
Sergt. Charles A. Reynolds to be 2d Lieut.,	
vice Norman, dismissed.	
All to take rank from the 8th of October, 1864.	
1st Lieut. Morris H. Sanford to be Captain,	
vice Berry, died of wounds received in action,	
with rank from the 22d day of Oct. 1864.	
1st Lieut. Chester D. Cleveland to be Captain,	
with rank from the 22d of Oct., 1864, vice Jones	
promoted.	

### 3D BATTERY.

Thomas S. Gilbert, of Derby, to be Captain,	
with rank from the 17th of October, 1864, to fill	
original vacancy.	
Henry Middlebrook, of Derby, to be 1st Lieut.,	
with rank from the 10th of Oct., 1864, to fill	
original vacancy.	
Nelson B. Gilbert, of Chester, to be 2d Lieut.,	
with rank from the 19th of October, 1864, to fill	
original vacancy.	

### 6TH REGIMENT.

Major Daniel Klein to be Lieutenant Colonel,	
with rank from the 1st of Oct. 1864, vice Meeker,	
honorably discharged for physical disability.	
2d Lieut. Wm. H. H. Wooster to be 1st Lieut.,	
and Quartermaster, vice Colton, resigned.	
Sergt. George A. Gesner to be 2d Lieut., vice	
Stalce, deceased.	
Sergt. John B. Gilbert to be 2d Lieutenant,	
vice Bellows, promoted.	
Sergt. James A. Wilson to be 2d Lieut., vice	
Wooster, promoted.	
Corporal Benjamin Holmes to be 2d Lieut.	
All to take rank from the 24th of Oct., 1864.	

### 7TH REGIMENT.

2d Lieut. Wm. H. Augur to be 1st Lieut. and	
Quartermaster, with rank from the 22d day of	
Oct., 1864, vice Seward, transferred and pro-	
moted.	
1st Sergt. Wm. H. Haynes to be 2d Lieut., for	
marked ability and attention to his duties as Act-	
ing Lieut. upon the recommendation of Major-	
General Butler, with rank from the 25th of Oct.,	
1864, vice Augur, promoted.	

Capt. Seager S. Atwell to be Lieut. Col., with rank from the 29th of Oct., 1864, vice Rodman, honorably discharged.

### 8TH REGIMENT.

Capt. Chas. M. Coit to be Major, with rank from the 12th day of October, vice Upham, promoted. (Coit declined the promotion.)

### 10TH REGIMENT.

Capt. Ellsworth D. S. Goodyear to be Major, with rank from the 24th day of October, 1864, vice Camp, killed in action.





1st Lieut. James H. Lindsley to be Captain, vice Goodyear, promoted.

Sergt. Maj. Robert W. Adams to be 1st Lieut., vice Hickerson, promoted.

1st Sergt. Daniel W. Boardman to be 1st Lieut. vice Lindsley, promoted.

1st Sergt. Francis E. Burt, to be 1st Lieut.

1st Sergt. George Northrop to be 1st Lieut.

Sergt. Henry L. Parker to be 1st Lieut.

Sergt. Arthur F. Slate to be 1st Lieut.

All to take rank from the 25th of Oct. 1864.

Geo. C. Peck, of Woodbridge, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from the 27th of October, vice Lincoln.

#### 11TH REGIMENT.

Lieut. Col. Henry C. Ward, 29th Regiment, Conn. Vols., to be Colonel, with rank from the 8th day of Oct., 1864, vice Steadman, died of wounds received.

(Colonel Ward declined the promotion.)

Captain Randall Rice to be Major, with rank from the 25th of Oct., vice Kies, honorably discharged.

#### 12TH REGIMENT.

2d Lieut. Horace E. Phelps to be 1st Lieut., with rank from the 15th of Oct., vice Steadman, killed in action.

#### 13TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Robert A. Ripley to be Captain for conspicuous gallantry at the battle of Winchester, Va., to take rank from the 15th day of Oct., vice Mitchell, resigned.

#### 14TH REGIMENT.

Rev. Emmons P. Bond, of New Britain, to be Chaplain, with rank from the 15th of Oct., vice Stevens, resigned.

#### 15TH REGIMENT.

Major Henry Peale to be Lieut. Colonel, with rank from the 24th of September, 1864, vice Nichols, resigned.

Capt. Joseph Mathewson to be Major, with rank from the 3d day of Oct., 1864, vice Peale, promoted.

Sergt. Major Albert S. Granger to be 1st Lieut., with rank from the 8th of Oct., 1864, vice Kibbe, promoted.

1st Lieut. Noadiah P. Johnson to be Captain, with rank from the 17th of Oct., 1864, vice Mathewson, promoted.

2d Lieut. Franklin Bixby to be 1st Lieut., with rank from the 17th of Oct., 1864, vice Johnson, promoted.

1st Lieut. John Lilly to be Captain, with rank from the 17th of Oct., vice Morrison, dismissed.

1st Lieut. and Adjutant Joseph P. Rockwell to be Captain, with rank from the 18th of Oct., vice Bromley, honorably discharged.

1st Sergt. George W. Brady to be 1st Lieut., and Adjutant, with rank from the 17th of Oct., 1864, vice Rockwell, promoted.

1st Sergt. Wm. Caruthers to be 2d Lieut., with rank from the 17th of Oct., 1864, vice Lilly, promoted.

#### 20TH REGIMENT.

Rev. Chas. N. Lyman, of Canton Center, to be Chaplain, with rank from the 19th of Oct., 1864, vice Frisbie, resigned.

#### 21ST REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Philo F. Talcott to be Captain, vice Shepard, honorably discharged.

1st Lieut. Alvin M. Crane to be Captain, vice Long, killed in action.

1st Lieut. E. Perry Packer to be Captain, vice Kenyon, died of wounds received in action.

2d Lieut. Walter P. Long to be 1st Lieut. and Adjutant, vice Jeffrey, honorably discharged.

2d Lieut. John F. French to be 1st Lieut., vice Jennings, promoted.

2d Lieut. Orlan D. Glazier to be 1st Lieut., vice Hubbell, promoted.

1st Sergt. Austin A. McKinney to be 1st Lieut., vice Stanley, honorably discharged.

Q. M. Sergt. Ransom Jackson to be 1st Lieut., vice Crane, promoted.

Sergt. Geo. P. Edwards to be 1st Lieut., vice Talcott, promoted.

Sergt. Abner A. Bevin to be 1st Lieut., vice Packer, promoted.

All with rank from the 30th of Sept., 1864.

Major James F. Brown to be Lieut. Colonel, with rank from the 19th of Oct., 1864, vice Stanton, commission revoked.

Captain Wm. Spittle to be Major, with rank from the 22d of October, 1864, vice Brown, promoted.

1st Lieut. and Adjutant Walter P. Long to be Captain, for distinguished gallantry in action, with rank from the 25th of Oct., 1864, vice Belden, cashiered.

### EDITORIAL COLUMN.

"And now we'll raise, on LIBERTY's broad base,  
A structure of wise government, and show  
In our new world, a glorious spectacle  
Of social order. Freemen, equals all,  
By reason swayed, self governed, self-improved,  
And the electric chain of public good  
Twined round the private happiness of each;  
And every heart thrilled by the patriot chord  
That sounds the glory of AMERICA!"

At any cost, the UNITED STATES SHALL LIVE.  
This is the stern resolve of the American people, emphatically uttered on the 8th of November. In re-electing Abraham Lincoln, they do not affirm unqualified approval of all acts of his administration, but as between the policy of vigorous war and an equivocal policy, promising the dangerous experiment of parley with armed traitors,—they have deliberately chosen and irrevocably committed themselves to that of vigorous war—vigorous war for four years, unless rebels in arms sooner submit to the just constitutional authority which they have defied.

Having settled the National policy for four years, they are now ready to work, and all business will accommodate itself to the needs of the case.

Many anticipate terrible financial crisis. There will be "tight times," because a nation, as an individual, who, for a considerable period, spends more than it earns, will inevitably be pinched. But a "crash" is not imminent. It has been just the time to pay debts. Almost every body has improved it. And when few owe money, few can fail from inability to pay. Almost every firm now does a cash business, and never, we venture to assert, was business in a healthier condition than to-day.

The people will go forward with care, but with diligence—risking less but working harder than in peaceful times, and the financial condition of the nation will be sound and prosperous.

The publishers of the WAR RECORD, in the spirit of the times, wish to do a snug, prompt, cash business. We have sent bills to all our subscribers who have not forwarded the second year's subscription. We trust that they will appreciate the importance of attending to the matter speedily, and pardon our urgency.

Prompt response by our many kind and patriotic friends will enable us to do a cash business, and also to know our exact list of subscribers, so as to avoid waste from excess, or inconvenience from an insufficient edition.

We shall endeavor in each successive number, to improve the WAR RECORD, and so to arrange and employ our material as to make the histories of all our noble regiments complete and accurate very soon after the great conflict is closed up.

and thus, at the earliest possible date, finish our important work.

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—We cannot refrain from expressing our sincere gratitude to the local papers of the State, which have so generously, without remuneration, recommended our undertaking and encouraged us by kind words of commendation. We heartily wish them deserved prosperity, and hope for opportunity to requite their favors.

THE 28TH REGIMENT.—The communication of "HILDEBORO," is received and gratefully accepted, but too late for insertion in the Dec. number. We hope that he will send a sketch of the 28th, at Port Hudson, so that both can be printed in the January issue.

COLLEGE OF BUSINESS AND FINANCE.—Education in our country, is daily becoming more practical. It is very gratifying to note the growth of institutions for actual Business Training. They afford the skill and experience, without the risks of business itself.

A College of Business and Finance has been recently established in New Haven, by Messrs. Stevens and Wells. They have hired spacious rooms beneath Music Hall, and fitted them up magnificently. Here the pupil finds a Custom House, Banks, Insurance, Railroad, Steamboat, Express, Exchange and Collection, Telegraph and Post Offices, all in actual operation. He learns by regular business transactions, exactly how to repeat the same in responsible life.

It is well worth the time and effort it will cost any one to look at these neat, well planned rooms, already nearly filled with quiet, busy, interested pupils. There is a feeling of reality and a business air pervading the very room, which seems to impart animation and enthusiasm to the students. We trust that hundreds will this winter avail themselves of these superior advantages to acquire business education and habits.

For full particulars send for a circular to C. R. WELLS, Secretary, New Haven, Conn.

THE AMERICAN CONFLICT, by HORACE GREELEY, vol. I. pp. 648, O. D. Case & Co., Hartford, Conn.

A noble volume both in matter and style. We welcome it heartily. Even the opponents of Mr. Greeley must admit the candor and admire the terseness, vigor and frequent splendor of style exhibited in this his greatest effort. He first treats of the conflict of ideas—long a vivid reality to him—of which the fierce and bloody conflict of arms was but the inevitable culmination. He then proceeds to the narration of actual war, closing the record of vol. 1st, with the year 1861. The preliminary discussion is a mine of political history, well worth ten times the cost of the volume. We shall give a much more extended review in our next number.

A GOOD RECORD.—A capital discourse, by Chaplain Trumbull, to the 10th C. V. I., preached on the Sabbath before the return of the non-re-enlisting veterans to their homes. It is very handsomely printed in large, legible type, by CASE, LOCKWOOD & Co., Hartford.

BECKWITH'S ALMANAC, pp. 70, New Haven, Conn., HORACE C. PECK.

Mr. Beckwith has issued his annual ration of science, sense and humor. This year the famous Almanac is large, well printed, and valuable.





# The "Connecticut War Record," NOW READY!

PUBLISHED BY

MORRIS &amp; BENHAM,

At No. 2, Glebe Building, New Haven, Conn.

TERMS:—\$1.50 a year,—(in advance.)—Single Numbers 15 cents.

## CLUBS.

In towns where there are no local agents, any one sending us \$9, will be entitled to seven copies of the WAR RECORD.

## TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.

One Square, (12 lines Minion) a year, - - - \$20  
Two Squares, - - - " - - - 36

We have local agents in most of the towns in the State, who are authorized to collect and forward money to us. Subscribers may hand it to them or forward it directly to us by mail.

We have at present, but two traveling agents,—

L. W. SMITH, of NORWALK, and

J. W. ROGERS, of EAST LYME.

No other general agents are authorized to collect money.

JOHN M. MORRIS.

CHARLES C. BENHAM.

## Lost Numbers.

If by any mistake or mishap, a subscriber fails to receive any number of the WAR RECORD due to him, he is requested to inform us immediately. We can always supply deficiencies for a month after the issue of each number.

If notice be not given within that time we cannot rectify mistakes. We are anxious that every subscriber should have a full set, and hence wish to be promptly informed if any number be missing.

## Laws of Newspapers.

We print several of the just laws concerning newspapers—and would respectfully request our subscribers to read them, as we shall act strictly in accordance with the enactment.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order their papers discontinued, publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered their papers discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and papers are sent to the former direction, they are responsible.

## Is Stuttering a Disability?

A drafted man claimed exemption because he stuttered.

"Stutter," replied the officer, "you don't go to talk, but to fight."

"Yes, but they'll p-p-put me on g-g-guard, and a man can go h-h-half a mile before I can say 'Wh-wh-who goes there?'"

"Well, we'll put another sentry with you, he can challenge and you can fire."

"Well, b-b-but I may be taken and sh-sh-shot before I can s-s-sur-render!"

PORTRAITS OF

## SHERIDAN

AND

## HORACE GREELEY,

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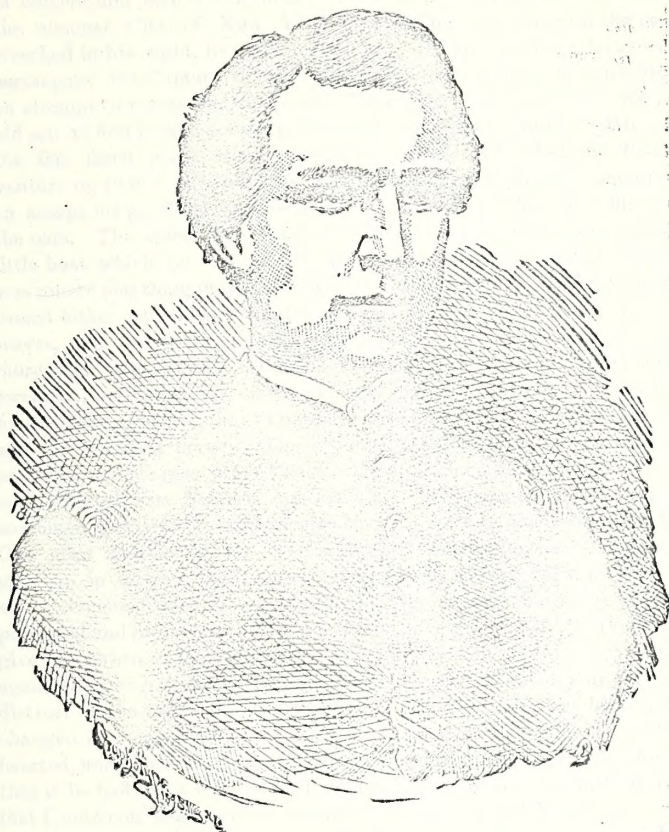
# THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

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For the Connecticut War Record.

### Major Henry W. Camp.

"The memory of Major Henry W. Camp," said Col. Otis, in reporting his death, "is deserving of more than a passing notice. The service has never suffered a heavier loss in an officer of his grade. Brave, and cool in every emergency, of spotless character and refined intellectual culture, he was one of the brightest ornaments of the volunteer service, a soldier 'without fear and without reproach.'"

Maj. Camp was known and beloved by many. Had he lived he would doubtless have been the admired centre of a far more extended circle, for his opening life gave promise of a career of rare brilliancy and usefulness. Said one who knew him well in army life, "He had all the elements of greatness." He lacked

but time and opportunity to develop those elements in their fullest power and beauty.

Born in Hartford, Feb. 4th, 1839, in a home of refinement, he was trained under the choicest of New England's social and christian influences. Even as a child he attracted marked attention from his sweetness of face and manners, and from his evident purity of heart and innate strength of mental and moral character.

Fitting for college at the Hartford High School, he entered Yale in the autumn of 1856. In College he was known as a thorough scholar, a perfect gentleman, a consistent christian. No man of his class was more highly esteemed or more truly beloved. Of splendid physical development, he took pleasure in the sports of the gymnasium and in the excitement of boating. He was one of the picked crew which represented Yale in the University race at Worcester, in July, 1859, and which first carried off the palm from long victorious Harvard. Graduating with honor, in the summer of 1860, he taught six months as principal of the East Hartford High School; then entered the office of John Hooker, Esq., for the study of law.

At the outbreak of the rebellion, he would gladly have been among the first at the front but for circumstances quite beyond his control, which kept him back until the autumn of 1861; meantime he was acquiring proficiency in military drill in the ranks of the Hartford City Guard. When at length the barriers before him were removed, he sprang forward joyfully to his new sphere of action, giving God thanks for the privilege of standing and of striking, and, if need be, of dying in defense of his imperilled government. He entered service as Second Lieutenant of Co. I, 10th C. V., December 5th, 1861, joining his command at Annapolis, Md., where it was encamped with the other troops of Gen. Burnside's Coast Division.

The Burnside Expedition sailed for North Carolina in January, 1862. During the tedious delay of the fleet on the





Hatteras Swash, Lieut. Camp gave encouragement to others by his uniform cheerfulness, and accomplished much by his energetic and untiring endeavor for the comfort of those shut with him on a close and unhealthy transport, winning steadily the respect and fervent esteem of officers and men about him. When the steamer City of New York was wrecked in his sight, he volunteered to accompany the Captain of his vessel in an attempt to rescue the survivors. The old salt at first looked contemptuously at the fair faced youth who proposed to venture on such a trip, but was induced to accept his proffered service at one of the oars. The storm was fearful. The little boat which put off for the wreck was a mere plaything in the boiling surge, tossed hither and thither by the lashing waves, and the driving gale, shipping more than one sea that seemed sure to swamp it, and being kept on its way only by the stoutest hearts, the strongest arms, and the steadiest nerves. The attempt to reach the steamer proved vain. Human strength was helpless against the combined power of the enraged elements. One after another of the boat's crew gave up in despair, until only a single sailor remained with Lieut. Camp, self-possessed and undaunted. The order was given to return to the transport. When again on his own deck, the captain, whose distrust of the ruddy cheeked youth was changed into admiration for the brave hearted, unflinching, skillful oarsman, said that if he had had a crew of such men as that Lieutenant he could have reached the wreck in safety. Said one who told of it afterwards, "Fear was no part of Lieut. Camp's composition. He would never have turned back without orders."

The battle of Roanoke Island was fought Feb. 8th, 1862. The Tenth Regiment was then first in action. Just as it came under fire, Lieut. Camp was designated by one of Gen. Foster's staff to return to the landing and order up ammunition. The errand was one requiring promptness and energy, involving the securing of a steamer and hunting up the ordnance vessel for supplies, on which the fate of the day might depend, and would not have been entrusted to any but an officer of character; yet it was to the bitter regret of Lieut. Camp that he was thus deprived of the privilege of sharing with his comrades their first baptism of blood. He made great

est haste on his mission, but before he could rejoin his regiment the fight was over. He had done his duty, simply and wholly; he had nothing to reproach himself with, nor did he fear that others would doubt him while yet untried in battle; but he bemoaned what he deemed his personal loss in the satisfaction of risking and doing for the cause he loved.

He had not long, however, to wait for an opportunity of participating in the perils and duties of a bloody field. In the hard fought battle of Newbern, March 14th, 1862, the Tenth Regiment was again actively engaged, and Lieut. Camp was then with his company. So cool was he and self-possessed, even while the fight was fiercest, directing the fire of his men and aiding them when their pieces needed attention, "ever," as one said, "with the same pleasant smile on his face," that in admiration of his courage, his brave boys called him their Iron Man. In writing of this his first fight to a friend at the North, he said in his quiet and modest way:

"The sensation of coming under fire is to me very much like that I used to feel in boat racing—exceedingly nervous business waiting for the signal to give way, but comfortable enough as soon as one has an opportunity to work off the surplus excitement. How a bayonet charge or a repulse of cavalry might seem I cannot tell, but there has been nothing in such work as has fallen to us hitherto more exciting than there was for the oarsmen in one of our grand boat races between Harvard and Yale."

Once in camp at Newbern, his fear was, that he had seen his last work at the front. His restless longing for active service showed itself in his every letter to home or friends. "Save me," he wrote in the early spring, "from a summer in Newbern, or any other place. Our life, except when in active service, is mere machine-work at best; endurable, even enjoyable, by way of preparation for something better, but as a 'regular beverage,' altogether too insipid and flat. Our wits grow so rusty in this treadmill business—that's the worst of it. I was beginning, a while ago, to fear that the result of our campaigning would be in having more brains softened from within than perforated from without." He was not so constituted as to be content in God's service to "only stand and wait;" yet his desire was rather for the

results of endeavor than for its excitement. He wished to do something towards closing the war. He would "finish his work; then rest." While the peninsular campaign was at its height, in the summer of '62, he wrote:

"We groan in spirit at having to stay here idle, while the fight at Richmond is so fierce—every man needed—every man there worth a hundred elsewhere. Nothing else that the war can bring forth will furnish cause for so proud a satisfaction as to have thrown one's weight into the scale while the balance yet trembled. When the race is won there's nothing like feeling that you pulled a good oar on the home stretch." Then, as showing his real interest in hard service, he added, "I don't want to fight for the sake of fighting, but for the sake of accomplishing something that will tell on the grand result." For that "grand result" he was glad to work, or willing, if need be, to wait. "I have chosen," he said, "my sphere, in which I think I can work most efficiently for God and my country, and if we have thirty years war instead of three, I expect to see it through—or as much of it as comes in my lifetime."

Lieut. Camp had his full share of picket service, and scouting, during the summer and autumn of 1862, for the regiment was by no means inactive. On one occasion, when a party from the Tenth had been cut off by rebel cavalry, and word came in that its entire numbers were killed or captured, he asked the privilege of leading a few brave volunteers beyond the lines, in search of his missing comrades. Permission being granted, he went out in this truly hazardous enterprise, and the result was the ingathering of all the scattered party he sought to aid.

In July, 1862, Lieut. Camp was advanced to a first lieutenancy and put in command of Co. D, where he is still remembered gratefully for his valuable service in disciplining and improving his charge. In August he was called to the adjutancy of the regiment. In that position, on parade and at headquarters as well as in the hour of battle, he filled his place always gracefully, and with marked ability.

He was at home on his first leave of absence, for a Thanksgiving visit, when Gen. Foster's advance was made to Goldsboro', and again he was disap-





pointed by missing battles in which his regiment participated. So deep was his regret at this that when, shortly after, unusual promotion was pressed upon him, he refused it unqualifiedly, preferring that it should be given to some one who had been in the recent engagements. When, a month later, an expedition was fitting out for the South, which it was thought his regiment would not accompany, he proposed to volunteer on the staff of a general of division, that he might there share a part in anticipated battles and thus, in a measure, redeem what he counted as his recent loss. But the Tenth Regiment moved with the other troops, and Adjutant Camp was glad to remain with it. The long delay after arrival at Port Royal, and the inaction at St. Helena, with the transfer of command from brave and beloved Gen. Foster, proved a sad disappointment to him as to others. In the early part of spring, the taking possession of Seabrook Island, as a preliminary to an advance on Charleston, was an exciting incident of the opening campaign. Then, picketing lines over against the enemy, with an occasional skirmish, and frequent scouts to neighboring islands, furnished a pleasant variety of adventure for three or four months, and in the scenes of greatest activity Adjutant Camp was with the foremost in exposure and in efficient endeavors. His love of the beautiful was as marked and sincere as his satisfaction in excitement. His home letters, descriptive of expeditions among the sea islands of the South Carolina coast, like those from other points of interest which he visited in army life, are of rare beauty in their appreciative, graphic truthfulness. Of a visit to the Seabrook place on Edisto Island, he writes thus glowingly: "The grounds about the place were very pleasant, only needing care. There were paths winding through dense shrubbery and passing by ornamental bridges over a little stream; there were arbors and walks shaded by foliage too close and thick to give passage to a single ray of sunlight; there were enormous rose-trees lifting far above my head such masses of gold and crimson as I had never seen—cloth of gold roses, do you know them? each as large as half a dozen of any ordinary variety, crowded with petals of golden velvet, so rich and thick and of a color

so soft that you can compare them with nothing but bits of sunset cloud—a single one is a magnificent boquet. There was a grove of orange trees, some of them in blossom, the pure white buds bursting out of glossy deep green leaves and filling all the air around with perfume almost too rich and overpowering. There were strange century plants, like mighty cactuses, and unfamiliar tropical-looking growths to which I could give no name. The luxuriance and fullness of vegetation is wonderful; every plant seems to feel itself at home and abandons itself to utter dissipation and wantonness of unrestrained development. A Southern April has more of glowing bloom, fierce intensity of color and brilliance, in contrast with more of sombre shade, density of massive growth, and depth of green gloom beneath, than Northern midsummer. I have spoken of this before, but it was peculiarly noticeable in this garden where cultivation had done its utmost, and then left nature to work its own will."

Leaving Edisto Inlet, July 7th, 1863, Adjutant Camp moved with his regiment to James Island, where he had a part in the sharp fight of the 16th; thence, by a hurried night move to Morris Island, in season for the second assault on Fort Wagner on the evening of the 18th. At noon on the 19th, during a cessation of hostilities for the removal of the wounded and burial of the dead, he went out with Chaplain Trumbull—the two being almost inseparable in their army service—to render, at the suggestion of their commanding officer, what aid they could in the humane work progressing. By gross perfidy they were seized and held as prisoners in spite of the demand for their surrender on the part of Major-General Gillmore. First in prison at Charleston, they were taken thence to Columbia, S. C., where they were in confinement together nearly four months, when Chaplain Trumbull was released. In prison as elsewhere, Adjutant Camp commanded the respect of all. No prisoner of any rank was treated more uniformly with deferential courtesy than he. The most haughty Southern official, and the most brutal of his guards, recognized, alike, and paid involuntary tribute to, the superiority of the pure and noble soul which shone out

in the young officer's winsome face and dignified presence.

His active mind could not rest in prison. He must be again free, again with his regiment. In the month of December, after several postponements of the attempt, he escaped with Captain Chamberlain of the 7th C. V., and the two tramped nearly a hundred miles through the woods and swamps before they were recaptured. Once more in Columbia, a new escape was planned in which he was to share, but it was discovered just in time to prevent its fulfillment. Yet another was interfered with by an order for him to go to Richmond for special parole procured through the intervention of friends at the North. This was in April, 1864. After a brief stay at the Libby, he came through the lines on the 1st of May. The narrative of his prison life and escapes, written in his admirable style, is of thrilling interest. Not even extracts from it can be given in a brief sketch like this, but its substance will appear in his extended biography now in preparation by his friend the Chaplain.

How he felt when again at liberty, he thus told his comrade in his first letter after release: "It was 12.30 when we reached City Point, and saw, for the first time in many months, the stars and stripes as they floated above the New York, which lay there at anchor. I used to think that enthusiasm for the flag was principally a manufactured article, and indulged a philosophical contempt for those who allowed a natural object to occupy the place in their minds which should be filled by the great abstract principle. But I shall have charity henceforth for all 4th of July orators, knowing myself better than I did; and honest feeling, even if it flies the spread eagle a little too high for my taste, shall have cheers instead of sneers from me." Again, writing from Annapolis, he said: "I am just beginning to realize that I am free. Until within a few hours the jesting cry of 'Boat up—300 officers on board,' would send the same thrill through me which it did at the Libby. I have still a great respect for enlisted men on duty, and half expect some of them to take me in charge as I pass through the streets. My hand doesn't rise to a salute spontaneously—it requires a distinct volition.





Did you jump at once back to your old position?" "How good it is to be free!" he said again. But as yet he was not entirely at liberty. He longed for a full exchange that he might rejoin his regiment, then at Gloucester Point, about moving to the front. "There is a captain here," he wrote, "who has been paroled, and for whom the authorities are to arrange a special exchange. I wish they'd put my name on the same paper. Uncle Sam may take back my leave of absence, and I'll throw in the half pay and all he owes me too."

He went to his home. Only those who know that home, and how he loved it, and who have suffered in long absence as he endured in campaigning and in prison, can appreciate his full joy in that return. Only such can realize what nobleness of self-forgetful patriotism induced him, on learning, when but five days of the twenty allowed him had passed, that his exchange was effected, to throw up all the remainder of his leave and hasten by the very first train, without even stopping to pack a valise, towards the field where his regiment was already engaged. Forcing his way through every obstacle from Bermuda Hundred towards Drewry's Bluff, and against the warning of nearly all whom he met by the way, on the morning of the defeat of August 16th, he rejoined the brave boys of the noble Tenth just as they were coming out of one sharp fight and preparing for another. Those who witnessed that glad meeting will not soon forget how, even under fire, those tried and trusty soldiers rent the air with welcoming cheers, nor how their brigade and division as well as regimental commanders hurried forward to give the gallant young officer a hearty greeting.

From that hour of reunion with his regiment, Adj. Camp shared in all the perils and endurances of the Army of the James in its full five months of uninterrupted campaigning. No brief record can tell of the many nights of wakefulness, of the many days of burning heat, or of driving storm, in the which the officers and men of that army have shown their devotion to the cause they represent. Establishing new picket lines in the darkness, carrying orders along the front in the thickest of the battle's fray, while standing against the most furious attack of the enemy, or while charging upon the intrenched positions of the foe, in advance skirmishing, or while covering the retreat of a large army, in engagements by the score, at Bermuda Hundred, at Deep Bottom, at Strawberry Plains, at Deep Run, at Fussell's Mills, and for weary weeks in the trenches at Petersburg, Adj. Camp showed himself the ever brave, faithful, efficient soldier, gaining constantly in the confidence and affection of those above and those beneath him.

Again tendered unsought promotion, he was mustered in as major of his regi-

ment in September, 1864, while yet before Petersburg. He was with his regiment in its new move across the James and at the battle of New Market Heights, and again in its brilliant and daring dash up the New Market road to Laurel Hill Church, in support of Gen. Terry's advance on Richmond by the central road. When Gen. Birney recovered the ground lost by Gen. Kautz, Major Camp was the only officer besides brave Col. Otis with the battle line of the Tenth to meet and repel the determined onset of Law's Alabama brigade.

On the 13th of October, Maj. Camp fought his last fight. After skirmishing from daylight until 2 P. M. of that day against the enemy's position between the Darbytown and Charles City roads, about four miles from Richmond, the 10th C. V. was ordered to report to Col. Pond, commanding the 1st brigade of Gen. Ames' division, to lead in an assault on the rebel works. Those works were strong intrenchments with slashing in their front. The advance to them must be for several hundred yards by a dense thicket of scrub oaks and tangled laurels and vines, through which men could force their way but slowly even if otherwise unimpeded, and which was raked by a deadly fire of artillery and musketry on both front and flank. For the fearful advance through this, Maj. Camp quietly asked leave to take position with the front line instead of with the second, where he was first assigned, believing that he could thus do most in encouraging the men in their terrible trial. Then, while many about him were despondent, he was cheerful as ever. Speaking hopefully of the possible result, even while he could not shut his eyes to the more probable issue of the move, and expressing to his friend his firm unshaken trust in the Savior, whose cause he had long openly espoused, he pressed forward in advance of the line when the word of command was given. Unchecked by the crash of grape and canister, undaunted amid the shower of bullets, flitting not while comrades fell by the score, perseveringly and determinedly he forced his way on, up to the far front of that bloody advance, and there in full view of the enemy's works, sought to rally the scattered remnant of his little band under the folds of the tattered flag they had clung to so faithfully and followed so long. "Come on, boys! come on!" he called encouragingly as he stood right before the bristling parapet, in the face of open-mouthed artillery, and over against the double battle line of the defiant foe. Scores of hostile rifles were leveled against his prominent form as for a second he stood waving his sword and shouting there the onward cry, and the words had hardly passed his lips ere he fell, shot through and through, again and again, to die without a struggle, but to die gloriously, to die as he had lived, the brave, self-sacrificing, heroic Christ-

ian soldier, to die in the work to which he had given himself, and for the cause which he loved—the cause which grows dearer and seems holier for every new sacrifice laid upon its sacred altar.

The remains of Maj. Camp, being left on the field when the assaulting column retired, they were recovered the day following by flag of truce and taken to Hartford for interment.

A life of rare symmetry and of rare promise was closed to earth when this young officer lay down to die. He was a fine scholar, of clear head, close reasoning powers and mature judgment. His correctness of taste and delicacy of sentiment were as marked as the vigor of his intellect and the strength of his character. He seldom uttered an idle word. His sentences were full, forcible and polished. His purity of speech was proverbial, yet he had the keenest appreciation and enjoyment of humor, and his wit was of the sharpest edge. He was as graceful and attractive as he was manly and dignified. His unbending integrity, his strict conscientiousness, his high sense of honor, were well known and remarkable. None ever knew him do a mean or ungenerous act, or heard from his lips an ungentlemanly expression. And above all, his retiring modesty was as marked as his ability. He shrunk from notice, and never aspired after station or prominence. Yet every place he was in he filled with distinction, and as advanced position imposed on him new duties, his latent powers would have been aroused to the full discharge of all his responsibilities.

"Our cause cannot boast a nobler martyr than Henry W. Camp," said good Col. Plaisted, his brigade commander; "his name will be recorded with those of Ellsworth and Wiffthrop, youthful heroes who have given their lives to their country." And his name is doubtless also written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

H. C. T.

### The Patriot's Pledge.

Our native land! to thee,  
In one united vow,  
To keep thee strong and free,  
And glorious as now—  
We pledge each heart and hand;  
By the blood our fathers shed,  
By the ashes of our dead,  
By the sacred soil we tread,  
God for our Native Land.

THE USUAL APOLOGY.—Logan happened one evening to be at a convivial party in Irvine, when the toast and the song performed their merry round. A lady present being called on to contribute to the hilarity of the evening, excused herself by saying that she had only one song, and it was so threadbare she was afraid to sing it. "Hoot, madam," cried our wag, "so much the better, for if it's threadbare you'll get the easier through it."





## HOME DEPARTMENT.

## Two Hours Among the Records.

Many have no idea of the nature and amount of business done at the office of the Adjutant General of Connecticut, and few have adequate conception of the thorough system, the neatness, accuracy and minuteness of detail with which the work is done.

Let us glance at matters in the office, and first sit down at the

## DEPARTMENT OF RECORDS.

Here are hundreds of original documents, including official reports by the commanding officers, of all movements of regiments—all engagements and the casualties—the muster rolls of every regiment and battery from the State sworn into the service of the U. S., containing the name, company, rank and residence of every officer and man, filed away with full descriptive lists—all the subsequent bi-monthly muster rolls prepared and forwarded from each regiment and battery, stating the actual number of men on duty, the number on the rolls, with all promotions, casualties, men detailed or sick, additions, losses or other changes. Besides, reports as complete as persistent effort can secure, are obtained concerning Connecticut soldiers in various hospitals throughout the land. All these original documents are carefully assorted, labeled and filed away for future reference.

The design of these voluminous and detailed reports is to keep accurate record of every man who has entered the service of the U. S. in Connecticut organizations with the facts of his subsequent career essential to correct returns, and to ensure justice, as well as prevent fraud in distribution of pensions, and back pay or bounty.

In the confusion and press of labor succeeding a sanguinary engagement, wounded men get scattered through many and distant hospitals and here trace of some is inevitably lost, but so far as the work in the office of the Adj.-General is concerned the system is perfect and, all facts obtained are preserved, systematized, and made available.

Records of this sort are kept in every State, with more or less accuracy. For this purpose, in the office of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts there is a long row of racks, one for each regiment, and the muster rolls as returned are placed each on its proper rack. But the muster rolls grow numerous and unwieldy, and it often becomes necessary in tracing the history of a single soldier to hunt through a voluminous pile, and not unfrequently the search is fruitless.

Gen. Morse has adopted a comprehensive system of records by which this ever increasing difficulty is entirely obviated, a vast amount of valuable time saved and much vexatious and unavailing search avoided.

Large books are provided with columns ruled for name, regiment, company, residence, date of muster, and a wide column for remarks concerning promotion, transfer, re-enlistment, desertion, discharge or any other important fact of a soldier's career. On these books are entered alphabetically, all names on the original muster rolls of all regiments and the names of all recruits, whether drafted men or substitutes, when taken up

on the rolls of the regiments. Opposite each name, in the proper columns, are recorded the regiment, company, date of muster in, and residence. Then just as soon as the regular bi-monthly muster rolls of the regiments arrive they are carefully compared with the books and every promotion, transfer, discharge, death or other important fact is noted down against the proper name, and in the proper column. The same is done when reports are received from the various hospitals. Thus a brief tabulated history is kept of every man in the service.

Reports are also received from every Provost Marshal, and the names of all drafted men and substitutes entered alphabetically on suitable books, with residence, date of muster in, regiment to which the men are assigned, and other facts which occur before their names are taken up on the rolls of the regiment. Their subsequent career may be traced on the books first mentioned. Another set of books indicates the names and number of men credited to each town on the books of the Adjutant General at Washington.

From these minute and classified records the authorities are able to determine at once the precise condition of the quota of the State and of each town. Thus also returns are made to the State Comptroller Paymaster-General and Selectmen of towns, by which fraudulent payments of State and town relief are prevented. Thus, too, without delay, disabled soldiers are enabled to obtain evidence of enlistment and discharge. Widows and others entitled to pensions or back pay can secure evidence to establish their claims, and an accurate list of the heroic defenders of the nation's life is perpetuated for posterity to examine and glory in.

This elaborate and complete system of tabulated records also renders it possible to prepare what we venture to affirm can be accurately prepared in the offices of few Adjutant-Generals in the Union—namely:

## A CATALOGUE OF THE STATE VOLUNTEER FORCE.

This catalogue, complete to July 1st, 1864, has been compiled at the office of our accomplished Adjutant General, and issued in a large and handsome volume. The classification is by regiments and companies, batteries and detachments, as they were mustered into service. Here will be found the name of every man, with the facts collated from the records above described.

Some men are marked as deserters, who probably would disclaim the treasonable act of desertion. But in such cases, either through their own carelessness or that of officers in charge of hospitals, no report of their location has been received at their respective regiments.

The immense and fatiguing labor of this vast work has been performed under the supervision of Mr. A. L. Hunt, and its admirable execution reflects great credit on his ability and perseverance.

## THE STATE MILITIA.

The roster of commissioned officers is accurately kept in tabulated form. No record is kept of enlisted men, because there is no legal provision for the purpose. Laws should be passed at the next session of the Legislature so to organize the militia, and systematize its records, that they may be kept in the same thorough manner as those of regiments in active service.

Capt. Duryee, Assistant Adjutant-General, has recently undertaken to collect, free of charge,

## PENSIONS, BOUNTIES,

Or other monies due to soldiers or their friends. The design is truly beneficent, namely, to secure the largest possible amount to a class of persons who generally need every penny. It interferes with business of others no further than is for the advantage of the great majority of those concerned. The facilities for information and system at the Adjutant General's office are greater than they can elsewhere be—and hence the business can be done there with greater dispatch and economy of time than any where else, and with trifling cost to a class of citizens generally of genuine worth, but limited means.

True economy and patriotism approve the beneficent design, and we sincerely hope that our next Legislature will establish this as a permanent department.

It is gratifying to notice that the idea daily gains favor. Persons from all parts of the State are sending in applications for the collection of moneys due. A considerable number of claims have been already collected at the trifling cost to the applicants of the affidavits before the Clerk of the Court of Records, and a few cents for postage.

Persons sending letters of inquiry, or documents, should address

Captain Redfield Duryee,  
Asst. Adj. Gen.,  
Hartford, Conn.

Printed instructions will be sent by him for preparing necessary papers. The parties to whom they are sent will save much time and trouble if they will conform very carefully to the directions. The most frequent mistake is that of witnessing papers before a notary public or justice. All papers of this character, must be sworn to before a JUDGE or CLERK of a COURT of RECORD.

## RECRUITING IN REBEL STATES.

Has not been entirely unsuccessful; 75 recruits have been obtained and mustered into the U. S. service, to the credit of Connecticut, at Fort Monroe, by Col. Selden, 41 at Newbern, by Col. Pardee, and 217 by Capt. Peck, at Hilton Head. Colonel Selden is now recruiting quite rapidly, and will soon report a much larger number. Very little has been attempted and nothing accomplished at other points.

## Fitch's Home for the Soldiers.

In our last number we suggested the establishment of a Home for the Soldiers of this State. We now call the attention of patriotic citizens to a "Home" generously endowed by the beneficence of Benjamin Fitch, incorporated by the Legislature of 1864, and located at Darien.

Wm. A. Cummings, Darien; Joseph B. Hoyt, Stamford; Philander Button, Greenwich; Stephen Hoyt, New Canaan; Edward C. Bissell, Norwalk; Charles Marvin, Wilton, form the body corporate of Fitch's Home. These gentlemen, with the Senator elect of the 12th District, form the Board of Trustees.

The endowment of Mr. Fitch consists of, property, \$4,500, cash, \$5,000, with \$5,000 toward the erection of buildings for kitchen, dining-room,





chapel and school-room; total, \$14,500. Other donations toward furnishing the establishment amount to about \$2,000 in materials of various kinds. Some 20 patriotic ladies of Darien have met weekly for the last three months to make up sheets, comfortables, and other necessary articles.

Applications for admission will now be received by the executive committee, and the "Home" will very soon be opened.

This "Home" is intended primarily for disabled soldiers of the 12th senatorial district, but its field will be enlarged just so far as means are provided.

Here, then, is the foundation of The Home for the brave disabled defenders of the nation's life whom Connecticut has sent to the field.

Let a structure be built adequate to receive and provide for all who, by wounds or arduous service, are made dependent—a structure worthy the patriotism of our gallant State and the lofty heroism of "our boys in blue." Generous and loyal people of Connecticut, "Let us not be weary in well doing."

### The 26th Regiment.

Nearly three hundred members of the 26th met in Norwich, Nov. 14th, for a social reunion. They assembled at Treadway's Hall, at 9 A. M. Col. Kingsley was chosen Chairman, Adj. Meech, Sec'y. A capital address was read by Chaplain Allen. Brief and appropriate speeches were delivered by Maj. Stoll, Capts. Bently, Champlin and Gallup, Lieuts. Fish and Comstock, and several others.

The Regiment paraded through the city, organized as of old, with stirring music, and returned to the Hall to partake of a sumptuous dinner provided by the officers.

After dinner, jubiliatory speeches were made, patriotic letters from officers unable to be present, were read,—joke and laugh and cheers enlivened the passing hours.

There is talk of re-organizing the regiment for active service. We assuredly hope that it will be done.

### Our Veterans.

#### NUMBER NINE.

Fifteen officers and 127 enlisted men of the THIRTEENTH REGIMENT,

Left Winchester on Friday, Dec. 23d, for home—arriving at New Haven on the afternoon of the 25th. The officers had neglected to announce their coming, and were themselves the bearers of the tidings. Hence, it was impossible to prepare and extend a fitting welcome. It is a matter of sincere regret because that many people in New Haven earnestly desired to honor the gallant 13th. The men were marched to U. S. Draft Rendezvous, and received furloughs on the 29th until Jan. 6th. The boys were at the Rendezvous punctually, to receive discharge and back pay. But alas for their expectations of greenbacks, the Paymaster failed to appear. Vexatious formality postponed the day of freedom and funds. The boys grumbled and justly, but they had been too long soldiers not to accommodate themselves to unpleasant circumstances.

On the Monday following they received full

pay and honorable papers. The following is the list of returned officers:

Colonel C. D. Blinn.  
Quartermaster William Bishop.  
Adjutant F. N. Stanley.  
Captain J. J. McCord.  
Captain C. H. Cornwall.  
Captain D. H. Finley.  
Captain Perry Averill.  
1st Lieut. Robert A. Ripley.  
1st Lieut. J. S. A. Baker.  
1st Lieut. Wm. F. Norman.  
2d Lieut. J. J. Squires.  
2d Lieut. George E. Fancher.  
2d Lieut. C. H. Beaton.  
2d Lieut. J. M. Lyman.  
2d Lieut. E. S. Dunbar.

About 400 men remain in the field, under command of Capt. W. E. Bradley. These will probably be consolidated as the 9th and 12th, into a battalion to be ultimately commanded by Lieut. Col. H. B. Sprague, now a prisoner.

We hope that the three battalions may be united under the command of one Connecticut officer.

### The Treatment of Prisoners.

More than a hundred paroled or escaped prisoners, belonging to Connecticut regiments, reached Connecticut during the month of December. Careful inquiry from them and from others previously released or escaped has thoroughly satisfied us on several points.

1. That the frightful suffering of "Our Boys in Blue" is not and cannot be overstated.

2. That this horrible suffering need not be inflicted. Food is abundant in that part of the Confederacy in which they are confined. It can always be purchased for money, jack knives, watches or brass buttons, and if it can be so furnished, it can be readily obtained by Confederate authorities. If the officers in charge desire to prevent scurvy, they can easily procure vegetables and issue them at any time. If they wish to preserve the health of the prisoners, they can at any time confine them on high land instead of filthy and malarious swamp—near clear and good water instead of sluggish and polluted pools. They can confine them where wood is abundant, and give out axes, not enough for means of resistance, but enough to enable the houseless captives constructing rude huts, to protect themselves from sun and storm, and chill night air.

3. Hence we infer that it is the deliberate and fiendish purpose of the heartless Confederate leaders to undermine the health and impair the constitutions of our brave boys, that they can never again serve in the army. The records of barbarism in all ages reveal no such wholesale, persistent, aggravated cruelty.

It remained for a people boasting itself Christian, but breathing from birth the baleful atmosphere of human bondage, to achieve unapproachable infamy through perfection of relentless brutality.

This inhuman purpose is further revealed by the circumstances of the recent exchange. Those selected were, in the main, emaciated, ill, hopelessly broken down. A few of the healthier and stronger must be sent as attendants. These were chosen almost invariably from the men whose time had

or would very soon expire. No re-enlisted veteran was permitted knowingly to come. If any did come, they escaped by deceit or by personal favor.

4. We are also led to a conclusion apparently somewhat at variance with the others, namely, that supplies sent through the lines by the Sanitary Commission, have been for the most part equitably distributed. The rebels seem, in this single particular, to have a commendable sense of honor. From the demon Turner, of Libby Prison, however, we must withhold even this praise. But let us rejoice that of other prison-keepers we may say so much. We venture to suggest further that larger quantities of supplies be forwarded immediately. It may be that if stores were poured in so abundantly as to be likely to defeat the malign purpose of the traitors they would refuse to receive them, or apply them to their own use. But this is not yet the case. We believe it in our power, ere full exchange can be effected, to alleviate the unspeakable misery of thousands, and save the lives of hundreds of our bravest and best. Need we say more?

### The Votes of the Soldiers.

J. Hammond Trumbull, Secretary of State for Connecticut, affirms the whole number of votes received by Commissioners to be 2898. He estimates the number of these votes actually deposited in the ballot boxes as not exceeding 2291. To these must be added the votes deposited by the soldiers at home, certainly not less than 400. If the friends of McClellan assume that every soldier voted for Mr. Lincoln, they may claim that Connecticut on the home vote gave a majority for McClellan. But if one soldier in ten voted for McClellan, his supporters can not fairly claim Connecticut for him on the home vote.

It is evident that, as we stated with regret in the Dec. Number, neither the whole number of soldiers' votes nor the number polled for each candidate, can be accurately ascertained.

### Books and Papers.

Again we remind the people that days in winter quarters in the Valley, on the James, and along the coast, must be whiled away by the boys in occupations either useful and improving, or unprofitable and harmful.

It depends on us, in no small degree, to furnish means to make these winter days a season of rational enjoyment and instruction. Send books which have been read—magazines, illustrated papers, by the Christian Commission or other means. Send papers to your friends. Subscribe for a good weekly for your son or brother. Subtract a good book or two from the shelf and send it with a God-speed to the brave boys. The vacant place reminding you of a generous act will be worth more than the book.

These are cheap methods of doing much good. Shall we allow indolence or selfishness to leave them untried?

INTELLIGENT CRITICISM.—"Well, how do you like the looks of the varmint?" said a Southwester to a Northeaster gazing with staring wonder for the first time on a huge alligator.

"Waal," replied Jonathan, "he aint what yeou may call a harnsum critter, but he has got a great deal of openness when he smiles."





## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

## From the 21st Regiment.

CAMP 21ST CONN. VOL., }  
In the Field, Va., Dec. 20th, 1864. }

EDITOR CONN. WAR RECORD:—It is with great diffidence that the present writer accedes to your request to occupy the place in your columns so ably filled by Capt. D. D. Brown. But with no attempt at a literary entertainment for your readers, he will endeavor to lay before them the simple history of events in the career of the gallant 21st.

From the 1st to the 29th of July very little occurred to break the monotony of life in the trenches at Petersburg, save the frequent artillery duel which generally subsides after creating a vast amount of noise and smoke, with no particular damage to either side. But the greatest praise is due our noble soldiers for the patience and fortitude with which they endured the almost intolerable heat during this period. The line held by the regiment being in the open field, was fully exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, which poured down with the utmost intensity. The men were obliged to lie under ground, as it were, where no circulation of the air could be obtained, and one could do nought but lie still and swelter in the sultry air. Any appearance of a head above the breastwork, was sure to secure attention of some hard hearted southron, with a crack and a whistling ball by no means pleasant to hear. Day after day dragged slowly by, each one like its predecessor. Some spent the days in sleep, some in conversation, and some taking sly shots at the rebel line. The advent of the Co. cooks was always hailed with delight, not only on account of the "grab" they brought, but as forming a break in the vast monotony. And no sooner did a cook "heave in sight" than a commotion was at once visible. Tin cups joined in a lively chorus, and hungry stomachs began to grow ravenous. The usual amount of grumbling must be bestowed upon these devoted sons of the cuisine, who finally retired from the field abashed, ducking their heads around each corner, calling forth roars of laughter, and then the usual quiet resumed its sway. At this time the regiment remained in the trenches two or three, and often four days at a time, being occasionally relieved for the purpose of washing clothes, and cleaning up generally. But the close confinement, and want of exercise, together with the heat, exceedingly debilitated both officers and men, and the sick list was accordingly larger.

On the 11th of July, the whole Brigade being in camp, was ordered to relieve a Brigade in the trenches that night. Our road to the front ran directly past a number of the enemies' heaviest batteries planted on the opposite bank of the Appomattox river, and within easy range. The troops, however, were habitually relieved in the night time, so that they were undisturbed in passing to and fro. But by some mistake this night, the Brigade was ordered out before dark. The men well knew what would be the result, but like true soldiers faltered not, but marched steadily under the very mouths as it were of those frowning guns, which of course immediately opened with a terrific fire, and not the less

appalling from the fact that we were defenseless, and must take it as it came. But then did our brave boys show their mettle. Although the shot ploughed up the ground on every side, and the air seemed thick with fragments of bursting shells, they marched steadily on, scarcely quickening their step. And the 21st at the head of the column, proved themselves fully entitled to the name of veterans. A few cowards there were, and for the sake of their brave companions behind whom they skulked, we gave them passing notice. But for the honor of the regiment be it said, they were f-w. The members of the 21st as a whole, are not men to show their backs to the enemy, as several bloody fields can testify. Yet, by a merciful Providence, not a man was injured under the fiery test just described, though many a wonderful and narrow escape occurred.

On the evening of the 29th, we were again relieved from our position on the right of the line, by the 2d Corps, and the 18th Corps, to which we belonged, was moved just after dark farther to the left, and in rear of the line held by the ninth Corps, where we were allowed to obtain a little repose such as soldiers obtain while lying on their arms and the bare ground. After a short nap, however, we were called up and moved into the trenches, relieving the ninth Corps, which was then massed just in our rear, preparatory to a charge. And then we found we were in the vicinity of the celebrated mine under the enemy's forts, of which we had heard rumor after rumor, and that it was in fact a reality, and was to be sprung that morning, and the explosion was to be the signal for a grand attack. Slowly the night wore away. The grey dawn crept up the eastern horizon. The morning beams were just darting across the heavens all unconscious of the carnage they heralded, when suddenly the earth shook and heaved as with an earthquake. And though we were expecting it, still the shock was so sudden, and so much nearer than we supposed, that every man was startled and leaped to the breastwork, when a fearful sight met the eye. A huge mass like a mountain was thrown hundreds of feet in the air, while a blue sulphurous flame issued from every crevice and fissure, and the vast mass of earth curled over like the crest of a huge wave, appearing in the uncertain light as though it would entomb our whole line. Every man was in his place, and then along our whole front from right to left with deafening roar, "far flashed the red artillery." Volley after volley of musketry was also hurled at the foe, who, startled and terrified, wildly rushed to and fro appalled at the awful fate of their brethren in the fort. And then with a shout the 9th Corps rushed into the breach and the Stars and Stripes waved over the rebel stronghold. The 21st forming part of the supports, was engaged in holding our line of works, and in attracting the attention of the enemy from the assaulting party, by keeping up a continual fire of musketry. And nobly did they perform the task assigned them, though one of the enemy's batteries enfiladed our line, and their shot frequently swept down inside the rifle pit, through its whole length. The sun, too, poured down with such intensity as it rose higher, as to render it almost impossible to keep the works manned. Many received severe sunstrokes. So rapid was the firing also, that the gun barrels be-

came so heated as to scorch the hands of the men. Yet they stood nobly to their work while required. The regiment there lost three men killed, and twelve wounded. One of its bravest officers there sacrificed his life upon the altar of his country, Capt. Francis S. Long, of Willimantic, Conn. Being in command of a corps of sharpshooters, he was on the extreme front directing their movements, entirely neglectful of self, when a piece of shell pierced his neck, killing him instantly. Many a heart felt sad when his death was announced. No better tribute can be given him than to say he died loved and respected by all who knew him.

The fatal results of the day so auspiciously begun, are known to all. After lying in the hot sun all day, we were at night relieved and marched to the rear, where we were allowed to obtain the rest we so much needed. And throwing ourselves again on the bare ground, we soon forgot the fearful scenes just passed through.

And this closes the history of the month.

21st.

## From the 2d Conn. Light Battery.

MONTGOMERY POINT, ARKANSAS, }  
Nov. 22d, 1864. }

After two months respite in the city of New Orleans, since our return from the capture of Forts Gaines and Morgan, we received orders on the 12th inst. to report to Gen. Reynolds at the mouth of the White River. We accordingly left our comfortable quarters in the crescent city, which we had begun to believe we should occupy during the winter, on the night of the 13th, and after six days on the river, reached our destination, and on the morning of the 20th disembarked and went into camp. We are uncertain about remaining here any length of time, but expect to be sent ere long either up the White River to St. Charles or Duval's Bluff, or to Memphis.

During our trip up the river we had stormy weather nearly all the way. Nevertheless, we had an opportunity of seeing Port Hudson, Natchez, and Vicksburg. We stopped at the latter place a half a day to coal and wood, and thus had time to take a view of the fortifications of that stronghold, once deemed by the rebels impregnable. It was there we heard the welcome intelligence of the re-election of Abraham Lincoln, and a salute was there fired in honor of the event.

Just previous to our departure from New Orleans, Lieut. George Munger resigned. His resignation was caused by disability, occasioned by service in the field. He was generally esteemed as an officer, and as a man, and takes with him to civil life the warmest wishes for his happiness, and prosperity of those with whom he has been associated since the organization of the battery.

We left but one or two sick behind, and among them was Lieut. Whiting. Lieut. Hotchkiss is in command of the battery, assisted by Lieutenant Gray.

On reaching here we found quite a difference in temperature from New Orleans, and our shelter tents, (all we have ever had since we have been in the Department of the Gulf,) were but little protection against the piercing cold and driving storm. Our men are now busy, even with a prospect of marching orders, in constructing





log huts. Several regiments have recently left here abandoning an abundance of material for the building of comfortable quarters. We do not expect to stay here to enjoy them if either Price or Hood come within striking distance.

UNION.

### From the 8th Regiment.

8TH REGT. C. V. V. I., 24TH CORPS, }  
ARMY OF THE JAMES, Va., Dec. 22d, 1864. }

FRIEND MORRIS:—Two months have passed since I last reported for the Eighth. Since then the Army of the James has been reorganized. The white troops of both the 18th and 10th Corps were formed into a new Corps, the 24th, and the colored troops into another, the 25th. The latter occupies the left of this position on the north bank of the James, and the former the right. Our regiment is still retained on guard duty now at Headquarters 24th Corps. It is said that our men please the officers in command, very much. These headquarters are on the ground of the old 10th Corps. Hence we were obliged in the reconstruction, to leave the comfortable houses our men had prepared, and found ourselves as a severe storm was approaching, with very little to cover our heads. However, houses grew rapidly and we are better provided now than before. Immediately succeeding my last communication, a reconnaissance in force was made upon the extreme right. The Eighth being on guard did not participate. Our men could scarcely content themselves as they listened to the thunder of artillery on both right and left, and knew that earnest work was progressing, and they not taking an active part. Many were the words of gratitude that we could be relieved from the severity of battle. But soon we were made sad. For, though the Regiment was not in the fight it had worthy representatives there.

Capt. Charles M. Coit, A. A. A. Gen. on Brigade staff, was severely, and we then feared, mortally wounded. And Sergt. Hickok, Co. A. of the sharpshooters, was wounded and taken prisoner. These, with one other wound from a chance shell, some days afterwards, are all the casualties, we have suffered. Capt. Coit, who by the way, had just previous received a commission to the majority of the regiment, after suffering severely, and hanging for a long time apparently midway between life and death is, we hope, slowly recovering.

Since I wrote you, we have all rejoiced over the re-election of President Lincoln. The thrilling victories since, are but a fair expression of the approval which the army, and we believe, God also, desires to render to the decision of the nation.

Thanksgiving, too, has come since I last wrote you. Many thanks we return to all the kind friends who conceived the idea and labored to secure for us a real New England Thanksgiving dinner. We fully appreciate their bountiful hearts, although we enjoyed only the anticipation. Other regiments somewhere in the service, we suppose, enjoyed the reality. However, we received if not these supplies, a fine set of recruits for our wasted ranks. Nov. 29th, 95 out of 100 sent, actually arrived. They seem to promise well. We have now an aggregate of nearly 300

in the old Eighth. So you see we are not dead yet. Nor do we propose, D. V. to yield while rebellion and slavery, the primal cause of rebellion, resist our national authority.

During these two months Capt. Goodrich and Lieut. Rathburn have been mustered out of service, and Capt. Emmons Graves, on Major Gen. Weitzel's staff, has been added to us.

Yesterday, Dec. 21st, our regiment was called to execute five deserters, all from Co. G. 1st Conn. Heavy Artillery. They were new comers to that regiment, but apparently not novices in crime. They deserted on the 14th inst. were tried and found guilty on the 19th, and executed on the 21st. They were informed of their fate about two hours before their execution. It was a hard place for the Chaplain, for Capt. Morgan, who commanded the squads, and for our men who did the summary deed. But they faithfully performed the requirement, and with the sharp sound "fire," each prisoner fell insensible. I can but feel that the influence will prove eminently salutary. Bounty jumping by some is thought to be only a sharp trick. Several to my knowledge, who witnessed yesterday's execution, have enlightened views of justice, authority and law, and more than one in N. Y. has been warned by letter to-day, of what may be expected in attempting to escape from the front.

Tell the friends at home that we still hope for the favor of God, and are preparing to serve again with vigor, our betrayed but redeemed country. Yours, ever, in this good cause.

CHAPLAIN.

### From the 2d Conn. Light Battery.

MOUTH OF WHITE RIVER, ARK., }  
December 21st, 1864. }

The battery is still detained at this point, notwithstanding we are under semi-marching orders and are required to keep on hand ten days rations and to have transportation in readiness to convey us to Memphis, Morganza, Little Rock or wherever else our services might be demanded. The place where we are located is not of any particular military importance, but lying on the Mississippi between the White and Arkansas rivers, and being an island formed by a "cut off" between the two last mentioned. It is easily defended from attack—the principal patrol being gun boats, and affords a very convenient depot and rendezvous.

Maj. Gen. J. J. Reynolds has taken command of the Department of Arkansas, relieving Gen. Steele, who has been ordered to report to Gen. Canby at New Orleans, for assignment to command. Gen. Reynolds' command is not confined to the Department of Arkansas, and we are required to report to him as well as to the headquarters of the Department of the Gulf. We are daily expecting marching orders either to Memphis or Little Rock, as the rebel Generals Hood and Price develop their intentions.

Since the date of my last letter, Capt. John W. Sterling has been honorably discharged, and 1st Lieut. Walter S. Hotchkiss has been promoted to the Captaincy of the Battery. The latter has been in command of the battery for some months; he is a good commanding officer, has the confidence of the men and will, doubtless, prove to be "the right man in the right place."

There is a general complaint among the men in regard to the rations, which are insufficient, particularly in the items of bread or flour, rice and beans and potatoes. The old ration of 1863 should be restored. It was a grand mistake that it was ever altered.

The majority of those who went North last summer on sick furloughs, have rejoined the battery, and we have now a pretty full complement of men. During the past month we have lost one by death in camp, John C. Newton of Stratford.

We have had a severe storm of a week's duration, which has left us surrounded by a boundless contiguity of mud. Our shelter tents would have been no protection against such inclement weather, notwithstanding they are all the government affords us. But old soldiers are not long in constructing a log hut which they make not only dry and warm but convenient and comfortable.

UNION.

### From the 11th Regiment.

11TH CONN. VOLS., }  
BERMUDA HUNDRED, Va., Nov. 30, 1864. }

DEAR EDITOR:—The last of autumn with us is warm and beautiful as spring. Thanksgiving came with unusual smiles and certain substantial tokens from home. Mars hid his grim visage. We received our turkey and apples with thankfulness and with a fresh determination to push the war till Thanksgiving and other New England customs are observed in each of these United States and throughout the National Domain.

This Thanksgiving was a day of special gladness in our regiment, for it brought us, so often and sorely bereaved, a Field Officer again. Captain Randall H. Rice, who has been with the Eleventh from its formation, known and helped make our history, and who was wounded for the second time, and we feared mortally, at Petersburg, on the 18th of June, returned to us as Major, with improved health, and zeal for the cause and for the honor of the Eleventh, unabated. The successive deaths of Major Converse, Adjutant Barnum, Colonel Stedman and Lieut. Col. Moegling, with the long days of mourning which followed these repeated strokes, had prepared us to extend to him a most hearty welcome. Besides these losses by death, Major Kies, who had succeeded the heroic Converse, has been compelled to leave the service from continued ill-health, incurred by continued exposure in the field.

Lieut. Davis has been absent all the campaign, as Acting Quartermaster of the 2d Division, 18th Army Corps. Our Veteran Surgeon, Dr. Whitecomb, together with Dr. Satterlee, have been away, called to other and larger fields. And so it is, that with one exception, none of Col. Stedman's Military Family is left with the Regiment, and four of them—just half—are among the dead.

Similar to this, is the record of the Line Officers and of the Regiment. Our men have been separated somewhat, as well as diminished in number. But now the detachment of one hundred men, under Captain Kramzynski, who have been doing duty at the Siege Train Depot of the 1st Conn. Heavy Artillery, have come back with words of warm commendation from Colonel Abbott. Yet





gathering together the little remnant of so many bloody days we count in this Department barely 300 men. At the first of May we had 801 for duty, while our rolls gave a total of more than a thousand. Then, too, we had 30 Officers for duty—now 12. Our losses began at Swift Creek, on the 9th of May, 12 in all. One week from that Monday at Drury's Bluff our total loss was 184. At Cold Harbor, June 3d, 90. Then Major Converse fell, and Adjutant Barnum and Captain Allen received wounds which afterwards proved fatal. Then followed those days in the trenches and with Old Virgil, "I shudder recalling them." Again at Petersburg, June, 18th, our casualties were 49. Among them Captain Sackett, who fell in the thickest of the fight, and three other officers wounded.

July was a month of sluggish but uninterrupted war. We lived in ditches and holes of the earth, exposed to the sun and dog star by day, the dew by night, and both rebel fire and diarrhoea—another Virginia evil—at all times. The month ended with the explosion at the Crater when, though spectators merely, we sustained a loss of 8 men.

But with the Eleventh, August 5th was the dark day; for on that evening Colonel Stedman received his mortal wound.

#### LIEUT. COLONEL MOEGLING,

was also slightly wounded. He was even then indisposed. Ill health followed, and after a partial recovery he grew worse again. His sickness finally became a typhoid, and it was soon thought advisable that he should visit his home and try a Northern climate. But he went home to die. Exposure and hardship during four campaigns, had been doing this work. The vital powers were overborne. No care of friends or home attentions could avail. He had been thrice wounded, and had been in frequent battles and desperate charges, yet had escaped them all only to meet death in another form. To this land of his adoption, to Constitutional Government, and to Universal Liberty, which is the same in every land, he gave the blossom of his manhood and his life. He had the real Germanic love of Liberty and its opposite fate, a keen hate to slavery. He was one of the first to join the first Volunteer Regiment in the State; he served faithfully, fought fearlessly, and having before spilled his blood, finally offered his life in the National cause.

In your last some things were said of

#### COLONEL STEDMAN.

A friendship dating from my first acquaintance with him—a friendship now purified, but even then sometimes exalted to a tender love, will not allow me to close a letter which has become but a necrology of the Regiment, without a tribute to his memory. His culture, his refinement, his urbanity, his taste, his delicacy and purity of sentiment, fitted him well for social converse and the evening assembly. But he had royal and martial qualities to which a drawing room could give no scope. His promotion in military life only followed acknowledged merit, and that at a long interval. While acting Brigadier General in this terrible campaign, he had been recommended for that rank, by all his superior officers, by General Martindale of the Division, General Baldy Smith,

of the Corps, and twice and in most flattering terms by General Butler, of the Department, and yet, as if to mock all earthly honor, his Brevet as Brigadier, only came after he had received his mortal wound. He was eminently fitted for command. His judgment was sound, ripe beyond his years and wide in its range. Few subjects came upon which he had not thought and formed his opinions. Men naturally trusted him in an emergency. He was rigorous in discipline; sometimes severe, but justice, not passion, ruled in it all. His courage was of the truest and most unflinching kind. It was supported by toughness of frame and physical vigor. But it was not brutal; it was not animal; it was not insensibility to danger, but a moral principle, based on convictions of duty, calm, cool, firm as a rock and reliable as a Damascus blade. He sheltered his men, but was prodigal of his own life. He ruled in camp, but on the field he had a paternal care for his regiment. I have seen him without the least apparent solicitude for himself arranging his command and caring for them man by man. I especially remember his bearing at the battle of Drury's Bluff. It was after our second stand at the breastworks, when the terrible slaughter that we inflicted on the rebels at first, was paid back to us in like carnage from our exposed flanks, when a hundred of the regiment were caught in that storm and rain of ball and fell into the enemy's hands. I had never seen such a martial figure and look before. I thought if the War God had come down in the form of men, and Mars had become incarnate, he would have found a family resemblance in Col. Stedman.

But more than of his valor, do I love to think of his virtues. His voice was not the loud trumpet of war, but those silver tones which the ear of friendship could gather in, and which come back from the grave in still sweeter echoes. These virtues were his crowning excellencies while living; they make his memory sacred when dead. The vices of the camp did not tarnish him. The leprosy was all around him, but it spared him. His integrity was rooted fast. It stood like the monarch of the forest, while the weaker fibre of other growth yielded to the tempest and fell.

This young life, so eventful, so full of promise and bursting with new hopes, was cut off by a random blow. But I can not tell you how gloom gathered in the darkness of that fatal evening, and how the morning light, which broke upon the dying man, brought night to us. He lay in his own tent, within sound of the enemy's guns, with his face turned towards their lines, but his eyes turned heavenward. His staff were about him, and others from the Eleventh. The tide of life ebbed away gently at the last. The soul was free and the body at rest. But the soil which drank that blood is ours and shall never be alienated. The cause which is glorified by such sacrifices, shall never be abandoned.

D. F.

#### Commissions.

During the months of October and November, 184 new commissions have been issued to officers in the Connecticut Volunteer force. Of these officers, 76 have been promoted from "enlisted men," and six appointed from civil life; 41 commissions have been sent to the 1st Artillery alone.

## PERSONAL.

### Promotions and Appointments for Nov., 1864.

#### 1ST CAVALRY.

Q. M. Sergt. Henry W. Robertson to be 1st Lieut. and Quartermaster, with rank from the 7th of Nov., vice Harris mustered out, term expired.

Sergt. Lester W. Cowles to be 2d Lieut. with rank from the 10th of Nov., vice Phillips, promoted.

1st Lieut. James R. Straut to be Captain, vice Colburn, deceased.

1st Sergt. Elias S. Brown to be 2d Lieut., vice Marcy, commission revoked.

#### 1ST ARTILLERY.

1st Lieut. John M. Twiss to be Captain, vice Dow mustered out, term expired.

2d Lieut. John Odell to be 1st Lieut., vice Twiss, promoted.

Sergt. Wm. B. Burgess to be 2d Lieut., vice Day mustered out, term expired.

Sergt. Gardner Reynolds to be 2d Lieut., vice Twining mustered out, term expired.

Sergt. James H. Casey to be 2d Lieut., vice Morgan mustered out, term expired.

Sergt. Wm. S. Maloney to be 2d Lieut., vice Odell, promoted.

All with rank from the 31st of Oct.

1st Lieut. George D. Sargeant to be Captain, vice Gillett mustered out, term expired.

1st Lieut. Glenroy P. Mason to be Captain, vice Osborne mustered out, term expired.

2d Lieut. George F. Bill to be 1st Lieut., vice Sargeant, promoted.

2d Lieut. Sterling A. Woodruff to be 1st Lieut., vice Mason, promoted.

Sergt. Chas. A. Chittenden to be 2d Lieut., vice Andrews mustered out, term expired.

Sergt. John W. Miller to be 2d Lieut., vice Manix mustered out, term expired.

Sergt. James J. Bergin to be 2d Lieut., vice Bill, promoted.

Sergt. Wm. H. Batterson to be 2d Lieut., vice Woodruff, promoted.

All to take rank from the 11th of October.

Major Thos. S. Trumbull to be Lieut. Col., vice White mustered out, term expired.

Captain Geo. Ager to be Major, vice Trumbull, promoted.

Both with rank from the 29th of Nov.

#### 2D ARTILLERY.

2d Lieut. Michael Kelly to be 1st Lieut., vice McCabe died of wounds received in action.

2d Lieut. Orasmus B. Tyler to be 1st Lieut., vice Cleveland, promoted.

1st Sergt. Salmon A. Granger to be 2d Lieut., vice Kelley, promoted.

1st Sergt. John E. Sedgwick to be 2d Lieut., vice Tyler, promoted.

All with rank from the 18th of Nov.

#### 1ST LIGHT BATTERY.

2d Lieut. Sylvanus C. Dickinson to be 1st Lieut., vice Bliss mustered out, term expired.

1st Sergt. Arthur E. Clarke to be 2d Lieut., vice Dickinson, promoted.

Both with rank from the 9th of Nov.

#### 2D LIGHT BATTERY.

2d Lieut. Miles Gray to be 1st Lieut., vice Munger, discharged.

1st Sergt. Justus B. Hawley to be 2d Lieut., vice Gray, promoted.

Both with rank from the 21st of Nov.

1st Lieut. Walter S. Hotchkiss to be Captain, vice Sterling honorably discharged.

2d Lieut. Frank H. Whiting to be 1st Lieut., vice Hotchkiss, promoted.

Both with rank from the 29th of Nov.

#### 3D BATTERY.

William C. Beecher of Derby, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from the 2d day of November, to fill an original vacancy.

2d Lieut. Nelson B. Gilbert to be 1st Lieut., with rank from the 9th day of Nov., to fill an original vacancy.





Erastus M. Leffingwell of Bozrah, to be Assistant Surgeon, with rank from the 29th of Nov., to fill an original vacancy.

## 5TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. James Stewart, Jr., to be Captain, vice Chapman, transferred to Invalid Corps.

2d Lieut. Chas. W. Wakeley to be Captain, vice Packer mustered out, term expired.

2d Lieut. Harlan P. Rugg to be Captain, vice Chiny mustered out, term expired.

2d Lt. Isaac Killum to be Captain, vice Smith mustered out, term expired.

2d Lieut. Albert L. Cavitt to be Captain, vice Doyle mustered out, term expired.

2d Lieut. Michael Donovan to be Captain, vice Dibble mustered out, term expired.

Sergt. James Butterfield to be 1st Lieut. vice Stratton mustered out, term expired.

Sergt. James P. Henderson to be 1st Lieut. vice Raymond mustered out, term expired.

Q. M. Sergt. Wesley H. Botsford to be 1st Lt., vice Covey, discharged.

Sergt. Napoleon J. Stone to be 1st Lieut., vice Reynolds, discharged.

Sergt. Dennis Beach to be 1st Lieut., vice Johnson, promoted.

Sergt. Herbert D. Redfield to be 1st Lieut., vice Carter, discharged.

2d Lieut. Perry P. Wilson to be 1st Lieut., vice Parington mustered out, term expired.

Sergt. Albert C. Burdick to be 1st Lieut., vice Hewison, discharged.

Sergt. Elisha R. Starr to be 1st Lieut., vice Stewart, promoted.

All with rank from the 17th of Nov.

## 7TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. John B. Young to be Captain, vice Bacon mustered out, term expired.

2d Lieut. Henry B. Gill to be Captain, vice Burns mustered out, term expired.

2d Lieut. Morton A. Taintor to be 1st Lieut., vice Barker, killed in action.

Sergt. Major Willard Austin to be 1st Lieut., vice Young, promoted.

1st Sergt. Benjamin A. Hill to be 1st Lieut., vice Hayden, discharged.

1st Sergt. Wm. H. Pierpont to be 1st Lieut., vice Hatch mustered out, term expired.

Private Albert M. Holden to be 2d Lieut., vice Lee killed in action.

Sergt. Dennis O'Brien to be 2d Lieut., vice Merriam, died of wounds.

Sergt. Albert W. Burgess to be 2d Lieut., vice Taintor, promoted.

Sergt. Andrew H. Kinney to be 2d Lieut., vice Gill, promoted.

All with rank from the 29th of Oct.

## 8TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Eugene Emmons Graves, 13th C. V. to be Captain 8th C. V., with rank from the 26th of Nov., vice Hall, killed in action.

## 9TH BATTALION.

Rollin McNeil of New Haven, to be Surgeon, with rank from the 18th of Nov., vice Gallagher mustered out, term expired.

Capt. John G. Healey to be Lieut. Col., with rank from the 22d of Nov., vice Fitzgibbons mustered out, term expired.

## 10TH REGIMENT.

Asst. Surgeon Chas. A. Hart to be Surgeon, with rank from the 2d of Nov., vice Porter mustered out.

Sergt. John S. Bartlett to be 1st Lieut.

Sergt. Brainard Smith to be 1st Lieut., vice Peck, declined commission.

1st Lieut. George H. Brown to be Captain, vice Brewster, honorably discharged.

All with rank from the 7th of Nov.

William H. Trowbridge of Stratford, to be 1st Asst. Surgeon, with rank from the 29th of Nov., vice Hart, promoted.

## 11TH REGIMENT.

Major. Randall Rice to be Lieut. Col., with rank from the 30th of Nov., vice Mouling, deceased.

Capt. Chas. Warren to be Major, with rank from the 17th of Nov., vice Rice, promoted.

## 12TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. and Adj. James E. Smith to be Capt. vice Lowell, killed in action.

2d Lieut. John Mullen to be 1st Lieut. and Adjutant, vice Smith, promoted.

Both with rank from the 2d of Nov.

Sergt. Major Chas. W. Coe to be 1st Lieut., vice Bulkley, killed in action.

1st Sergt. Henry Gibbons to be 1st Lieut., vice Phelps, killed in action.

Both with rank from the 15th of Nov.

Lieut. Col. Geo. N. Lewis to be Colonel, vice Peck, killed in action.

Maj. Sidney E. Clarke to be Lieut. Col., vice Lewis, promoted.

Capt. Leonard A. Dickinson to be Major, vice Clarke, promoted.

All with rank from the 23d of Nov.

## 13TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Wm. F. Norman to be Captain, vice Comstock, promoted.

1st Lieut. Newton W. Perkins to be Captain, vice Sprague, promoted.

2d Lieut. Louis Beckwith to be Captain, vice Tisdale, resigned.

2d Lieut. Everett S. Dunbar to be 1st Lieut., vice Ripley, promoted.

2d Lieut. John M. Lyman to be 1st Lieut., vice Miner, dismissed.

2d Lieut. Frederick N. Stanley to be 1st Lieut. and Adjutant, vice Whittlesey, resigned.

All with rank from the 19th of Oct.

## 15TH REGIMENT.

1st. Lieut. Herman B. French to be Captain, vice Smith, deceased.

2d Lieut. Julius B. Bissell to be 1st Lieut., vice French, promoted.

2d Lieut. Philip C. Rand to be 1st Lieut., vice Thompson, deceased.

Sergt. Major Chas. F. Harwood to be 2d Lieut. vice Bissell, promoted.

Sergt. George M. Beach to be 2d Lieut., vice Rand, promoted.

All with rank from the 9th of Nov.

## 20TH REGIMENT.

2d Lieut. Wellington Barry to be 1st Lieut., vice Foley, promoted.

Sergt. C. Myron Talcott to be 1st Lieut. and Adjutant, vice DuBois, honorably discharged.

Both with rank from the 14th of Nov.

## 21ST REGIMENT.

Asst. Surgeon Nehemiah Nickerson, 16th Conn. Vols. to be Surgeon 21st C. V., with rank from the 8th of Nov., vice Lee mustered out, term expired.

1st Lieut. Cyrus W. Cook to be Captain, vice Spittle, promoted.

1st Lieut. George W. Shepard to be Captain, vice D. D. Brown, discharged.

2d Lieut. Charles Fenton to be 1st Lieut., vice Cook, promoted.

1st Sergt. Courtland G. Stanton to be 1st Lt., vice Shepard, promoted.

1st Sergt. Dyer A. Clarke to be 1st Lieut., vice Fowler, discharged.

All with rank from the 9th of Nov., 1864.

COL T. W. CAHILL and Capt. Wm. Wright, of the 9th Regiment, are dishonorably discharged from the service of the United States, for disobedience of orders and neglect of duty in failing to prepare rolls and records of their commands, as directed by circular No. 56, of May 2, 1864, from the War Department, thus working prejudice to the interest of the enlisted men under their command.

2d LIEUT. WM. B. PEASE, of New Haven, is promoted to first Lieut. in the 8th U. S. Infantry, (colored.) He has earned promotion by courage and efficiency.

EDWARD DOWNING, of New Haven, enlisted Dec. 19th. His father and two brothers have died in the service. One brother still remains in the 1st Connecticut Artillery.

WM. MARBLE, of Manchester, enlisted as a private in the 7th Connecticut, served three years, and was mustered out as 1st Lieutenant. He has received a commission as Captain in the same regiment.

CAPT. WHITE, of the 15th, promoted to be Colonel of the 10th regiment, cannot be mustered in as such, under army regulations, on account of the small number of men in the 10th. Capt. White is a thoroughly educated and accomplished officer.

SECOND LIEUT. THOS. W. GARDINER, 31st U. S. C. T., is the recipient of a handsome sword, belt, sash and set of shoulder straps, from the loyal people of Mystic Bridge and Mystic River. The presentation was very appropriately and neatly made by Col. Appelmann.

CAPT. GEO. B. SANFORD, of the 1st Connecticut Cavalry, has been transferred to the 1st U. S. Regular Cavalry, and placed on the staff of Major-Gen. Torbert, now commanding the cavalry of the Army of the Shenandoah. Capt. Sanford is an enterprising and efficient officer.

MAJOR BROOKER, of the First Conn. Artillery, is in command of the siege batteries before Petersburg. The line officers of the regiment recently manifested their sincere regard by presenting him with a magnificent sword, sash and belt, with horse equipments. The value of this substantial token of esteem is nearly one thousand dollars.

LIEUT. COL. HENRY C. WARD, of the 29th regiment, has declined the Colonelcy of the 11th regiment. We sincerely regret that he did not accept the appointment. The regiment has good material and has been second to none in discipline and valor. Col. Ward, with his thorough education, and wide experience, would again make the 11th one of the best regiments in the service. Col. Ward has accepted an appointment as Colonel of the 41st U. S. (colored). Few men bring to the position the culture and capacity of Col. Ward, and we unhesitatingly prophesy that the 41st regiment will do credit to the service.

LIEUT. GIDEON WELLS, of Springfield, who is reported in the WAR RECORD, as captured, writes that he is utterly unable to give "graphic narrative of hairbreadth escapes, heroic endurance of privations, wonderful fidelity of intelligent darkies, &c." for the simple reason that he wasn't captured. "I was sent," he says, "with orders to proceed to Harper's Ferry, and report at the Headquarters of the Middle Military Division, supposed at that time, to be at Harper's Ferry, but when I got to the Ferry I found the aforesaid Headquarters to be somewhat peripatetic—exactly where located not known—supposed to be somewhere between Winchester and Richmond, so of course I marched on. I was gone some fifteen days, and my company hearing nothing from me, somewhat naturally supposed I was gobbled, which item of intelligence was speedily communicated to Springfield, where the news immediately fell into the all devouring maw of a local editor—hence its currency."





CHAPLAIN W. C. WALKER, of the 18th, has regained his health and rejoined his regiment.

COL. W. H. NOBLE, 17th Regiment, has been captured. The rebels may well congratulate themselves on the prize they have taken.

COL. HENRY L. ABBOTT, of the 1st Artillery, has been made brevet Brigadier-General for distinguished service before Richmond.

SURGEON LEBEUS C. CHAPIN has been detailed for service in the Department of the South. The hearty good wishes of many friends go with him.

MAJOR-GEN. MEADE presented, Dec. 15, medals for gallantry to the following soldiers of the 14th Regiment:

Adj. W. B. Hincks, of Bridgeport; E. W. Bacon, Co. F, of Berlin; Corp. Christian Flynn, Co. K, of Sprague.

CAPT. DANIEL A. LYON, 29th Connecticut, has been honorably discharged on account of physical disability.

LIEUT.-COL. WM. T. CLARK, of Norwalk, late chief of staff to Gen. McPherson, has been promoted to be a Brigadier-General, and ordered to report to Gen. Sherman for duty.

BRIG.-GEN. ROBERT O. TYLER has returned to the field. His numerous friends fear that his enthusiasm has impelled him to resume duty before he was really able.

FRANK BOND, of Co. E, 11th regiment, has been appointed hospital steward in the regular army. He has been on duty at the Knight Hospital for 8 months.

CHAPLAIN T. J. HOLMES paid a flying but very successful visit to Connecticut. He secured New-Year's dinner for his brave boys, a lot of mittens, and made arrangements for a superb battle flag.

LIEUT. COL. NELSON L. WHITE, of the 2d Artillery, has returned home. His term of three years expired seven months since, but he was unwilling to leave the field in the face of the enemy. He will practice law in Danbury.

LIEUT.-COL. GREELEY has been entirely exonerated from misconduct in going ashore while the 10th were at New York, and complimented by Gen. Butler for previous good conduct. The compliment was well deserved.

CAPT. JOHN H. AUSTIN, of the 20th Illinois, has served three years in the Western Army. He enlisted as a private, and by bravery and efficiency rose to the position of Captain. He belongs in New Haven, and is a son of Ansel Austin, Esq.

HON. L. S. FOSTER, our accomplished and popular Senator, will please accept sincere thanks for valuable reports of the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy.

SELF-COMMAND.—Charles XII., King of Sweden, was one day dictating letters to his secretary, when a bomb fell directly in front of his tent. The secretary dropped his pen in fright. "What's the matter?" said Charles. "The bomb," was the reply. "The bomb!" said the King; "what have we to do with the bomb? Go on." Such coolness is now no longer surprising to us. It is often more than paralleled by our countrymen.

Can a man that keeps a fish market be justly called a sel-fish man?

## REGIMENTAL.

THE FIRST CAVALRY—formed a part of the force sent down the Valley on a reconnaissance Dec. 19th. They were surprised on the morning of the 21st. A sharp skirmish ensued and they withdrew without loss. They suffered severely from the cold, and a number had their feet frozen. On New Year's day, 350 pairs of mittens and a substantial dinner were received with three hearty cheers for the friends at home. A new and magnificent battle flag has been ordered, and will soon be completed.

THE FIRST ARTILLERY, are garrisoning forts along the line of defences, in quiet and comfortable quarters. News is scarce.

THE SECOND ARTILLERY, are yet with the Sixth Corps as infantry. Lieut. Col. Hubbard is promoted to be Colonel. This honor once modestly declined, we trust that he will now accept. Justice has by no means yet been done in our columns to this gallant regiment.

They have recently forwarded a petition to Congress for a return to the old army ration. It will be noticed that the correspondent from the 2d Light Battery also affirms that the new ration is insufficient. Information from these and other sources seems to indicate that the new ration is inadequate, at least, during the winter season.

It always has seemed to us that the ration ought to vary with the seasons, both in actual weight and in relative quality of articles issued;—more rice and vegetables, and less meat are needed in summer.

THE FIRST LIGHT BATTERY is with the 24th Army Corps, in splendid drill and good health and spirits.

THE THIRD INDEPENDENT BATTERY is in the second line of works beyond City Point, daily gaining in efficiency. Recruiting for the Battery still continues.

THE FIFTH AND 20TH REGIMENTS made the splendid triumphal march with Gen. Sherman from Atlanta to the seaboard. They write that beef, mutton, pork, turkey, chicken, sweet potatoes, and other toothsome edibles were abundant. The boys are in high spirits, and place enthusiastic confidence in their far-sighted and tireless leader. The experiences of their march were those of every other regiment, and need not be repeated here. Letters should be addressed 20th Corps, Savannah, via New York.

THE 6TH AND 7TH REGIMENTS are in the 2d Brig. (Hawley's) 1st Division, (Terry's) of the 24th Army Corps. They have constructed quarters as comfortable as circumstances will admit. The usual picket duty and frequent fatigue work are no news. The boys gratefully acknowledge the receipt of mittens. They need more.

Wounded men and convalescents gradually swell the depleted ranks, and spring will find these and other Conn. regiments with a goodly number of well disciplined and efficient men.

THE 9TH AND 12TH BATTALIONS are as they were in the Shenandoah, in well built winter quarters, with picket duty less frequent than along the James, but exceedingly uncomfortable when it comes. The same may be said of the

13TH REGIMENT, which will probably be consol-

idated into a battalion. The return of the non-re-enlisted veterans is recorded in the Home Department.

THE 16TH REGIMENT, is situated almost exactly as the 6th and 7th. It is now under command of Lieut. Col. Greeley. Its members are also increasing by return of veterans from the hospital and by recruits. We print this month a portrait and biography of Major H. W. Camp, killed in one of the most daring though unavailing advances ever made by a gallant battalion.

THE 11TH REGIMENT have received a tent fly for a chapel, from the Christian Commission. Chaplain DeForest will now do a noble work for Christ and the country. He needs books for circulation. 180 recruits have been received.

THE 14TH REGIMENT still shares the hardships and unsurpassed glory of the old 2d Corps. Our correspondent writes:

"About the 1st of December, the 14th was withdrawn with the Corps to which it belongs, and ordered to put up winter quarters, about a mile west of the Weldon Railroad. Before the quarters could be completed, the first and second Divisions of this Corps were ordered to relieve the fifth Corps, and hold the line of works from a point a little west of the Weldon Railroad down to the extreme left of our lines. This was done to enable Warren to go on his expedition towards Hicksford. For two days the Second Division of this Corps held the line alone, to enable General Miles to make a diversion in favor of Warren towards Hatcher's Run. During all this time the 14th Conn. was called upon to do heavy picket duty, but not to participate in fighting."

THE 15TH REGIMENT shared in the advance on Kingston, which was a move co-operative with that of Warren, and did their duty as they always do with alacrity and efficiency. This large and finely disciplined regiment has not shared the severe campaigns of the summer but has displayed fortitude fully equal to that of any in the service. It is harder to face pestilence than cannon. But through all those dark and ghastly days, the boys of the 15th were brave, cheerful, ready for any duty, risking life daily in caring for their fever-tossed comrades.

Much dissatisfaction has been felt at the tardiness of our government in paying off the men, many of whom need every dollar for the support of dependent families. We can but feel that the debts first and most promptly paid by the government should be those due to her gallant defenders. The boys signed pay rolls for six months and received pay for but four, and we suppose that they will receive no more until Congress makes its appropriations. But the boys may be sure that eventually they will receive every cent which is due. The government intends this and the people will insist on it.

THE 16TH REGIMENT.—(Co. H, and individuals) is at Roanoke Island. Chaplain Dixon has returned. About 50 of the boys have been released from prison and are at home and in Annapolis. We fear that the regiment will not be fully organized before the expiration of its term of service.

THE 17TH REGIMENT still do garrison and picket duty along the Florida coast. They have reaped





little newspaper glory this summer—but have done hard and efficient service, and have gained respect from the people and won praise from the officers of that department.

THE 18TH REGIMENT are in comfortable winter quarters at Hall Town, four miles from Harper's Ferry. They muster 475 men in good health. They need books and papers.

THE 29TH REGIMENT are in the new Corps d'Afrique—the 25th, commanded by Gen. Weitzel. They have done noble service during the past summer. They are now in winter quarters, and there are few camps in the vast army more carefully laid out, or more neatly kept than theirs. The regiment is in fair health and excellent discipline. The men are drilled for hours daily, by officers who understand their business, and who are determined to make the 29th equal to any regiment in the service. The men are prompt and faithful and are proud to be in the regiment and in the service.

We neglected to mention in our last, the presentation of a handsome stand of colors, by Col. Doubleday, of the 45th U. S. C. T. They were received appropriately by Lieut. Col. Ward. The ceremony was witnessed by Gens. Terry and Hawley, and by the Election Commissioners, then in that department.

THE 30TH REGIMENT, (now 31st U. S. C. T.) are situated very much as the 29th.

OTHER CONNECTICUT ORGANIZATIONS are represented in our correspondence.

## BOOK NOTICES.

THE CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER. By W. H. Ainsworth. New York, Dick & Fitzgerald. Sold or sent by mail to any address, by JAMES DAY & SON, New Haven. Price 75 cents.

The title of this book seems to have no connection whatever, with the book itself, for the Constable is hardly mentioned. It is, however, a historical novel, decidedly attractive in style, and interesting and instructive in incident. It individualizes English history during the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII. and the reign of Edward VI. Elizabeth, afterwards "the virgin queen," was then a young lady, in love with Lord Seymour. The jealousies and the intrigues of the High Church, and Roman Catholic parties afford abundant materials for the plot. The customs, dress and minutiae of social life are portrayed much more minutely and agreeably than they can be in the stately pages of authentic history. And many who can not endure history unornamented, will peruse with delight and profit these graphic and animated chapters of Ainsworth.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE. By Miss Braddon. New York, Dick & Fitzgerald. Sold or sent by mail, to any address, by JAMES DAY & SON, New Haven. Price 75 cents.

Like all Miss Braddon's novels, this is of the intense, highly spiced, homicidal order. The heroine, an imaginative girl, develops into a sentimental, novel-reading, By-ron-adoring woman; imagines that she loves the practical, honorable and affectionate Doctor Gilbert, marries him with a vague regret that he was only a worthy man and not a corsair;

and discovers that his poor cottage is hateful, and his homely tastes and single life disgusting. Of course it needs only a Don Juanish lover to make a pretty plot, and he enters in the person of the rich, aristocratic, and rakish Roland Lansdell. They fall in love, and he at length proposes elopement. She is not a bad woman at heart and refuses. Then comes in the ruffian, who bangs around all Miss Braddon's heroines to perform the tragedy part. In this case, he is the father of the Doctor's wife, and a returned convict, who extorts money from her, is seen walking with her at night, and is watched and finally caught by the jealous Lansdell, who receives a fatal wound for his pains. Meanwhile the Doctor is taken sick and dies; his wife then receives Lansdell's repentance on his death-bed, and inherits his fortune, and spends it, with the remnant of her life, in works of benevolence.

The novel is more carelessly written than some others from Miss Braddon's pen. But people will read just such, and enjoy them, and while people will read, others will write them.

EXPERIENCES OF A FRENCH DETECTIVE. By G. WATERS. New York, Dick & Fitzgerald. Sold, or sent by mail to any address, by JAMES DAY & SON, New Haven. Price 75 cents.

A series of fragmentary sketches, apparently drawn from real and exciting experiences. The last 100 pages are occupied by a series of brief narratives, also apparently drawn from real life, intended "to illustrate the widely accepted truth that there is a 'skeleton in every house,' and that it may be exorcised by a true contrition."

THE DUTY OF EMANCIPATION.—A discourse by Rev. E. W. Bentley, Ellenville, N. Y. He vividly portrays slavery as morally, socially and politically "the accursed system." He forcibly urges immediate emancipation—because

1. The political power of slavery is now in a measure broken.
2. The business adjustments which will follow the war, favor the change.
3. The solution of the Constitutional argument by the war.
4. Emancipation will ensure and accelerate victory.

He concludes with an eloquent appeal to energetic activity, patient endurance, and fervent prayer.

AN ADDRESS AT THE FUNERAL OF LIEUT. GEORGE W. BRANSLON. By the same author. It breathes a spirit of manly and intelligent patriotism, and offers appropriate words of tender consolation.

A JUSTIFIABLE WAR. A DISCOURSE by the same author. The text, "the battle is the Lord's," he applies literally, and maintains with convincing earnestness that our battle is the Lord's, because—

1. It is in defence of the National life which he has given.
2. In defence of principles dear to Him.
3. Against crimes which He abhors.
4. Conducted by means which He approves.

The discourse is bold, clear, sound and satisfying.

CATALOGUE OF CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEER ORGANIZATIONS—pp. 847. Hartford, Case, Lockwood & Co. For sale by H. C. Peck, New Haven. This important and well printed work is properly noticed in our article entitled "Two hours among the Records."

## The American Conflict.

By HORACE GREELEY, vol. I. pp. 628, O. D. Case & Co., Hartford, Conn.

When I received from the liberal publishers, the large, well bound volume, and placed it under my arm, my feet made eager and happy haste toward the study table, as to a royal feast.

In the circular "To the Editor," the publishers first inform me, with evident complacency, that though the country had been extensively canvassed for several other popular histories of the rebellion before the intention of Mr. Greeley was made public—the list of subscribers already exceeds 50,000, and the demand constantly outruns the supply. This proves that my high anticipations were accordant with the great expectations of thousands, and serves to sharpen my appetite. It is natural to survey the repast as a whole, with serene comfort, ere we enter on it in detail. So this volume. The paper is fine, white and strong, the type clear and full, the press-work admirably executed, the binding neat, firm, and durable; the whole mutely announcing a solid and standard work.

The illustrations of Vol. 1st are principally portraits of eminent Chieftains or Generals of the North and the South, neatly engraved in groups. This arrangement in groups enables the reader conveniently to compare the characteristic features of associates in common undertakings, both good and evil.

There are no battle pieces in this volume. Perhaps the publishers think battle pictures to be always so inadequate to the actual scene that it is not best to introduce them.

But description must fail equally in representation, and if care be taken that illustrations convey no erroneous impressions, they greatly assist the common mind in acquiring the fullest conception, which without individual experience, cannot be attained.

The central idea and meaning of Mr. Greeley's work, is foreshadowed in the fitting dedication of the volume to that sturdy champion of human rights, "John Bright, British commoner and Christian statesman," in which the American conflict is termed "a nation's struggle up from Darkness and Bondage to Light and Liberty."

The subject "naturally divides itself into two parts, I. *How we got into the war for the Union*, and II. *How we got out of it*." Volume first is submitted as a clear elucidation of part first. In it the author can of course but enter on part second. In this volume Mr. Greeley aims chiefly to make the thoughtful reader "see that the great struggle in which we are engaged, was the unavoidable result of antagonisms imbedded in the very nature of our heterogeneous institutions; that ours was indeed an 'irrepressible conflict,' which might have been precipitated or postponed, but could by no means have been prevented; that the successive compromises whereby it was so long put off, were, however intended, deplorable mistakes, detrimental to our national character; that we ought so early at least, as 1819, to have definitely and conclusively established the right of the constitutional majority to shape our national policy according to their settled convictions; subject only to the Constitution as legally expounded and applied."





With outspoken and ardent purpose to establish these propositions, he presents a condensed, yet exhaustive review of events from 1620 to 1860, as influencing or influenced by Human Slavery. In support of his theory he cites authorities, copious, varied, apposite and decisive, on the points which they are adduced to substantiate.

With vast wealth of materials, garnered through years of elaborate research, there is no vain parade of superabundant means, but strict subordination of resources to the end in view, sound judgment in selection, matchless skill in shaping and imparting to the mass continuity, life and meaning.

The plan is symmetrical and natural, the subject seems to develop itself. Each event or topic is finished when reached in the progress of the narrative. There is very little repetition, and no confusion.

The well known style is at once recognized—simple, genial, terse, direct, vigorous, bearing the reader on with unabated enthusiasm.

The first volume carries us to the end of the year 1861. Much space is devoted to the events of the year 1860, and their connection with preceding and succeeding events.

The long cherished purpose of disunion and the infamous treason of the Southern leaders are indisputably proved—the bold, persistent and ultimately successful efforts of the minority to precipitate secession are vividly portrayed, while the “new prostrations and more grovelling abasements” of Northern submissionists—the quivering servility of the irresolute and recreant Buchanan, stand forth in all their shameful reality.

The actual events of the war, touched upon the battles of Bull Run, Wilson's Creek, Ball's Bluff and Dranesville—the career of Fremont in Missouri—the appearance of the first pirate, and the threatened complications with foreign nations.

The facts are concisely stated, movements candidly and fearlessly criticised, and the true policy, according to the judgment of the author, emphatically indicated. It is solid comfort to peruse such a volume, and to linger often with thumb and finger between the pages. The second volume, prepared at greater leisure, and in the same spirit of fairness, justice, and enthusiastic devotion to American “*Freedom and Union*,” will be welcomed both by admirers and opponents, even more heartily than the first. Mr. Greeley closes his first volume with the then freshly uttered stanzas of Whittier, of which the first is—

We wait beneath the furnace blast,  
The pangs of transformation;  
Not painlessly doth God recast  
And mold anew the nation.  
Hot burns the fire  
Where wrongs expire;  
Nor spares the hand  
That from the land  
Uproots the ancient evil.

We devoutly hope that he may ere long close the Second Volume, with the sentiments, if not the language of the same poet, whose noble words “in these dark days” have thrilled and strengthened many a patriot heart.

I knew that truth would crush the lie,  
Somehow, sometime, the end would be;  
Yet scarcely dared I hope to see  
The triumph with my mortal eye.

But now I see it; in the sun  
A free flag floats from yonder dome,  
And at the nation's hearth and home,  
The justice long delayed, is done.

### Monument to Capt. Hitchcock.

*With a Brief Sketch of his Character and Services.*

In the Northeast corner of the Old Cemetery, in New Haven, just beyond the massive granite columns of Mayor Skinner, and Dennis Kimberly, Esq., rises a new monument of rare merit. It is designed and executed by John Ritter, Esq., to perpetuate the name and services of Capt. Edwin S. Hitchcock.

The visitor is first impressed with an agreeable perception of perfect symmetry—closer inspection reveals elaborate chiseling of the tasteful and appropriate design, on the finest material, with exquisite finish.

The base is of plain solid granite; the body of purest Italian marble. On each corner of the body is carved a neat tracery of oak leaves and acorns. The shield bears this inscription:

CAPT. EDWIN S. HITCHCOCK,  
TOWNSEND RIFLES,  
CO. G, 7TH REGT., CONN. VOLS.

KILLED IN THE BATTLE OF JAMES ISLAND, S. C., JUNE 16, 1862.

On the opposite face—his own words.

“If I fall I would have ‘dust return to dust,’ with no ceremony. Quickly I will sleep with my comrades, with no record to be left behind me, save that ‘He has done his duty faithfully and well.’”

On one side—

BULL RUN.  
PORT ROYAL.  
PULASKI.  
JAMES ISLAND.

On the other—

Monument erected by the members of his Company, on the lot given by their patron, James M. Townsend.

The body is surmounted by a well proportioned cap, on which is graven the family name,

HITCHCOCK.

The monument is completed by the fluted column of faultless marble. At the foot is the eagle—wrought into lifelike expression—with wings outspread, and talons grasping the palm—while the Stars and Stripes, looped up on spears, appear above its head.

At the middle of the column are carved the sash and belt, over which are crossed the sword and scabbard, and directly beneath is lettered “James Island.”—the battle in which he fell. From the top gracefully hangs the spotless wreath of choice flowers, delicately and exquisitely cut.

This chaste and beautiful monument is erected by the members of his company, on the lot donated by Hon. James M. Townsend, the untiring and generous patron of the company, whose patriotism and beneficence seem to increase with the burdens of the war. It will be neatly inclosed by a handsome fence, and will prove one of the most attractive spots in the yard.

A contribution of \$20 was sent unsolicited from New York, by Chas. G. Judson, Esq., of the firm of Sawyer & Judson. He was informed that the boys of the company insisted on paying for the monument themselves. Accordingly, with his permission, the money is applied to the purchase of a neat, appropriate and substantial railing.

The following extract from the letter of Mr. Judson is kindly furnished by Mr. F. W. J. Sizer, of the New Haven Palladium: “He (Capt. H.) was for a year or more previous to residing in New Haven, in my office, and in a position where all his noble and generous qualities came under my immediate observation. His impulses were always toward truth, justice and liberty; his thoughts and words came quickly; his advocacy of the right, under all circumstances—knowing no expediency, no policy—might be safely emulated by many older men. Seeing in him these qualities I loved him and could not forbear adding this rude tribute to his memory.”

Such was he, when at the first call for troops he hastened to enroll his name among the defenders of the nation. He went as a private in the New Haven Grays, the first full militia Co. in the State to offer its services, and the only one which went to the field organized exactly as before the outbreak. He served with ardor and efficiency and won admiration and praise at the battle of Bull Run. His letters to the Courier were eagerly sought after, and extensively reproduced in other papers.

On his return he was appointed deputy Postmaster, under Hon. N. D. Sperry, but a new call for troops appealed so strongly to his love of country that at the earnest solicitation of Col. Terry he at once began to organize a company.

He was assisted by Mills and Townsend, both of whom are now Captains, and have since proved themselves in many hardships and perils, worthy associates of one so noble and brave.

Hon. James M. Townsend, a former Captain of the Grays, and who had, during the three months' service, still further endeared himself, by repeated acts of kindness—decided to allow Capt. H's Co. to be organized under his guardianship, and called “The Townsend Rifles.” The just popularity both of patron and commanding officer accelerated enlistment. Men crowded in, until nearly 200 names were enrolled, and a second company filled. He now refused to enlist more, because they must be disappointed by assignment to another company. The watchful kindness and thorough discipline of H. made the Townsend Rifles, at once equal if not superior to any company in the regiment. On the 7th of Nov. 1861, Capt. H's Co. was the first Co. of the first regiment to land on the soil of South Carolina, and his wisdom, coolness and courage in no small degree conduced to the rapid and successful debarkation of the troops.

For weary months he shared the trials and fare of the boys in constructing Battery Halleck, of which he was placed in command, and from which, April 10th, 1862, the action was commenced which ended in the surrender of Fort Pulaski on the 11th. Capt. H. was made ill by the care and hardship of the siege, but insisted, when marching orders came, on leading his brave boys. And nobly did he lead them in the gallant but well-nigh fruitless operations of that movement.

A day or two previous to the battle of James Island, Capt. H. was sent forward in command of companies B, and G, to reconnoitre the position of the enemy. By his firmness and good judgment he accomplished all that was requisite, and





was able to bring back his battalion with the loss of two men.

They were compelled to return across an open field in full view and easy range of the enemy's artillery. They moved through the fierce raking fire with measured step and regular line, as on parade.

Col. (now Gen.) Hawley, could not repress his enthusiastic admiration of leader and soldiers, and turning to the rest of the regiment exclaimed—"Take example from that, my brave men."

Preparations were made in accordance with the information gained on this reconnoissance, and in the evening, June 10th, the troops were under marching orders, and lay, expecting to assault the intrenchments at daylight.

Capt. H., though cheerful and enthusiastic for the onset, yet apparently with vague instinctive consciousness of coming doom—wrote two letters, one to his brother, one to a lady friend—bidding his Lieut. to mail them only in case he fell on the red field of the morrow.

On that field he entered promptly, almost gaily. Early in the action he was severely wounded in the hip, but kept the field, firm, self-possessed, and cheerful. The skirmish line nears the works. The fire of the enemy grows deadly. Capt. H. bids his men lie low, load their pieces, and hand them to him. He, erect and prominent, discharges them with fatal aim. Six of the enemy fall, and then he falls fatally wounded. Faithful men spring to bear him from the front. Two are wounded. It cannot be done. The forces retire, and the brave young Captain dies within the rebel lines. Yet distinguished valor claims from enemies rude honor, for they are moved to place the body in a box and bury it decently.

He was Captain and friend of his men. He was obeyed without question or audible murmur. He was indefatigable in promoting the interests and securing the rights of the men. He set the example of justice, morality, purity and courtesy. He forbade gambling and counselled the men to prudent husbandry of their hard-earned money. He appealed to the self-respect of the brave boys of Co. G, and never failed to secure noble response.

The beautiful tribute to his worth, deftly wrought in purest marble, is not more spotless and enduring than is his memory in the hearts of his comrades and friends.

#### Other Military Monuments.

Monuments to Major-General Sedgwick, and Rear-Admiral Foote, will be completed soon, by John Ritter, Esq. They are very different in style from that of Capt. Hitchcock, being plain and massive. The designs are exceedingly appropriate.

THE MERIDEN RECORDER.—Among our exchanges none evince greater enterprise or show a more steady and decided improvement than the Recorder. Fearless and outspoken in loyalty, the editor gives hard knocks and frankly avows himself responsible for them. He is determined to do sturdy service for Freedom and the Union. We sincerely trust that the generous people of Meriden, so thoroughly and nobly patriotic, will heartily sustain him, both by words of encouragement and by liberal support.

### EDITORIAL COLUMN.

"I fear nothing for this country but injustice. Let us stand honestly by our principles, and trust in God."—SENATOR WADE, Jan. 9th, 1865.

HARPER'S WEEKLY AND MONTHLY.—The steadily increasing circulation and popularity of these publications is indisputable evidence of their interest and value. No one who becomes a reader of the Weekly will ever cease to be one until his eyes grow dim. The editorials are comprehensive, honest, earnest and vigorous. The miscellaneous matter wide in its range, superior in quality, and always fresh and racy.

The original illustrations by Thomas Nast are unsurpassed, we truly believe, by those of any artist in the world. They alone, we are confident, have by their graphic power and noble suggestiveness done more than the entire circulation of some good newspapers to promote intelligent and genuine loyalty, inspire and rightly direct enthusiastic devotion to the Union and the "Dear Old Flag."

The other illustrations are almost invariably accurate and interesting, and even where, as in battle scenes, they fail, as all illustrations must, to give adequate representation of the magnificent scene, they do not give erroneous impressions. We cannot do without Harper's Weekly.

Nor do we find it easier to get along without the Monthly. The topics are selected with rare judgment, and are varied, spicy and delightfully instructive. The illustrations are exceedingly appropriate and tasteful. The Editor's Drawer is always full of choice clippings, enlivening thoughts and gems of humor. No publications more truly accord with the spirit and meet the wants of the present generation.

THE ARMY AND NAVY JOURNAL.—The authentic information and scientific discussion of our military affairs contained in the files of the Army and Navy Journal has justly constituted it the standard authority in this country on military matters. Its weekly record of current events is a clear, consistent and complete pointing out of the meaning of each movement, its connection with other movements, and its bearing on the grand result for which we contend.

It is judicious and impartial in criticism—justly estimating and indicating the excellencies of our nation's foes, fearlessly pointing out our own mistakes and stating without extravagance the real gain or loss of the several actions.

Meanwhile it is thoroughly American, combating claims of the English or French to discoveries which are ours, and to superiority which is imaginary, frequently setting them right on matters of military science and history, which they had overlooked or mis-stated—doing all this with a comprehensive grasp and hearty vigor which can come only from thorough knowledge and genuine enthusiasm.

UNITED STATES COLLEGE OF BUSINESS AND FINANCE.—The enterprising managers of this excellent institution give practical and generous expression to their patriotism by receiving wounded or disabled soldiers at half tuition. This is additional proof that they deserve liberal support.

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The volumes bound constitute of themselves a library of miscellaneous reading such as can not be found in the same compass in any other publication that has come under our notice. —*Boston Courier*.

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### NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

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The ARMY AND NAVY JOURNAL is published weekly, at \$5 a year. Single copies may be obtained of newsmen generally.

Office, No. 39 Park Row, New York.

## General Headquarters State of Connecticut.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,  
Hartford, Nov. 11, 1864. }

[Circular No. 6.]

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested, that the record of service of a deceased Connecticut Volunteer will be furnished the person applying for the same, or if desired by the widow or near relative will, together with the evidence necessary to procure back pay, bounty and pension due, be forwarded from this office direct to the proper office at Washington, and if the application be approved the amount received paid over to the person or persons entitled by law to receive it without deduction or charge for service.

All the aid practicable will also be given to discharged Connecticut Volunteers who desire to apply for back pay or Invalid pension.

By order of the War Department the wives of soldiers who are prisoners of war may draw a portion of the soldiers' monthly pay during their imprisonment. The proper certificate of service and capture will be given upon application to this office, and if desired forwarded to the proper Paymaster with application for payment.

Persons making application by mail will address, Captain Redfield Duryee, Asst. Adjt. General, stating clearly what they desire, whether bounty and back pay, or pensions, and for what person.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief,

HORACE J. MORSE, Adjt. Gen.

## Home Enlistments.

During the past month there have been 1931 credits, of which 661 were army substitutes, and 157 navy substitutes, and 6 recruits for the First Army Corps.

The credits for men enlisted up to Jan. 1st are 5275. The quota on the call for 300,000, about a year ago, was 5,432. That number of credits is by this date reached, and the quota of the State is full. No apprehension need be felt concerning the recent order of Provost Marshal General Fry. It is construed both by General Morse and by Col. Sewall to mean that, after Dec. 19th, no more claims for old credits shall be allowed to reduce the quota. Every actual excess on one call will be allowed in estimating the quota on the next. Hence, we may conclude that the quota of Connecticut on the recent call, is full. But to our shame be it said, in the expressive words of our Adjutant General, "the quota is much nearer full than the regiments."

At least 3000 recruits have already deserted from the regiments of Connecticut, and there are many more whose desertion would benefit the army. At least one half the money now expended for bounties, is paid to men whose enlistment is a disgrace and a disaster to the United States. For this contemptible evasion of patriotic duty we are responsible, and our conduct, if not amended, may in history be written infamous.

A judicious effort at reform is made by the Secretary of War, in appointing a paymaster at each Draft Rendezvous—who shall take from each new recruit all money except 20 dollars and return it to the man after he has reached the field. This will prevent the gambling and robbing going on at every Draft Rendezvous, and otherwise, though often evaded, in some degree remedy the evil. But the evil will not be thus eradicated. The pernicious system which the people, not the gov-





ernment, have introduced and sustained, must be abolished. Substitutes must be accepted, if at all, at the risk of the principal; he being exempted only for the period of service which the substitute actually renders. Bounties must not be paid in hand but in regular and proportionate installments, with a considerable reservation to be paid only on expiration of service.

These, with other radical changes, and a draft rigidly enforced, will fill the *regiments* as well as the quota, and ensure the honorable performance of the paramount duty of citizens to sustain and defend the nation.

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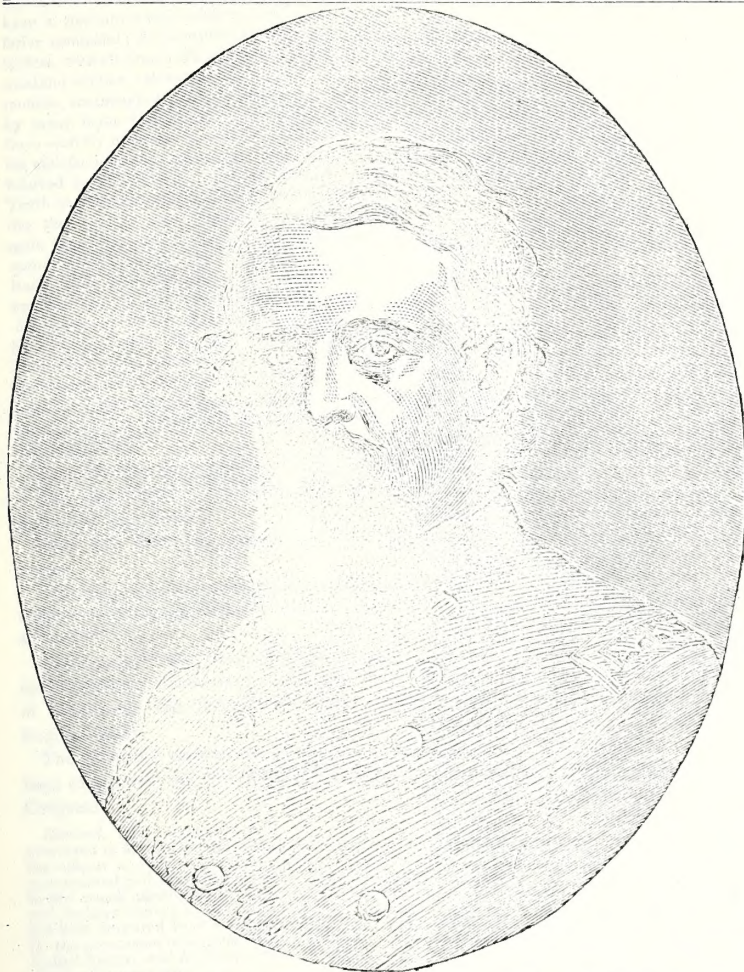
# THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

Office, 2 Glebe Building.  
MORRIS & BENHAM, Publishers.

NEW HAVEN, FEBRUARY, 1865.

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## To Our Subscribers.

We trust that our subscribers who have not paid, will not be offended at receiving bills, notices, and other reminders, because we shall continue to send such until we elicit some response.

The first Volume of the War Record ended with July, 1864. Those who wish the second Volume from August, 1864, to August, 1865, will please notify us by sending \$1.50 to pay for the same. Those who do not wish to continue must pay for what they have had, and notify us to stop the paper. Until they do both, they are by law under obligation to pay, and we shall endeavor to collect all such bills. The arrearages of those whose subscription expired with July, 1864, now amount to 87½ cents; with the March number they will be \$1, and so on to the end of the Volume.

We beg pardon of subscribers who have paid, for occupying space with this matter, but it is to us of vital importance.

## Major-General Alfred Howe Terry.

Our readers who will turn to the October number of the War Record, page 288, will find an excellent biographical sketch of Gen. Terry. We shall not repeat it here.

He was *certainly* born in Hartford, and bred in New Haven. Both vehemently claim him as their own. But if the unbecoming narrowness and ridiculous jealousy expressed by newspapers of both cities accord with the *real feelings* of editors and people, one is tempted to say that neither city is worthy of him.

Let Hartford exult as his birth-place. Let New Haven be proud to have educated him. Let Connecticut boast that he is her son. Let all give him, as he has given himself, to his country.

Gen. Terry was born Nov. 10th, 1827, and is now 37 years of age.

His career in the Army of the James, is well told by a writer in the New York Times. We print the extract because it is full justice by an unprejudiced authority:

"In April, 1864, when the Tenth Corps was ordered from the Department of the South to report for duty to Gen. Butler, prior to the movement up the James River, and the occupation of City Point and Bermuda Hundred, Gen. Terry came North with his command, and was temporarily placed at the head of the corps, while it was in process of reorganization at Gloucester Point. In all the battles on the James River—at Richmond Turnpike, Drewry's Bluff, Deep Bottom, Petersburg, and on the Varina, New Market and Charles City Roads—Gen. Terry's Division has actively engaged, and in the superb handling of his troops he established for himself a high military reputation for skill and valor, and was repeatedly complimented in general orders. When Gen. Gilmore was relieved from the command of the Tenth Corps, Gen. Terry was appointed his successor, and his comrades in arms were at one time very sanguine that he would be retained at the head of the corps, particularly as he had just received the brevet title of Major-General for "gallant and meritorious conduct." But the claims of the late Maj.-General Birney to the position were considered, by the commanding General, to outweigh General Terry's, and the former was appointed to the vacancy. During the brief time intervening between Gen. Birney's assumption of the command and the date of his death—a time marked by active operations, both on the part of the rebels and our own forces, on the north side of the James—Gen. Terry's conduct was such as to provoke the admiration of such a tried soldier as Birney, who took every occasion to show his confidence and esteem, especially commending him for the excellent disposition of his division when, early in October last, the enemy surprised and routed Kautz' cavalry, on the Darbytown road, and followed up their success by an impetuous dash upon Gen. Butler's lines, which Terry met and stayed, sending Lee's flushed rascals staggering back, decima-





ted and discomfited. That was a proud day for the old Tenth Corps—a day in which the indomitable pluck of Terry's Division turned a disaster into a victory. A week after this event Gen. Birney was prostrated by the sickness which laid him in his grave, and Gen. Terry, for the third time, was called to the command of the Tenth Corps, accepting the honor reluctantly, because it is not pleasant to be the shuttlecock which high military battledores keep in constant transit between a superior and inferior command; but accepting the position, nevertheless, with all proper cheerfulness becoming to an obedient soldier. Here he remained for nearly two months, commanding the old Tenth, now reduced by many fierce fights, until its aggregate effective force scarcely exceeded a division in numbers, giving satisfaction to his immediate Commander, and beloved by his troops. Late in November, the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps were consolidated, under the name of the Twenty-fourth Corps, and again Gen. Terry was compelled to give up the command of the Corps for the subordinate position of leader of the First Division of the new position. He was not long in this command, however, before a chance was given him to distinguish himself more highly than ever. The first expedition to Fort Fisher having proved a failure, a second was organized which, under his leadership, has proved a success, the result fully justifying the judgment and sagacity of Gen. Grant in the selection of its commanding officer."

The gallantry and efficiency of Gen. Terry is fully appreciated and attested by others as well as by Gen. Grant.

None will forget the dispatch of Admiral Porter.

"The troops have covered themselves with glory, and General Terry is my beau ideal of a soldier and a General."

The Senate of the United States promptly confirmed his appointment to be Major-General of Volunteers and Brigadier-General of the Regular Army.

The following resolutions of thanks have been enthusiastically passed by both houses of Congress:

*Resolved*, That the thanks of Congress are hereby presented to Major-General Alfred H. Terry, and to the officers and men under his command, for the unsurpassed gallantry and skill exhibited by them in the attack upon Fort Fisher, and the brilliant and decisive victory by which that important work has been captured from the rebel forces and placed in the possession and under the authority of the United States, and for their long and faithful service, and unwavering devotion to the cause of the country in the midst of the greatest difficulties and dangers.

*And be it further resolved*, That the President of the United States be, and he hereby is, requested to communicate this resolution to Major-General Terry, and through him to the officers and soldiers under his command.

The laurels of "The Hero of Fort Fisher," are fadeless.

But the splendid achievements at Fort Fisher required not merely superb leadership, but MATCHLESS SOLDIERSHIP. No regiment there engaged will be forgotten while the flag floats, and the Nation lives.

#### THE FORCES.

The Infantry of the expedition numbered about 9,000, and were—

2d Division, 24th Corps, Brig.-Gen. Ames.  
3d Division, 24th Army Corps, (colored),  
Brig.-Gen. Payne,

2d Brig. 1st Division, 24th Corps, Col. Abbott.

Among the batteries which accompanied the infantry, and assisted in protecting the rear from the assault of Gen. Hood, were three companies of the 1st Conn. Heavy Artillery.

The troops which took part in the assault, were all of the 24th Corps.

1st Division, 2d Brigade, (Gen. Hawley's,) under Col. Abbott, 6th and 7th Conn., 3d and 7th N. H.

2d Division, 1st Brig.—Gen. Curtiss'—3d, 42d, 112th, and 117th N. Y. 2d Brig.—Col. Pennypacker's—97th, 48th, 76th and 203d Penn. 3d Brig.—Col. Bell's—4th N. H., 13th Ind., 69th and 115th N. Y.

#### FORT FISHER.

Federal Point is a long, low, narrow tongue of white sand.

"Fort Fisher consists of one inclosed fort or bastion, from the opposite angles of which spread out at right angles to each other high parapets or curtains of earthwork, the sea face to a distance of 1,000 yards, and the north face to about a third of this distance. At regular intervals these curtains are crossed by high traverses, which, at the same time, serve as bomb-proofs, and between which are mounted sometimes one, and at others two heavy guns. On the north face were fifteen of these traverses, and when our men succeeded in capturing the first of these, the second was an earthwork, behind which the rebels could retreat, and so on successively until our men reached the bastion, which was inclosed on all sides."

"These works," says Admiral Porter, "are tremendous. I was in Fort Malakoff a few days after its surrender to the French and the British. The combined armies of those two nations, were many months capturing that stronghold, and it won't compare in size or strength to Fort Fisher."

Americans and Englishmen will remember, with feelings somewhat diverse, that the Redan was a work far inferior to Fisher, that an assault was made after a heavy bombardment, by a column larger in proportion to the garrison than that of Terry, and that the English assault was a disastrous failure—the American a magnificent success.

#### THE ACTION.

On the 13th of January, the bombardment commenced. During that day and the next, the troops were landed at a point about 3 1-2 miles above the fort—lines of breastworks were thrown up across the sand spit, and Payne's Division, with Abbott's Brigade, and the batteries posted to repel attack from the direction of Willington. Meanwhile also, careful reconnoissance was made towards the fort, and rifle pits and entrenchments rudely constructed.

At day-break of Sunday, the 15th, General Ames moved his Division to within 150 yards of the fort. A tremendous cannonade followed. Guns were dismounted, traverses furrowed, stockades broken, barracks shivered to kindling wood. Still the work was not breached nor

swept away—its defensive strength not seriously impaired.

At 3 P. M. two storming columns advanced, one of 2000 marines and sailors, led by Capt. Porter against the sea-face—the other, Ames' Division of about 2,300 veterans, against the Northwestern face—"the most difficult and arduous point."

The Navy's column made a most desperate dash—fought with heroic valor, but were quickly driven back in disorder, with heavy loss.

The enemy doubtless mistook the seaman's attack for that of the main body, and poured into them a terrible fire. The courage of the navy boys can not be surpassed, but their assault soon became an unorganized rush. We believe that veteran infantry would have carried the position. Their sharpshooters would have thinned out the rebels in the parapets, their support been prompt—their whole advance without confusion.

The defiant cheer of the rebels, as the sailors sullenly retired, had hardly died away, when another cheer was heard.

"What flutters o'er the northern wall?

Look now, where the smoke breaks through!

Huzza! huzza! 'tis Terry's flag

'Tis his battle flag of blue!

And by its side another flies,

All torn and gashed with scars;

See, how it flashes through the smoke—

The grand old stripes and stars!

Hark! hark! there goes the steady roll

Of the calm, well-ordered fire,

From veterans of a hundred fights,

That will never ebb nor tire.

Curtis had won the foremost mounds

That sheltered the rebel van,

And down across the traverses,

He followed them man to man.

Each mound was as a battle field,

And reeked with its bloody strife;

And not a foot of ground was gained

That cost not a hero's life.

Shouting and panting, hand to hand,

They fought till the close of day,

Till the solemn moon among her stars

Looked down on the dreadful fray.

At dark seven traverses had been carried. Each was itself a stronghold. Eight more remained, ere the main fort was reached. Quite a number of guns along the sea fronts had been reversed so that the enemy brought to bear on the traverses a heavy enfilading fire of musketry and artillery.

The 2d division, after six hours severe fighting, was almost worn out. The work lagged. But it must not fail.

Gen. Terry sends for troops which he had long commanded, and had particularly requested of Gen. Grant, Hawley's Brigade, commanded by Col. Abbott.

Its place in the defensive line was filled by the naval brigade, and it moved splendidly forward to re-enforce the weary and shattered ranks of Ames' Division.

There is brief consultation. Ames' division is ordered to keep the rebels busy. The fresh column is moved in the deep shadow of the





frowning parapet—noiselessly but swiftly along the entire land front to the very point where the fierce assault of the navy boys had failed.

Gen. Terry, Gen. Ames and Col. Comstock, (Chief Engineer of Grant's Staff,) were with Col. Abbott—all cool but anxious. Minutes now are worth ordinary years. The 7th C. V. is flung forward in skirmish line, the column is at their heels. Through the stockade and sally-port, over the parapet with a cheer, they dash. The startled rebels rally. Spencer rifles and veteran bayonets make short work; *Fort Fisher is won.*

Col. Comstock, forgetful of dignity, claps his hands, shouting, "We've got 'em! we've got 'em!"

Terry, without a word, steps forward, heads the 7th Conn. and 7th N. H., pushes the enemy right along the sea front to the last corner into Fort Buchanan, and compels instant and unconditional surrender.

A few rockets announce to Com. Porter the victory. A million rockets, roar of guns, peal of bells, scream of whistles, and stentorian cheers, proclaim it with measureless satisfaction and delight.

The 6th C. V., under Col. Rockwell, added honor to former honor. Several promotions have been made in the 6th for distinguished gallantry. We trust that similar promotions will be made in the 7th. The 7th lost six killed, the 6th two.

#### THE RESULT

Is a capture of 72 guns, 2,200 men, with camp and garrison equipage and ammunition, and the sealing up of the harbor of Wilmington. The captures have since swelled the number of guns to more than 160, and includes at least seven valuable blockade runners.

Wilmington in due time will fall. While Grant by threatening it, can keep the rebel troops there from re-enforcing Hardee or returning to Lee's army, it may be advisable to delay its capture.

#### THE PROSPECT.

We are on the sure and shortest road to PEACE. Grant, Sherman and Terry, combining their invincible armies, will, we trust, ere the summer closes, conquer a Peace which will be honorable and enduring.

#### Overruling Providence.

The day after the capture of Fort Fisher, three rows of torpedoes were discovered beneath the ridges of sand, extending along the entire accessible front. At the two points where the army and navy columns made their respective assaults, the wires, connecting the torpedoes with the galvanic battery within the fort, had been severed by the shells from the fleet. Elsewhere they remained intact. Had not the wires been severed at these points, or had the assault been made at other points, hundreds of veterans might have been blown to atoms, and their matchless bravery made fruitless. Gen. Terry, when informed, was affected almost to tears, and said earnestly, "It is the great goodness of God."

#### Major Joseph H. Converse.

"Who dies in vain  
Upon his country's war fields and within  
The shadow of her altars? Feeble heart!  
I tell thee that the voice of patriot blood,  
Thus pour'd for faith and freedom hath a tone  
Which from the night of ages, from the gulf  
Of death shall burst and make its high appeal  
Sound unto earth and heaven."

Mrs. HEMANS.

Sublime and serene resignation does this thought of the gifted poetess beget—though all inadequate to cheer the sad hearts of those who honored and loved Joseph H. Converse—and they were many.

I knew him in his royal prime—a generous man and intrepid soldier. Since "glory and the grave" claimed him, I have scanned with mournful satisfaction, his early days and developments. He was born at Stafford, of vigorous, New England stock, plain, practical, intelligent and enterprising. He made energetic improvement of good advantages for education. He prepared for college, at Suffield and Northampton, but did not enter. Among his studies he preferred the modern languages and mathematics. One of his early instructors, M. C. Ballard, of Windsor Locks, speaks with enthusiasm of the ease and rapidity of his progress in these favorite branches of study.

He was a keen and judicious observer of men and things. Few see as much on a journey, or learn as much from a page of history, as he did, and few possess information so wide in range and practical in character.

He was very thorough, systematic and persistent. He was just about to undertake business in the West, when the memorable call for 75,000 men was issued. Among the foremost of those whose prompt response proved the United States to be a Nation, is recorded the name of Orderly Sergt. J. H. Converse, of Co. A, 1st Conn. Vols. He used to smile when the first battle of Bull Run was mentioned, and say he believed that he did as well as the rest.

The fact is honorably historic that the Conn. regiments were last to leave that disastrous field, and left it in good order. During the retreat, a battery, whose horses and riders were unmanageable, dashed past. Sergeant Converse was knocked down, stunned, and considerably injured. His comrades helped him along. They repeatedly offered to carry his musket, but he refused, and clung tightly to his weapon through all the weary and depressing march.

For three months he served faithfully—observed constantly and carefully, and thought much. At home he studied tactics rigorously. He felt, what not many then perceived—that the conflict would be stern and long. He prepared himself for efficient service.

At the first opportunity, he began to recruit men at Stafford, and entered the 11th C. V. as 2d Lieut. of Co. B, with a commission dated Oct. 1st, 1861. He was diligent and efficient

in promoting the discipline of the company. Confined with others on rickety and crowded transports off tempestuous Hatteras, he bore the rigors of storm, confinement, and short rations, with cheerful fortitude.

His splendid conduct at the battle of Newbern, was observed with approval, as is most emphatically indicated by a commission as First Lieutenant, dated March 18th, 1862. A sketch of the battle, written for home perusal, and afterwards printed in the Hartford Press, is one of the most graphic and accurate published at the time. He subsequently forwarded many spicy and eloquent letters to the same paper—signing with his initials, J. H. C.

The narrative now flows, for a while, most fittingly, from the graceful pen of an intimate and valued friend, both of the subject and the writer of this article, who is, from racy and from pathetic sketches, already well known to the readers too, of the WAR RECORD as "Horse John." We, too, blend our modest efforts in a mutual tribute to him, whose memory, common toils, perils, joys and aspirations have made priceless to both.

"He was taken sick a few weeks after the battle of Newbern. As he was a 1st Lieutenant I decided upon giving him a share of my own large room. Pretty soon he recovered; and then shone forth that humor, that flashing satire, and that capacity of understanding and entering into the ideas and feelings of others, which made his society so charming on all subsequent occasions. By the slow and solemn Trent stood our hospital, the ancient home of a Revolutionary General. Huge old mulberry trees embowered it, and opposite, a reedy peninsula stretched its green tongue far down the river. There we swung in hammocks through the long summer afternoons, reading hoary magazines that had come in the boxes of Sanitary or Soldier's Aid clubs, or dreamily discussing authors and books. Thither came the fat captain of C's company to relate his oleaginous jokes. Thither came the Major to cheer his sick boys, and say a kind word to the doctor. And then I first knew, and esteemed him.

"McClellan was driven back. Burnside was ordered to Newport News. Through the Dismal Swamp canal, in mastless, rudderless barges, drawn by a diminutive tug, went our regiment. Frequently the tug would get aground, and then the barges, with their impetus unchecked, would come thumping and crashing into each other. We lay "thraes and braes," on the decks, with the burning sky above, and the rank vegetation of the swamp on either hand. At last we reached gay Norfolk, and breezy Newport News.

"When we were Provost Guard of Fredericksburg, in August, 1862, he was chosen Adjutant, by our great and pure Colonel, and we there met frequently. On the Maryland campaign, he was one of that trio marching at the head of the regiment, (Griswold and myself being the others,) which, forgetting the toils of





the march, allowed their imagination and conversation to range over all subjects aesthetic, philosophic, and historic. But he had read, that on marches, thirst is occasioned by opening the mouth to dust and air. So he resolved to keep his lips closed. It was very amusing. You could see a thought dawning on his countenance, to which the firmly closed lips refused to give utterance. Another would appear, and another, until finally a sarcasm condensed and exhaustive, irresistibly burst forth, and the lips closed again. At night, when supping round the blazing camp fire, his merry tongue would wag, and not cease until the large stars outshone the slowly paling coals. The crowning point of this campaign was Antietam, and there we shared our Colonel's last bright smile, and over his bullet-riddled body we shared a cup, the bitterness of which has not yet passed away. Then I esteemed and liked him.

"All the way down Virginia, with bloody Antietam behind us, and the enemy in front, sleeping together all night, and startled by orderlies with orders or countermands more than once before morning. Now, housed in a pine grove, between a huge rock and the fire, we lay in each other's embrace, on a little corn-straw, and the snow drifted upon our blankets. Then, with tents put up, and our mess chest out, we gathered, a laughing crowd, round a board laden with fowl and wheat-cakes. At that time Converse was Major, and Barnum Adjutant. Who can tell of the gay evenings that we passed by the fire with our Colonel, speaking of all the world, and what not, wreathing gay garlands to decorate the fleeing hours, and loving each other so well? For, then, I esteemed, I liked, and I loved him.

"What gay pictures might I not draw of our life at Falmouth! We had chimneys of mud and barrels. Whenever we were cozily ensconced, with a good fire burning, the guard, by a series of savage howls, would inform us that our barrel chimney was ablaze. We rushed forth, anxious to save our tent; and with liberal pails of water extinguished both chimney and fire. Later, we had a sheet iron stove. It did well all day, but when evening fell, it refused to burn. For a time we would sit shuddering. Then he would call the servants. They generally managed to raise a blaze that subsided altogether when their backs were turned. He chipped wood, and sacrificed paper, and coaxed the stubborn stove in the most persuasive manner. But all in vain. Finally, tired out and cold, we would go to bed. No sooner did the stove know us safe abed, than it blazed up, and a furious fire immediately singed our blankets, and put the tent in danger. Springing up we aimed dippers full of water at the orifice whence the pipe passed through the roof, and poured no scanty libations into the stove. But in vain. Burn it did, nor ceased, until at great risk, we had dragged the brands out, and thrown them into the snow. During those long nights, how frequently did we awake

and begin to converse, and relate anecdotes and jokes, until all the adjacent tents were in a roar, and the Colonel, in a fee-faw-fum voice commanded "Silence." With what a sly smile did we introduce our visitors to a crooked, gnarled stick, which according to all eye measurements would go into the stove quite easily, and yet could not be induced to enter by force or cunning. This had so frequently deceived us into frantic and vain attempts, that we labeled it the "gay deceiver," and introduced it as such. What happy afternoons reading Hugo and Dickens!

"Another had come into our circle. It was the Chaplain of the 8th. He also was a good laugh. For, be it known, we not only made jokes, but laughed at them; and when we laughed it was no simper and no snicker; but a shout, and a cackle, and a roar, gradually tapering off, with weaker relapses. We three were very happy.

"At this time I was transferred to another regiment, and though our relations continued the warmest and most intimate, we ceased to occupy the same tent.

"Allow me a few words on his character. He was a good representative of his age and nation. Without agreeing with any school of transcendentalists, he was essentially a protestant, a protestor against established systems and customs. He fully realized the state of transition which the present age and our nation is in, and his satire flashed up broad and indignant against the fetters that yet are timidly thrown around us, because the clear aim and result of our progress cannot now be foreseen. He had infinite humor, yet under the comic mask wore a strong feeling heart. He loved well, and hated strongly. It was easy for him to enter on the views and feelings of any person, and from that person's standpoint contemplate subjects, yet not lose his individuality. He was a prompt officer, very absolute and strict, not familiarly popular, but always trusted and well obeyed. The business capacities of our nation, he had his share of."

His character was fast rooted in resolute firmness and incorruptible integrity, and adorned with native courtesy and exquisite sense of honor. He refused to join in just criticism of an immediate and unpopular superior, lest he might seem to seek displacement of that officer, as conducive to his own advancement.

His powers of observation and description were remarkable. Falmouth is reproduced to every soldier of the Army of the Potomac who reads this extract from one of his many letters:

"A dirty place with but a few streets, and these snubbed into extreme limits by fierce hills. We were much impressed on our first visit with the peculiarities of this town; primarily having an idea that it was an insane village on a maniacal march; but were led to consider that it might be a fossilized suburb slightly inebriated. Everything looks wild and dilapidated; crazy stairs run up to outsides of as crazy old barns; chim-

neys reel as if with sun-stroke; fences twist themselves into exaggerated attitudes, and look blindly for aid from decrepid old posts."

A charge of the rebels down the gorge at South Mountain, and the repulse are thus portrayed:

"They came on with deafening yells, and were met by stubborn resolution, and the mad rattle of trusty rifles. Many a Northern hero went down in his rigid valor relaxing not a muscle and yielding not an inch; the cannon's indictive roar sounding their requiem, and hundreds of rebel death-wails their revenge. The battle raged far into the night; the dismal wooded crests of the mountains were fiery with the sulphurous flame, and the rocky gorges groaned with the accumulation of the thundering reverberations."

A deed of genuine heroism at the bridge of Antietam is thus enthusiastically recorded:

"Twice had the 11th rallied for a charge; the air rang with whistling balls and the ground quaked with the hard breath of artillery—Col. Kingsbury was dead, it might be, Lieut. Colonel Stedman and Major Moegling wounded; Capt. Griswold dead; companies but squads, and without officers—and officers with broken swords and battered uniforms without commands. It was at this time that Burnside called for aid, and every man felt that without re-enforcements or desperation, success would slip away. It was no time to falter, but one *did* falter and refused to advance with the colors—one forgot, for a moment, the honor of his position, and fear blinded from his sight the glorious old motto—on the proud banner above him, '*qui transtulit sustinet*,'—he who has brought us hither will preserve us. There is a man for all emergencies; this was an emergency unforeseen and unlooked for; but the man was there ready to fill the black chasm of cowardice with the impersonation of courage. That man was

CORPORAL HENRY EASTMAN.

He it was that stepped forth with a flashing eye and said, 'give me the colors,' and amid a burst of cheers, and the saucy flaunts of our dear banner—the 11th followed her bold color bearer, and the battery was safe."

The thoughts which will sometimes rise in the hearts of true men, are frankly and pathetically expressed under date May 4th, 1863—just after a reconnoissance in force:

"The skirmishers advanced steadily over the open fields, through the peach orchard, toward the wood. Half the distance was gained, perhaps, when, '*thug*,' '*thug*,' and '*thug*,' '*thug*,' cavernously spoke the confederate batteries from out some concealed citadel of log and mud, followed by that peculiar humming sound, which infuses one with the conviction that *he* is the target, and which ends in an explosion, and the song of whistling fragments through the air. *He* may have been the target, and the flashing thought a presentiment of mangled self, begrimed and bloody, prostrate on the hot, bare earth; a vision of home, and wife, and prattling blue-eyed sun-beam, may have come to his excited mind, with the sound of that hustling hum; the crash of jagged iron through the brain could not efface that picture;





and home, and wife and little ones trembled on the lip with his last breath, and went with his spirit to eternity."

Events now claim our attention. Converse received his commission as Captain, July 18th, 1862; yet acted as adjutant to Col. Kingsbury at the fierce battle of Antietam. His commission as Major, merited by conspicuous valor and good judgment, was received, Oct. 11th, 1862.

Both at Falmouth and at Suffolk he was frequently detailed on court martial and for duty as inspector. In every position, he was just, firm, and faithful, earning respect and esteem from all.

Through the winter of 1863-4, he was commander of the post at Gloucester Point, and received frequent commendation for efficiency manifested in every department. His experience had now been extensive, and varied. He had stored his mind with information, cultivated his judgment, and enlarged his views. His had now become a rich and noble manhood.

He entered on the fierce campaign of 1864, keenly conscious of its vast and decisive importance. He was detailed as inspector on the staff of Brig.-Gen. Weitzel, and acted as aid in all engagements. He was full of enthusiasm, hope and patriotism.

The residue is told, alas, too briefly, by his high-souled comrade, the peerless Col. of the 11th, who now also rests from toil. He writes to the sorrowing father:

"The major had been upon staff duty and detached from the regiment for some time—at first with Brigadier-General Weitzel, afterward with Brigadier-General Martindale, the latter officer having succeeded the former in command of the 2d Division. With each, Major Converse filled the position of inspector-general. On the 2d of June a grand assault upon the enemy's works at Coal Harbor was determined upon for the next morning, and, at 4½ o'clock we were in position and ready to move forward.

I was waiting in the edge of the woods, my brigade having the advance. Major Converse rode up, and, shaking hands, said, 'Colonel! the General sends his compliments and says all is ready.' We parted—he to rejoin the General, I into the open field. As we appeared to the enemy a volley met us, and in it the Major fell. I was not aware of his fate until my return. I had then seen all my own staff killed or wounded, and five hundred of the gallant brigade fallen. I was told by the General, that Converse had gone too. It was a sad blow to me, for through three years of hard service we had been comrades and intimate friends.

It would be fulsome flattery for me to praise him, or to attempt a eulogy upon his character. All who knew him felt his worth as a man and a gentleman; and when I tell you that no officer ever served with him, either as equal or subordinate, who did not recognize his soldierly qualities, and that his superiors have without exception placed implicit confidence in him, and valued him most highly, I assure you the fact is the highest tribute to your son."

When told that his wound was fatal, the Major quietly said, "I am ready to go."

One year before, learning that Capt. Samuel Hayden, a high-minded and gallant friend, had fallen at the battle of Irish Bend, La., he penned from his heart, this touching tribute:

"His devotion to the cause which he deemed sacred and his bravery have been most sadly attested by his death. The character that he maintained as a citizen, needs no eulogium; but on the grave of that christian spirit, far away on the bank of the Teche, a younger soldier would fain lay his laurel wreath, and carve on the tombstone of the gallant, '*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*.'"

Thus unconsciously did he pen words most appropriate for his own epitaph.

In the quiet grave-yard at Windsor Locks, stands an unpretentious slab of pure marble, thus inscribed:

JOSEPH H. CONVERSE.

MAJ. 11TH REGT. CONN. VOLS.,  
BORN JUNE 24TH, 1837, KILLED AT COLD HARBOR,  
VA., JUNE 30, 1864.

ENGAGED IN THE BATTLES OF  
FIRST BULL RUN, JULY 18TH, 1861.

NEW BERN, MARCH 14TH, 1862.

SOUTH MOUNTAIN, SEPT. 14TH, 1862.

ANTIETAM, SEPT. 17TH, 1862.

FREDERICKSBURG, DEC. 13TH, 1862.

SIEGE OF SUFFOLK, APRIL, 1863.

BEFORE RICHMOND, MAY, 1864.

DEURY'S BLUFF, MAY 13TH, 1864.

COLD HARBOR, JUNE 30, 1864.

For the Connecticut War Record.

### Capt. Richard Kirtland Woodruff.

The name of this young officer deserves an honorable place in the record of the noble sons of Connecticut, who have given their lives for the salvation of their country.

He was the son of Rev. Richard and Maria L. (Kirtland) Woodruff, and was born in Westbrook, Nov. 1st, 1840. His mother dying when he was but seventeen months old, he was placed with his relations in West Hartford, where he spent most of his childhood and youth, at times, however, pursuing his studies with his father, who preached in various places in Connecticut, and in the State of New York.

In 1858, he united with his father's church in Richford, Tioga Co. N. Y., and soon after returned to Connecticut, and for a year was a student in the Hartford High School. In the autumn of 1859, he was admitted to the Freshman Class in Yale College, with which he continued till the close of his junior year, with a view, it is believed, to the Christian Ministry. He then enlisted in the Fifteenth Conn. Vols. His patriotism was kindled at the bombardment of Sumter, and he felt and that it was his duty to take up arms. One thing alone held him back. His friends could not bear the thought of his leaving college for the war, and thus changing all his prospects in life, and his father, whose only child he was, and whose heart and home had been made desolate the third time by the death of his wife, found it hard to give him up. But he at length

obtained the consent of his father, and no longer hesitated. Within a few months after he entered the service, his father suddenly died. In the Fifteenth, as a non-commissioned officer, young Woodruff faithfully and cheerfully served, until, in March, 1864, he received a commission as Captain in the 30th Conn. Vols. (colored,) a position for which he was fully competent. His regiment was but partly filled up, and was subsequently consolidated with the 31st U. S. colored troops, which was one of those regiments that suffered so severely at Petersburg, Va., after the blowing up of the rebel fort on the 30th of July. In that affair, Capt. Woodruff was severely wounded in his left arm. He was sent to the hospital on David's Island, near New York, and on his arrival, wrote to his friends in a cheerful strain, saying that his wound was doing well, and that they might hope to see him in a short time. Three days afterward, he was suddenly seized with tetanus, and died Aug. 11th, 1864, in the 24th year of his age. His remains were interred on David's Island, but were afterward brought to West Hartford, Conn., and laid beside those of his grand-parents.

Cheerful, intelligent, conscientious, unassuming and affectionate, Capt. Woodruff was greatly beloved by his friends and acquaintances, and it was a noble life he laid on the altar of his God and his country. M.

### Capt. Chas. A. Tennant.

EDITOR CONN. WAR RECORD:

DEAR SIR:—In this terrible civil strife which is now striking with deadly hatred at the very heart of our country, thousands have fallen in the camp and on the gory field, precious sacrifices, whose names will not be known outside the circle of their bereaved friends and dear ones at home.

But sir, the subject of this little sketch, Capt. Chas. A. Tennant, certainly merits the tribute of affectionate regard and remembrance from all true, patriotic and christian men. Capt. Tennant was born in the city of Hartford, Jan. 12, 1840. In youth he was noted for his fine, amiable disposition, and engaging manners. He was always cheerful, and was not known to speak an unkind word to his parents, or any with whom he associated. In his intercourse with his companions and friends, he always exhibited a noble generosity and manliness, and sustained a remarkably pure and virtuous character.

Even at this early period of his short earthly career, it may be truthfully said of him, that

"None knew him but to love,  
None named him, but to praise."

Arriving at manhood, these excellent qualities had become fixed principles in his character, and were prominent in all his dealings with men. He received an ordinary education in his native city at the District and High Schools. He also spent a few months under Mr. Harris, an excellent teacher of Hartford, in acquiring a thorough knowledge of book-keeping, intending to make that his business. He was always highly esteemed and beloved by his teachers, and commended for his fine scholarship.

During the month of March, 1858, he experienced religion, and joined the North Baptist





Church of Hartford, the following June. He lived an exemplary life to the last.

In the Sabbath School, he was an energetic and useful member. None loved their country more than Captain Tennant, and when the war first broke out, convulsing the nation to its very center, and the call for Three Month's Troops was made, he was eager to go. Nothing could persuade him to remain at home, but his exalted regard for his mother's feelings, who could not at first consent to part with her only son, and allow him, so tenderly loved, to rush into all the perils and dangers incident to a soldier's life—but at length she gave him up to his country. He was known to remark quite often, that he was ashamed to stay at home, when his country so much needed his services, and when, in the summer of '62, another call for troops was made, he said, "Now I must go."

Giving up a lucrative situation in the Hartford Mutual Life Insurance Company, he engaged with a generous enthusiasm to aid in recruiting a company of men for the 16th Regiment C. V., of which he was unanimously elected 2d Lieut.

In the terrible engagement at Antietam, in which the 16th suffered so severely, Lieut. Tennant conducted himself with great bravery, and was soon afterwards appointed Captain of Co. D.

By his soldier-like deportment, he soon won the love and esteem of his superiors, the respect and confidence of his men. In his entire military career, he was actuated by a purpose that had controlled him for years, a determination to excel in whatever he undertook, "*Ille fecit diligenter quod fassus fuerat.*" Any commander might rejoice to have a subordinate as faithful as this officer.

In the battle of Fredericksburg, he manfully stood to his post, and with his company on picket for twenty-four hours at the very front, faithfully performed his arduous duties, and held his responsible position. For several hours he was much exposed to the enemy, and at one time, narrowly escaped the well directed bullet of a rebel sharp-shooter. Nothing could daunt his unselfish patriotism and zeal for the cause he had so heartily espoused. These continued to burn with a sublime radiance even amid the wretched trials and privations which our brave boys were called to endure at Falmouth, during the winter of '62-'63.

At the siege of Suffolk the 16th took an active part on the defensive, and had the honor of two engagements with the enemy outside the entrenchments. Capt. Tennant, as always, was at his post, and in the last encounter with the rebels before the siege was raised, occurring on the banks of the Nousemond, May 3d, 1863, he received the wound from the effects of which he ultimately lost his life. I saw him immediately after he was wounded, and while he was being carried from the field on a rude litter. That same beautiful smile, which was so characteristic of him, still rested on his manly countenance, notwithstanding the severe pain caused by his wound.

I said to him, "Captain, are you badly wounded?"

He cheerfully replied: "I guess not seriously."

He was taken as hastily as possible to the hospital in town, where his wound was dressed, and

he was cared for with the utmost attention and kindness. A few days afterwards he was removed to the U. S. General Hospital at Hampton, Va., where he remained until his death.

From the day of the battle until almost the close of life, he seemed to think that he should soon recover, but a Divine Providence had decreed otherwise, and in his early death our country has experienced the loss of a noble, unselfish patriot, a brave soldier, and one of her bravest sons, and best citizens. He fell attempting to vindicate the great principles of liberty and right, and received the fatal messenger with the armor on.

Henceforth, let his name be cherished and remembered with reverence and affection by all who have a heart to love, and soul to honor a filial son, a faithful friend, a true soldier and patriot.

ONE WHO KNEW AND LOVED HIM.

### Captain Wm. H. Sackett.

Killed in a charge made by a part of the 18th and 6th Army Corps, upon the enemy's lines, before Petersburg, on the afternoon of June 18th, 1864.

CAPT. WM. H. SACKETT,

of the 11th Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers, aged 23 years and 4 months.

Capt. Wm. H. Sackett, whose remains were brought to Hartford, and buried on June 30th, was a native of this city, and the youngest son of Loren Sackett, formerly a resident of Hartford. Three years of the best part of his young life were devoted to his country's service. When the rebellion broke out, Capt. Sackett enlisted as a private in Co. A, 3d Regiment, C. V., and participated in the battle of Bull Run. In December, 1861, he received the appointment of 2d Lieut. in the 11th Regiment, C. V. and was present at the battle of Newbern. In June, 1862, he was promoted to a First Lieutenantcy, and with his regiment fought bravely at South Mountain, and at Antietam. By his own merit he rose to the position of Captain, which commission bears date of the latter battle, September 17th, 1862. Under Gen. Burnside, he took part in the battle of Fredericksburg, remaining with his regiment until the following summer, when he was appointed on a military commission, sitting at Norfolk, Va.

In January last, a majority of his regiment re-enlisted for three years, and with them he returned home. He was subsequently detailed on a recruiting service, and afterwards placed in command of the recruits at Fort Trumbull; thence he was sent to take charge of the Conscription Camp, New Haven.

Three weeks before his death, he was ordered to join his regiment, then in active service before Petersburg. In the fight of Friday, June 17th, he received a wound in his right arm, "and though, (as he says in a letter to a friend,) suffering much from it, I shall not allow it to keep me from the command of my company. I will do my duty, and hope to come out all right."

Saturday, the 18th, Gen. Martindale's and Gen. Hink's Division of the 18th Corps, and General McNick's Division of the 6th Corps, were ordered forward, (the 11th Conn. forming the skirmish line,) and after a charge of five hours on the enemy's line, our forces succeeded in taking the ground, which placed Petersburg under our guns;

about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, a ball pierced the heart of Capt. Sackett, and he fell dead, without a word or a struggle.

Chaplain DeForest, in a letter to the editor of the WAR RECORD says: "In Captain Sackett's death, we have lost a most heroic, devoted and efficient officer. He did not expect to survive this terrible campaign. He almost seemed to have a presentiment of death. He gave directions for the disposal of his effects, and the embalming of his body. This foreboding, which proved too true, did not diminish his heroism or noble courage."

By nature he was a soldier. He was strong, active and robust. He had those physical qualities which are the ally and support of true courage. With him arms was a profession. He was devoted to the cause, and devoted to his men. With more than usual watchfulness, he cared for their interests, seeing that they had their rights and their allowances. He was jealous of the honor and bearing of his company. His heart was with the loyal cause, and to it he has given his life. We now add his name to the lengthening roll of patriots, from the gallant Ellsworth, who have offered themselves on the Nation's altar. He fell in the thickest of the fight—a heroic leader, among heroic men. His death was easy; without a struggle, he fell into the arms of a brother officer, and expired."

Capt. Sackett was much beloved for his many manly qualities, and admired for his bravery and fine military bearing. His loss is deeply felt by his regiment. All the duties assigned him were discharged with energy, faithfulness and wisdom. His courage, tested in many a battle, remain untarnished. His death is a severe loss to his regiment, to his country, to his afflicted relatives and friends, and adds another name to the long list of martyrs by this wicked rebellion, and embalmed in the memory of their countrymen.

### Gen. Grant keeps his own counsel.

Gen. Terry was summoned to the Headquarters of Gen. Grant. The Lieut.-Gen. placed in his hand written orders to take charge of certain specified troops, get them with cooked rations on board transports at the earliest possible moment, and report at Savannah to Gen. Sherman. Just as the last regiment was going on board, Gen. Grant requested Gen. Terry to go down the James River with him on his dispatch boat, and in the cabin of that boat, after the whole expedition was on its way, Gen. Terry first knew that he had been chosen to command an expedition against Fort Fisher. His instructions were to TAKE THE FORT by assault if within the limits of possibility, otherwise by siege.

### The Heroes of Fort Fisher.

The morning after the victory, an officer shaking hands with Gen. Terry, heartily congratulated him as "The hero of Fort Fisher." General Terry expressed his gratification at the warm congratulations of his friend—but, said he, pointing to the troops stretching their weary limbs along the sand, or quietly cooking their pork and hard tack, "yonder, sir, are the heroes of Fort Fisher." Leader and troops are worthy each other.





## Recollections of Army Life in the 27th Connecticut.

### III.

The failure at Fredericksburg, considered by itself, and especially in connection with its causes, was well calculated to produce much discouragement throughout the entire army. On the 11th of December the troops streamed forth from their camps, confident in their ability to drive the foe from Marye's Heights and hurl him back to Richmond. On the 16th they returned, baffled and dispirited, having lost ten thousand men in fruitless efforts to overcome the natural and artificial advantages of the rebel position. The fearful scenes of a battle may well impress the veterans of many conflicts; but when for the first time a regiment meets the enemy with every advantage in favor of the latter, and when the list of killed and wounded swells to unusual proportions, and nothing is accomplished by this expense of life and energy, it is no sign of weakness that despondency and gloom for a time prevail. Such a feeling, resulting from failure in the campaign, and from the loss of a large number of our most esteemed officers and men, pervaded the 27th in common with the rest of the army. The loss of such men as Capts. Schweizer and Taylor, Serjts. Barrett and Fowler, Corporals Minnae and Alling, and many others, men of high character, who went to the field purely from a sense of duty; such men in their death could not fail to leave behind, among their fellow soldiers, a universal sorrow reaching to the very depths of the heart. The memory of those who fell on the 13th of December, and many of whom lie in unknown graves back of Fredericksburg, will never lose its freshness, but rather grow in strength as the history of future years adds significance to the conflict of the present.

Fortunately for the success of Burnside's plan of evacuation, his operations were concealed in the darkness of a severe storm, which had not terminated when we arrived in our former camp on the morning of the 16th. In the afternoon the two hundred and fifty men of the 27th, who had been picketing along the Rappahannock for the previous six days, rejoined us, many of them much exhausted by their unusually prolonged duties. Expecting to be absent from the regiment only a day, the ordinary limit of picket duty at one time, the party took with them only one day's ration, and in the confusion attending the movement of troops and the battle, rations for the additional time could be procured but irregularly and in insufficient quantities.

According to orders, the camp was now moved to a strip of pine woods skirting the west side of the Division parade ground—but this was not to be our permanent location—and after manoeuvring for several days from one place to another, we at length encamped in the edge of a forest, only a few rods from where we first pitched our tents, on the line of the Rappahannock. An elevated plain stretched away between us and the river, and above a slight depression the clustered spires of Fredericksburg rose to view, from whose bell-towers of a Sabbath morning, we could sometimes hear the summons to the house of God. A walk of a few rods brings us in full view of the city, sitting in calm quiet among the hills, while long

red lines tell where the rebel earthworks lie, and little specks of white in the background, disclose the enemy's camps. Just under the edge of the bluff to our right and concealed from view, is the village of Falmouth, a mongrel collection of houses arranged along dirty, unpaved streets.

Although intimations were thrown out that the army would now go into winter quarters, yet it was nearly two weeks before our men could dispossess themselves of the idea that some fine morning the old stereotyped order, "strike tents and pack knapsacks," would scatter to the winds their plans of personal comfort.

As soon as it was evident that no further movements would be made, the men vigorously applied themselves to the work of building huts, devoting the mornings to this labor, while Brigade drill occupied the afternoon. In the hundred and thirty log houses of our little regimental village, was embraced an amount of comfort wholly inconceivable by those who know nothing of the numerous contrivances a soldier's ingenuity can suggest to supply the place of ordinary conveniences. Generally, four congenial minds would unite their mechanical resources. A pine forest within reasonable distance, an axe and shovel, one of Uncle Sam's mule teams, and a moderate degree of ingenuity, constitute the only capital of these camp carpenters. Having secured a favorable site ten by seven, these comrades in bunk sally forth to the neighboring grove, and before their sturdy blows the old pines come crashing down, are split into slabs of the required length, and in due time reach their destination in camp. After smoothing the ground and carefully removing stumps, the logs are hewn out and placed one above another, with the ends dove-tailed together, or set upright side by side in trenches, and soon the huts assume their full proportions. Every man now becomes a mason. The surrounding region is ransacked for stone and brick with which to construct a fire-place at the front end. While this important work is going on, another is vigorously plying his wooden trowel, in plastering up the fissures with clay, on the principle that nothing is without its uses, even Virginia mud. Shut in over head by thin shelter tents, let us see what our cabinet maker has been doing. At the further end are two bunks, one above the other, and as the upholsterer has not performed his part and very likely never will, we must content ourselves with the soft side of pine slabs. On one side of the hut is a rack for the reception of guns and equipments, while on the other a table swings on leather hinges, which fasten it to the wall. In the way of seats, we have square boards elevated on three pointed crotchets cut in the woods. In winter quarters it is very desirable to have a liberal supply of culinary furniture. The man whose fire-place is adorned with an iron frying pan, is an object of envy to all his comrades, and is universally agreed to have reached the acme of comfort. However, the halves of old canteens fitted with handles, answer very well in its place. In many of the huts, telegraph wire might be found doing service in the shape of a gridiron, upon which an occasional steak is broiled. Very likely, in its appropriate place is a coffee pot, perhaps of the plantation style, two feet high and large in proportion,

which some argus-eyed soldier has observed and quietly confiscated.

Our huts are now nearly completed, and it is with no little satisfaction that we survey their rough architecture, pork barrel chimneys, and cracker box doors, feeling that though the winds may blow and the rainy season pour down its floods, we are prepared to endure it patiently. When the army has just completed its preparations for a comfortable time, it is safe to prophecy marching orders within three days thereafter. So it proved in the present instance. At dress parade, on the 16th of January, an order was read for the regiment to be ready to march on the next day with three days' rations. Details were dispatched at midnight to the Brigade Commissary's, after rations, and in good season on the 17th, we were ready to start, but no final orders came, and it was bruited about that Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, while roving around Dumfries and Alexandria with his rebel cavalry, in the absence of Gen. Burnside in Washington, had telegraphed an order as if from him, for the army to be ready to move. This is of a piece with a Joke Stuart perpetrated on another occasion, when in the name of a Union General, he telegraphed to Washington for certain stores, and is reported to have received them in good order.

On the 18th, Generals Burnside and Sumner reviewed our Army Corps. In the afternoon of the 20th, an order was read, announcing that the army was "about to meet the enemy once more. The auspicious moment had arrived to strike a great and mortal blow to the rebellion, and to gain that decisive victory due to the country." The plan was for Hooker and Franklin to cross at Bank's Ford, six miles above Falmouth, and capture Taylor's Hill, the key of the position, from which they could advance in the rear of Fredericksburg and turn the enemy's flank. This being done, Sumner with his Grand Division, to which the 27th belonged, was to cross directly in front of the city at the old place, and take the batteries which had baffled our efforts in the battle of Dec. 13th. The plan was substantially the same as the previous one, except that the flank movement was to be made upon the rebel left wing instead of his right. The failure of December resulted from the inefficiency of Franklin's flank demonstration, which allowed the enemy to mass his forces in front of Sumner. But now it was proposed to use two Corps in the preliminary movement, and provided they were successful in taking Taylor's Hill, Sumner's success would be assured, notwithstanding for a month past the rebels had been engaged in strengthening and extending their works. Hooker and Franklin were in motion on the 20th, while impetuous Sumner waited in his camps to hear the signal which should summon his veteran legions to the conflict. For several days, artillery and pontoons had been passing camp en route for Banks' Ford. If the weather continues favorable the morrow will bring to our ears the boom of a hundred and fifty cannon.

But one of those strange events beyond man's understanding, disconcerts the whole plan. Instead of the roar of artillery the unwelcome sound of rain salutes our ears the next morning, and continues for several days. Impassable





roads, guns and pontoons fast in the mud, men toiling slowly along, or pulling at the boats, add a new page to the long chapter of misfortune which had followed the noble Army of the Potomac. The rebels briefly summed up this last advance in those laconic words, "Burnside stuck in the mud," which they impudently displayed from their picket line. The rainy season had now set in in good earnest, and the wearied troops returned to their camps to await the advent of Spring.

The progress of events had already foreshadowed a change of commanders, and on the 29th general orders were read announcing that Gen. Burnside had been relieved, and the accession of Joe Hooker. The brief two months of Burnside's command had secured for him the sincere respect of the whole army. His honesty of purpose could not be impeached, and none felt more keenly than himself the ill success which had attended him. History in summing up his campaign, will assign no small significance to the fact that Burnside did not receive the hearty co-operation of his subordinate commanders. He possessed an excessive self-distrust, and it was creditable to his candor to confess it, and yet it is a question whether this distrust did not react unfavorably upon the officers and men of his command. Condemn it as we may, the boastful self-confidence of Hooker had no little influence in reinspiring the army with that self-reliance which forms an important item in the calculations of success.

The advent of Gen. Hooker was signalized by the abolition of the Grand Divisions and a return to the simpler organization of *Corps D'Armee*. And what was of more consequence to the soldiers, an order was published directing the issue of four rations of fresh bread and fresh beef, and two rations of potatoes per week, with an occasional supply of other vegetables. This measure went right to the hearts of the army, for it must be confessed, and it is nothing to their disgrace, that the hearts of our soldiers are very near, if not actually, in their stomachs. For an army is a great physical machine, expending a vast amount of animal power, and requiring careful attention to its animal wants to secure the highest moral efficiency.

From the battle of Fredericksburg to Hooker's move in the spring of '63, the 27th was engaged in picket duty along the Rappahannock, whose banks are as familiar to the men almost as the walks of childhood. Every other day at seven in the morning, our quota of the Division picket, equipped with blankets and one day's ration, formed in front of the Colonel's tent, and after inspection, marched a mile to General Hancock's Headquarters to undergo another inspection, after which a march of two or three miles brought them to the line of the river. The fact that three fourths of the time it was either rainy, or snowing, or cold and blustering, will give some idea of the arduous character of picket duty. By mutual agreement the custom of picket firing, so annoying and useless, was discontinued, and friendly intercourse was no uncommon event, harmless in itself and yet so liable to trouble that it was prohibited by special order. Frequently the rebels launched out on the river their diminutive craft laden with tobacco and the latest Richmond papers, and bearing a note to "Gentlemen of the United

States," requesting an interchange of commodities.

February 19th, the long expected Paymaster at length arrived, and the companies were paraded for pay, notwithstanding the intensely disagreeable weather. After supper we made a trip to Headquarters and the Ambulance Corps to notify detailed men to appear for pay. The falling rain, melting snow, the uncertain ground giving way beneath the feet, holes full of mud and water into which the unwary traveller would suddenly fall, all this was certainly quite different from a New Haven pavement and the shelter of an umbrella. But yet we would gladly have repeated the walk that same night could we have been favored with the company of the army of fault-finders, who sit in their comfortable houses, reading the New York papers, their heels elevated to a level with their heads, and snap and snarl because the Army of the Potomac still remains in camp. We could take them where they would sink out of sight, and perhaps the country would be better for it; at any rate, they would know why the Army of the Potomac does not move.

Feb. 22d, we experienced the severest snow storm of the season. At noon through the thick mist of snow-flakes, comes the deep boom of cannon swelling into a loud chorus, from the adjacent batteries, answered by the low, muffled murmur of the distant discharge. In every direction salutes were being fired in honor of Washington's birthday. The time and place gave additional interest to this demonstration of respect for the Father of his Country, for this region is intimately connected with his history. Here he lived and here are his descendants to this day, while on the other side of the Rappahannock a simple tomb marks his mother's resting place.

March 5th, Gen. Hooker reviewed the 2d Army Corps on a large plain near Hancock's Headquarters. The Corps was drawn up in nine lines by Brigade, in all, nearly fifteen thousand men. Generals Hooker and Couch, the then Corps Commander, with their brilliant and numerous staffs, rode rapidly up and down the several lines while the men presented arms. Then taking position in front, the Brigades marched by in column by company. Nothing was more impressive than the sight of the many regiments reduced to a mere fragment of their former strength, a silently eloquent commentary on the inscriptions of their banners.

The rapid advance of Spring, and Hooker's known determination to move on the enemy at the earliest possible moment, led to much speculation as to the plan of the new campaign. Before the close of March intimations were thrown out that the army must expect to take the field soon. Daily balloon ascensions were made at several points on the river in order to ascertain the position of the rebels. As an illustration of "Fighting Joe's" cool assurance, it was currently reported that one day he sent his balloon directly over the city of Fredericksburg, having previously notified the commandant that any molestation would meet with condign punishment from his batteries. The comparative nearness of our camp to the river afforded good opportunities for observing any change on the rebel side and the

probability that we should have to cross in front of the city in any future movement, whetted our curiosity. The rebels had been actively engaged all winter, in strengthening their position, and now dark lines of rifle pits and earthworks frowned from the bluffs for miles up and down the banks, commanding every available crossing. As may well be imagined, the prospect was by no means inviting.

March 17th, we heard heavy firing from up the river. It afterwards appeared that a large body of Union cavalry had effected a lodgment on the rebel side, as a starting point for a future raid.

Although prevented from participation in the approaching Connecticut Election, no little interest in its result was felt among us. On the day of election after the reading of an address prepared by a Committee of Officers, a vote was taken sustaining our present worthy Governor, by an overwhelming majority. And, when the news came of his success, we felt encouraged by the belief that, notwithstanding previous disaster, the army would still have the sympathy and co-operation of the people in its support, to crush out treason and traitors.

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## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

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### From the 21st Regiment.

CAMP 21ST CONN. VOLS. }  
In the field, Va., Jan. 1st, 1865. }

#### Editor Conn. War Record:

After the battle of July 30th, the regiment resumed its old place in the trenches on the right of the line at Petersburg, and every thing about us resumed its usual quiet. The days became hotter still, and the pits more sultry, till the 15th of August, when a heavy shower of rain cooled the air, but as though fates were resolved to make it unpleasant for us, we were as much troubled with the mud as we had been with the heat. An outsider unacquainted with our warlike character, might easily have taken us all for brick makers, so completely were we plastered with the "sacred soil of Virginia." However, after two or three days scrubbing and scraping, we contrived to get the outer coating off, with which we felt quite well satisfied.

The 18th of Aug. dawned upon us, dark and lowering. Fit surrounding for the sad tragedy which then deprived us of another of our gallant officers. "A curse upon the traitor who fired that shot," echoed many a heart, when Capt. Kenyon's breast received the fatal ball. We bore him from the field. Every possible care and attention was bestowed, but all in vain. The thread of life was snapped asunder, and after lingering two weeks, he slept the sleep which knoweth no waking, and our list of martyrs received one more honored name.

Fatigue and exposure still told fearfully upon the regiment, so that we now frequently had but few over a hundred men for duty. Often but three officers. And at this time we remained in the pits for eleven days in succession without relief; and a part of the time the mud was up to our knees. The writer occasionally casts a sly glance with his mind's eye, back to a certain spot where he entombed, (he would not dare say how deep,) a pair of "Uncle Sam's Pontoons" sacri-





feed to the tenacious hold of the "sacred soil." Poor old Pontoons. Calm and peaceful be your rest, until the war is ended, and the sword transformed into the ploughshare, when some fortunate swain striking deep with his plough, lustily endeavoring to reclaim the barren tract from the desolation of war, may disturb your sweet repose, and wake you to usefulness again.

At last, however, the welcome news reached us that we were to be relieved. And with lighter hearts than we had enjoyed for many a day, we bade a glad farewell to Petersburg the evening of the 26th of August, and the next morning at daylight, after a tedious march nearly the whole night, found ourselves behind Butler's intrenchments, at Bermuda Hundred. Here we went into camp, and free from the continual whizzing of Minie balls and the shriek of bursting shells, we straightened our backs once more, inhaled deep draughts of the pure air, and wandered leisurely about with none to molest or make us afraid. The relief from the extreme fatigue we had undergone was great. And our thinned ranks soon began to fill, and those of us who had weathered the storm, felt new life and vigor coursing through our veins. Thus passed the time with nothing of moment to relate, till the 28th of September, when just at dark we received orders to be ready to move in "in light marching order," and at nine o'clock were on our way. Every one was on the "qui vive" to know our destination. But that was not given us to know till we reached it. Yet I think the regiment never started off in better spirits or fighting trim. We marched that evening to Aiken's Landing, on the James, where we crossed on a pontoon bridge laid during the night, threw out our skirmishers in advance, and just as the grey streaks of dawn crept up the eastern sky, by Brigades in column, the gallant 1st Division of the 18th Corps, swept up the hill which brought them in contact with the enemy's skirmishers. These, however, were pressed steadily back about four miles, to their main line of works thrown up along the crest of a hill, a strong position by nature, where they had a large square fort mounting about eight guns, and surrounded by a ditch ten feet deep with perpendicular sides. From this on either side, stretched a heavy rifle pit intersected with small redoubts, mounting one or two guns, and which enfiladed our approach in every direction. Just before our line of battle was formed, seven companies of the regiment, with our commanding officer, then Captain, now Lieut. Col. J. F. Brown, were sent out as skirmishers on the left of the line, where gallantly led by Captain Brown, they pressed the enemy back in the face of a heavy fire even to their stronghold. The remaining three companies with our colors kept on with the column. Soon we saw the black mouths of the enemy's guns frowning upon us from the crest of the hill. But without halting to look around us or to give the enemy time to concentrate, one regiment was immediately deployed in line of battle, and closely followed by the rest of the Brigade, dashed over the field. It was a fearful distance, and the white clouds of smoke from that frowning crest as the iron demons belched forth their destruction upon our advancing column, with the sure promise they gave of the death messenger, were

well calculated to strike terror to the stoutest heart. But steadily that little band pushed on, unfrightened, undismayed by the pitiless storm, till weak and exhausted, they halted just at the foot of the slope and partially under cover, to rest and reform. But our work was not yet done. And after a short pause, with one fierce shout, and more determined effort, they dashed through the leaden rain waiting to receive them, on to victory. The day was won. And the emblem of liberty waved over the stronghold of rebellion. Although the greater part of the regiment were nobly doing their duty at another portion of the line, yet the three small companies with the assaulting column, proved themselves veterans. And while all did well, yet a few deserve special mention for their devotion to their colors, which they closely followed into the fort and proudly unfurled to the breeze.

Among the first then, Corporal Howard Camp of Co. I, although severely wounded before reaching the summit, stood by the flag he carried till safely transferred to Corporal Rix of Co. G, who bore it on till just as we were scaling the parapet, he too, was wounded, but careful to see it again safe in other hands. Lieut. now Captain E. P. Packard, of Co. G, while gallantly leading his Division in the charge, was seriously wounded in the head by a fragment of shell, and fell senseless a short distance from the fort.

Sergt. Geo. P. Edwards of Co. A, received a serious wound in the arm just as he leaped over the parapet. And then a little band of nine rallied round the dear old flag in the moment of victory. Curtis, of Co. C.; Coon, Wilcox, Tucker, and Colgrove, of G.; Maynard and Fardon of I.; and Rouse of K, were the first inside the fort. A gallant color guard, and worthy of their colors.

But little more remains to relate. The regiment was not again engaged during the day, though subjected all the afternoon to a terrific shelling from the enemy's gun boats, which had been brought to bear upon our line, in the course of which several men were slightly wounded. But night stopped the mouths of the dogs of war, and we went busily to work reversing the enemy's intrenchments. Just at dark, however, in withdrawing from an advanced position on the left, to our main line, the enemy made a sudden dash upon us, capturing some prisoners and materially accelerating our speed towards the main body, by a severe fire of musketry in our rear. And here again we are called upon to shed a tear over the death wound of another gallant officer, Lieut. W. R. Jennings of Co. E. A fatal ball crashed through his lung, and after weeks of what we thought a slow recovery, he, too, lay a still, white sacrifice upon the altar of his country. But his memory we shall ever cherish.

Surely we are doing our part in this war. On every field some noble form is laid.

21st.

#### From the 10th Regiment.

IN FRONT OF RICHMOND, VA., }  
January —, 1865. }

DEAR RECORD:—It is something over two months since I wrote you, and perhaps a line or two from us would receive a welcome in the February Number of the Record.

Our trip to New York in November, was anything but pleasant, and then, to come back and find our log cabins torn down, rebuilt and occupied by a new regiment, was still more perplexing. But like dutiful children of Uncle Samuel, we went to work and built new quarters near the old site, where we remained about three weeks. We were beginning to feel quite at home, when we received orders to move about 3-4 of a mile up the line to a place made vacant by the 24th Mass. regiment, (belonging to our Brigade,) which had been ordered to Bermuda Hundred for Provost duty.

After a week of diligent labor, our camp again appears in all its glory, and in a much more uniform style than the old one, with sufficient room for enlargement to accommodate the 400 recruits which had just arrived.

Since then our duties have been rather easier. There is a detail of 40 men each day for picket, which, with the camp guard, comprises all the regular details. But the men in camp do not lay idle, I assure you. Company drill in the morning, and Battalion in the afternoon, with dress parade at 4 o'clock, consumed nearly the whole of these short winter days.

To-day we have had six more Lieutenants mustered, so that our complement is nearly full, and the regiment begins to look more as it did last spring, when we landed at Bermuda Hundred. The recruits are making rapid progress both in drill and discipline, under our new officers who are old vets.

We have had snow enough to cover the ground only once during the winter, but rain enough to make it up; consequently incalculable quantities of mud. It has been almost impossible during the past month to get a sufficient quantity of rations and forage up from the landing. All the teaming is done on corduroy roads, and if one of the teams get off, down, down they go, and good bye mules, their cars only remain in sight, to mark the spot. Meantime, the driver escapes by some stratagetic movement.

Deserters are coming in by scores daily, sometimes whole picket posts, officers and all, come over to our lines. A few days since several families came from Richmond direct, in a suffering condition. They claim that they are compelled to leave the city to keep from starving, and that they have their choice to go further South or come over to our lines.

We are now the 2d Brigade of the 1st Division of the 24th Corps.

The consolidation of the two, (18th and 10th) Corps seems to give entire satisfaction to all, but the removal of Gen. Butler from the command of this Department, gives far better, and brings joy to every soldier in the Army of the James.

Yours, C. S.

From the 2d Conn. Light Battery.

MOUTH OF WHITE RIVER, ARKANSAS, }  
January 17th, 1865. }

The battery is again under marching orders and leaves for New Orleans by the first means of transportation. We are to report to the Chief of Artillery of the Department of the Gulf, but whether for post duty or to form part or parcel of some expedition we can only conjecture. Mobile is thought by many to be the objective point





and as we took an active part in the siege ending in the surrender of Forts Morgan and Gaines at the entrance to Mobile bay, the prospect of an expedition in that direction is not less agreeable than probable.

During the two months we have been stationed here, we have had much wet weather, and consequent sickness. Two of our number have died and are here buried, John C. Newton of Stratford, and Frederick Holmes of Waterbury. The latter was in the three months' service, and was taken a prisoner at the first Bull Run battle, and carried to Richmond.

For a few days past we have had fine weather, the mud has disappeared, and our sick, (now but three or four in number,) are well enough to be taken with us to New Orleans.

Our duties here have been comparatively light, and we have had ample time to construct comfortable and convenient log huts. We are only supplied with shelter tents in this Department, but an old veteran will not sleep cold or wet a second night, with a shelter tent, a hatchet, and a mud hole to start with. Wild game abound in this State, but as fire-arms are not allowed to be discharged we have had to resort to such contrivances as "dead polls," for "coons and possums," of which quite a number have been caught. Wild geese and ducks, and bears and deer, are also found here.

Justus B. Hawley has been promoted to the position of Second Lieutenant. He has been for some time Orderly Sergeant, and is well worthy of the rank to which he has been advanced. Other changes will follow upon our arrival at New Orleans, where the necessary musters can be made among the commissioned officers.

Notwithstanding we leave comfortable quarters for winter, we depart without a sigh except for those we leave beneath the sod.

Previous to leaving New Orleans, quite a religious interest was manifest in the battery, and this interest has not abated during our stay at this point. Our little christian band numbers between twenty and thirty, meets regularly (in a room if we have one, if not in the open air,) and our meetings are well attended. We are indebted to the noble charity of the Christian Commission, for religious books and papers.

UNION.

### From the First Conn. Cavalry.

CAMP OF 1ST CONN. CAVALRY, }  
Near Winchester, Va., Jan. 19th, 1865. }

The quiet of Oct. 18th—the date I find of our last record—did not last long. Before dawn the next morning, we were roused by the unwelcome sound of "Boots and Saddles," and from then till dark again, little could be heard besides the rattle of musketry, the roar of cannon and the varied sounds of battle. In the struggle of that day, the 19th of Oct.,—that day of great disaster, but of greater triumph—the 1st Conn. bore an important part. We shared the gloom of the morning, when the army was flying in utter rout; we shared the joy of the afternoon as the tide suddenly turned, and, when an aid rode to the front of our Brigade shouting "Sheridan has come," we joined in the cheers ringing all about us, for we felt instinctively that there was to be no more falling back; no further disaster; no more

panic—but a confident stand, a forward, and a victory.

When the battle began before daylight, on the left of the line, our Cavalry Division, on the extreme right, were aroused, saddled and ready for action; but we were obliged to wait about two hours listening anxiously to the roar of the fight as it drew steadily nearer, telling us that our forces were being driven—before Custar's band was heard, the Division was ordered forward, the 1st Conn. being in the advance. At first, on the extreme right of the cavalry line—the three Divisions, stretched to check the rebel advance—we were soon moved to the left, across the pike, and in about two hours back again to the right flank near the ground of our morning camp. We remained here till about four o'clock in the afternoon, when Gen. Custar, in his quick, nervous, driving style, hurried the Division on a trot march towards a force of rebel cavalry, which had been discovered on the right of the 10th Corps, and ordered the 1st Conn. to charge them, as they were posted upon the summit of a hill. The regiment started, led with coolness and courage, by Capt. E. W. French, our commanding officer, and charged upward with an ardor and a spirit that were warmly commended by the General and his staff, who watched with some anxiety the result; but when they reached the top, and drove the enemy flying before them, their shout of exultation was caught up by the Division waiting below, ready to follow if their assistance should be needed. Capt. French soon returned for further instructions, and the regiment, with most of the 1st Brigade, were ordered to push the enemy back across Cedar Creek, which was accomplished in spite of some obstinate resistance, and it was dark before the Brigade returned. In the meantime Gen. Custar had started on his raid after the rebel artillery, leaving orders for the Brigade to follow him; but it was too late when they returned, so that they lost their share of the glory of capturing the half a hundred guns, though consoled somewhat by the satisfaction of knowing that they had accomplished work without which the capture would have been impossible. The Richmond papers say the secret of their disaster was the rout of their Cavalry on their left, which, if correct, puts a feather in the cap of the 1st Conn.

After this the regiment had the usual round of scouting and picketing—encamped upon the battle ground of the 19th—but with no special experience till the 12th of Nov. Early in the morning of this latter date, they started under Capt. Joab Rogers, on a reconnaissance, met the rebel pickets and drove them across Cedar Creek; but, when about to return they found that Gen. Rosser had sent a superior force to attack their flank and rear. Making a hasty retreat, they were reinforced by the rest of the Brigade, returned with them, charged the enemy and drove them several miles across the creek. Among the wounded during the day, was Capt. Rogers, who, while bravely leading the regiment in a charge, received in the foot, a bullet shot which necessitated a painful operation, and which has deprived us ever since of his valued services.

About a month after this, the regiment went with the Division, up the Valley on a very severe

reconnaissance. Starting in the rain on the morning of Dec. 19th, they reached Woodstock that evening, and the next night arrived at "Lazy Springs," within five miles of Harrisonburg. When reveille sounded, at four o'clock on the morning of the 21st, the camp was literally caked in ice. A hard rain during the night, had frozen as it fell, covering everything; so that the blankets of our officers and men were stiff with ice and crackled sharply as they were thrown off at the summons of the bugle. The ice formed upon the horses was so thick they could with difficulty be saddled. While every one was busy thawing out his blankets and clothes—or melting the ice for a drink of coffee, before it had begun to be light—the command was attacked suddenly by a Division of rebel cavalry that galloped furiously into Gen. Custar's camp with drawn sabres, and for a moment had it their own way; but only for a moment. The 2d Brigade, upon which the assault was made, realizing at once the condition of things, proceeded to acknowledge appropriately the early call, and after an hour's fight, the enemy retired minus a good number of greybacks left bleeding and dead upon the frozen ground. Our loss was slight. Our whole force then retired, the object of the expedition being accomplished, i. e. the enemy having been very effectually—found. Fifty of our regiment came back with frostbitten hands or feet; and, to-day, twenty men are suffering, and excused from duty in consequence of the tough experience of these cruel December days.

The New Year opened very pleasantly for us, with a sumptuous entertainment, which was provided by our good friends at home, in view of the fact that we lost our share of the great Thanksgiving Dinner, having been at the time on detached duty away from the Brigade. We were lucky though, in our misfortune on Thanksgiving Day; for our share of the spoils then would not have compared very well with the abundant repast we were permitted to enjoy on the afternoon of Monday, Jan. 2d. Not to tantalize you too unkindly with a minute description of our bill of fare, I will simply state that we had about a thousand pounds of poultry, with an appropriate supply of all the fixings needful for a first class dinner. We are greatly indebted to the Soldiers' Aid Societies of Hartford, New Haven, Norwich, New London, and the Relief Society of Bridgeport, by whose co-operation especially, the matter was accomplished. Through their kindness we were also able to distribute to the regiment more than four hundred pairs of mittens and gloves, a pair for nearly every man, and the first they had worn, most of them, during the winter.

We are encamped—the 3d Division—on the Romney Pike, about two miles from Winchester, and for three weeks have been busily engaged building winter quarters, though the winter is more than half gone, and soon preparations must begin for another campaign. The Regiment has been commanded since the last of Nov. by Col. Braxton Ives, and under his excellent care, is being rapidly improved to the highest point of efficiency as a cavalry organization. Lieut. Col. Whitaker, formerly on the staff of Gen. Kilpatrick, and subsequently of Gen. Wilson, has been with the regiment for two months, devoting him-





self earnestly to the good of the command. Our only other field officer at present is Major L. P. Goodwin, who has won his gold leaf by his record as soldier since the war began.

We have now present for duty 468. Our Surgeon, Dr. G. A. Hurlbut, has but a small number under his special care. The morning report of to-day shows only 37 excused from duty, nearly all of whom are able to attend sick call, and none in hospital. The general health of the regiment was never better.

Just as I am closing, a battery in our vicinity is making a great racket in honor of Fort Fisher—in honor of our Conn. General, who finished at a blow, the job which other generalship had pronounced impossible. Hurrah for old Connecticut!

H.

### The 16th Regiment.

ROANOKE ISLAND, N. C., Jan. 22d, 1865.

After an absence of nearly a month, the regiment has returned to the Island. On the 6th ultimo, the Sixteenth, with three days' rations, and accompanied by detachments from most of the regiments stationed here, proceeded to Plymouth, from which place an expedition started from Rainbow Bluff, on the Roanoke River, where the rebels have formidable batteries. Much damage was done the enemy by the burning of Foster's Mills and the bridges in its vicinity, but the capture of the bluff was not accomplished as it was not considered practicable. Foster's Mills were about ten miles from Plymouth. Large quantities of grain, &c. were found here, to say nothing of "apple jack," and peach brandy, which was burned by the 16th—especially the apple and peach. The Roanoke Island troops returned here on the 9th inst. Within a week past, we have constructed our winter quarters in good shape. Many of the men have put up their old tents, stockading them with new boards, while others have built small houses, large enough for three or four men. These with shingled roofs, are neat and comfortable, but at a cost to the men of from three to four dollars each, of their hard earnings. We have in the regiment a gentleman of an agricultural turn of mind, who from the interest he takes in farms, stock, barns, &c., is called "The Country Gentleman." One would think that a person who could see more beauty in a yoke of cattle than in the flag of our Union, would make a poor soldier, but how different is the case. At night when all disrobe themselves and retire "the Country Gentleman" deliberately removes his boots and "turns in," with his clothes all on, so that in case of attack he can be foremost in repelling the foe.

I inclose specimens of State money, presented by Henry Clarke, a private in Co. A, 65th New York Regiment.

ROANOKE.

### The Second Artillery.

Though the 2d C. V. A. has not appeared in the columns of the WAR RECORD for several months, it has nevertheless been in the field, as our decimated ranks, the hospital records, and our own never-to-be-forgotten experience clearly make known.

Your Sept. number, in the article then published, left us at Halltown, near Harper's Ferry.

With the Army of the Shenandoah Valley, we remained in this place one week, recruiting the physical man, and diminishing somewhat, the large amount of accumulated regimental work. The greater part of this time the enemy kept up brisk skirmishing, but without loss to this regiment. Sabbath morning, however, Aug. 28th, long before it was yet day, our slumbers are disturbed by the summons, "be ready to move at dawn." Soon all is again astir, and the weary work in which we have engaged so constantly the previous months, is again resumed. We march, however, but a few miles, to the place we left Sabbath night, a week ago, one and a half miles beyond Charlestown, which place, of course, reminds of John Brown, and the bands proclaim to us and the inhabitants of this once aristocratic place, that his "soul is marching on," as they and the South must be fully aware by this time. In five days we are again, at three A. M. packing up for another move, which brings us to Clifton, and we encamp for the third time, on the same farm, but this time with more marked effect, through foraging and building of breastworks. But before the tents are pitched, and just at evening, heavy and rapid firing is heard on our left, first musketry and then cannonading. The indications are we shall soon be in battle, but are gladly disappointed, as the 8th Corps unexpectedly attacked, is sufficient to repel the enemy. Here we enjoy a fortnight's rest, camp assumes increasing comeliness, the men begin to think of winter quarters, so cold is the weather, and some actually prepare for a prolonged stay. But Sabbath noon, Sept. 18th, we learn we have no continuing abode here, as we are ordered to march at two o'clock. Tents are accordingly struck and we are ready to fall into line, when the order comes, "put up tents." A while past midnight, however, we are turned out to pack up again, and in a thick darkness start on our way across lots, where, we know not. But when we strike the Berryville and Winchester pike, and follow it, we "guess." Nine o'clock brings us to the Opequan, and within sound of firing. We cross, pass on a mile or more, and find a battle has commenced by the cavalry. They left Clifton several hours before us, have driven in the enemy's pickets and are now engaging the main body. Our brigade files into a narrow ravine amid flying shell, one of which wounds and eventually causes the death of one of our number. In this ravine the regiment and the brigade lay down for a while, and then march for the conflict. They enter just as part of the nineteenth Corps are falling back, and in time to aid in successfully stopping the receding tide. The battle is resolute and persistent on the part of the enemy, falling back only, as actually forced by greater resoluteness and persistence displayed in charge after charge, driving the foe in total rout beyond Winchester. Night coming on, our wearied forces halt just outside that city. During the fight Gen. Upton commanding the brigade, takes Cos. D, and F, alone, far in advance, for the purpose of driving a portion of the enemy from their position, and is successful. At one time a rebel battery has full range of the regiment, and many are cut down, still it firmly maintains its ground till ordered elsewhere. At another time it charges upon a battery, drives the men from the guns, but the cavalry capture them.

In this battle our regiment loses three officers killed, and ten wounded, and seventeen enlisted men killed, one hundred and seven wounded; total, one hundred and thirty-seven. The officers killed are Maj. J. Q. Rice, Lieuts. F. J. Candee and H. Hubbard. The mails of the day before brought the latter officer intelligence of severe and probable fatal sickness in his family; one signature more to his application for leave of absence, and his steps would have been homeward bound instead of the fatal battle field.

Early the next day we pursue the fleeing foe. Wrecked caissons, ambulances, army wagons, &c., mark their course. We find them entrenched in that strong-hold to which we drove them, and from which we retreated only a few weeks since—Fisher's Hill, 18 miles from Winchester. Sheridan reconnoiters and skirmishes, draws his lines nearer and nearer to the enemy, and about the middle of the P. M., Sept. 22d, falls upon them. Without much fighting they are driven, by being flanked, from their entrenchments. They seem to have been taken unexpectedly, possibly relying too confidently upon the strength of their position. At all events, they leave behind them clothing, which they have just drawn, and the boxes of the caissons, with the ammunition in them, still by the side of the embrasures, where they had probably placed them for convenience. In this attack the nineteenth Corps are in the center of the foe and engage them there; the sixth, our own Corps, is on their (the enemy's) left, while the eighth is still further upon the left, extending up and around upon the mountain side, concealed by the woods and thicket. As they come down, the sixth advances, and through woods and ravines and over breastworks makes its way, the enemy too disheartened or surprised to make other than a faint resistance. In this battle and the skirmishing connected with it, the loss to our regiment is two enlisted men killed and twenty wounded.

All the night we pursue them, and during the forenoon halt at Woodstock for rations, which came up after the battle commenced, and have been following the troops through the night. These received and the men a little rested, we are on the march again, go a few miles, and halt for the night, intensely wearied. But the morning finds us on the way again, and just beyond Mt. Jackson, a beautiful little village, where Stonewall Jackson erected a general hospital for the valley, we find the enemy posted on the opposite bank, across a plain near two miles in width, with cavalry and infantry skirmishers out. We sent out skirmishers, cannonade them awhile across the plain, then ford the stream, and in several columns "forward, march." We soon come upon their vacated camp, evidently hastily left, and in a short time are sufficiently near to send shot and shell into their rear. Then commences an exciting scene. Several batteries are hurried to the front, halt, and fire a few rounds, then hitch on, hasten forward, halt, fire a few more shots, hitch on again, and with horses on the jump, press onward. Thus the artillery, outstripping the footman, become the skirmish line. All this time the infantry, in ten columns, across this beautiful grassy vale, progressing as fast as heat and failing strength will allow. This kept up till just at





night, forming a sight seldom seen, and once seen ever to be remembered. Gen. Sheridan and his staff are with the front battery on the hill-side that skirts our right, observing the whole. At New Market the Rebs. halt long enough to hasten the three or four guns left them to a near elevation, and fire one round. And with the going down of the sun, when the rear of their train is full in our view, and desperation seems their only hope, a strong skirmish line is thrown out and fire vigorously. The cavalry are all on other routes, the infantry are so exhausted and so far in the rear, and night is so near, or seemingly large captures could easily be made. In the morning, tired and jaded as men and animals must have been, the bird has flown.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

### From the 18th Regiment.

CAMP 18TH REGT. C. V., }  
Haltown, Va., Feb. 10th, 1865. }

MR. EDITOR:—Understanding that you would like to hear from the 18th C. V., and as no one else deems it his duty to report for the regiment, I will send you a short record for your disposal. The 18th came to this place the last of Nov., for winter quarters. Very soon comfortable log or board houses, were built, including officers' quarters, about one hundred and thirty in number, and the boys say they were never more comfortably situated than now. Their duty, however, is rather severe, for, besides being on picket along the Winchester Railroad every three days, they are often called to perform fatigue duty at Harper's Ferry, and occasionally to go out scouting. Companies D, and J, are on detached duty at Duffield Station, on the B. and O. R. R., and Co. A, is at the Ferry. The absence of these companies increases the task of those that remain. Still, I hear little or no complaint among them; on the other hand, I often hear them going to their duty, singing and shouting, though the elements sometimes are very uncomfortable. The winter thus far, has been very severe, having had frequent storms with high cold winds. At present, the snow is about six inches deep on a level. But the weather is moderating, and a few bright sunny days will cause most of the snow to disappear. The citizens tell us this has been the coldest winter for many years.

The boys have indulged in many pleasantries of late, at the expense of the "Sunny South," and think after all, it is not much warmer here than in their native State.

The regiment has been inspected three times within a month, by different officers, and I understand is well spoken of, for its prompt and soldier-like performances. Lieut. Col. Henry Peale, its present popular commander, is doing all he can to sustain the hitherto good reputation of the regiment, and is not laboring in vain. His staff and line officers co-operate cordially, and the best feeling prevails.

Surgeon Holbrook is faithful and efficient in his department, and the sanitary condition of the regiment was never better. We have a chapel tent, where religious services are held three times a week, with encouraging results, and, besides a Bible Class, and a Singing School. We have a library of 360 volumes of excellent reading mat-

ter, donated by friends in Hartford, New London, and Pomfret, which is highly appreciated, and is being thoroughly read. It is located in the chapel, and is in the care of a librarian and the Chaplain. On the whole, we are very pleasantly situated, and preparing ourselves for any service which may be required of us in the future.

I will add, several copies of your paper are received weekly. In addition, we have thirty-five copies of the Norwich Weekly Courier; twelve copies of the Windham County Transcript; eight copies of the Willimantic Journal, and upwards of twenty copies of the Christian Secretary. One hundred and fifty religious papers, of various denominational character, are distributed weekly, and from thirty-five to forty dailies. But our own State papers are the most highly appreciated. At present, we are well supplied with reading matter, for which we are under many obligations to our home friends.

CHAPLAIN.

P. S.—I propose to furnish you a brief statement, hereafter, of the history of this regiment for your April number.

C.

### The 18th Regiment.

HALLTOWN, VA., Feb. 11th, 1865.

MR. EDITOR:—The Headquarters of the 18th is still at Haltown, Va. Our camp is on the right of the Railroad, and about fifty rods from it, on the summit of a hill, with breastworks in front, a part of which were thrown up by the 18th Regiment in August, 1864. They reach from the Potomac to the Shenandoah, a distance I believe of about five miles. The rebels, however, have not troubled this road or telegraph lately, probably on account of the stringent orders of Gen. Sheridan, that in case they injured the line, that the citizens who lived within a certain distance should suffer equal damage. And as many of the residents along this line are rebel sympathisers, the road is spared on that account.

Lieut. Carruthers, commanding Co. H, had a little exploit the other day; I believe it was on the 5th of this month. Having been informed while on picket, that a squad of rebels had been seen to cross the railroad along the post, he immediately threw out skirmishers and started in pursuit; they soon succeeded in getting between the river and the rebels, and cut them off from crossing. Having them then between the skirmishers and the line of pickets, they commenced an advance and drove them in upon the pickets, capturing five, one having escaped by the flank. To the first questions of the Lieut., they claimed that they were citizens, but finally confessed that they belonged to White's gang of Guerrillas. When the boys in camp saw the Lieut. bringing them in, they all mounted the breastworks and began to shout "fresh fish, "Peace Commissioners," and ask them if Jeff. Davis was coming; the rebs. could not help laughing themselves. Guerrillas are quite numerous in this vicinity, roaming about in the night to steal horses. Occasionally they capture a picket post.

There is very little sickness among us, only five being in the hospital.

Recruits are occasionally sent to us; but yet number less than five hundred men.

Our Chaplain is Elder W. C. Walker of New Lon-

don. He is very attentive to his duties, and is very much beloved by every member of the regiment. Yours, with respect.

MEMBER OF THE 18TH.

## PERSONAL.

List of Appointments and Promotions in the Connecticut Volunteer Force, for the month of December, 1864.

### 1ST CAVALRY.

2d Lieut. John R. Skidmore to be Captain, vice French, discharged.  
Lieut. Elias S. Brown to be 1st Lieut. vice Straut, promoted.  
Sergt. Wm. T. Ford to be 2d Lieut. to fill an original vacancy.  
Sergt. James Bradley to be 2d Lieut., vice Skidmore, promoted.  
Sergt. Stephen A. Hinman to be 2d Lieut. vice Brown, promoted.  
Corp. John Andrews to be 2d Lieut.  
Sergt. Frank D. Briusmade to be 2d Lieut. vice Stuart, discharged.  
All with rank from the 26th of November, 1864.  
Leonard P. Goodwin, of Plymouth, to be Major, Dec. 16, 1864, vice Marcy, dismissed.

### 2D ARTILLERY.

1st Lieut. Geo. Dimock to be Captain, vice Pratt, mustered out.  
1st Lieut. William C. Faxon, to be Captain, vice Ayer, promoted.  
2d Lieut. Thomas J. Beers to be 1st Lieut. vice Douglass, mustered out.  
2d Lieut. Wm. R. Garnsey to be 1st Lieut. vice Dimock, promoted.  
2d Lieut. Lewis B. Shurgess to be 1st Lieut. vice Faxon, promoted.  
1st Sergt. James P. Elliott to be 2d Lieut. vice Beers, promoted.  
Sergt. Chas. Silliman to be 2d Lieut. vice Guernsey, promoted.  
All with rank from 26th of Nov., 1864.

### 1ST ARTILLERY.

1st Lieut. and Adj. Bela P. Learned to be Capt. vice Barton, mustered out.  
2d Lieut. Isaac N. Westerbelt to be 1st Lieut. vice Learned, promoted.  
Both with rank from Dec. 23, 1864.

### 2D ARTILLERY.

1st Lieut. Gad N. Smith to be Capt. vice Hosford, promoted.  
2d Lieut. Joseph E. Fenn to be 1st Lieut. vice Potter, promoted.  
2d Lieut. Henry S. McKenzie to be 1st Lieut. vice Sanford, promoted.  
2d Lieut. Wm. L. Twiss to be 1st Lieut. vice Birge, promoted.  
2d Lieut. John E. Wheeler to be 1st Lieut. vice Smith, promoted.  
Sergt. David C. Manson to be 2d Lieutenant vice Marsh, promoted.  
1st Sergt. Orville B. Tiffany to be 2d Lieut. vice McCabe, promoted.  
All with rank from the 30th of Nov. 1864.

### 3D BATTERY.

1st Sergt. Richard E. Hayden to be 2d Lieut. Dec. 23, 1864, vice Gilbert, promoted.

### 6TH REGIMENT.

Q. M. Sergt. Benjamin B. Penfield to be 1st Lieut. and Adj. vice Stanley, mustered out.  
Eugene Atwater, of Terryville, to be 1st Lieut. vice Grant, promoted.  
Both with rank from Dec. 23, 1864.  
Asst. Surgeon Myron W. Robinson to be Surgeon, Dec. 16, 1864, vice Dibble, mustered out.

### 7TH REGIMENT.

Wm. S. Marble of North Manchester, to be Capt. vice Perry, discharged.  
2d Lieut. Albert M. Holden to be 1st Lieut. and Adj. vice Moore, discharged for promotion.  
Both with rank from Nov. 20, 1864.

### 8TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. and Adj. Wm. M. Pratt to be Major, vice Coit, declined Commission.  
Asst. Surg. James Bigelow to be Surgeon, vice Storrs, mustered out.  
Both with rank from the 1st of Nov., 1864.  
Sergt. Major George W. Farham to be 1st Lieut. Dec. 22d, 1864, vice Kilbourne, killed in action.





## 9TH BATTALION.

1st Lieut. James W. Graham to be Captain, vice Wright, dismissed.  
 1st Lieut. Garry T. Scott to be Capt. vice Sheridan, discharged.  
 2d Lieut. Joseph H. Lawler to be 1st Lieut. vice Mullens, discharged.  
 1st Sergt. Wm. Gleason to be 2d Lieut. vice Goodman, discharged.  
 1st Sergt. Edmund Downing to be 2d Lieut. vice Lawler, promoted.  
 All with rank from the 5th of Dec., 1864.  
 2d Lieut. John Bolger to be 1st Lieut. Dec. 22, 1864, vice Scott, promoted.

## 10TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Daniel W. Boardman to be Capt. vice Engles, mustered out.  
 1st Lieut. Robert W. Adams to be Captain, vice Greaves, mustered out.  
 1st Lieut. Henry L. Parker to be Capt. vice Webb, mustered out.  
 1st Lieut. John L. Bartlett to be Captain, vice Campbell, mustered out.  
 Q. M. Sergt. Joseph W. Hawxhurst to be 1st Lieut. vice Martin, mustered out.  
 1st Sergt. Julius Neidhart to be 1st Lieut., vice Palmer, mustered out.  
 1st Sergt. George W. Hutchins to be 1st Lieut., vice Boardman, promoted.  
 1st Sergt. Walter P. Hovey to be 1st Lieut., vice Adams, promoted.  
 Sergt. Wm. B. Curtis to be 1st Lieut. vice Parker, promoted.  
 Sergt. Thomas J. Stillman to be 1st Lieut., vice Bartlett, promoted.  
 All with rank from the 10th of Dec., 1864.  
 George R. Turnbull, of Hartford, to be 1st Lieut. Dec. 8, 1864, 10th Regt.  
 The appointment of Capt. Geo. W. White, 15th C. V., to be Colonel 10th C. V., is revoked, the number of men in the 10th not being sufficient to allow his muster as Col.  
 1st Lieut. Brainerd Smith to be Capt. Dec. 23d, 1864, vice White, died of wounds.  
 Nathan H. Wright to be 1st Assistant Surgeon, Dec. 24, 1864, vice Trowbridge, declined commission.

## 11TH REGIMENT.

Major Randall H. Rice to be Lieut. Col., Nov. 30, 1864, vice Moegling, deceased.  
 1st Lieut. Erastus Blackman to be Capt. vice Nickerson, discharged for disability.  
 1st Lieut. Samuel W. Pray to be Capt. vice Rice, discharged.  
 1st Lieut. David A. Hoag to be Capt. vice Cady, declined commission.  
 2d Lieut. Wm. G. Dickinson to be Captain, vice Brown, mustered out.  
 2d Lieut. Wm. H. Randall to be 1st Lieut. and Adjt. vice Barnum, died of wounds.  
 2d Lieut. George Cassidy to 1st Lieut. vice Horton, discharged for disability.  
 2d Lieut. Frank Metzger to be 1st Lieut. vice Hoag, promoted.  
 2d Lieut. Henry A. Eastman to be 1st Lieut. vice Fuller, mustered out.  
 2d Lieut. Ebenezer H. Foote to be 1st Lieut. vice Snifflins, cashiered.  
 2d Lieut. Ernest Hoepfen to be 1st Lieut. vice Blackman, promoted.  
 2d Lieut. Henry A. Walker to be 1st Lieut. vice Pray, promoted.  
 1st Sergt. Royal V. Payne to be 2d Lieut. vice Hoepfen, promoted.  
 1st Sergt. Wm. Cummings to be 2d Lieut. vice Randall, promoted.  
 1st Sergt. Alvin L. Burley to be 2d Lieut. vice Cassidy, promoted.  
 Q. M. Sergt. Geo. W. Keables to be 2d Lieut. vice Eastman, promoted.  
 All with rank from the 30th of Nov., 1864.  
 Surgeon Jas. B. Whitcomb is re-appointed Surgeon 11th C. V. to date Dec. 24, 1864.  
 Lieut. Col. John H. Barnham, 16th C. V. to be Col. 11th C. V. Dec. 17, 1864, vice Ward, declined commission.

## 12TH BATTALION.

1st Sergt. Henry A. White to be 1st Lieut.  
 " Alexander Cohn " "  
 " John W. Phelps " "  
 " Smith Canfield " "  
 " Wm. H. D. Stalce " "  
 Sergt. Orrin E. Stoddard to be 2d Lieutenant vice Fletcher, promoted.  
 All to take rank from the 2d of Dec., 1864.  
 Henry A. White, Alexander Cohn, and Smith Canfield, were mustered out as enlisted men, then took advantage of the reading of the order discharg-

ing them, and refused to be re-mustered as Officers. Commissions revoked.  
 Lieut. Wm. Berry to be Captain vice Dickinson, promoted.  
 Lieut. Francis Smith to be Capt. vice Clarke, promoted.  
 Lieut. Edwin W. Bushnell, to be Capt. vice Grannis, mustered out.  
 All with rank from the 5th of Dec., 1864.

## 13TH BATTALION.

2d Lieut. Abner N. Sterry to be 1st Lieut. vice Graves, transferred and promoted.  
 2d Lieut. Geo. H. Pratt to be 1st Lieut. vice Norman, promoted.  
 1st Sergt. Samuel S. Taylor to be 2d Lieut. vice Beckwith, promoted.  
 1st Sergt. Herbert C. Baldwin to be 1st Lieut. vice Stanley, promoted.  
 1st Sergt. Wm. B. Tooker to be 2d Lieut. vice Sherry, promoted.  
 Sergt. Major Chas. H. Gaylord to be 2d Lieut. vice Pratt, promoted.  
 All with rank from 30th of Dec., 1864.

## Appointments and Promotions for January, 1865.

## 1ST CAVALRY.

Sergt. James L. Richardson, to be 1st Lieut. and Adjt. vice Walker, mustered out.  
 2d Lieut. Frank D. Brinsmade to be 1st Lieut. vice James, discharged.  
 Both with rank from Dec. 31st, 1864.  
 Lieut. Col. Brayton Ives to be Col., vice Blakeslee, mustered out.  
 Major Edward W. Whitaker to be Lieut. Col. vice Ives, promoted.  
 Both with rank from Jan. 11th, 1865.  
 Herbert M. Bishop, of New London, to be 2d Asst. Surgeon, with rank from Jan. 19, 1865, to fill original vacancy.  
 Henry L. Johnson to be Major, with rank from Jan. 13, 1865, vice Whitaker, promoted.

## 2D ARTILLERY.

Lieut. Col. James Hubbard to be Col. vice Mackenzie, promoted Brig. Gen.  
 Major Jeffrey Skinner to be Lieut. Col. vice Hubbard, promoted.  
 Capt. Augustus H. Fenn to be Major vice Ellis, discharged for disability.  
 Captain Chester D. Cleveland to be Major vice Skinner, promoted.  
 1st Lieut. Hubbard E. Tuttle to be Captain vice Fenn, promoted.  
 1st Lieut. Daniel E. Marsh to be Captain, vice Cleveland, promoted.  
 All with rank from Jan. 7, 1865.  
 James Wyllis Dixon, of Hartford, to be 1st Lieut. with rank from Jan. 14, 1865, vice Gregory, discharged.

## 5TH REGIMENT.

Lieut. Col. Henry W. Daboll to be Colonel, vice Packer, mustered out.  
 Major William S. Cogswell to be Lieut. Col. vice Daboll, promoted.  
 Both with rank from Jan. 28, 1865.

## 10TH REGIMENT.

1st Sergt. Joseph Grinsell to be 2d Lieut. vice Wright, promoted.  
 1st Sergt. Henry L. Hall to be 2d Lieut. vice Brown, promoted.  
 1st Sergt. Wm. A. Robbins to be 2d Lieut. vice Chitty, resigned.  
 Sergt. James W. Benedict to be 2d Lieut. vice Lindsley, promoted.  
 Sergt. John B. Newell to be 2d Lieut. vice Savage, mustered out.  
 1st Sergt. Andrew F. Jones to be 2d Lieut. vice Sharp, deceased.  
 All with rank from Jan. 7, 1865.  
 1st Sergt. David H. Holmes to be 2d Lieut. vice Parsons, promoted.  
 1st Sergt. Edward L. Smith to be 2d Lieut. vice Broatch, transferred and promoted.  
 Both with rank from Jan. 12, 1865.  
 Henry A. Page of New Haven, to be 2d Asst. Surgeon, with rank from Jan. 19, 1865, vice Pease, dismissed.

## 11TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. and Adjt. Wm. H. Raudell to be Capt. vice Warren, mustered out.  
 1st Lieut. Ernest Koepfen to be Capt. vice Horne, declined commission.  
 2d Lieut. Frank H. Day to be 1st Lieut. vice Horne, mustered out.  
 2d Lieut. George W. Keables to be 1st Lieut. vice Koepfen, promoted.

2d Lieut. William Cummings to be 1st Lieut. vice Harvey, mustered out.  
 2d Lieut. Alvin L. Burley to be 1st Lieut. vice Gilbert, discharged for disability.  
 Sergt. Major Joseph Stanton to be 2d Lieut. vice Metzger, promoted.  
 1st Sergt. Nathan Cornwall to be 2d Lieut. vice Quien, mustered out.  
 1st Sergt. John Dupois to be 2d Lieut. vice Foote, promoted.  
 1st Sergt. Robert Thompson to be 2d Lieut. vice Dickinson, promoted.  
 1st Sergt. David B. Mansfield to be 2d Lieut. vice Day, promoted.  
 Sergt. Erwin Eastman to be 2d Lieut. vice Cummings, promoted.  
 Sergt. John B. Miller to be 2d Lieut. vice Keble, promoted.  
 Sergt. Charles H. Winter to be 2d Lieut. vice Burley, promoted.  
 Sergt. Charles A. Douglass to be 2d Lieut. vice Walker, promoted.  
 All with rank from Jan. 3, 1865.

## 12TH REGIMENT.

Com. Sergt. Howard L. Hine to be 2d Lieut. vice Phelps, promoted.  
 1st Sergt. Edwin G. Sawn to be 2d Lieut. vice Mullen, promoted.  
 Corp. Augustus Gray to be 2d Lieut. vice Crossman, mustered out.  
 All with rank from Jan. 7, 1865.

## 13TH REGIMENT.

Private John Frazer to be 2d Lieut. with rank from Dec. 31, 1864, vice Dunbar, promoted.

## 14TH REGIMENT.

2d Lieut. Ira A. Graham to be 1st Lieut. vice Seymour, resigned.  
 2d Lieut. Joseph Thompson, to be 1st Lieut. vice Shalk, died of wounds.  
 1st Sergt. John T. Bradley to be 2d Lieut. vice Stoughton, promoted.  
 Sergt. Orasmus B. Sawyer, to be 2d Lieut. vice Russell, promoted.  
 Sergt. Major Charles E. Penhallow to be 2d Lieut. vice Steeking, promoted.  
 Sergt. Kibbourne E. Newell to be 2d Lieut. vice Graham, promoted.  
 1st Sergt. Frederick M. Fox to be 2d Lieut. vice Lillibridge, promoted.  
 All with rank from Jan. 3, 1865.

## 18TH REGIMENT.

2d Lieut. William Carruthers to be 1st Lieut. with rank from Jan. 7, 1865, vice Lilley, promoted.

## 20TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Henry R. Billings to be Captain, vice Brown, cashiered.  
 2d Lieut. Arthur Boardman to be 1st Lieut. vice Sprace, promoted.  
 2d Lieut. Nathan B. Abbott to be 1st Lieut. vice Kirby, transferred and promoted.  
 2d Lieut. Alexander H. Buckingham to be 1st Lieut. vice Billings, promoted.  
 Sergt. Edward J. Murray to be 1st Lieut. vice Lewis, deceased.  
 All with rank from Jan. 7, 1865.

## 21ST REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. and Adjt. Walter P. Long to be Capt. vice Dutton, transferred and promoted.  
 1st Lieut. Chas. Fenton to be Captain, vice Jennings, died of wounds.  
 1st Lieut. William W. Latham to be Captain, vice Long, declined commission, Nov. 27, 1864.  
 2d Lieut. Elisha B. Chipman to be 1st Lieut. and Adjt. vice Long, promoted.  
 All with rank from Jan. 3, 1865.

CAPT. JAMES R. STRAUT, of the 1st Cavalry, has received, from his friends in Bridgeport, a fine cavalry sabre, to replace the one battered and destroyed by rebel bullets, in the hard fights of the Shenandoah Valley. He well deserves the compliment. He has been steadily promoted for distinguished merit, from a private to be Captain, in one of the best cavalry regiments in the United States service.

COL. GEORGE N. LEWIS, of the 12th C. V., is now in hospital at Baltimore. A severe wound received at Port Hudson, has broken out afresh.

LIEUT. COL. JOHN H. BURNHAM has declined the Colonelcy of the 11th Regiment C. V.





LIST OF CASUALTIES OCCURRING IN THE 7TH CONN. VOLS., IN ENGAGEMENT OF JAN. 15TH, 1865, AT FORT FISHER, N. C.

Capt. John Thompson, Com'dg. Regt., left foot, slight.

1st Sergt. Chas. A. Benger, Co. D, right thigh, mortal, (since died.)

Sergt. John J. Corcoran, Co. I, head, slight.

Sergt. Albert Winegar, Co. H, head, slight.

Corp. John O. Berg, Co. A, right arm, severe.

Private Jas. Lynch, Co. E, killed.

Private Jas. Ballard, Co. D, head, slight.

(Signed,) WM. S. MARBLE,

Capt. 7th Conn. Vols.,

Com'dg. Regiment.

The Regiment went into action with eight commissioned officers, and 75 enlisted men, in the Brigade commanded by Col. J. C. Abbott. Capt. John Thompson commanded during the early part of the action, until wounded, when command was assumed by Capt. Wm. J. Marble.

## REGIMENTAL.

THE FIRST ARTILLERY, is said to have sent three companies with the expedition to Fort Fisher. We have not yet heard from them.

THE FIRST LIGHT BATTERY is now in the Light Artillery brigade, joined to the 25th Army Corps.

THE THIRD INDEPENDENT BATTERY.—A friend writes: "We are very nicely situated in the defences of City Point, having prepared the ground and built winter quarters. We now garrison four redoubts in the line and have charge of ten siege guns. There is very little sickness, and, I believe, no dissatisfaction. All seem willing and cheerful. The men of the battery are now soldiers in the best meaning of the term."

THE 5TH AND 20TH INFANTRY regiments are too busy in making history, to write much. When they get time they will have a splendid story to record. They, with Sherman, are "marching on."

THE 6TH AND 7TH INFANTRY, are noticed in the first article of the number.

THE 8TH, 10TH AND 11TH INFANTRY, at latest date, were under marching orders, with four day's rations, probably to co-operate in the recent move of Gen. Grant. A box of reading matter has been sent to the 8th, by the former Chaplain, John M. Morris and others. A box has also been sent to the 11th, by friends of Chaplain DeForest.

A friend from the 10th writes, Jan. 23d: "A new regime is established in the 24th Corps. Every Sunday each brigade commander inspects his brigade, and exempts from picket duty for one week, the regiment which presents the best appearance. The best regiment of each brigade is then sent to Division Headquarters and again inspected, and that regiment which bears the best inspection among all, is excused for one week from all duty. The 10th yesterday were pronounced the best regiment of the brigade. To-morrow we go for inspection to Division Headquarters. We hardly expect to be pronounced best of the division, because we have many recruits who are not yet well drilled."

The regiment pronounced best of the Division was an Ohio regiment, containing about 200 veterans.

THE 9TH AND 12TH BATTALIONS, and probably THE 13TH REGIMENT OF INFANTRY, have been trans-

ported from the Shenandoah Valley to the defences of Savannah, under Gen. Grover.

THE 14TH INFANTRY reports 180 men for duty. It is now armed entirely with Sharp's Rifles. Among 23 regiments of the 2d Division, 2d Corps, it has been pronounced by the inspectors, 2d best in all respects. Its camp is pronounced the best. A correspondent writes thus:

"The recent movement commenced on Sabbath morning, Feb. 5. The second Division of the 2d Corps reached its position before noon, which was a large hill on Hatcher's Run, that we were to hold. The interval between this point and the left of our fortified lines was mainly held by the third Division of this Corps. The fifth Corps came into position later in the day on the other side of the Run. The 14th Conn. was ordered to support Sleeper's Massachusetts battery. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the rebel artillery commenced throwing shot and shell into our position, but did not continue the fire long. About four o'clock Gen. Hatcher's infantry commenced an attack. Its main force was directed against the third Division, with the evident intention of breaking through our lines, and cutting off the second Division. Five times the charge was made and repulsed. The third Division was *en echelon* in reference to the second, in consequence of the conformation of the ground. When the firing commenced, the 14th changed front on the first company, which brought them to face the rebel flank. But as the rebels were in thick woods and could not be seen, this regiment did not actively participate, though several shots were fired into them by sharpshooters, and the battery which they were supporting did good service. The following are the casualties:

1s Lieut. Franklin A. Bartlett, killed.

" Ira A. Graham, severely wounded.

Sergt. Geo. K. Bassett, Co. E, slightly wounded.

Private Samuel Stone, Co. A, severely "

" Clayton Phillips, Co. K, slightly "

" Thos. Shehan, Co. F, "

Lieut. Bartlett was an officer of great promise; had been recommended for a captaincy, and was highly esteemed by officers and men. He was on that day acting as adjutant.

Lieut. Graham is an excellent officer, whose absence will be felt. The regiment is under command of Lieut. Col. Moore, whose bearing and promptness gave courage to the new recruits on this day, the first time they have come under fire.

Lieut. Murdock, of Co. A, captured three armed rebels."

THE 15TH INFANTRY.—The health of the men is quite good. A valuable donation of books, papers and magazines have been received from Meriden. The regiment has full ranks. Long may they remain full. They will be one of the foremost and best regiments in the new movement from Newberne toward Kinston. Gen. Harland will also have further opportunity to display his superior qualities as a commander.

THE 7TH INFANTRY.—Lieut. Col. Wilcoxson commands the Post, Capt. Avers commands at Pico-lata, and Major Allen at St. Augustine. Private John Birdsell, of Co. H, died at St. Augustine, Jan. 1st. On the 29th of Dec. Private Hendrick, of Co. B, was shot just above the knee, by a recent recruit. It was doubtless an accident. Surgeon Stocking is deservedly popular.

THE 29TH AND 30TH INFANTRY, are in their old camp, acquiring superb drill and discipline. We hope ere long to print a carefully written record of the gallant deeds they performed during the past summer.

OTHER CONNECTICUT ORGANIZATIONS, are as they were, or duly represented in our army correspondence.

## EDITORIAL COLUMN.

### A Proclamation.

THE AMERICAN CONGRESS—to all men everywhere.

Be it known:

Neither Slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, of which the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction.—CONSTITUTION, ART. XIII, SEC. 1.

"My Country—ay, thy sons are proud

True heirs of FREEDOM's glorious dower;

For never here shall knee be bowed

In homage to a mortal power."

### Recruiting and the Quota.

The credits for men enlisted up to Dec. 31st, were 5,275. The enlistments in January were 970. The number of men furnished by Connecticut in excess of all calls except the last was, on February 1st, 6,245. The quota on the previous call for 300,000 was 5,432. The quota under the present call will probably not exceed the same number.

Of the 970 men enlisted in January, 465 were colored men, enlisted by our agents in the rebel States. Of the whole number 157 were substitutes.

Under the recent explanation of the last call, the quota of the State is not yet full. The exact deficiency is not known; it can hardly fall below 1500.

Once more we are summoned to increase the armies of the Republic. Full ranks under Grant and Sherman, will make short work of the rebellion. Let us not be tardy now, but send on the men immediately.

### Exchange of Prisoners.

All that can be done to promote exchanges is being done. Yet, we must not be too sanguine in our hopes for a speedy release of all or even the greater part of our noble soldiers in rebel prisons. The rebels profess great readiness to exchange, but seem to discover repeated obstacles which cause continued delay.

Yet the Commissioners are so sanguine of rapid exchange, that they have decided to receive no more boxes of clothing, or other supplies, to send to Southern prisons,—and also to pay no more bounties or wages to friends of prisoners.

They feel that the boys will be able soon to collect their own pay, and eat good things at their loved homes.

### Acknowledgment.

Senator Foster will please accept grateful acknowledgment for valuable documents.

NELLIE; OR, THE COMPANIONS. By Fairfax Bal-four, Esq. Frederic A. Bradley, publisher, 22 Ann st., N. Y.

A most exciting novel of the extreme sensational school, abounding in romantic incidents, hair-breadth escapes and thrilling adventures. It serves to show that all "ticket-of-leave-men" are not the Bob Riddleys of Tom Taylor's celebrated Drama.

Price 75 cents. Sold by James Day & Son, Church st., N. H., and sent by mail to any address free of postage.





## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

**LAMBERT & BUNNELL,**  
**ARCHITECTS,**

Sturdevant Place, . . . Bridgeport, Conn.

The following buildings are noticed as having been erected from their Designs:

South Cong. Church, Bridgeport.  
Post Office Building, "  
Atlantic Hotel, "  
Bridgeport City Bank, "

Drawings can also be seen at their office, of many Private Residences built in Bridgeport and elsewhere, as well as of Dwellings which have been re-modeled.

Plans, Elevations, Specifications, and Full Sized Working Drawings furnished for every description of Building.

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No. 512 Chapel Street, cor. York.

Having located as above, I am now prepared to operate in my profession at the following LOW RATES:

A full set of Teeth on Gold, \$40.00  
On Silver or Rubber, \$10 to 25.00  
Partial sets on Gold, 3.00  
On Silver or Rubber, 1.00  
Gold filling, \$1.50 to 3.00  
Extracting Teeth, .25

Nitrous Oxide Gas or Ether administered if desired. No charge for extracting where Teeth are to be inserted. All operations warranted.

**JOHN C. BLACKMAN,**

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**Gold and Silver Watches, Silver Ware**

AND JEWELRY OF ALL KINDS,

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Knife Blades inserted, Sewing Machines repaired,  
Skates filed and repaired, all kinds of work on Guns  
and Pistols done in the best manner. Surgical and  
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**HAIR WORK! HAIR WORK!**

Our facilities for prosecuting every thing in this line is unexcelled. WIGS of all kinds. FALSE HAIR of every description, made by experienced workmen.

We have a special room for Ladies, for Hair Dressing, Frizzing, Curling, &amp;c.

All orders promptly attended to.

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13 Wall St., Bridgeport, Conn.

**The "Connecticut War Record,"**

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TERMS: — \$1.50 a year, — (in advance.) — Single  
Numbers 15 cents.**CLUBS.**

In towns where there are no local agents, any one sending us \$9, will be entitled to seven copies of the War Record.

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We have local agents in most of the towns in the State, who are authorized to collect and forward money to us. Subscribers may hand it to them or forward it directly to us by mail.

We have at present, but one traveling agent, —

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No other general agent is authorized to collect money.

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**Hon. Horace Greeley,**  
**Rear-Admiral David G. Farragut,**  
**Major-Gen. Philip Sheridan.**

**Testimony of Competent Judges.***From the wife of Maj.-Gen. Sherman.*

I value your excellent engraved portrait of Gen. Sherman highly, and consider it the best I have ever seen of my husband.

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I have received your fine steel portraits. Those of the President and Lieut.-General could not be excelled. \* \* \* Mine is considered good by others.

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The public are invited to call and examine these engravings.

**General Headquarters State of Connecticut**ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, }  
Hartford, Nov. 11, 1864. }

[Circular No. 6.]

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested, that the record of service of a deceased Connecticut Volunteer will be furnished the person applying for the same, or if desired by the widow or near relative will, together with the evidence necessary to procure back pay, bounty and pension due, be forwarded from this office direct to the proper office at Washington, and if the application be approved the amount received paid over to the person or persons entitled by law to receive it without deduction or charge for service.

All the aid practicable will also be given to discharged Connecticut Volunteers who desire to apply for back pay or Invalid pension.

By order of the War Department the wives of soldiers who are prisoners of war may draw a portion of the soldiers' monthly pay during their imprisonment. The proper certificate of service and capture will be given upon application to this office, and if desired forwarded to the proper Paymaster with application for payment.

Persons making application by mail will address, Captain Redfield Duryce, Asst. Adjt. General, stating clearly what they desire, whether bounty and back pay, or pensions, and for what person.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief,

**HORACE J. MORSE, Adj. Gen.****Convention of Adjutant-Generals.**

A Convention of Adj.-Generals was held at Columbus, Ohio, Jan. 17th, 18th and 19th. There were present Adj.-Generals Baker of Iowa, Russell of Pennsylvania, Lindsley of Kentucky, Cowen of Ohio, Gaylord of Wisconsin, Washburne of Vermont, Head of New Hampshire, Schouler of Massachusetts, Morse of Connecticut, and Mauran of Rhode Island. Gen. Baker presided, and Gen. Morse was secretary.

The recruiting and militia systems and all matters of importance, within the line of their duties to State and Union, were freely and elaborately discussed. It was unanimously resolved to ask that the recruiting system be again placed under State control, as in 1862—the matter of substitutes and bounties was carefully examined and experiences in the several States, collated and compared. The various methods of performing the labor in the different offices were also considered and many valuable ideas were mutually suggested and imparted. We must express our belief that the completeness of system in the office at Hartford, was not excelled by that of any represented at Columbus.

A committee was appointed to examine the militia systems of the several States, and their workings, and to report at an adjourned meeting to be held at Boston, July 10th, 1865.

We confidently hope that this mutual consultation will result in mutual improvement and uniformity of practice in the several States.

**A Convention of Selectmen.**

Selectmen representing 23 towns, commenced at the Trumbull House in Hartford, Feb. 8th. J. Olney, of Thompson, was elected President, and N. R. Hart of Goshen, Secretary.

The chief topic discussed was the past assignment of quotas by the War Department, under





which the towns represented in the convention had failed to receive proper credits for excess of men furnished.

Adj't-Gen. Morse addressed the convention, explaining the manner in which the quotas had been made up. A vote of thanks was passed.

After discussion, a committee was appointed to investigate further and take such measures as they shall deem necessary and proper to secure full justice to all towns which have furnished men in excess of former quotas.

#### Soldier's Home.

There has been much informal discussion among benevolent and enterprising ladies and gentlemen of Hartford, as to the best means of raising money to establish a

#### HOME FOR DISCHARGED AND DISABLED SOLDIERS.

The Executive Committee, composed of Mrs. William R. Cone, Mrs. S. S. Cowen, Mrs. J. E. Coleman, Mrs. Charles G. Day, Mrs. Dr. C. A. Taft, and Mrs. William H. Post, and Marshal Jewell, H. W. Goodwin, J. Watson Beach, W. H. D. Callender, A. G. Hammond, and F. Chamberlin, decided upon a series of "Home Fund Entertainments," the first of which was a "Grand Promenade Concert and Donation Supper," given at Allyn Hall and Allyn House, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 31st, 1865. Energy, skill, tact and generosity, all were essential to make the affair both splendid and profitable, and the brilliant success achieved reflects high credit both upon the managers and the people of Hartford.

Tickets were placed at \$5 for the concert, and \$2 for the supper. A choice company assembled. Dodworth's Band discoursed exquisite music. Dancing followed the concert, and continued until a late hour.

Long tables were loaded with tempting viands, donated by citizens—150 young ladies volunteered as waitresses, serving the table in reliefs of fifty, with charming gracefulness. These fascinating volunteers in black dresses, white aprons and tasteful head-dresses, honored "the Concert Hall as lady partners in the opening dance."

The decorations of the hall were unsurpassed in richness, variety and appropriateness.

The entertainment was in all respects one of the most brilliant and satisfactory ever provided in Hartford.

A handsome case of pistols was donated, to be presented the Hartford General receiving the largest number of votes, at one dollar each. The name of General Tyler was withdrawn in favor of Gen. Terry. There was very little competition. People hesitated to vote for either General to the exclusion of the other. At present writing the vote stands, Hawley 76—Terry 52.

The amount raised thus far toward the fund is thus stated in the Hartford Press:

Nett proceeds Promenade Concert and Supper.	\$2,536.29
Homer Blanchard, Esq., . . .	50.00
Theron Ives, Esq., . . .	50.00
T. M. Allyn, Esq., . . .	50.00
Chas. F. Pond, Esq., . . .	200.00
Directors New England Ins. Co., . .	100.00
Doct. Jewett, New Haven, . . .	10.00
E. G. Holden, Esq., . . .	5.00
Collected by Mrs. Coleman, . . .	75.00
Collected by Mrs. Henry Perkins, . .	10.00
Capt. F. W. Parker, 4th Reg. N. H. V., .	5.00
Mrs. Charles Hosmer, . . .	5.00
J. P. Fitts, . . .	3.00

\$3,099.29

This is a very handsome beginning. The Executive Committee will increase it to the desired amount. They do not know how to fail. We are very happy to chronicle success in an undertaking so praiseworthy.

#### Hartford Soldier's Aid Society.

The Annual Report was received too late for proper notice in this number of the Record.

## J. D. SHELLY,

Dealer in

### STRAW AND MILLINERY GOODS,

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### BUNDY & WILLIAMS' PHOTOGRAPHIC ROOMS,

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OIL PAINTINGS, *Cabinet* and life size.  
IVORY TYPES and CARTES DE VISITES  
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273 Chapel Street, (Bank Building,) New Haven, Ct.,

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Hats, Caps, Trunks, Bags, Umbrellas,  
and Gent's Furnishing Goods.

Customers will find our stock of the above goods the largest in the State.

#### LADIES' FURS.

We pay particular attention to this branch of our trade. Our stock comprises the finest goods in the market. A large proportion is made from skins of our own selection, enabling us to afford fine goods at a less price than any other establishment in the city. Also, Buffalo and Emory Robes, Buck Mittens, Gloves, &c., at prices less than will replace them.

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## S. STERLING & CO.,

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### J. M. GREENLEAF, Surgeon Dentist.

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Past experience guarantees us in saying that we can give the best satisfaction to all who may favor us with their patronage.

All branches of Dentistry executed in the most workman-like manner, and on reasonable terms.

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Materials manufactured by N. E. ROOFING AND MANUFACTURING CO., of Boston. Tin roofs repaired and painted, and warranted to stand from 3 to 5 years.

All orders sent to J. C. FOGG, New Haven, or F. H. JOHNSON, Waterbury, will receive prompt attention.

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(Under Allyn Hall.)

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## FIRE BRICK

And Glazed Drain Pipe Manufactory.

All kinds of

### Fire Brick and Stove Linings

MADE TO ORDER.

—O—

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At No. 6 and 8 Temple Street, you can find

#### LIGHT CARRIAGES

Of all the latest styles. TOPS AND NO TOPS made of the very best stock, and by the best workmen. All kinds of Carriages made to order, and warranted.

Repairing done with dispatch.

N. T. SCOTT.

H. STEVENS, Agent.





# THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

Office, 2 Globe Building.  
MORRIS & BENHAM, Publishers. }

NEW HAVEN, MARCH, 1865.

{ VOL. II. NO. VIII.  
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## Major James Q. Rice.

The summer of 1862 was a season of much anxiety among all classes of the Northern people. A great army under McClellan had failed to take Richmond, by way of the Peninsula; another had suffered disastrous defeat in front of Washington. The Capitol was in visible danger; it was apparent that thousands more must hasten to the place of duty and of peril, or the Union and Liberty would be overthrown.

In July, a convention of leading men, of all parties, met at Litchfield to devise means for furnishing the quota of the Co. of the same name, with the best possible delay. In the course of their proceedings it became known that Mr. James Q. Rice, a prominent citizen of Goshen, having first volunteered himself, had already enlisted forty of his fellow citizens for the war. An example of patriotism so prompt and effective was inspiring. Happy in his home, thrifty in business, respected as a man, and beloved as a christian, Mr. Rice left all without hesitation to give himself to what the brave and generous recognized as the duty of the hour. By more than two years of active and faithful service, he gave to his comrades ample evidence that he had been actuated in this step by fixed and manly principle. The ordeal of battle proved him brave as he had shown himself noble. And when, on the 19th of September, a rebel grape shot closed his career, nothing was lacking to him of an abundant entrance into the sacred brotherhood of patriot heroes.

Mr. Rice was a native of Sullivan Co., N. Y., where he was born in 1822. He was educated at Middletown College, and intended to devote

himself to the law. But during his collegiate course, an accident destroyed the sight of one of his eyes, and the inflammation that supervened rendered the other so sensitive that, for two years, he was under the necessity of remaining in a darkened room. Yet so great had been his proficiency as a scholar, that the faculty conferred on him his degree at the graduation of his class. Forced to abandon the law, on account of his impaired sight, he devoted himself to teaching, as he knew his text books so thoroughly that he could instruct his classes without using them. In 1852 he became a resident of Goshen, where, with the assistance of his accomplished wife, the daughter of Gen. Cook of that place, he was conducting a flourishing academical school at the time he gave himself to the service of his country. The company raised by Mr. Rice, composed of young men of remarkable intelligence and worth, elected him their captain, and were among the earliest to join the 19th, (Litchfield Co.) regiment, in which they were numbered as Co. C.

The 19th C. V. was in September 1862, stationed at Alexandria, Va. Capt. Rice was soon after attached to the staff of the Military Governor, Gen. Slough, as Captain of the picket and patrol of that city. This was an arduous position, demanding constant vigilance, promptness, firmness and discretion. So satisfactorily did he discharge its duties, during the long time the regiment subsequently remained in that neighborhood, the authorities of Alexandria never ceased, by repeated and marked courtesies, to testify their high estimation of his character as a gentleman, and ability as an officer.

In the beginning of 1863, the 19th was assigned to the forts south of Washington to be instructed in heavy artillery. Capt. Rice sought and obtained an order releasing him from his position on Gen. Slough's staff, and returning him to his Co. In the ensuing spring he was again called upon to act on the staff, as Acting Assistant Inspector General to Col. L. W. Wessels, commanding the 2d Brigade defences of Washington, south of the Potomac; and the succeeding fall was assigned to the command of Fort Ellsworth, an important and extensive post, covering with its guns, the city of Alexandria and its approaches. Shortly after the 19th was, by order of the War Department, changed into a heavy artillery organization, and recruited to 1850 men. Capt. Rice then received the well merited appointment of Major, and was placed in command of the 3d battalion.

In May, 1864, the 2d Conn. H. A. left the defences of Washington, to join the Army of the Potomac, and arrived at Cold Harbor, Va., just as the attack on the enemy's lines at that place had been ordered by Gen. Grant. Of its officers and men, their drill and spirit, this is the record, that, in that bloody and unsuccessful assault, they bore down everything opposed to them, under a fire that quickly put *hors du combat* their Col. and nearly 400 officers and men, carried the breast-works against which they were led, capturing 600 prisoners, and held their advantage, alone and unsupported, during the subsequent night, repulsing the attempt of the enemy to flank and dislodge them.

In this, as in subsequent engagements, Maj. Rice justified the high confidence his friends reposed in him. Thoroughly competent, cool, his men say he issued orders in the midst of battle, in the same clear, unshaken voice they used to hear on their brilliant dress-parades at Fort Ellsworth; brave and unswerving, he was where he ought to be, a leader among patriot soldiers.

The battle of Winchester was destined to be his last. Early in the engagement he was struck and instantly killed by a grape-shot. In the efficient discharge of the gravest duty that can devolve on man, he suddenly was conscious of a change of scene, and heard, in place of battle's thunder, a calm voice saying, "well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

His remains, first receiving a soldier's burial on the battle field, were afterwards brought to Goshen and interred with masonic honors. Many of his comrades in arms, among them the Lieutenant Colonel and two surviving Majors of his regiment, at home, recovering from wounds received in battle, were present to testify their respect for his memory. The grave in which he lies, is hereafter a sacred place to all the true and brave.

## TO EACH OF THOUSANDS,

*Who, in our land, mourn brave ones lost.*

"A hero-heart is still,  
And eyes are sealed; and loving lips are mute,  
Which love on earth the spirits golden fruit,  
But—peace! it was God's will.

And for our precious land—  
The land he loved and died for in her need,  
The blood of heroes is the country's seed—  
As he stood, let us stand."

Can a man that sells crockery be called a Chinaman?





### Captain N. S. Manross.

Newton Spaulding Manross, son of the late Elisha Manross, Esq., of Bristol, Conn., was born in that town, July 9th, 1825. His father was engaged in the clock making business in what is now the village of Forestville, and Newton's earlier days were spent in attendance on the District School, alternating with "odd jobs" in the clock shop. From the former institution he graduated with a reputation for quickness in scholarship and for genius in roguery, and from the latter with that skill in the use of mechanical tools for which he was afterwards so justly admired. He was in fact a finished mechanic, equal to the task of constructing anything from a pen-knife up to a steam engine. In 1844, he entered Williston Seminary, at East Hampton, Mass., with the intention of fitting himself for college. His course here foreshadowed the characteristics of his after life. His tastes all turned in the direction of scientific pursuits. He was an enthusiast in Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology. On holidays he tramped the hills and plains of the surrounding region, bringing in at nightfall, pockets full of stones, and bugs, and flowers. He here formed his acquaintance and friendship with Prof. W. S. Clark, now of Amherst College, and late Colonel of the 21st Mass. Vols. They were kindred spirits, and, the Damon-and-Pythias-like connection there established between them was ever after unbroken. With his fellow students, Manross was a great favorite. His inexhaustible stores of information, his uniform cheerfulness, his imperturbable good nature, and his ready wit made his companionship a rich prize. The students at the Seminary, during his attendance there, will all remember his peculiar appearance, his slouched hat and careless dress, the large side-pockets of his dingy sack always crammed with some curious bits of rock or wood, or insect, his pertinacious practice with the javelin, or with brick-bats, tossing one into the air and hitting it with another before it struck the ground.

Manross entered Yale College with the class of 1850, and soon reached the position as a scholar and a man, which he maintained through the course. In the languages he did not stand high, simply because they were not to his taste. To his after regret he neglected them, although his abilities in this line were really of a high order. When it became necessary for him in the laboratory at Gottingen to know the German, he qualified himself in six weeks to follow Prof. Wohler understandingly through his course of chemical instruction. In mathematics, his standing was higher, but still with these he did no more than was necessary to keep on with the class. English composition was his especial aversion. The habit of shirking in this department clung to him through after life. That he had a special gift in this direction which improved would have given him eminence as an author, is proved by the many brilliant fragments that are scattered through his correspondence and journals. But in all that appertained to natural science, Manross towered head and shoulders above the class. Especially was he at home in Prof. Silliman's department. In Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology, he never tired or faltered. Morning, noon and night, his little spirit lamp blazed on his

study table, and his blow-pipe, test-paper, and tubes lay scattered about. His explorations covered the entire region surrounding the city. On these excursions nothing escaped his notice and nothing withstood his scrutiny. I have known him after one of these protracted walks, when I had gone supperless to bed through sheer exhaustion and consequent inability to reach our boarding house, spend half the night in testing some new specimen which he had picked up on the tramp. This course of life tended to make him what he really was, a perfect man physically. His arm had an Herculean strength, and his hand the gripe of a blacksmith's vice. And then his unvarying good temper, his free and easy manners, his quickness at repartee—many of his *bon mots* are classical at Old Yale—made him a universal favorite. Beloved by his class, respected by his teachers, he left the College with a fair standing on the rolls of scholarship, and with the heartiest good will of all who knew him.

The day after Commencement, July 21, 1850, he sailed from New York for Europe, in company with his friend Clark. After a few days in London, they proceeded to Gottingen and entered upon a course of Chemistry in the Laboratory of Prof. Wohler. At the end of eighteen months they each received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Manross' printed dissertation on this occasion was an elaborate memoir "on the artificial formation of minerals," which was afterwards published in Vol. XVI, of "Silliman's Journal." During his residence at Gottingen he made various scientific excursions, visiting the mines in the Harz mountains, and other localities of interest. Leaving Gottingen, the two friends girded on their knapsacks and tramped away to Berlin, Vienna, and Trieste, stopping on their way to inspect mines and mining processes in Saxony and Austria, giving especial attention to the modes both of mining and refining in use at the quick-silver mines in Idria, in Carniola. From Trieste, they proceeded to Venice, and thence crossed the Alps, and via Paris and Havre, reached home in the fall of 1852.

For several months succeeding his return, Manross was engaged in the clock shop, perfecting an invention for cutting the "jewels," then all the rage in the clock business. These previously were cut by hand from the crystals of Cale Spar, a process laborious and expensive. Manross' machine was a success, and is still in the possession and use of his brother, Elijah Manross, of Forestville. Meantime, he continued his studies in mineralogy, with a view to employment as a professional mineralogist. In pursuance of this purpose he closed an engagement with a company in New York, and in Oct. 1853, he sailed for Venezuela, in South America. He ascended the Orinoco three hundred miles to Augustura, thence up a branch of that river one hundred and fifty miles to Tupiquien, in the neighborhood of which he spent some six months prospecting gold in the bed and along the banks of the Turuary River. His success here was very encouraging, but subsequent civil commotions in the State of Venezuela, prevented all advantage from his discoveries. Returning in the early summer of 1854, he visited en route, the famous "Pitch Lake," in the Island of Trinidad, of which he gave

an interesting account in Vol. XX, of Silliman's Journal.

In April, 1856, in the service of the "Chiriqui Improvement Co.," he began extensive surveys on the Isthmus of Panama, in a district about midway between the Niarangua and Panama transit routes, in pursuit chiefly of coal mines. He also made a laborious and minute exploration to ascertain the practicability of a road from the Chiriqui Lagoon to the Pacific coast. He was present also at the first discovery of the gold images in the ancient graves at Chiriqui, and was among the first to give an intelligent account of those curious relics.

In the fall of the same year, he was engaged for several weeks in a survey of gold fields in the upper part of South Carolina and Georgia.

In November, 1856, he entered the service of the "Mexican and Pacific Mining and Land Company," and proceeded to Mexico via St. Louis, New Orleans and Vera Cruz. He reached the city of Mexico, Dec. 23d, and remained there a fortnight, making excursions in various directions, with an eye to the discovery of coal fields. Leaving Mexico in January, he crossed down to the neighborhood of Acapulco, on the Pacific coast, and spent several months surveying and locating iron and copper beds, under grants held by the Company from the Mexican Government. His Report to the Company, as I am assured by high authority, is a paper of great value, and I know that Manross regarded his discoveries there as of vast consequence, could they but be followed up. From Acapulco, Manross and his party returned to the States, via Panama and Aspinwall.

The financial troubles of 1857 arrested his labors in the line of his chosen profession, and so settling down at Forestville, he entered upon an extended course of chemical experiments, varied with the construction of several ingenious and valuable mechanical inventions. During this period he declined several invitations to scientific Professorships—was a defeated candidate for the State Legislature, from his native town, and seemed to lookers on to be drifting into inefficiency and uselessness. But Manross was never idle. There was method and labor in even his trifling. The great defect of his character was a want of ambition. He cared little or nothing for the applause of his fellow-men; not that their approbation was not appreciated when it came, but it was not worth his effort to secure it. And so where other men would be found scheming and elbowing their way into notice, he plodded quietly on, saying that his turn would come in due time; that if the world wanted him it would find out its need and call for him early enough, for all the fame he craved. Meantime, he purposed that every day should increase his fitness to meet the demand when it came. During this period also, he married, and in the rest of domestic life after his many years of wandering, it troubled him little that more aspiring men thought his talents were rusting out. Thus the war found him and roused him from his repose. Dr. Manross was naturally an optimist, and therefore a conservative. He was an ardent Whig in 1848, and during his absence in Europe, was thrown much into company with Southern trav-





elers and students, and being aloof from the immediate scene of conflict he felt but little sympathy with the anti-slavery sentiment of the North, as it came out on the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law. On his return, therefore, he advocated moderation and forbearance, and deprecated all occasion of bitterness between the sections. But the Kansas imbroglio dissipated his neutrality, by convincing him of the animus of the Southern heart, and disclosing the drift of the pro-slavery sentiment. His residence and travels in other lands, had given him a deathless attachment to, and an ardent admiration of the Union, and he now saw that its real danger lay not in the efforts of a few wrong-headed, but right-hearted reformers; but in the un-Republican spirit and tendency of the Peculiar Institution itself, upon the outbreak of the Rebellion, his first intention was to volunteer in the Engineer service, as soon as that branch of the army should demand recruits. But no opening of this kind presented itself, and meantime his friend Clark had accepted the post as Major, in the 21st Mass. Vols., and Manross was selected to fill his place in the Faculty of Amherst College, during his absence. He entered upon his duties as Prof. of Chemistry and Botany, at the Fall term of 1861, and became immediately popular with the students and respected by the faculty. As a Lecturer he developed fluency and great aptness of illustration, combined with precision and breadth of knowledge enabling him to control his audiences with dignity and ease. During the year of his connection with the Professorship, he laid out and partially filled up a two-fold set of lectures which in their unfinished state evince the fine scholarship and broad research of their author.

During his residence at Amherst, Dr. Manross' position and feelings on the subject of religion underwent a decided change. Although hitherto strictly correct in his habits, moral in his life, and always respectful in his attention to the claims of religion, he had not yielded himself to its power. But now he was led to consecrate himself to the Lord, and the changed current of his life proved the security of his convictions. It was his intention in company with Mrs. Manross, to connect himself with the Congregational Church of Bristol, on the Sabbath which proved to be the one succeeding his departure for the field. On the day of embarkation with his regiment, he said to an old friend who inquired after his prospects for eternity, "That matter I have settled satisfactorily." The frankness and earnestness of his manner emphasized his reply.

During the summer term of 1862, at Amherst, he canvassed the subject of entering the army. In correspondence with his wife he said: "You can better afford to have a country, without a husband, than a husband without a country." Returning to Bristol at the commencement of the Fall vacation, he found the citizens there astir with excitement, over the recent call for volunteers. At the close of a speech he made to an assembly of his fellow townsmen, he was entreated to assume the Captaincy of a Company. He consented, and threw himself *con amore* into the work of organization, and in three weeks from its inception, marched his Company, (K, 16th Conn.

Vols.) into camp, at Hartford. The Captain was as proud of his Company, as "the boys" were proud of their Captain.

When informed of his purpose to volunteer, his friend Clark urged him to accept the then vacant Majorship in the 21st Mass. Vols. This would have brought him into most congenial companionship, as Col. Clark was then in command of that regiment. But "No," was the reply; "I have promised my boys to go with them." On the deck of the steamer on his way to New York, he said: "If I can only bring out what I know is in my men, I want no different shoulder straps from these I now wear," and this confidence and regard were fully reciprocated. His successor in command of the Company after his death, once said to the Colonel: "Those boys care more for Manross' old shoes, than for the best man in the Regiment." More than once, on the march from Washington to Antietam, the Captain was seen carrying the muskets of the wearied men.

The arrival of Company K, completed the Regiment, and it was immediately ordered to the front. At Washington it was supplied with muskets, and hurried forward to the Army of the Potomac, then confronting Lee's advance into Maryland. It arrived just in time for the bloody work at Antietam. The Company had never been on parade under arms till it was deployed with the Regiment on the battle field, and detailed to the support of a battery. In advancing to its position under the fire of the enemy's batteries, Captain Manross was struck by a cannon ball on the outer edge of the left shoulder blade. The ball passed under his arm leaving a deep indentation in the flesh. He was at once taken from field and died two hours after. He said but little after his injury. He told the Surgeon that he was bleeding inwardly, and could not recover. A powerful anodyne was administered and he soon became unconscious. A friend bending over him heard him murmuring: "O, my poor wife! my poor wife!"

Thus was extinguished one of the noblest of the many noble lives which have been exacted by this merciless rebellion. May God forgive the guilty authors of it, for the nation never can. A purer patriot, a truer man, a braver soldier, a more generous friend, never breathed.

Prof. James A. Dana said of him: "His death is a great loss to the scientific world." Prof. B. Silliman, Jr. says: "As an explorer, Dr. Manross possessed remarkable qualifications. For a rugged constitution and great powers of endurance, he united great coolness, a quiet but undaunted demeanor, the courage of a hero, and unyielding perseverance. He lived—but what need is there of conjecture now? The world will never know its loss, but his friends will never forget theirs."

His remains were forwarded to his friends—an immense concourse gathered at his burial—and he sleeps there in the family burial ground, at Forestville, his strong arm pulseless, and his great heart cold and still. O fortunate he to die for such a country, and still more fortunate country to have such as he to die in her defense. The free stone shaft planted on his grave by his bereaved company, and towering grandly heavenward, is only one of thousands that will tell to coming generations where the nation's jewels lie buried.

### A Memorial of Sylvester C. Platt.

"He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the roadside fell, and perished  
On the threshold march of life."

This verse is an appropriate reminder of the subject of this memorial. With youthful ardor and strength he longed to do battle for his country's life. But sun-struck on a weary march, he "by the road-side fell." He lingered some days, started for his home, but was not permitted to gain it, ere he fell asleep in Jesus. He reached a New York city hospital where, on the fifth of August last, God took him to rest in His heavenly home. Painful it was to his friends that he should die alone, without a kindred eye to look with tenderness upon him, just too, as it were, at the threshold of his loved home; but it mattered little to him, for he was "fit to die."

"It matters little at what hour o' the day,  
The righteons fall asleep. Death cannot come  
To him untimely who is fit to die.  
The less of this cold world, the more of heaven,  
The briefer life, the earlier immortality."

When about sixteen years of age, he embraced his Savior, at a Redding Camp Meeting, under the ministration of Dr. Miley. From that period onward, his christian course was steady and undeviating. And though stricken friends are made life mourners, through his departure, yet—

"Sweetly remembering that the parting sigh  
Appoints His saints to slumber, not to die,  
The starting tear we check—we kiss the rod,  
And not to earth resign them—but to God."

At the commencement of our national troubles, he at once became deeply and patriotically interested. He felt from the first that he ought to join the defenders of his country, and go forth in her service. To these convictions he finally yielded, and breaking away from a large circle of loved and loving friends, he, in the fall of 1862, entered the 23d Regiment Conn. Vols. During his term of enlistment, he faithfully performed the duties of a soldier, in Gen. Banks' Louisiana campaign, bearing home with him the scar of a wound received at the battle of LaFourche Crossing, June 21, 1863.

A few pleasant months among his friends passed, when impelled by convictions of duty, he again enlisted, and entered the 2d Conn. Heavy Artillery. In a letter to his parents he says: "When I returned to you, I did not think I should re-enlist, but duty and my conscience bade me again offer myself, and I have obeyed. I go forth trusting in the Lord. Dear parents, do not grieve about me, but give me unto the Lord to do as He thinks best. Believe that 'He doeth all things well.' He can protect me amid all danger, and if I fall, it matters not to me—I shall the sooner be at rest. Dear ones, leave me, as I leave you, in the hands of the Lord, trusting that if we meet no more on earth, we shall meet an unbroken band above."

"Looking unto Jesus," here below, our friend now looks upon Him without a dimming veil between.

May the stricken ones follow his example, and eventually enter into his rest.

H. W. WHEELER.





## Sergt. Junius E. Goodwin.

MR. EDITOR:—In your Oct. number of the WAR RECORD, in the list of casualties from the 14th Regiment, C. V., at the battle of Reams Station, among the wounded, appears the name of Sergt. Junius E. Goodwin, Co. K, wounded in the leg. Sergt. Goodwin was severely wounded in both legs, and after two or three unsuccessful attempts to carry him from the field, was finally left in a weak and exhausted state, and as he has not since been heard from, it is feared that he died soon after from pain, and loss of blood.

It seems due to one who so nobly volunteered in his country's service, and deemed no sacrifice too great for the cause of liberty, and for the protection of the "Dear Old Flag," that some record be made of his character and services.

We commence with a few extracts from letters received from the army. One from a prominent officer, speaking of him says: "My acquaintance with Sergt. Goodwin, was of no common character; starting out from Hartford at the same time, in that gallant 14th Regiment, we were necessarily intimately associated, and I am happy to say that I have never had reason to regret any confidence placed in Junius. I always found him true to his Co., to his Regiment, and his country. No braver man has Conn. sent into the field. I last saw him at the battle of Reams Station; he was actively engaged with the men in throwing up the defences, and was encouraging them with 'kind words,' apparently full of health and spirits."

Another, writing from the same Regiment, says: "I need not tell you of Sergt. Goodwin's noble and gallant conduct while engaged in that terrible battle, for you have doubtless heard it many times. He was badly wounded in the thigh, the ball crushing the bone, and entering the other leg. I assisted in the last effort that was made to get him off; he was very weak from loss of blood. We carried him with great difficulty a quarter of a mile in a terrific thunder storm. We had to pick our way in the darkness, by the flashes of lightning, and as we had no stretcher, it was almost impossible to carry him. His wound was so painful that he begged to be put down, but we cheered him up as well as we could, till we reached the spot where we had left the Regiment, and found them gone, and there was no means of conveyance at hand, and we were obliged to leave him. His mind appeared to be wandering, and he seemed to be saying something of home. We did not think he would survive the night; we covered him with an overcoat and placed a pillow beneath his head, and left him to his fate. He was a noble and patriotic young man. We all loved him, and would gladly have done any thing in our power to save him."

In an extract from another letter, the writer says: "He cannot be too highly praised. When the boys speak of the many brave men they have lost, his name is sure to be among the first; he was loved by all, and his bravery was never doubted. At the fight on the North Anna River, the Regiment was ordered to charge the rebel works; the men at first faltered; not so with Junius, he was *first* to mount the works, and called for the boys to follow him, and through the hottest of the fight, he was the foremost of all, setting an example of heroic bravery to both officers

and men. His age was twenty-one years and six months, and he had been anticipating the privilege of casting his vote for the first time at the Presidential election, and also of soon receiving a commission, which had already been promised him, but which came too late. He has no doubt, passed away from all earthly honor, and rests with that 'great host,' who have fallen in crushing this cruel rebellion." G.

Hartford, Dec. 31st, 1864.

From the Danbury Jeffersonian.

## Corp. Lewis P. Osborn.

Corporal Lewis P. Osborn, of Co. C. (17th Regiment,) died at Picolata, on the last day of October, with inflammation of the bowels. We deeply mourn the loss of our comrade, and regret it the more from the fact that he had but a short time since returned to us from his home after a long illness, and again entered upon his duties as a good and faithful soldier. He was beloved by all who knew, and loved best by those who knew him best. His uncomplaining conduct as a soldier under all circumstances, is an example left us worthy of imitation. His remains rest a few rods from the camp, under a live oak tree, on the ground known as the night picket's post. Lewis has many times faithfully performed his duty on that very post.

Angel of death, lingering near,  
Stay thine edict, stern, severe!

Warm hearts fondly wait to greet  
Him thou callest—stay thy feet!

Vain our pleadings, all in vain;  
Our young comrade, death has slain.

He shared the soldier's common lot;  
No mother watches by his cot;

Nor weeping sister lingers near,  
A brother's parting words to hear;

Nor fond wife's arms are round him thrown;  
But still he did not die alone.

His every want was supplied,  
And comrades watched him till he died.

We clothed his form in Union blue,  
And coiled it from mortal view.

Then bore it to a hero's rest,  
Beneath the soil his foot oft pressed.

We fired o'er him a parting shot,  
And slowly left the fatal spot.

And now we write o'er his grave—  
"Here rests a soldier, hero, brave."

"THEOPHILUS."

Picolata, Fla., Nov. 8, 1864.

## Capt. William H. Hawley.

CAMP OF THE 14TH CONN. INFANTRY, }  
In the field, near Petersburg Va., }  
August 26th, 1864. }

At an informal meeting of the Commissioned Officers of the Fourteenth Regiment Connecticut Infantry, held as above, CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. HAWLEY, was announced as killed in the sanguinary action of the day previous, and the following preamble and resolutions presented and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in the midst of battle, to remove from our number, in the pride of manhood, our fellow Officer and beloved associate, CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. HAWLEY; therefore, be it

Resolved, In the death of Captain Hawley, we mourn the loss of one of the best officers of the

regiment, bound to us by ties of the strongest affection, an affection strengthened by two long years of mutual triumph and disaster.

Resolved, That in all the varied experience of the service we have ever found Captain Hawley fully equal to every emergency; in camp, the trusty counsellor, the agreeable companion, the faithful friend; on the march, while a strict disciplinarian, not without mercy; in action always composed, though brave to a fault. He had the respect and love of all who knew him, and his manifold virtues will ever be remembered.

Resolved, That while we tender our heartfelt sympathies to his family and relatives in their bereavement, we claim the privilege of sharing with them the fullness of grief.

(Signed) S. A. MOORE, Lieut. Col. 14th C. V.

JAS. B. COIT, Major.

WILLIAM B. HINCKES, Adjutant.

JOHN C. BROATCH, Captain.

ROBERT RUSSELL, Lieut.

WM. MURDOCK, "

PERKINS BARTHOLOMEW, "

GEO. A. STOCKING, "

FRANKLIN BARTLETT, "

J. FRANK MORGAN, Captain.

FRANK E. STOUTGTON, "

IRA A. GRAHAM, Lieut.

THOS. A. SMYTH,

Col. Comd'g 3d Brig, 2d Div, 2d Corps.

THEON E. PARSONS, A. A. G.

3d Brig, 2d Div, 2d Corps.

FRED. B. DOTEN, Capt. and A. D. C.

3d Brig, 2d Div, 2d Corps.

JNO. L. SPARKS, Capt. and Brig. Insp't.

DAVID YARDELEY, Capt. and A. A. D. C.

E. C. ALEXANDER, Capt. &c.

Charles Gates Cleveland was born in Harwinton, Oct. 28, 1834, the son of Horatio Cleveland. In his childhood his parents removed to Plymouth, and from this town he enlisted in the 19th Regiment, (now 2d Conn. Artillery,) in the Fall of 1862. He was attached, with most of the Plymouth men, to Co. D., and served faithfully in his place until prostrated by sickness. He died Jan. 20, 1863, in the hospital near Alexandria, was brought home, and buried among his friends with appropriate services by the Rev. D. F. Lumsden, Rector of St. Peter's Church. Mr. Cleveland was unmarried.

## Valor.

He is truly *valiant* that can wisely suffer  
The worst that man can breathe; \* \* \*  
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart  
To bring it into danger. SHAKESPEARE.

Perfect *valor* consists in doing without witnesses  
all we should be capable of doing before the  
world. ROCHEFOUCAULT.

The truly *valiant* dare everything but doing  
any other body an injury.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

A *valiant* man

Ought not to undergo, or tempt a danger  
But worthily, and by selected ways.  
He undertakes by reason, not by chance.

BEN. JOHNSON.

A *brave* man is not he who feels no fear,  
For that were stupid and irrational;  
But he whose noble soul its fear subdues,  
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks  
from. BAILLIE.

This is true *courage*, not the brutal force  
Of vulgar heroes, but the firm resolve  
Of virtue and of reason. He who thinks  
Without their aid to shine in deeds of arms,  
Builds on a sandy basis his renown.

WHITEHEAD.





## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

## The Second Artillery.

[CONCLUDED.]

We go up the Valley (though we go south,) as far as Harrisonburg, one hundred miles from our base of supplies; after a few days halt, advance to Mt. Crawford, then return, halt a few days, and fall back, (the Sixth Corps,) near to Front Royal, stop for a few days and then start, as report has it, for Petersburg, by way of Ashby's Gap and Alexandria. At all events, the train comes from Winchester, meets the infantry and artillery at Millwood, where we early halt for the night. At two in the morning, we are called up to be ready to march at three. Various rumors are circulated as to the occasion of this move, which instead of being forward, is backward to Cedar Creek. Here we take our position on the right of the line formed by the Eighth and Nineteenth Corps, where we are found without breast-work or like defence of any description, on the 19th of Oct. when the rebs. so adroitly and for a time successfully surprise Sheridan's sleeping forces.

In this attack, which has been sufficiently described in the papers and publications of the day, this regiment and the corps marches hastily to the rear, takes position on open ground, and give the advancing enemy, flushed with victory, a stormy morning salutation, the first it has received since commencing the attack. It is only temporary, however, as on they soon come again, but would not if the corps had stood as this regiment stood, maintaining its ground with unwavering ranks, though left entirely alone before the foe. Nor did it move till ordered to fall back by its bold and daring Col., and not then till this is enjoined upon him by his superior officer, as he is being flanked right and left. This is the first and only time this regiment has turned its back to the enemy. As the defeat of the morning is in the afternoon turned into a victory, at night we encamp on the same ground and in the same streets left so suddenly.

In this battle we lose of officers, one killed, Capt. B. F. Hosford, seven wounded, and two taken prisoners, Lieuts. Skinner and Kirkham; of enlisted men, twenty-one killed, one hundred and five wounded, and forty-nine missing; total one hundred and eighty-five.

After this battle we remain on Cedar Creek about two weeks, then, with the army of the Shenandoah, fall back a few miles, near to Winchester, form Camp Russell, named after the late heroic commander of our Division.

Nov. 30th, we pack up by night to start in the morning for somewhere, which proves to be Petersburg, (by rail to Washington and boat to City Point.) There we are at once put into the front line, on the south of that city, where we now are and have been, save a day's trip southward in the snow, in support of Warren, in his Weldon Railroad raid.

A recent visit to the spot, on the north of Petersburg, where our regiment went on picket the first night it was before this place, last summer, and where it could go only under cover of night, the enemy's sharpshooters having such deadly

sweep of the place, disclose the fact that the breast work they dug with their bayonets and threw up with their cups and plates, for the first half of the night, is now the strong front line there.

By a recent order the enlisted man in this Division, passing the best inspection weekly, receives a furlough of twenty days as reward; and the regiment passing the best in the brigade is published by order through the Division. Thus far this regiment has weekly received this distinction in both particulars.

Without vanity and yet with pride, and without any disposition to blow our trumpet unduly loud, yet with a desire to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, I may state for the information of the friends of this regiment, that in every battle in which it has engaged, it has received the unqualified approbation and commendation of its regimental brigade, division, and corps commanders.

The total of our casualties thus far, since leaving the fortifications, is officers killed five, wounded twenty-five, missing three; enlisted men killed, one hundred and thirty-three, wounded, four hundred and eighty-six, missing, seventy-nine—total, seven hundred and thirty-one. To this are to be added, a long list of sick, and, in army language, "played out men."

Colonel McKenzie having been promoted to a Brigadier Gen. in command of this Brigade, Lieut. Col. James Hubbard, to the gratification of all, is now our Col.

H.

## From the 1st Conn. Light Battery.

1st CONN. LIGHT BATTERY,  
Light Artillery Brigade, 25th A. C.,  
Feb. 20th, 1865.

The army of the James is still inactive. The peculiar nature of a Virginia winter does not allow of any great diversity of pursuits. The soldiers having built their log houses, and made themselves comfortable for the winter, are now pleasantly engaged in watching and welcoming the deserting Johnnies as they, day after day, come hurrying into our lines.

From our intrenchments the church spires of Richmond are in full view; but between us and the city there are some obstacles which even our Lieutenant-General has not yet overcome.

It is tantalizing to be so near and yet unable to step on the rebellious spot. The view of Richmond brings to mind the time when I used to gaze on the shining spires of Charleston, during Gilmore's famous siege, and wish that it might be my good fortune to enter that city as one of a victorious army.

I trust, however, the time is near, when Richmond will follow Charleston, in its surrender to the soldiers of the Union.

When the 10th and 18th Army Corps were re-organized into the 24th and 25th Corps, the Battery was assigned to the 25th. Since that time, Dec. 1st, 1864, the Battery has been in no engagements.

About the last of November we exchanged our James rifles for light 12-pounders.

When the order came to turn in the ordnance officer, the splendid guns that had been the pride of the battery for three years, there was universal regret expressed by officers and men;

but owing to the difficulty of getting suitable ammunition at all times, we were compelled to make the exchange.

Our new light 12s have not yet had a trial on the field of battle, but we trust that they will not fall behind their illustrious predecessors in the laudable business of chastising rebels.

Since my previous communication Lieuts. Bliss and Smith have been honorably discharged, they having served the full term of three years.

The Battery now has its full complement of officers and men. Forty-nine of the original members enlisted as veterans, and the places of those mustered out have been filled with recruits from the State.

The majority of these new men will make fine soldiers, although I regret to say that some of the substitutes sent by the brave and patriotic (?) sons of Connecticut, are utterly unfit to be classed with the noble veterans of four years service.

This, as well as other Connecticut organizations, has suffered from the present abominable system of substitution.

It is a shame for Christian patriots to allow such companions to be sent to live and associate with their sons and brothers.

I intend in another letter, to give a list of the engagements in which the Battery has participated during the first three years of its service.

The following is a list of the present officers, all of whom it may be proper to state, were privates at the organization of the Battery.

Capt. James B. Clinton, New Haven.  
1st Lieut. Sylvanus C. Dickinson, Milford.  
1st Lieut. Theron Upson, New Haven.  
2d Lieut. Arthur E. Clark, Milford.  
2d Lieut. Samuel W. Scranton, New Haven.

The Battery has also furnished for other organizations, two Colonels and Captains; not a bad record for a company of one hundred and fifty men.

T.

## From the 2d Conn. Light Battery.

GREENVILLE, La., Feb. 17, 1865.

The past month has been one of rough experience in camp life. We left the mouth of White River on the 19th ult., on board the steamer Sir William Wallace, under orders to report to the Chief of Artillery of the Military Division of West Mississippi, at New Orleans. The trip down the river was very agreeable, and was only interrupted by occasional heavy fogs for which we had to lay to until they lifted. On reaching Morganza, between which point and New Orleans there is telegraphic communication, our orders were so modified as to require us to land at Kennerville, ten miles above New Orleans, on the line of the New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern Railroad. We disembarked on the 24th, and went into park in the immediate vicinity of the camps of several brigades and batteries, under command of Maj-Gen. Steele, recently in command of the Department of Arkansas.

At the time we landed it was mud everywhere, and thereafter until the 10th inst. we saw hardly a clear day. Teams mired so readily that we had to bring our wood and rations from the depot by hand. Our park soon became knee deep in mud, and a hasty inspection by the Medical Inspector, resulted in our being sent to this place, where





we came on the 10th inst. It being impracticable to haul the battery here, the remaining part of it was loaded on the cars, and taken to the shell road, leading to Carrollton, where the horses joined us, going down the level. We have here a pleasant camp, (but the ground is low,) and superior stables for our horses.

Notwithstanding the wet weather, the men have stood it well and there are no additions to our sick list. We brought our sick with us from White River, and sent them to hospital in New Orleans, the day after our arrival in Kennerlyville. On the 28th ult. one of the number, James O'Donnell, died. He was from Bridgeport, Conn., and joined the Battery about a year since, but had seen service before, and had received an honorable discharge. Only four of our men are now in hospital, and the battery has a full complement of men, and is in good effective condition for the spring campaign, which has already commenced. After receiving ordnance supplies, we shall expect and be ready at any hour for marching orders.

The following changes in the battery have recently taken place: Quartermaster Sergt. Henry R. Chaffee to be 1st Sergt.; Sergt. Edward B. Jones, to be Quartermaster Sergt., and Corporal Martin Mason to be Sergeant.

Lieut. Whiting, whom we left in hospital on our departure for White River, has recovered his health and rejoined the battery. He has been promoted to be 1st Lieut.

We are daily expecting marching orders, and the general impression is that the column will head for Mobile. Perhaps a triumphal march through Alabama, taking Selma and Montgomery in the route, is the programme for the spring and summer. We hope, however, to receive a visit from the Paymaster, whom we have not seen for upwards of five months, before we receive marching orders. USIOX.

### From Third Conn. Heavy Battery.

HEADQUARTERS ARTILLERY, }  
Defences of City Point, Feb. 8, 1865.

MR. EDITOR:—Having seen nothing as yet in the columns of the RECORD, from our Battery, I take the liberty to give you a short sketch of our experience, which although not an eventful history, is nevertheless part of the record of our little State during this eventful period of our nation's history.

We bade farewell to old Connecticut on the evening of Nov. 16th, and arrived at City Point the following Sunday. It had been raining for several days and old Virginia greeted us with her muddiest smile, but we nothing daunted, pitched our tents and proceeded to make our couch upon the sacred soil. Few of us will ever forget the week we spent in Camp Trumbull, for here we ate our Sanitary turkey, and here we were called upon to perform the last sad offices for the first of our number who yielded to the grim monster. Corporal Beecher died on the night of Nov. 21st, so suddenly that his comrades on either side of him were not awakened. He was a resident of the town of Seymour, Conn., and leaves a young wife to mourn his loss. His body was embalmed and sent home, at the expense of his comrades.

After a week spent in shelter tents, we entered upon the duties to which we had been assigned. We were to garrison Forts Morris, Craig, Gould and Porter, and on Nov. 26th we struck our tents and moved into the comfortable quarters vacated for our benefit, by a detachment from a New York Artillery regiment.

Fort Lewis O. Morris, is a substantial earth-work, mounting three eight-inch siege howitzers, and is commanded by Capt. Thos. S. Gilbert. Fort Craig, on the right, commanded by Lieut. Middlebrook, mounts two similar pieces, and Forts Gould and Porter on the left, commanded by Lieuts. Beecher and Hayden, are works of considerable importance, the whole forming the outer line of the defences of City Point, General Grant's base of supplies.

Our time here is spent in drills, inspections and reviews, varied occasionally by an alarm of the pickets in our front, which, however, are seldom, and generally causeless.

At the time of the descent of the rebel rams on the 24th ult., we were ordered to Grant's Headquarters, and there mounted a battery of 41 inch rifled guns, expecting to have a little target practice, but in this we were disappointed, for the Johnnies met too much opposition above us.

Thus, nearly three months have passed away, and we are beginning to think that soldiering is not so bad after all, or that our venerable uncle is more indulgent with us than with our fellow soldiers.

I suppose you with us, are anxiously watching the signs of the times, but while we are waiting and watching for peace, we are preparing for active service, and if our friends at home would do us a favor, let them urge on by all the means in their power, the recruiting for the thinned ranks of Connecticut regiments, that when the spring campaign opens, it may be carried through with that vigor that will ensure success to our arms.

And now a word in regard to the relative merits of our branch of the service, and especially as regards our battery. To those wishing to enlist, our battery offers inducements superior to any other organization from Connecticut, not only for the reason that our duty is lighter than that of any other branch of the service, but also from the fact that we are a new organization, and each and every man has the path open before him to promotion. Our officers have seen service before with one exception, in the First Conn. Art., under Cols. Tyler and Abbott. Capt. Thos. S. Gilbert held the rank of Capt. in that Regt. as early as November, 1861. Lieut. W. B. Gilbert, formerly held a commission in Co. H, and Lieuts. Beecher and Hayden were non-commissioned officers in Co. B, First Conn. Art. Lieut. H. Middlebrook, our senior First Lieutenant, held the same rank in the 23d C. V.

And now fearing to weary you, I close, by wishing success to the RECORD.

Yours, truly, F. SHELDON.

### The 16th Regiment.

ROANOKE ISLAND, N. C., Feb. 20th, 1865.

At last, when spring is fast approaching, our winter quarters are completed, and better or more comfortable little houses could not be asked

for. Pictures adorn the walls, and the men now only ask, like Jeff Davis at the commencement of the rebellion, "to be let alone"—to be allowed to stop in the houses they have constructed at their own expense, long enough to pay for the money and labor invested. Capt. Dickerson who escaped from the rebels a short time ago, has command of Cos. A, B, and C; Lieut. Case, the command of Co. H, and Lieut. Worsley the command of Co. I; the whole Brigade, (I believe they call it battalion, but Brigade sounds better,) being under the immediate supervision of Captain Barnum, a military gentleman of much style, who delights in dress parades, inspections, &c.

We have lately been re-enforced by the arrival of a Sergt., Corporal and three men, who were captured by the rebels at Plymouth, ten months ago, and have been recently exchanged. This is a pretty large addition to our regiment, and I am expecting to hear any day that they are about to form one or two new companies from the five aforesaid gentlemen.

Thomas Allshaw and Franklin Taylor, have just been appointed Corporals in Co. H. They are both subscribers for the WAR RECORD, and will, no doubt, on that account, if for no other reason, fill their positions with credit and becoming dignity. Col. Lehman, of the 103d Penn. regiment, is now in command of the forces on the Island. Capt. Luther, of the 5th R. I., is Acting Adjt. Gen.

ROANOKE.

### From the 11th Regiment.

11TH CONN. VOLS. Feb. 28th, 1865.

EDITOR OF WAR RECORD:—The facts concerning the Eleventh Conn. Veteran Volunteers, stated briefly, without embellishment or comment, are about as follows:

The Regiment is in temporary camp on the North side of the James, to the right of Fort Burnham, (rebel Fort Harrison,) near the New-Market Road, and about seven miles, as the crow flies, from Richmond. It is a part of the First Brigade, 3d Division, 24th Corps. Its campground, though lately woods, is now smooth, regularly laid out, and dry for Virginia mud. It is in full view as well as in range of the rebel forts Gillom and Ripley. Our wayward brothers over there, are for the most part, well manned. They seldom throw us hardware, and for hard names, call us Yanks, which is often highly inappropriate. They are willing to barter tobacco for coffee, and when they visit us with the intent of staying, they take readily to eating hard-tack, which is one of our own customs.

Our houses are huts, made of pine logs, chinked in with mud, and covered with shelter tents. The most popular size, is a tight squeeze for eight, which requires at each end of the tent, a double tier of double bunks. These are as long as the tent is wide; hence the clothes or feet never work off the end of the bed. These bunks are as hard as poles of soft pine; but this hardness facilitates getting up at early reveille. The wealthy use little sheet iron stoves, the tops of which are flat and about as large as a platter, adapted to carving a Thanksgiving turkey, if I distinctly remember how large that is, and with pipes as large as a coat-sleeve. The poorer class use mud





and stick chimneys, sometimes of a fabulous size, but nothing to boast of in height. As might be inferred, I use a chimney. There is but one length of barrel on it.

We have lately received additions of 260 men, which makes our Regiment comparatively large. Drilling, picketing, polishing and the usual routine of camp duty, would give us enough to do. But recently our hardship have been increased by the frequent execution of deserters, which we are invariably invited to attend, but as yet we have never invited others to attend one of our own. We have observed that all the executions which we have attended, have been of men in Connecticut regiments, except a few from New Hampshire.

Our line at evening parade is long and well formed. The men look strong, neat and are well equipped. I subjoin a list of officers in the line:

#### COMPANY A.

Captain Morris Kraszynski.

1st Lieut. George Cassidy.

2d Lieut. Charles Winter.

#### COMPANY B.

1st Lieut. William Cummings.

2d Lieut. David Mansfield.

#### COMPANY C.

Captain Ernest Koepen.

2d Lieut. John Dupris.

#### COMPANY D.

1st Lieut. Frank Metzger.

2d Lieut. Joseph Stanton.

#### COMPANY E.

Capt. Samuel W. Pray.

2d Lieut. John B. Miller.

#### COMPANY F.

Captain Charles H. Simmons.

1st Lieut. Frank Day.

2d Lieut. Erwin Eastman.

#### COMPANY G.

Captain David A. Hoag.

1st Lieut. Alvin Burley.

#### COMPANY H.

2d Lieut. Royal O. Payne.

#### COMPANY I.

1st Lieut. Henry A. Eastman.

2d Lieut. Robert Thompson.

#### COMPANY K.

2d Lieut. Charles Douglas.

Capt. Blackman and Lieut. Walker, are home on leave of absence. Lieut. Foote is on the staff of Col. Cullen, commanding 1st Brigade.

Of the Field and Staff, Lieut. Col. Rice is unwell, from his old wound, and now at the hospital. Major Warren, in command, and Chaplain DeForest tent at one end of the line; Adjutant Randall holds the other, while Surgeon Satterlee, with Lieut. and Acting Quartermaster Keables complete it.

Our veteran Surgeon, Dr. Whitecomb, is at Point of Rocks Hospital, and Lieut. G. W. Davis acting Quartermaster of the 2d Division, 18th Corps, during the summer's campaign, is still absent.

Sergeant Major, Marshall Kenyon, Quartermaster Sergeant Charles Parker, Commissary Sergt. Edward Babbitt, Hospital Steward, George Bronson, Ordnance Sergeant, Waldo Raynsford and Sergeant Chas. Rogers, of the Drum Corps, are all present and on duty.

To-morrow, a new and magnificent National Flag is to be presented to the Regiment. Our new State Flag is of rare beauty, and as they stand side by side, each setting off the other, fluttering in changing yet ever parallel curves, and so blending their folds, I think of the time when State Rights will as easily lose themselves in National Supremacy, and a little remnant of the old, battered Eleventh, may follow these colors home, less torn and riddled by ball and shell, I would fain hope, than the original colors which we now send before us. God speed that day.

H. S. D. F.

### From the 12th Regiment.

SUMMIT POINT, VA., }  
12TH CONN., Feb. 27th, 1865. }

Since the *exodus* of the non-veterans of the old 12th, and with them their correspondent "J. H. B." you are, I believe, without tidings of our organization. This is not at all as it should be, for much the greater part of the Twelfth Conn. Vols. remains, and is reorganized under the title of "Twelfth Conn. Veteran Battalion," and is composed of the very best of the good material that formed the original organization. The graphic pen of one of its ex-officers, has succinctly placed the record of its deeds and triumph, in the pages of Harper's Monthly for Jan. and Feb., and has doubtless made a majority of the readers of the War Record familiar with them.

As several Conn. regiments participated in the late campaign of the Shenandoah, let me here, by way of parenthesis say, that a transfer to your columns of the two articles would not be inappropriate, but owing to their high merit, a proper preservation.

Since the 25th of last December, we have continued to occupy our present position, engaged mainly in guarding a section of the military Railroad, connecting the Headquarters of the Army at Winchester with its base of supply—Harper's Ferry. Our quarters are good, built substantially of logs, with tent coverings, and warmed by substantial brick fire-places. Some of the chimneys are built with bricks that made a part of "Old John Brown's" prison, at Charlestown, where that martyr to freedom was confined, prior to his execution.

The prison and Court-house wherein he was tried, have both experienced their full measure of retributive justice—if such can be meted out to inanimate things—by being levelled to the ground by our soldiers, as "they went marching on." The materials of which both buildings were composed are now, certainly, serving a better purpose, in being the agents of comfort to the representatives of a higher law and order, than they ever did before.

Surgeon Cumming says, the sanitary condition of the command can hardly be better than it is. There are no cases of sickness, and but few casualties—the result of slight accidents from axes, etc.

Owing to the many changes made in the Battalion, I give you here a roster of officers as appears at this writing:

#### FIELD AND STAFF.

Lieut. Col. Geo. W. Lewis—in Conn. on sick leave.

Major Sidney E. Clark—in command.

Assistant Surgeon James R. Cumming.

" " Jairus F. Lines.

Adjutant John Mullen.

Quartermaster Henry Tuttle.

Co. A—Captain James E. Smith.

" A—1st Lieut. Chas. W. Coe.

" B—Capt. James D. Roche.

" B—1st Lieut. Henry Gibbons.

" C—1st Lieut. John W. Phelps.

" C—2d Lieut. Edwin G. Sawn.

" D—Capt. Hiram F. Chappell.

" E—2d Lieut. Augustus Gray.

" F—Captain Francis Smith.

" F—2d Lieut. Howard L. Hine.

By this it will be seen that no single company has its complement of officers, but recommendation will doubtless be made to the Gov. by Major Clark, commanding, before we enter upon the spring campaign, to supply the vacancies in the command. At least, such is the very natural inference. The recent glorious successes of our arms, have greatly inspirited "our boys," and we shall enter active operations, when we *do* enter, in body and mind, all that could be desired.

The logic of events is rapidly settling a peace for us without the aid of "political assistance"—the *only* peace that can endure. The peace we mean to have.

The days of equivocal relations are ended. Peace means submission—abolition—higher law—free niggers, *and* a Free Country; and the fact is known, and appreciated too, quite as well in "Dixie" as among ourselves.

"Great revolutions never go backwards." The wheel of progress, once in motion, the genius of America will not arrest it, until the perfect freedom of its people—white and black—is consummated. "The boys that wear the army blue," so understand it—and already are credulous enough to believe they can discern the beginning of the end. Fill up the ranks; let every Union man that *can*—*come*, and he that cannot, let him *send* a man. And we may all celebrate on our next national birth-day, the down-fall and complete discomfiture of this Pandora's box of rebellion. It now needs but one more effort; "A long pull—a strong pull, and a pull altogether," to do it. No prouder record can be made than this on the page of history—"I was a soldier in the army that made America free." W. H. R.

### From the 21st Regiment.

CAMP 21ST CONN. VOLS. }  
In the field, Va., Feb. 4th, 1865. }

Editor Conn. War Record:

DEAR SIR:—An extract from a private letter to the wife of the late Capt. N. R. Jennings of the 21st C. V., from an officer high in rank and belonging to another State, contains the following eulogy upon the conduct of the gallant 21st, upon several occasions of which he was an eye witness, and which is worthy of the regiment, and of a place in your columns. It reads thus:

"Great has been your sacrifice in the noble cause of our country. Brave, noble, patriotic, and able as your husband was, he was an honor to even his magnificent Regiment. When I have seen the gallant 21st Conn. Regt. in battle, I have as an American, felt proud of them. A noble





Regiment, it has a splendid record. Never shall I forget their splendid behavior on that terrible 16th of May last, when the field at Drury's Bluff was covered with from eight to ten thousand killed and wounded men of both armies, and the 21st stood firm and fearless, the terrible shock of that fearful charge, and repulsed it on their front. Many times in the heat of that conflict, I looked towards the 21st, fearful that I should see them overwhelmed. They did their noble State immortal honor that day, as they have in every battle in which they have been engaged, acquitted themselves with credit.

The 29th of Sept., at Chapin's Farm, they performed distinguished services in the brilliant charge that captured those sixteen cannon and the enemy's line of works.

It is a very honorable distinction to any one to have belonged to that faithful regiment."

When the meed of praise is thus bestowed by those so entirely disinterested, we may be sure it has been fairly won. 21st.

## PERSONAL.

### List of Appointments and Promotions in the Connecticut Volunteer Force, for the month of February, 1865.

#### 1ST CAVALRY.

1st Lieut. Benjamin B. Tuttle to be Captain, vice Rogers, discharged.  
1st Lieut. Edwin M. Neville to be Captain, vice Goodwin, promoted.  
2d Lieut. James Wheeler to be 1st Lieut., vice Burnham, dismissed.  
2d Lieut. Lester W. Cowles to be 1st Lieut., vice Hawley, discharged.  
All with rank from the 9th day of Feb. 1865.  
Captain John B. Morehouse to be Major, with rank from the 10th day of Feb., 1865, vice Marcy, dismissed.

#### 2D ARTILLERY.

1st Lieut. James N. Coe to be Captain, vice Jones, promoted.  
2d Lieut. Dwight C. Kilbourn to be 1st Lieut., vice Tuttle, promoted.  
2d Lieut. Lewis Munger to be 1st Lieut., vice Knight, promoted.  
2d Lieut. Homer S. Curtis to be 1st Lieut., vice Rice, deceased.  
2d Lieut. James M. Snowden to be 1st Lieut., vice Loomis, discharged.  
1st Sergt. Homer W. Griswold to be 2d Lieut., vice Cogswell, deceased.  
1st Sergt. Amzi P. Clark to be 2d Lieut., vice Smith, promoted.  
1st Sergt. Wm. E. Cooper to be 2d Lieut., vice Hyde, discharged.  
1st Sergt. Henry S. Dean to be 2d Lieut., vice Fenn, promoted.  
1st Sergt. Chas. F. Anderson to be 2d Lieut., vice McKinney, promoted.  
1st Sergt. Henry R. Hoyt to be 2d Lieut., vice Twiss, promoted.  
Sergt. Geo. D. Stone to be 2d Lieut., vice Wheeler, promoted.  
Sergt. Admasha Bates to be 2d Lieut., vice Gaylord, never mustered.  
Sergt. Wm. A. Hosford to be 2d Lieut., vice Platt, discharged.  
Sergt. Heman Ellis to be 2d Lieut., vice Skinner, promoted.  
Sergt. Joseph Pettit to be 2d Lieut., vice Hempstead, deceased.  
Sergt. David E. Soule to be 2d Lieut., vice Kilbourn, promoted.  
Sergt. Seneca Edgett to be 2d Lieut., vice Curtiss, promoted.  
Sergt. Frederick M. Cook to be 2d Lieut., vice Munger, promoted.  
Sergt. Azarie N. Lamoreux to be 2d Lieut., vice Snowden, promoted.  
All to take rank from the 4th of Feb., 1865.

#### 1ST. LIGHT BATTERY.

2d Lieut. Theodor Upson to be 1st Lieut., vice Smith, discharged.

Sergt. Samuel W. Scranton to be 2d Lieut., vice Upson, promoted.  
Both with rank from the 6th of Feb., 1865.

#### 2D LIGHT BATTERY.

Sergt. Henry R. Chaffee to be 2d Lieut., with rank from the 20th day of Feb., 1865, vice Whiting, promoted.

#### 6TH REGIMENT.

For gallant and meritorious services in the taking of Fort Fisher, N. C., on the 15th day of Jan., 1865.  
1st Lieut. Eugene Atwater to be Captain, vice Osborne, mustered out, term expired.  
2d Lieut. Frederick Striby to be Captain, vice Peck, discharged.  
2d Lieut. John P. Connell to be Captain, vice Soder, discharged.  
2d Lieut. James A. Wilson to be 1st Lieut., vice Stanley, promoted.  
2d Lieut. John B. Gilbert to be 1st Lieut., vice Hilderbrand, discharged.  
1st Sergt. James Whiteley to be 2d Lieut., vice Grogan, discharged.  
Private DeForest W. Ferris to be 2d Lieut., vice Striby, promoted.  
All with rank from the 2d of Feb., 1865.  
Captain Hiram L. Grant to be Major, with rank from the 21st of Feb., 1865, vice Klein, promoted.

#### 8TH REGIMENT.

Private Roger M. Ford to be Captain, with rank from the 15th of Feb., 1865, vice Hoyt, mustered out, term expired.

#### 10TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. George R. Turnbull to be 1st Lieut. and Adjutant, vice Camp, promoted.  
Commissary Sergt. George F. Otis to be 2d Lieut., vice Keith, promoted.  
1st Sergt. Orlando S. Goff to be 2d Lieut., vice Allen, resigned.  
All with rank from Feb. 6th, 1865.  
Lieut. Col. Edwin S. Greeley to be Colonel, vice White, commission revoked.  
Major Ellsworth D. S. Goodyear to be Lieut. Col., vice Greeley, promoted.  
Both with rank from Feb. 9th, 1865.

#### 11TH REGIMENT.

Lieut. Col. Randall H. Rice to be Colonel, vice Burnham, declined.  
Major Charles Warren to be Lieut. Col., vice Rice, promoted.  
Both with rank from Jan. 31st, 1865.  
1st Lieut. George W. Davis to be 1st Lieut. and Quartermaster, with rank from the 6th day of Feb., 1865, vice Richmond, discharged.

#### 12TH REGIMENT.

Chas. N. Lane, of Wallingford, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 21st, 1865.

#### 14TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Franklin Bartlett to be Capt., vice Lee, discharged.  
1st Lieut. William Murdock to be Captain, vice Bingham, discharged.  
2d Lieut. Frederick N. Fox to be 1st Lieut., vice Bingham, promoted.  
1st Sergt. Thomas Hall to be 2d Lieut. vice Fox, promoted.  
1st Sergt. Wm. L. G. Pritchard to be 2d Lieut., vice Bartlett, promoted.  
1st Sergt. Albert DeForest to be 2d Lieut., vice Scranton, discharged.  
All with rank from the 7th of Feb., 1865.

#### 15TH REGIMENT.

Simeon T. Hyde to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 16th, 1865, vice Angur, deceased.

#### 18TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Horatio Blanchard to be Captain, vice Warner, honorably discharged.  
2d Lieut. John A. Francis to be 1st Lieut., vice Blanchard, promoted.  
1st Sergt. Chas. A. Murray to be 2d Lieut., vice Francis, promoted.  
All with rank from the 30th of Jan., 1865.

#### 21ST REGIMENT.

1st Sergt. Frederick A. Rich to be 1st Lieut., vice Fenton, promoted.  
Sergt. F. Clarence Buck to be 1st Lieut., vice Latham, promoted.  
Both with rank from Feb. 7th, 1865.

FIRST SERGT. CHAS. AUSTIN, Co. H, 14th C. V., has been promoted to be Sergt. Major, vice Penhollow, promoted.

COL. NOBLE, is well, in good spirits and kindly treated. We trust that he will not be removed to Columbia.

CAPT. W. T. SEWARD, C. S. has been ordered to the Southern Department. Hawley's brigade will regret to lose their faithful, efficient and courteous commissary.

JAMES WYLLIS DIXON, has been appointed 1st Lieut. in the 2d Conn. Artillery. Lieut. D. is a son of Hon. Jas. Dixon of Hartford.

SURGEON GEO. C. JARVIS, of the 7th C. V., is very highly complimented by officers of his Division, for the kindness, diligence, and skill which he displayed at Fort Fisher.

CAPT. CLARENCE E. DUTTON, 21st C. V., has been promoted to be 2d Lieut. of ordnance in the regular army. He is a graduate of Yale, of the class of 1860, and a brother of the late Col. Dutton.

DR. LEVI JEWETT, of the 14th Regt., who was dismissed for wounds received in battle, is at his home in Middle Haddam. He is nearly well, and ready for another campaign. He would be heartily welcomed to the field again, by many friends.

GEN. JOS. R. HAWLEY, has been ordered to take command of his Brigade at Fort Fisher. When his Brigade was ordered to join the expedition against Fort Fisher, he was in command of the Division, and was thus compelled to remain behind.

SERG. HENRY CAPPER, of Stamford, late of the 10th C. V. lost his leg in the battle of Newbern, was some time since, appointed clerk in the Commissary Department at Washington. Many more such appointments will doubtless be made, and every patriot will rejoice.

MR. AUGUSTUS ALVORD, from the East Windsor Theological Seminary, has been appointed chaplain of the 31st Regiment U. S. colored troops, and was ordained at Bolton on Monday, Jan. 16th. The 31st is Commanded by Col. H. C. Ward. The figures in our Jan. Number assigned him erroneously to the 41st.

ROGER FORD, formerly Captain in the Eighth C. V., was discharged last September by reason of disability from wounds, having become fit for duty again has re-enlisted as a private, in his old regiment. He was heartily welcomed at the 8th as an old and tried friend, as a noble man and splendid soldier. We learn with pleasure, that he has been promoted to his old rank of Captain.

QR. MASTER SERGT., Wesley M. Botsford, of the 15th Conn., in a very handsomely written letter to his Colonel, modestly, but firmly declines to accept a commission as 1st Lieut. on account, as he says, his inability to fill the office with credit to the regiment and the service. Yet he has served with ability for more than a year, as a non-commissioned officer.—*Hartford Press.*

He should be honored for his modesty and good judgment.

AUGUSTUS H. ABERNETHY, M. D., of Bridgeport (son of E. S. Abernethy,) has passed examination before the Naval Board of Surgeons, received a commission as assistant surgeon, and has been ordered to report to Admiral Dahlgren. He is a graduate of Yale, and a student of Surgeon P. A. Jewett, of the Knight U. S. Hospital, of New Haven.





EDWARD W. BACON, son of Rev. Dr. Bacon of New Haven, who went out as a Captain in the 29th C. V., has recently been made Major of the 117th United States colored regiment. Major Bacon, though very young, is an active, energetic and efficient officer, thorough and judicious in discipline, just, watchful and faithful in ordinary management, cool, prompt and fearless in battle.

The field and line of the 29th was, when organized, unsurpassed in character and efficiency by that of any regiment which ever left the State. The high standard of excellence is proved by the fact, most unwelcome to Col. Wooster and the regiment, that repeated promotions are calling them to high positions in other regiments.

LIEUT. GEO. W. CABLES, of the 8th Ohio Cavalry is a native of East Hartford, and until a few years, a resident of Wethersfield, Conn.

Enlisting as a private in an infantry regiment, he rose by gallant and faithful service to a well merited position in the line. A little more than a year since his regiment was changed into cavalry, and have been actively engaged in the Shenandoah Valley and in West Virginia. He passed through many stubborn fights, but was at last wounded severely in the right arm and shoulder, at Moorfield. He has, however, now recovered, and rejoined his gallant regiment, ready, as the cavalry boys always are, for any exciting or hazardous service.

CHAPLAIN JOHN B. DOOLITTLE of the 15th, has been presented with a horse and equipments, valued at over \$300, as a testimonial of grateful appreciation, by the non-commissioned officers and privates. The brief address by Ord. Sergt. W. H. Riley, very neatly tells the whole story, honorable alike to Chaplain and to men:

CHAPLAIN:—Although I feel highly honored in being appointed to make this presentation, I shall not exaggerate the sentiment of each man when I state that we make this presentation with our earnest wishes for your welfare. When the possession of this horse gives you pleasure, remember that your pleasure is ours, and we know your actions have in the past, and will in the future, belie your name. When you first came among us, we looked upon you as one of our numerous inflictions. Soon came a time when many who are now present, and others who have passed away, felt the benefit of having a Chaplain, an earnest Christian man, and who would do his Master's calling, "No matter the deadly malaria, the men need my services." You gave your services as a man and a Christian Soldier, and to show that we of the 15th Conn. can appreciate the right man in the right place, we present you this horse.

CHAPLAIN H. CLAY TRUMBULL, receives merited commendation from officers who truly appreciate him. Gen. Hawley writes—"He goes habitually, and from principle, into every fight—not in the rear with the Surgeon, but with the line of battle. He has shared all the dangers of the Tenth as faithfully as any soldier, to the best of my knowledge and belief."

Major Goodyear writes—Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, joined the 10th C. V. at Newbern, N. C., in the early part of the summer of 1862. With the exception of the time he was in the rebel prison at Columbia, S. C. he has been constantly with the regiment up to the present time. During all this time, the regiment has not, to my own personal knowledge, been engaged in a picket fight, skirmish, or battle, but Mr. Trumbull has always

been with us in the thickest of the fight, doing his duty, not only as Chaplain, under the heaviest artillery or musketry fire to which the regiment has been subjected, but in some instances, acting as aid to the commanding officer, in transmitting orders and cheering on the men. No foul weather or storm has ever been severe enough to keep him in camp when the 10th was on duty at the front; he always shares our trials with us."

There are other Chaplains of our Conn. Regiments, who deserve high praise for courage, fidelity and efficiency.

## CASUALTIES.

LIST OF CASUALTIES IN 14TH REGT. CONN. VOLS.,  
FEBRUARY 5, 1865.

### Killed.

Co. E—1st Lieut. Franklin Bartlett.

### Wounded.

Co. C—1st Lieut. Ira A. Graham, breast, severely.  
Co. E—1st Sergt. Geo. K. Bussett, arm.  
Co. A—Private Samuel Stone, neck, severely.  
Co. K—"Crayton Billings, breast, slightly.  
Co. F—"Thomas Shean, hand.

S. A. MOORE,  
Lieut. Col. Com'd'g Regt.

HEADQUARTERS, 2d C. V. A., }  
Near Warren Station Va., Feb. 13, 1865. }

SIR:—I have the honor to state that this Regiment participated in an engagement with the enemy on the 8th of Feb., 1865, near Hatcher's Run, about ten miles south of Petersburg, Va. The Regiment was moved forward to check the advance of the enemy on the left of the 5th A. C., and succeeded in achieving the desired result, the enemy retiring before our fire. The following is a list of casualties in this Regt.

### Wounded.

Co. C—Privates Charles G. Wheeler, arm and breast; Orange S. Brown, finger amputated.  
Co. E—Privates Chas. E. Walsh, side; Peter Larive, finger amputated.  
Co. L—Private Jesse Cady, both thighs.  
Co. M—Corp. Starr L. Booth, leg.

### Missing.

Co. I—Private Timothy F. Walsh.

Very Respectfully, your ob't. servant,  
JAMES HUBBARD,  
Col. Com'd'g, 2d C. V. A.

To Adj't. Gen. Conn., Hartford.

LIST OF CASUALTIES IN THE 7TH REGT. CONN. VOLS.,  
JANUARY, 19TH, 1865.

### Wounded.

1st Lieut. Willard Austin, right shoulder, shell, slight.  
Co. D—Private S. Woodbury, right breast, gunshot, slight.  
Co. H—C. Holmes, right breast and arm, gunshot, severe.

### Missing.

Co. F—George Wicks.  
Co. C—James Loudon.

Total—7

(Signed) JOHN THOMPSON,  
Captain 7th C. V., Com'd'g. Regt.

LIEUT. FREDERICK SHALK, Co. F, Fourteenth Regiment, died in the Second Corps Hospital, at Fredericksburg, of wounds received in the battles near Spotsylvania. Lieut. Shalk first enlisted as a private in Capt. Harland's company, Third Regiment, (three months men) and afterwards enlisted in the Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers, was appointed Sergeant and afterwards promoted to a Second and then a First Lieutenant. Of vigorous constitution and energetic disposition, he was always at his post, smiling at hardship, and meeting peril with buoyant, almost defiant courage.

HARRISON B. GRANT, formerly Sergeant in the 10th C. V., died of dropsy, at Knight Hospital, Sunday, Jan. 15th. The body was escorted with usual military honors to the depot. Sergt. Grant was buried in South Coventry.

SERG. JAMES L. ALLEN, Co. D, 7th Infantry, died at Norwalk, from a wound received at Petersburg, June 18th. He enlisted when but 15 years of age. Up to the time of his wound, he had never been absent from duty for a single day.

LEWIS LUDINGTON, of the 2d Connecticut Artillery, died Oct. 20th, at the hospital in Baltimore, and was buried from his home in Bethlem. This is the first time since the commencement of the rebellion, that the citizens of that place have been called to follow to the grave a deceased soldier—native of the town.—*Norwich Courier.*

LIEUT. GEORGE NORTHEOP, of Bethel, Co. D, 10th Regiment, died at Fortress Monroe on Friday, the 11th inst., of wounds. He had been wounded in four different places. He was in three months service, then enlisted in the 10th, and re-enlisted. His commission reached him after he was prostrated with four wounds. He was a faithful, brave and patriotic soldier. As a man, he was unsporting in character, honored and beloved throughout the regiment.

SERG. J. FRANCIS COWLES, of the 21st Regiment, died in Campbell Hospital, Washington, Aug. 5, of wounds received in the battle of Coal Harbor, Va., June 2d. He bore the nation's colors right bravely. He endured, says Lieut. Roberts, his severe and painful wounds without a murmur, and when death had taken the power of speech, he still pointed upward with a smile, to indicate his trust and the hope which is now full and joyous fruition.

LIEUT. THOMAS MCKINLEY, died of wounds received at the battle of Chapin's Farm, Jan. 3d, at Chesapeake Hospital, Fortress Monroe.

At an early period of the war he enlisted in the 1st Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery. He subsequently passed creditable examination before Casey's Board, and was appointed Lieutenant in 29th C. V. I. He did his duty nobly, and evinced courage and manliness to the last. His remains were interred at Litchfield, Jan. 9th.

CORP. EDGAR G. SMITH, of 10th C. V., was killed in battle near Fort Darling, May 14th, 1864. He was a son of Theophilus Smith, of Bethany. He left a cheerful home, and beloved friends on impulse of patriotic duty, to enter the stern service of his country. He was respected and beloved both by officers and men. He was faithful and uncomplaining. "In hunger or fatigue, in cold or heat; he was ever brave, loyal and stout-hearted." In full view of hardship and peril, he re-enlisted for three years. While on veteran furlough he gave heart and hand to her he loved. He returned, brave and true to his post, at the battle's front. "He died," writes Chaplain Trumbull, "a soldier's death, in the performance of a soldier's work." \* \* \* \* "It was just as the sun was setting, on the evening of Saturday, May 14th, that we laid away the remains of your honored son, in a grave dug by sorrowing, affectionate comrades, on a high bluff just above the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad, not far from the spot where he fell with his face to the





foe. The bullets whistled above us even as I read a portion of God's precious word, and expressed my sadness and my sympathy, and prayed for a blessing on us and on the home loved ones. While the grave was being filled in, the enemy made a desperate charge from their beleaguered stronghold, and shot fell like hail, on every side; but he slept quietly, and his companions completed their work. The soft earth was raised in a mound above his body, a neighboring tree was distinctly marked for future recognition, and we left him in the most appropriate place for a patriot soldier to rest."

LIEUT. JOHN W. WATSON, enlisted from Bellevue, Iowa, in November, 1861, as a private in the 5th Iowa Cavalry, which regiment was for a time quartered in barracks at St. Louis. Thence it became attached to the Army of the Tennessee, and participated in all the battles, memorable now in history, in which that heroic army has borne a part. In his regiment, Lieut. Watson was always distinguished for his gallant bravery, and rapidly rose from the ranks, until he obtained his well-earned commission. He fell, with his face towards the foe, we are told, mortally wounded in the breast, while gallantly charging the enemy's batteries, Thursday, Dec. 15th. And that fall was a consecration of victory, dearly purchased for us, but gloriously triumphant through the valor of those whom our country shall ever hold among its Immortals.—*Litchfield Enquirer*.

## REGIMENTAL.

THE FIRST CAVALRY has signalized itself during February, by its part in the capture of the daring guerrilla, Major Harry Gilmore. The expedition consisted of 300 men, 50 of them from the 1st Conn.—all under command of Lieut. Colonel Whitaker. Lieut. Col. W. moved his men so rapidly and skilfully as to surprise Gilmore, snug in bed, one bright, cold Sunday morning. The command marched sixty-three miles within 24 hours, arriving at the rebel camp four miles from Moorfield, about sunrise. The event causes some merriment and much satisfaction. Officers of either army in that department must go to bed prepared to wake up in the hands of the enemy. They will then be able to endure the event with equanimity.

Col. Brayton Ives is home to recruit for the regiment. It now numbers 500 effective men.

THE SECOND CONN. HEAVY ARTILLERY regiment is now stationed at Fort Wadsworth, Va., near Warren's Station, in front of Petersburg. The regiment is in the Second brigade, First Division, Sixth Army Corps. It numbers now nearly six hundred and fifty men for duty.

We are promised soon a description of the battle of Hatcher's Run. Gen. Abbott, formerly Col. of the First Conn. Heavy Artillery, now commands the brigade to which the 2d Conn. Regt. is attached.

THE 5TH AND 20TH INFANTRY are too busy with the rebels to write much to any body. They will finish their work and then tell their story.

THE 6TH AND 7TH INFANTRY were with Gen. Terry in his victorious advance on Wilmington.

In official report of a reconnaissance made Jan. 19, 1865, by a detachment of the 7th C. V., Capt. Thompson says:

"I take pleasure in commending to your favorable notice, Adjutant Albert M. Holden, who performed his duties on this trying occasion with marked ability and courage. Adjutant Holden is a young officer of much promise, and deserves honorable mention for gallant and meritorious conduct, in this as well as in previous engagements.

Justice to the deserving leads me also to commend the action of First Lieut. Willard Austin, of my command, who performed with greatest acceptance, a most difficult and dangerous duty, being instructed by Gen. Abbott, to advance with a detachment of men considerably beyond our main line, in order to draw the enemy's fire."

THE 9TH INFANTRY is at Savannah. A correspondent writes. "We are guarding the city and the valuable staple, which the rebels used to call King, but whose master now is Corn. The ninth is now a battalion of four companies, commanded by Lieut. Col. Healy. Co. A is commanded by Capt. Lee; Co. B, by Capt. Scott; Co. C, by Lieut. Warner; Co. D, by Capt. Graham." The boys are in trouble about their re-enlistment, and have not been paid since February last. They complain and have just cause of complaint. We hope that all will soon be made right.

THE 16TH INFANTRY still lie quietly at Roanoke Island, awaiting the release of the remainder of their comrades. We are very happy to record a deep religious interest.

THE 17TH INFANTRY has its Headquarters still at St. Augustine. Two most unfortunate events have occurred. In one case, the old ruse of inviting officers and men to a ball, was successfully played, and some fifteen or sixteen officers and men were captured. No officer or man ought ever to be permitted for any such purpose, to go beyond our lines. The whole affair is surprising, and somebody deserves severe censure.

The second unfortunate affair is of very different character. An expedition, under Lieut. Col. Wilcoxson, was sent into the interior for cotton and potatoes. While on their return with loaded wagons, the guard was attacked by a superior force, Lieut. Col. Wilcoxson was severely wounded, Adjt. Chatfield killed. No other casualties are known. The men were nearly all captured. Only six have yet come in. The body of Adjt. Chatfield, stripped naked, has been obtained. Lieut. Col. Wilcoxson is reported dead. The sad result has cast a gloom over the minds of all. The rebels are doubtless, for the most part, irresponsible guerrilla bands.

THE 18TH INFANTRY.—A correspondent sends us the following promotions in Co. D, Sergt. Charles H. Peabody to be Commissary Sergt. vice H. L. Hine; Corp. James Aust to be Sergt. vice Peabody; Private F. C. Payne to be Corp. vice Aust. He also sends account of the sad death of Edward Dempsey, at the hands of a comrade, who snapped a gun, which he supposed to be unloaded.

Will men never learn to handle fire-arms cautiously? Appropriate resolutions were presented by the Committee, Francis C. W. Rogers, Fernando Thayer and Alfred Perkins, and passed unanimously.

## The Connecticut Agency at Washington.

A short time since, we printed an article concerning the State Agency at New York, and the invaluable services of Col. Almy to our soldiers.

The agency at Washington is of a similar character, and under the faithful and energetic supervision of Rev. W. A. Benedict, is of inestimable value to our soldiers—sick, penniless, or in difficulty. The sphere is wide and the duties often perplexing and laborious. But they are such as the soldiers cannot perform for themselves and are performed at the State Agency with great economy and fidelity. At our request, a friend at the Agency sends us a brief outline of the work done at the Headquarters, No. 252, F. St., Washington.

"The most important features of our work are embraced in the following particulars. Giving information, securing transfers from the various hospitals in the country to our own hospital in New Haven. Obtaining furloughs, discharges, and back pay, affording material aid, and visiting the hospitals.

For information, we have numerous personal calls from the soldiers and their friends, and large numbers of letters of inquiry. We answer several hundred each month. Transfers to Knight Hospital are mainly effected by one of the Medical Agents of the State, who makes our office his headquarters. In his absence, we make the applications.

We aid soldiers in obtaining furloughs whenever the circumstances of the case serve to warrant us in so doing. The same in reference to discharges.

Our help is much sought by those who have back pay due them. In many instances, we find the accounts have become complicated in consequence of a loss of descriptive list, and frequent transfers from regiment to hospital, and hospital to regiment, and hospital to hospital, and from regiment to the Vet. Res. Corps.

Some have been to us who had received no pay for two years. We make out their claim, obtain certificates from the hospitals and regimental paymasters—sometimes the old rolls in the 2d Auditor's office have to be examined, and finally we obtain a certificate from the Paymaster-General on which the soldier draws his pay.

We collect thousands of dollars every month, and probably save enough to the soldier, which would otherwise be very likely to fall into the hands of some claim agent, to pay all the expenses of the office.

We receive flannels and other under-clothing, from the ladies of Conn., and distribute to the needy.

We visit the hospital as frequently as we can, and learn the wants of our soldiers there. In short we mean to do all that lies in our power to promote the comfort and efficiency of Conn. men in the army. I should have said we receive their money for safe keeping, or to send to their families and friends.

We do thousands of little things that cannot be mentioned in detail. I wish those who complain of the expense of the Agency, could spend one day in our office, and acquaint themselves with its usefulness. I wish they could hear the thanks the soldiers confer upon our wor-





thy Governor for establishing it. It is their *home*, they feel it to be so—they regard it as a proof that their interests are not forgotten."

The beneficence and genuine economy of such an establishment is manifest from a mere enumeration of its various opportunities for aiding our noble soldiers.

Letters of inquiry on any points above enumerated may be directed to—

Rev. W. A. Benedict,  
Headquarters of Connecticut,  
No. 252 F. St.  
Washington, D. C.

The Agency was established for the good of Soldiers, and the Soldiers and Soldier's friends may use it freely.

### Soldiers—Look out for Swindlers.

Neither Gov. Buckingham nor the State have land scrip or public lands for sale. Any man offering such is a scamp.

## BOOK NOTICES.

HARTFORD SOLDIERS' AID ASSOCIATION.—*Annual Report*, by Mrs. Sarah J. Cowan, Secretary. Handsomely printed by Case, Lockwood & Co.

The Association while co-operating with the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, yet retains and exercises the right to direct its beneficence wherever it sees opportunity of doing great and immediate service. It employs its resources just where they seem most needed, often affording relief at home and in Connecticut regiments more promptly and efficiently than it could in any other way be provided.

"During the past year our statistics show that we have sent supplies to the Christian and Sanitary Commissions—to ten Connecticut regiments—to ten hospitals and Relief Associations—to three distinguished ladies of Hartford, now resident in Washington, for general distribution in the hospitals there, (namely to Mrs. Gideon Welles, to Mrs. James Dixon, and to Mrs. General Hawley,) and to numerous individual soldiers applying at our rooms for aid, representing twenty-three different regiments of our own and other States. It has been our privilege to learn in several instances from returned prisoners, that articles bearing our stamp have found their way to the loathsome prisons of the south, giving comfort to the poor emaciated bodies, and gladdening the sad hearts of our men with tangible assurance that they are held in faithful remembrance by their country women at home."

The supplies prepared, collected and distributed in 1864, are—wool shirts, 1,750; wool drawers, 1,836; wool socks, 1,908; cotton shirts, 2,033; cotton drawers, 2,043; cotton socks, 575; mittens and gloves, 938; dressing gowns, 197; slippers, 186; quilts and blankets, 129; fans, 168; arm slings, 22; comfort-bags and housewives, 50; miscellaneous \$50; old linen, lint, &c., 100 packages; bandages, 10,000 rolls; clean rags, (barrels,) 22; pickles, (barrels,) 26; fresh vegetables, (barrels,) 4; dried fruit, (barrels,) 4; hospital napkins and handkerchiefs, 3,947; gloves and mittens, (wool,) 938; towels, 960; ring pads, 372; sheets, 149; pillows, 304; pillow cases, 278; limb pillows, 167; mosquito netting, 525 yards;

lemons and oranges, 210; Cologne, (bottles,) 38; smelling salts, (bottles,) 26; blackberry cordial, (bottles,) 225; native wine, (bottles,) 88; jellies and sweetmeats, (jars,) 350; farinaceous food, (lbs.) 147; tomato and pepper sauce, (bottles,) 37; flavoring extracts, (bottles,) 37; packages of dried fruit, 79.

The total receipts for the year have been \$12,069.16; total expenses, \$11,883.66—balance on hand, Jan. 1st, \$185.05. No salaries are paid, and the total office expenses and rent were only \$427.52.

The repeated grateful acknowledgments from soldiers relieved, assure the patriotic ladies of the Association, that their work is efficient, and judicious, and encourage and stimulate them to continue their noble and self-denying toil.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH. Vol. I. No. 6. One of the most interesting of a series of small sheets issued by the members of the 26th regiment, and edited by one of their number. It preserves in convenient form, much matter, valuable to every soldier of the regiment. Its editor will prepare for the War Record a sketch of the 26th. Persons desiring copies of the paper can send for them to Box 321, New London, Conn.

PRESENTATION OF TROPHY FLAGS. Albany, Van Benthuysen's Steam Printing Office.

We have received from Capt. Lockwood L. Doty, chief of bureau of Military Statistics for the State of New York, a large and elegantly printed pamphlet of proceedings at the presentation of Regimental Flags. It is a noble addition to the voluminous historical literature of our grand conflict.

SEMME, THE PIRATE—MOSBY, THE GUERRILLA.—T. R. Dawley, publisher, 13 and 15 Park Row, N. Y. Price 25 cents. Two of the series of new War Novels, giving to the reader romantic incidents in the lives of Semmes and Mosby.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LONDON DETECTIVE. By "Waters." Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. Price 75 cents.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A NEW YORK DETECTIVE. Edited by Dr. John B. Williams. Dick & Fitzgerald, N. Y. Price 75 cents.

Both of the above are uniform in their style and general arrangement, vividly portraying incidents of the most romantic and startling character in the daily life and experiences of a "special detective." We recommend them to all lovers of this style of literature.

FANNY DE LACY; OR THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE. From the London Edition. By Ellen Wallace. Fred. A. Brady, 22 Ann St., N. Y. Price 50 cts.

Evidently the work of an amateur—weak and spiritless in its composition—without a plot, and lacking in almost every feature that makes a novel "first class." We cannot conceive why money, ink and paper should be wasted on the reprint.

The above are for sale by JAS. DAY & SON, Church st., New Haven, and will be sent by mail to any address, free of postage, on receipt of the publisher's price.

THE KNOXVILLE WHIG AND REBEL VENTILATOR. We are very glad to renew our acquaintance with Parson Brownlow, by means of copies of the Whig, handed to us by C. S. Hubbard, agent for the State. Paper is scarce and rebels have interrupted communication. The Parson is ardent, spicy, patriotic and energetic as ever.

## EDITORIAL COLUMN.

### Business College.

We are much gratified to note the growing popularity and efficiency of the various Commercial Colleges in our cities. Dropping in, the other day, at the branch school, at Hartford, we were delighted at the neatness, system, and efficiency everywhere displayed. There is an atmosphere of business, which is agreeable and stimulating.

"The Business College Register," is very neatly printed, and well edited. It is full of matter, valuable to all interested in business education.

We are glad to learn that the ladies' department is well patronized. The want of thorough training has kept ladies from rising to high positions as book-keepers. The Business College supplies this want, and will enable them to start fairly in a sphere for which they are peculiarly fitted.

### Day's Purchasing Agency.

James Day & Son, Booksellers, 76 Church St., New Haven, Conn., pay particular attention to forwarding articles through the mail to any part of the country. They are a reliable firm, doing a local business, and all orders addressed to them will meet with prompt attention.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS. Pocket size, holding 12, price 75 cents, holding 24 for \$1.25, those holding 50 for \$3, \$4, \$5, \$6, \$7, beautiful velvet \$8. Send for a complete catalogue.

GOLD PENS.—Ladies' \$1.50, Gent's \$2.50; mammoth \$3.50; Ladies' with silver case \$2.50; Gent's with silver case \$3.50; medium size, with silver case \$3.

WRITING PAPER—best quality 25 and 30 cents per quire, \$4 and \$5 per ream. Commercial Note size, Buff, Orange or Canary ENVELOPES 20 cents, White, 20 and 25 cents per bunch; 1 box 500, for \$2.75, \$3, \$3.50 and \$4—they send only best articles, no thin flimsy trash.

POCKET-BOOKS—\$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$4 and \$5 each, made of the finest turkey morocco.

PLAYING CARDS—50 cts. 75 cts. \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 per pack.

GAMES FOR THE SOLDIERS.—A small box contains NINE STANDARD HOME GAMES, the most entertainment for the money and weight ever published; in a small box, weighing but five ounces. These include the CHECKERED GAME OF LIFE, (just published and acknowledged to be the best thing ever invented.) CHECKERS, BACK-GAMMON, CHESS, descriptions of RUSSIAN DOMINOES, and four others games of dominoes, with a set of DOMINO CARDS, on extra thick, enameled cardboard, all sent, post-paid, for ONE DOLLAR.

Any of the above named goods sent free by mail on receipt of named prices. Those in the army, wishing any of the above goods sent to their friends at home, have only to remit the amount and address, and they will receive the articles immediately. Those at home, wishing articles sent to friends in the army, must remit the necessary amount and address. Catalogues free.

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## General Headquarters State of Connecticut

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,  
Hartford, Nov. 11, 1864.

[Circular No. 6.]

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested, that the record of service of a deceased Connecticut Volunteer will be furnished the person applying for the same, or if desired by the widow or near relative will, together with the evidence necessary to procure back pay, bounty and pension due, be forwarded from this office direct to the proper office at Washington, and if the application be approved the amount received paid over to the person or persons entitled by law to receive it without deduction or charge for service.

All the aid practicable will also be given to discharged Connecticut Volunteers who desire to apply for back pay or Invalid pension.

By order of the War Department the wives of soldiers who are prisoners of war may draw a portion of the soldiers' monthly pay during their imprisonment. The proper certificate of service and capture will be given upon application to this office, and if desired forwarded to the proper Paymaster with application for payment.

Persons making application by mail will address, Captain Redfield Duryee, Asst. Adjt. General, stating clearly what they desire, whether bounty and back pay, or pensions, and for what person.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief,

HORACE J. MORSE, Adj. Gen.

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### Lieut. Henry M. Dutton.

Those that watched with the slightest interest, the wanderings of the Fifth Connecticut Regiment, during its early history, will not soon forget among those that honored its record at Winchester and sealed their obligation of devotion to country on the red field of Cedar Mountain, the name of Lieut. Henry M. Dutton. Lieut. Dutton was the son of Judge Dutton, of New Haven, and was born in that city, September 9th 1836. He entered Yale College in the fall of 1853, and graduated in the Class of 1857, after which he immediately entered Yale Law Department. While here, he taught for a little time during vacation at Bacon Academy at Colchester, as Associate Principal, and won for himself the general esteem of his pupils who still speak of him with great respect. He graduated in 1859, taking the degree of L. L. B., was admitted to the bar the same fall, and commenced the practice of law in Middletown, but soon after removed to Litchfield, where he established himself in the summer of 1860, and succeeded during the fall and winter in getting a larger practice than usually attends the first efforts of beginners in his profession.

Although a Democrat in politics, on the breaking out of the war he threw himself heartily into the contest, and was very active in enlisting the company which he accompanied to Hartford in the position of a private soldier on the 20th day of May, 1861. Owing to his influence and activity in procuring recruits, he was soon after detailed for this purpose, and was probably instrumental in bringing as many men into the ranks of Col's Regiment, R. R., as any other member of it. Upon the disband-

ing of this regiment he immediately joined the Fifth, and was influential in bringing into it many of the men whom he had previously recruited. He was soon after commissioned as Lieut. in Co. C, and about this time our personal acquaintance with him commenced.

Our first Officers' drills found him a somewhat inapt but still persistent learner of the manual of arms, but thus early he manifested that perseverance and persistence in the acquisition of that exact and thorough knowledge of drill that shortly made him a complete master and instructor of others in the whole system of army tactics and regulations. Here, also, became manifest that care for all the wants of his men and that kind and dignified bearing towards them, that attached the company with which he served his entire military career to him with a unanimous and unwavering devotion, seldom equalled in the relations of men to their officer in the history of the volunteer service.

On the evening of the 1st of August, 1861, having just left the sweltering box cars, that had shut us in for two days like cattle, having left the full rations of Connecticut, and having scarcely a hard cracker to the man, we climbed the east side of the Maryland Heights and made our first bivouac, with scant wheat stubble for our beds, with the sky and stars above us for a covering, and nothing more. From that time to the 1st of March following we filled in the winter with long and muddy marching, and cold and dreary picketings beside the Potomac, till we knew the fords and ferries of it for near a hundred miles, from Muddy Branch to Sir John's Run, by actual experiences so various that we shall not soon forget them. We had entered upon a new life. Home influences and position ceased to prop empty heads. Every one came to be valued for themselves alone. Hardihood, fortitude, generosity and geniality began to be prized in the possessor. Through this tedious winter Lieut. Dutton became conspicuous and beloved for his constant exercise of these qualities.

While many an officer shrank the severity of the duty or accepted details, furloughs, or were on the sick list, so that for quite a time only four lieutenants of the twenty on the regimental roster were reported as liable to duty as officers of the picket, which duty consequently recurred every fourth night, he was constantly on hand, and found his pleasure in the faithful performances of all the tasks imposed upon him. He became a favorite at the camp fire at night, and at our halts upon the

marches by day—none could tell more amusing stories; none could repeat more snatches of poetry from ancient or modern authors; none could sing a song better; none so good a physician amid discomfort, home sickness and blues as he.

At Hancock, in February, the first General Court Martial in our Military Division was held, and Lieut. Dutton was called in as Judge Advocate, and won golden opinions from his colleagues for the ability with which he conducted the large amount of business that had accumulated for disposal, for which his legal attainment had eminently fitted him. From the first day of March, 1862, to the 24th day of May, in our advance beyond Harrisonburg, and our return to Fisher's Hill, scarcely an accident occurred to recall the memory. Companies B and C made an excursion during this time upon the Katocin range to drive off a rebel signal party, on which occasion Lieut. Dutton received universal commendation for his gallant bearing. On the 24th, amid confusion and cavalry attacks, front, flank and rear, we fell back to Winchester and made our bivouac without rations, in a clover field on the Front Royal road, about a mile out of Winchester.

Sunday morning, the 25th, we had our first opportunity of all standing up in the open field together before a storm of rebel bullets, and passing judgment on our own untried courage and that of our comrades; how well the Fifth endured the trial; the reports that give a rebel loss of seventy-three in our front, against a third of that number for ourselves, abundantly attest. Well do I recollect amid that wild storm of the rebel charge, when their advance forced itself almost up to our lines, the splendid bearing of Lieut. Dutton as he maintained the line of his company, and with upright form and sword gleaming through the smoke, encouraged his men, until Ewel's whole division fell back repulsed before three scant regiments. The Colonel did not forget his gallantry in his report of the engagement.

During the long march of over forty miles, that followed that day, Lieut. Dutton was particularly active in aiding his men, and so well did he succeed that scarcely one of his company but envying his endurance, held out and came safely over the Potomac that night.

The excitement of the engagement lasted him all the day, and amid general despondency and fatigue, the buoyancy of his spirits, as I walked by his side, shortened many a weary mile, and burst forth all the day long in gleeful laughter and winning story.





It was long past midnight before the tedious crossing in the blackness of the night was accomplished, and as boat load after boat load of exhausted, half-starved soldiers reached the north side of the Potomac, they dragged themselves up the rugged banks and cast themselves upon the first vacant yard of earth or shelving rock, and slept until the morning sun had blistered them into wakefulness, thankful for the rolling river behind them, and greeting Maryland, My Maryland, as we had never done before.

At Hartford, and during the fall and winter in Maryland, Lieut. Dutton had been one ever present member on all the convivial gatherings of the officers, and had led with the rest of us the somewhat careless life so common at that time among officers of the service. From our first crossing into Virginia, however, he had become gradually changed. Books became the companions of his leisure hours, or alone with some esteemed comrade, he gave voice to that thorough religious and heroic spirit that lay beneath the sparkling surface, and told of his glorious aspirations for the future life, and his bright hopes for the future of his country. At Front Royal, about the last of June, in company with him I attended the last little prayer meeting which assembled in the regiment previous to his death, and as he did our singing that day, I could but feel, that not the lips only, but the heart, entered into the spirit of the hymns. Soon after, he became for a time, a tent-mate of my own, and my interviews with him led me more than ever before, to admire in him the man, the hero and the christian. And in this change he was not alone. It seemed as if the sacrifices were already preparing for their offering. Major Blake was always, at home or in camp, an earnest, devout christian; but Lieut.-Colonel Stone and Adj. Smith had mingled in all our wild, ceaseless hilarity and revelry that absorbed many a rainy day, and almost every evening of our early history, with great zest; but they too, had changed. Amid and contrary to the whole tenor of surrounding influences, we well recollect that these three had long ago left all our carousals,—had for the past months lived such lives—lives of governed appetites, of sober and earnest resolution and unwavering duty, that we could well say, as we remembered so much and more, "Who of all of us was so well prepared as they?" A few days before Cedar Mountain, I had my last interview with Lieut. Dutton, at the camp at Culpepper Court House. I was going to join a party sent to establish and maintain a signal station at the extreme front, on territory known to be occupied by the rebel scouting parties, with whom several severe skirmishes had then lately occurred, and had spent the night with both Dutton and Smith. It seemed as if our "good byes" were more feeling than usual, they warning me to take good care of myself, and expressing considerable anxiety for my safe return. How little did

they or I think at that time, that my excursion would lead me from danger, and that they were to bear its brunt and fall under its vicissitudes.

But a week more, and I lived to see the rebel hosts pass in battle array past my undiscovered lookout;—saw our troops move out from Culpepper to meet them, and saw them each advance with quick step under that cloud of smoke that covered the wild havoc of battle. When next I could learn of the contest, I heard that every field officer of the Fifth was gone, and that but two officers and a hundred men had come safely back from the conflict. All others were killed, wounded and missing, and that Stone, Blake, Dutton and Smith had fallen.

They all fell as they had lived, true men. Capt. Corliss, commanding Co. C, fell badly wounded in the early part of the contest, as the regiment had just passed out from the woods into an open field, across which swept the rebel bullets like hail, and the command of the Company devolved upon Lieut. Dutton. In front the woods swarmed with rebels, and at every step some gallant soldier was falling in the ranks; but they pressed on, and but a thinned remnant of them reached the woods. Yet here they made a gallant struggle, and drove back the rebel line. The Color Guard all fell either killed or wounded, and Company C bore on the remnant of the flag and fought with desperation. It is reported that one man in this company put seven rebels to the bayonet in this short encounter. Lieut. Dutton is reported to have seized more than once the colors from some fallen hero, and to have bore it along to the hands of others still able to bear it aloft. During this heroic and hopeless struggle, his commanding form could not long escape unscathed, and he fell pierced by a volley of rebel musketry. His comrades fell back from the contest, but bore along the sacred remnants of their flag, torn and staffless, though it was. General Williams was at the outskirts of the wood hastening the retreat, but he stopped for a moment to seize a shred of the tattered banner, he pressed it to his lips, and then pinned it to his breast, and still preserves it as a most sacred relic of the gallantry of his favorite regiment, made for its defence, the 9th day of August, 1862.

E. E. M.

#### Capt. Jas. R. Nichols.

Capt. James R. Nichols, 14th Conn. Vol. Infantry, died at the Armory Square Hospital in Washington, Monday, Feb. 20th, at twenty minutes past five P. M., aged 21. Though a native of Cherryfield, State of Maine, he was living in Norwich, in this State, at the time of the breaking out of the rebellion. When the President, after the bombardment of Fort Sumter, called for 75,000 volunteers, among the first to enlist was young Nichols, who became a member of Capt. Harland's company, (now Brig. Gen. Harland,) and served in that company attached to the 2d Conn. Vols. during their three month's service in Virginia. When the Third Regiment was

mustered out, Nichols resumed his clerkship in Mr. R. W. Haven's crockery store, in Norwich; but he was not satisfied to remain in civil life, and when the 14th Regiment was being raised, again entered the service as a private in Co. E, but left the State as a Sergeant in the same company, from which position he received rapid and worthy promotions, till he became Captain of Co. I; and at the time of his death was senior Captain in that regiment. Those who have followed the history of the Conn. 14th knew something regarding the small number of its officers who have passed through the numerous engagements in which the 14th have taken part without receiving one or more wounds.

Capt. Nichols, previous to the action at Reams' Station, on the Weldon R. R. last August, had been one of these, and so fortunate had he been that his friends hoped and believed that good fortune would carry him successfully through the war, and he himself it would seem, neither feared nor hesitated to make any exposure, so charmed a life did he bear in battle. It will be remembered that the 2d Corps of the Army of the Potomac, having made a reconnoissance on the north of the James River, on the extreme right of our forces, withdrew its lines in the night, and made a forced march down to and beyond the left of our lines, striking and destroying the Weldon R. R. at Reams Station. While thus engaged, they were attacked with great impetuosity on the right, left and front, by a couple of divisions from Gen. Lee's army, and were obliged to form a semi-circular line of battle and threw up hasty works for protection. While fighting behind such hastily constructed works, a part of the first Division of the Corps, after having twice repulsed the terrible charge of the enemy, was broken through, and the rebel column came pushing down upon the 2d Division which was in rear of the 1st, but part of the semi-circular line of battle, and facing in an opposite direction. In an instant the 2d Brigade of the 2d Division, to which the 14th Conn. was attached, was ordered to face by the rear rank, charge the enemy from the works they had just taken, and heal the breach. It was at such a moment when the musketry fire from three sides was constant and terrible, and the space of ground inside the semi-circular line of battle seemed perfectly plowed and perforated with plunging shot and bursting shell, pouring in from all directions, while the fire from the rebel line of battle in the rear, was as dangerous to us as that in our very front; at such a moment, when any mistake in order, faltering in duty, or hesitancy in execution, might destroy the best Corps of the Army of the Potomac, that I last saw Capt. Nichols, as ever, cool, collected, brave, commanding; cheering and leading on his men; men who placed implicit confidence in their Captain, loved him almost to idolatry, and would follow him anywhere.

The charge was made and the works carried, but the 14th Connecticut had lost brave officers and men, and Capt. Nichols was reported among them, dangerously wounded. For a while he was in the hands of the enemy, who robbed him of his purse, his revolver and his papers, and it was not till after dark that the Captain was found, brought within our lines and cared for. He was





removed to Washington, and became a patient in the Armory Square Hospital. There, confined to his narrow hospital cot, for nearly six months, with a remarkable spirit of patience, he has looked forward to health and a return to duty, and to within a week of his death it was hoped he might recover. He was one of those who, wherever he might be, could not help making friends, and they were many in Washington. Nothing could be done but was done by them to render him as comfortable as it was possible for him to be made. During his long sickness, he was never known to grumble or complain. He looked upon all as happening for the best, and among his last moments, brave to the end, he remarked, "that he was not afraid to meet death." In his regiment, his reputation for gentlemanly conduct, soldierly abilities, pure patriotism, and unflinching valor, was second to none. As a model officer he was greatly respected and sincerely beloved, and his loss is irreplaceable.

His many friends in Connecticut, who have been looking forward to the time when he should be able to return home, will sincerely mourn for the modest young soldier they delighted to honor. An ex-officer of his regiment, who having known him intimately and followed with him for years the various fortunes of the Army of the Potomac, who never knew an order that Capt. Nichols hesitated to obey, or the emergency he was unequal to fill, desires to place upon record this little tribute of affection. C.

### Brig. Gen. William. T. Clark.

*From the Norwalk Gazette.*

Gen. Clark is a son of Levi Clark, Esq., and was born and brought up in Norwalk. At one time he was a teacher—and a good one, too—in one of our District Schools. Some few years before the breaking out of the rebellion, he married a Hartford lady, removed West, and, we believe, commenced the practice of law. His subsequent career is told as follows, by Prentice, of the Louisville, (Ky.) Journal:

Lieut. Col. William T. Clark, chief of Staff and Assistant-Adjutant-General of the Department and Army of the Tennessee, has recently been Promoted by the President to be a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and his many friends belonging to the old Army of the Tennessee, particularly the 17th corps, will rejoice to hear it. Gen. Clark, at the breaking out of the war, was engaged in the practice of law at Davenport, Iowa, and earned for himself, by strict attention to business, a very enviable reputation. In September, 1861, he received permission from the Gov. of Iowa to raise a company of infantry for the three years' service, which he soon effected, and was duly elected its Captain. After the organization of the regiment (13th Iowa,) of which Col. (now Gen.) M. M. Crocker was the commander, Capt. Clark gave up his position as Captain, accepted, at the urgent request of the officers, the Adjutancy, which place he filled with more than ordinary ability. On the arrival of his regiment at Jefferson City, Mo., he was detached from his command and assigned to duty on the staff of Brig. Gen. McKean, then commanding the district.

On the 9th of September, 1862, Lieut. Clark was promoted by the President to be Assistant

Adjutant-General of Volunteers, with the rank of Captain. On General Halleck assuming command of General Grant's army, after the battle of Pittsburg Landing, Captain Clark was assigned as Adjutant-General of the 6th division, and during that memorable campaign distinguished himself on several occasions. During the three days' fighting at Corinth, on the 3d, 4th, and 5th of October, 1862, Captain Clark was in the thickest of the fight. In the pursuit of Price, after the battle, Captain Clark met for the first time, the late Major-General McPherson, who at once recognized in him the qualifications of an excellent officer. After the pursuit was discontinued, and the troops had returned, Major-General McPherson, who had just received his appointment as Major-General, was immediately assigned by General Grant to the command of all the troops then at and in the vicinity of Bolivar, Tennessee, to prepare and organize them for the fall and winter campaign. He selected Captain Clark as his Adjutant-General at once, and, on the 24th of November following, he was made a Major. After the return of Gen. Grant's army to the Yocoma, it was reorganized and Major Clark assigned as Adjutant-General of the 17th army corps, and he accompanied it to Lake Providence, Louisiana, and Milliken's Bend, and also during the siege of Vicksburg. He is a man of iron will, and a strict disciplinarian; as an Adjutant-General he has no superior.

In March, 1863, he was made Lieut. Colonel, and in March, 1864, he accompanied Major-General McPherson as Adjt.-Gen. and Chief of Staff of the Army of Tennessee, and remained with him until his death, on the 22d of July, in front of Atlanta. It was on this bloody field that Col. Clark well and nobly earned his star. With the rallying cry of "McPherson and vengeance," he led a brigade into the thickest of the fight. The death of his commanding General, in the heat of the battle, devolved new duties and responsibilities upon his Adjutant, and well did he bear them all. His services upon that day could not be overlooked, and he received the warmest recommendations for promotion from Gen. Sherman and other officers. The President in thus appointing him a Brig.-General, has placed a star upon the shoulders of an officer who has justly earned it, and who will never disgrace it.

### Lieut. Edward K. Wightman.

Lieut. Wightman, Third New York Volunteers, a native of Middletown, was killed in the assault on Fort Fisher while leading his men to the charge. He graduated at the Free Academy in that city in 1854, became a contributor to several of the journals, and contributed one article to the Shoe and Leather Reporter, which was published in Great Britain, Germany and France, and was used by the Home Department of the United States. He enlisted in the 9th N. Y. Vols. in 1862, and served with them until they were mustered out, when he was transferred to the 3d New York. He thrice declined commissions, and this last one did not reach his regiment till his death.—*Norwich Courier.*

A HARD HEADED BULL.—An Irishman quarreling with an Englishman, told him if he did not hold his tongue, he would break his impenetrable head and let the brains out of his empty skull.

### Presentation of a Flag.

CAMP 11TH REGT. CONN. VOLS.,  
In the Field, Va., March 1st, 1865. }

The Eleventh Connecticut Veteran Volunteers were this day formally presented with a magnificent and richly wrought National Flag, from Miss Julia A. Beach, of Wallingford, Conn. In material, taste and beauty, it is all that could be desired. The names of eleven battles are carried upon its folds, and a silver ferrule upon its staff bears this inscription, viz:

TO THE 11TH REGIMENT CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS,  
THIS FLAG IS PRESENTED BY  
JULIA A. BEACH,  
IN MEMORY OF THEIR PURE AND VALOROUS COMMANDER,  
COLONEL AND BRIGADIER-GENERAL,  
GRIFFIN A. STEDMAN, JR.  
FALLEN BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA., AUG. 6TH, 1864,  
AND IN MEMORY OF THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS  
OF THE REGIMENT, WHO HAVE NOBLY  
DARED AND DIED IN ITS DEFENCE.

Chaplain Smith of the 8th Conn., in his presentation speech said, that when the Banner under whose folds he led this regiment through so many storms of iron, had become tattered and worn, it was meet, it was sublimely fitting that one dearer to him than life, should with woman's heroic heart, lift again the ensign and fling these glowing colors to the breeze.

Major Warren accepting the Flag, and replying for the Regiment, pledged its effort to prove itself worthy of the honor conferred on it to-day, by donor, adding, may God help us to defend it, and bear it with honor through any scenes we may be called to pass, until its colors wave triumphantly over a united, peaceful and happy country.

At a meeting held by the Officers of the Regiment, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

WHEREAS, Miss Julia A. Beach has presented to this Regiment a National Flag of unusual richness and beauty, bearing on its folds the names of our Battle Fields, and being in itself a memorial of our pure and valorous Commander, Colonel and Brigadier-General Griffin A. Stedman, Jr., who fell before Petersburg, Va., Aug. 6th, 1864. Therefore—

Resolved, That with gratitude we accept this ensign of the Nation which speaks to us alike of the glory which the Eleventh Regiment has won on many bloody fields, of our brothers in arms, who have fallen, and especially of our noble, patriotic, and long-cherished Commander, who led us so well, whom we followed so confidently, and who, after repeated wounds, wonderful escapes, and continued hardships in the field, showed the same heroic fortitude in dying, as he had daring in battle.

Resolved, That this gift, springing, as it were, from his honored grave, and in the circumstances of its presentation, telling of companionship in the field, as well as of stronger ties that were sundered when he fell, shall be held by us as a sacred and perpetual memorial of his character, of his manhood, of his soldierly and social virtues, and while it reminds us of our loss, it shall also incite us to emulate his worth.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to Miss Beach, to Mrs. Stedman, and that they be engrossed on the Record Books of this Regiment.

CHARLES WARREN, Maj. 11th C. V., }  
H. S. DEFOREST, Chaplain, " } Committee.  
CHAS. H. SIMMONS, Capt. " }

We append a just and beautiful tribute to Gen. Stedman.





## In Memoriam.

Nobly he fell! His country's life  
Was dearest to his brave young heart;  
Not for the fame which springs from strife  
Did he go forth to act his part.  
Not with the ignoble pride of kings,  
Who seek a place in glory's van;  
But for the sake of better things,—  
For God, for Country, and for Man!

Young—with a heart for any fate,  
With purest motives for the right,  
No wonder that his hopes were great,  
And beautiful with dazzling light.  
Yet there was sadness in his eye,  
As round the sunset's golden beam  
A passing cloud may sometimes lie,  
Like the thin shadow of a dream.

'Twas only transient sadness there,  
For the *one* purpose of his soul  
Was still unchanged: to *do* and *dare*  
Where the dread battle-thunders roll!  
Like Murat's plume, his form was seen  
E'en in the thickest of the fray,  
And his own sword flashed its bright sheen  
Wherever victory led the way.

They weep who loved him; and the blow,  
So fatal to his earnest life,  
How cruel! Only those may know  
Whose prayers went with him to the strife.  
Dear girl, thou who didst keep his love  
So sacred in thy heart's pure shrine,  
From Faith's bright altar look above,  
For sweet submission is Divine.

'Tis hallowed ground where Stedman lies,  
And liberty enshrines his name;  
The nation's memory never dies,  
And he is one with her in fame:  
One with the patriots of yore!  
Far down the corridors of time,  
His deeds shall tell forevermore  
Of one who made his life sublime!

Rest, soldier, rest; thy task is done,  
The battle calls no more for thee;  
Thou hast a nobler victory won  
Than Spartan at Thermopylae.  
Rest thou in peace. The flag still waves,—  
The dear flag of thy love and pride;  
Its stars watch o'er our myriad graves,  
And guard the heroes who have died.

ARTHUR ELWELL JENES.

Recollections of Army Life in the  
27th Connecticut.

## IV.

April 8th, President Lincoln reviewed the army, preparatory to opening the Spring Campaign. Fifty or sixty thousand men were in line, and probably the army was never in better condition than at that time. One week later, orders were received to supply the men with eight days' rations, five to be carried in their knapsacks, and three in their haversacks. Over-coats, dress-coats, and everything which could possibly be dispensed with, were to be turned in to the Quartermaster. Each day company inspections were held, to see that the men were prepared as the orders directed. About this time the regiment was transferred to the 4th Brigade, under the command of Col. J. R. Brooke, of the 53d Pa. A storm of two day's duration, postponed the forward movement a short time, but by the 27th of the month, the weather became tolerably set-

tled, and now began a campaign which it was fondly hoped would result in the capture of Richmond. In the morning we sent out an additional picket of over three hundred men, leaving hardly a corporal's guard in camp. All day artillery and cavalry, pack mules and wagon trains, were passing camp, on their way to the right. Late in the evening, orders came to strike tents, pack up as quietly as possible and report on the Division parade at day-break. Our pickets returned at two o'clock the next morning. The camp was now full of bustling preparation. The huts all illuminated; the eager hum of voices, men hurrying to and fro; the decided tones of command, combined to form a scene of excitement nowhere found but in the army. At daybreak the regiment fell in and bade farewell to the dismantled camp, to enter upon an experience none of us had ever contemplated as likely to fall to our lot.

Camp near Falmouth will linger vividly in memory, when other more startling scenes of army life have faded into oblivion. Our four months' residence witnessed a complete change in the face of the country. A few stumps, or a solitary tree, were all that was left of the forests which four months before, waved over a hundred square miles of territory. Here and there a house, tenantless, fenceless and dingy, or a blackened ruin, with only a bare chimney standing, loomed above the naked landscape, a picture of complete desolation. And this scene finds its counterpart in many a district of the Old Dominion, from Washington to Richmond, and down the Shenandoah Valley.

The Division having assembled near Gen. Hancock's headquarters, began the march for United States Ford, at seven in the morning. We passed many deserted encampments, whose late occupants, like ourselves, were on the move. Instead of following the direct course of the river up to the Ford, which was only ten miles above Falmouth, we pursued a very circuitous route, and after an easy march halted in a strip of woods, where we encamped for the night. The next day at evening, we had just pitched our tents and built fires, and were in the act of making coffee, and frying a bit of pork or beef, when the order came for the 27th to fall in with all possible dispatch. Suppers were thrust into haversacks, without much regard to order, and in a few moments the regiment marched off about a mile to picket in the woods. This duty occupied us until the next afternoon, when we were relieved, and hastened on to overtake the rest of the Brigade, which had already broken camp. During the night previous, a light fall of rain took place, just enough, however, to put the roads in bad condition. All along the route, pioneers were thrown out in advance, to clear the worst places for the passage of the trains. As far as the eye could reach, a continuous line of army wagons filled the road, urging their way forward with the greatest difficulty. The woods on either hand rang with the sharp crack of the teamster's whips, and simultaneously a chorus of wild shouts burst from the driver and the men pushing at the wheels, while high above the din rose shrill cries, resembling the notes of the screech-owl. Then, with a quick, jerking jump, the nimble mules landed the team in the next rut to await the repetition of the same magical sounds.

Advancing to within a short distance of the Ford, the Corps halted to await the completion of the preparations for crossing. The sun now burst forth from the canopy of clouds as if in glad sympathy with the exhilaration which pervaded all hearts in consequence of the encouraging news from the front. A dispatch from Gen. Hooker announced that the successes of the 5th, 11th and 12th Corps, were all that could be desired and that the rebels were retiring. These Corps broke camp early on Monday morning, April 27th, and took the route to Kelly's Ford, twenty-five miles above Fredericksburg. The pontoons were laid and a crossing effected on the following day, with very little opposition, and the troops pushed forward rapidly to Germania Ford, on the Rapidan, for the purpose of concentrating at Chancellorsville. General Stoneman, with his cavalry, crossed on Wednesday, to enter upon the grand raid which the Richmond Examiner characterized as the "most audacious enterprise of the war." The diversion from Germania caused the rebels to evacuate their works in front of United States Ford, so that no molestation was offered when the pontoons were laid for the passage of the 2d Corps. Late in the afternoon of April 30th, we moved rapidly down the abrupt, woody bank, and once more set foot on the south side of the Rappahannock. A line of well constructed rifle pits, with more elaborate works for cannon at intervals of several hundred yards, commanded the crossing. In their hasty retreat, the rebels left behind two pieces of artillery spiked. Only a few miles now separated us from the scene of operations, and after marching through woods and over muddy roads, rendered infinitely worse by the constant passage of troops, we bivouac for the night a short distance from the Chancellor House, a large brick mansion so called from its occupant, V. Chancellor. A shapeless mass of ruins is all that now remains of what gave name to one of the most remarkable battles of the war.

Save an occasional discharge of cannon, the forenoon of May 1st was spent in comparative quiet, neither party seeming disposed to inaugurate the conflict. Movements, however, were in progress with a view to ascertain the enemy's position. In the afternoon the 27th participated in a reconnaissance for this purpose, which came very near proving an affair of no little importance. Leaving our bivouac in the woods, we advanced down the road by the Chancellor House, and ascending a gentle elevation, turned aside into an open lot on the left, near a small dwelling, afterwards occupied by Gen. Lee as his headquarters. Here a section of artillery was exchanging compliments in a lively manner, with a rebel battery, a short distance up the road. Several companies were immediately deployed as skirmishers with the remainder as a support, and advanced through the woods to feel the enemy's position, and develop his strength. Suddenly the artillery limbered up, the skirmishers were called in, and the reconnoitering force retired to the rear at double quick. This movement was rendered necessary by an advance of the enemy seriously threatening our right flank, but they were felled in the attempt and fell back before a stubborn fire of musketry and artillery. For a few moments we remained in line of battle in the open ground





near the Chancellor House, then moving down the road a short distance deployed through the thick and tangled woods on the left. Appearances indicated that the rebels were about to charge down from the ridge from which we had just retired, but they contented themselves with shelling us furiously with their batteries. Long before the cannonade ceased, the mellow twilight of a May evening had passed into the darkness of night, adding to the fearful sublimity of the scene as the rebel guns woke the sleeping forest echoes, and shells careered wildly through the air and crashed among the trees. Quietly resting on the ground, we wait for the iron storm to pass. No sooner has the last shell swept over our heads and burst into numberless fragments, than we enter upon the night's work of intrenching our position against the anticipated attack of the morrow. The rebels were apparently engaged in similar work just across the ravine. It was a busy and exciting scene along the lines of the army that night. The rapid strokes of axmen, followed by the dull sound of fallen trees, rang through the woods in every direction. Details of men were at hand to put the logs in position, while others dug a trench in the rear, and heaped the soil upon them. For some distance in front of the breastworks, trees were cut down for the purpose of obstructing the enemy's advance. After the completion of our intrenchments, we rested under arms, and at daybreak, May 2d, as silently as possible, marched out into the road and past the Chancellor House, and took a new position in Hooker's line of battle. The rebels soon entered the place we had just left, which, however, was of very little value to them, and could easily be re-occupied when circumstances required. We spent the forenoon in building breastworks, while on other parts of the line there was much skirmishing and several sharp fights. At intervals during the day, the enemy opened upon us with shot and shell, discovering our position by the smoke curling above the trees from the camp fires. At noon when rations were being dealt out to the companies, the rebel gunners, doubtless tantalized by the display, seemed determined to involve commissaries and rations in one common ruin.

Several days had now passed in the usual preliminaries to a battle. Hooker had succeeded in drawing the main force of the rebels from their works in the rear of Fredericksburg, and was himself well intrenched in the dense woods skirting the plank road and most appropriately called the Wilderness. The line of battle of the Union forces formed a broad wedge, whose base rested on the Rappahannock, the apex terminating at the extreme front beyond the Chancellor House. The 11th Corps held the extreme right, and next in order were the 3d, 12th, and 2d, while the 5th occupied the left.

Lee is said to have issued orders to his troops to break this line at all hazards. A brief calm followed the desultory movements of the day. The men stood in their places behind the breastworks, gazing into the woods in front, eagerly listening to hear the first sound which should tell where the rebel blow would strike. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the enemy advanced in heavy force down the plank road, and began the attack in the neighborhood of the intrenchments we had thrown up the night before. The rapid

fire of musketry to our right indicated a serious attempt to pierce the centre of the Union line. Under cover of this movement, the indomitable Jackson advanced his hordes through the woods, and hurled their solid array on Hooker's right wing, directly in rear of our present position. Let the 11th Corps stand firm, and victory will rest on our banners ere the close of day. The current history of the hour tells us how the crisis was met. But more expressive than history itself was the wild shout of triumph that burst from one end of the rebel line to the other, as it swept over the earthworks and saw the panic-stricken Corps dashing madly to the rear. Who can describe the almost breathless interest with which we listened to the fluctuations of the conflict. Now the avalanche of the enemy is stayed a moment in its course; then nearer and nearer approaches the sound of battle, and it seems as if the next instant the foe will dash in upon our rear. A portion of the 2d Corps hurries away to the scene of strife, and Gen. Hancock, every nerve strung to the highest pitch of excitement, rides up to inform the Colonel that probably we should not be called into action, but were to hold our position, and that in case of necessity we could fight on either side of our breastworks, plainly pointing to the possibility that the enemy may attack in the rear. Through the woods behind us we can see batteries of artillery rushing into position near Hooker's headquarters, and in a few moments the forest trembles with the terrific cannonade, vying with the thunders of heaven in the compass of its sound. In the distance the deep, prolonged boom of a hundred pounder swells the bass notes of the chorus. Double shot-ted with grape and canister the field pieces sweep the rebel line with murderous effect. At length darkness put an end to this sublime exhibition of human power; the frightened whippoorwills ceased their plaintive cries; the quiet moon rose over the bloody field, and nature sank into a silence fairly oppressive. We remained under arms most of the night, frequently changing our position as the emergency required. At eleven o'clock occurred one of those episodes of warfare which, in startling grandeur and terrible magnificence, well nigh border on the supernatural.

The forces of Hooker and Lee were resting on their arms, renewing their energies with an hour of broken slumber, and ready to rush to battle at the first flash of dawn. The air was perfectly still and serene, transmitting the rays of the moon with unusual brilliancy. Scarcely a sound disturbed the painful silence of the almost interminable woods. All at once, the artillery, massed on the ridge hardly half a mile behind us, with one tremendous crash, poured in its fire upon the enemy's position, covering the charge of a division of infantry. The thunder of musketry and artillery reverberated through the forest with an effect inconceivably grand. The conflict was fierce but short, resulting in the full accomplishment of the intended object, namely, to restore the connection of the lines which had been broken in the battle of the afternoon.

At the earliest moment on Sabbath morning, May third, the battle was renewed, but apparently with less vigor than on the preceding day, and yet as brigade after brigade

became engaged, and the almost unexampled roar of musketry rolled along the line, it was evident that the enemy were about to follow up, with even greater desperation the advantage already gained. True to their old policy, the rebel leaders massed their troops in dense columns and launched them upon the Union line, with reckless perseverance. Immediately after breakfast, the 27th, with the exception of two companies, D, and F, engaged in other duty, was ordered down into the intrenchments we had thrown up, near the apex of the wedge the Friday night previous. These works now formed a part of the picket line of the army, and from the nature of the position and its relation to the movements of the enemy, a large force was required in order to hold it. As is usual in such cases, when a picket in force is ordered, the colors did not accompany the column. As the regiment advanced at double quick down the hill into the ravine, it was met by a heavy fire of musketry. A number were wounded, and several shot through the head, just as they entered the breastworks. One or two regiments, whose ammunition was exhausted, were gradually drawn off in small squads. Not succeeding in their first attempt, the rebels made no further attack in force upon our part of the line, but concealed in the thick woods continually annoyed us with a scattering fire. The men replied as they had opportunity and with considerable effect, as the rebels themselves afterwards acknowledged. While the conflict was culminating in other parts of the field, the enemy in our immediate front, were not so idle as appearances indicated. Looking through the woods we could indistinctly see a large body of infantry making a wide circuit to the right, seemingly with a view to attack some remote part of the line. A similar movement took place also to the left. "Look out on the right," "look out on the left," passed up and down the line, and every man was on the alert ready to meet them should they attempt to carry our intrenchments.

Suddenly from unseen batteries behind us comes a deep roar, and the next moment shell after shell shrieks through the trees and bursts almost in the rifle pits. The thought flashes upon us that the rebels are in our rear, but is dismissed with the reflection that it is only a Union battery firing too low, and will soon correct its false range. Meanwhile our little band had been reduced to less than four hundred men, embracing two hundred and seventy of the 27th, with small portions of the 145th Pa. and 2d Delaware, and this force being entirely inadequate to hold the extended line, Col. Bostwick dispatched Major Coburn to Gen. Hancock for reinforcements. In a few moments the shelling ceased, and far up the road in front appears a rebel officer waving a flag of truce, and slowly advancing, waiting for a recognition. The men stopped firing in the immediate vicinity of the road, while for a moment the musketry became more brisk on the left flank. At length the rebel officer arrived within a few paces of the works, where he was halted to wait the presence of Col. Morris, of the 66th N. Y., commanding the whole line. This officer was not to be found, and the responsibility of receiving the communication from the flag of truce devolved upon Col. Bostwick of the 27th. The rebel, a





tall, rough specimen, and yet with the manner of a gentleman, announced himself as Lieut. Bailey, of a Georgia regiment, that he had been sent to inform us that we were entirely surrounded, that there was no possible avenue of escape, and therefore he summoned us to surrender and thus avoid the loss of life which would inevitably follow any resistance to the overwhelming force in front and rear. The Colonel replied that he did not see it, and proceeded to investigate into the actual state of affairs. Meanwhile Lieut. Col. Merwin went up through the woods in the rear only to find it too true, that the rebels were posted in strong force to bar any escape in that direction. Masses of the enemy pouring in on the right and left, revealed at once the desperate position in which we were placed, while the singing bullets from the woods behind as well as in front, indicated that the foe were closing in upon us. The first impulse among officers and men was to attempt to force our way through. But it was evident that such a course would result in the destruction of more than half our number, while the remainder would inevitably fall into the hands of the enemy. After a hurried consultation among the officers, a surrender was agreed upon, and the formality had hardly been completed when a heavy line of rebel skirmishers swept out of the woods behind. Only five minutes before, the men stood at their posts undisturbed by even a doubt of their security; now astonished at the sudden denouement we find ourselves about to enter upon the terrible uncertainties of rebel captivity. And this surprise and mortification was increased by the conviction that serious disaster must have overtaken the Union army. The history of the day establishes the fact that Saturday's misfortune and the subsequent operations of Sunday morning compelled the formation of a new line of battle. The surging conflict had gradually crowded Hooker back, and late in the afternoon the army retired by his order, to a position some distance in rear of the Chancellor House. As General Hancock afterwards stated, orders were sent down to the 27th to fall back at the same time; but they failed to reach us, and while the rest of the army had retreated to the new line, the 27th still remained at the extreme front of the old, entirely unconscious of this change of position. Our situation in a ravine, surrounded by dense woods, rendered it impossible to observe the movements going on in other parts of the extended field. The enemy already aware of Hooker's withdrawal, immediately planted a battery behind us, supported, as one of the rebels afterwards said, by two brigades of infantry.

The experience of Major Coburn immediately after the shelling, while en route to deliver the Colonel's request to Gen. Hancock, more than confirms this statement. On his way to the rear he was accompanied by one of our sergeants severely wounded in the early part of the action. They had passed hardly half a mile through the woods when they were taken prisoners, and the Major was conducted into the road, where he found a large part of Stonewall Jackson's Corps under command of Maj. Gen. Anderson. Already they had formed their skirmish line and were crowding forward with all possible speed, certain of

their prey. Outnumbered on every hand, and with batteries in front and rear, it would have been madness to have attempted to force our way through, in the face of such odds. On the return of Colonel Bostwick from Richmond, he demanded a Court of Inquiry to examine into the circumstances of the surrender. That body, however, did not meet in consequence of the early resumption of active operations previous to the battle of Gettysburg. Gens. Hancock and Brooke fully exonerated the officers and men of the 27th, from all blame in the misfortune which befell them. The gallant Brooke, with characteristic bravery, when he heard the firing, volunteered to charge down with his Brigade to our relief, but for obvious prudential reasons Gen. Hancock refused permission.

WINTHROP.

## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

### Fort Sumter.

From a member of the 20th C. V. I.

HEADQUARTERS, REDOUETS NEAR SE.  
ANDREW'S DEPOT, CHARLESTON, S. C.,  
March 9, 1865.

On the 3d of March, I got permission to visit Fort Sumter. We first went to Charleston for a pass from Gen. Hatch, and then sought for a boat which was finally furnished by the Quartermaster, with a crew. We started about 1 P. M., from the wharf, and were about an hour pulling down to the Fort. The day was fine, with just sea enough to make it pleasant. Our gunboats and monitors are lying at anchor all about the harbor, looking very much at home, and rather saucy. On reaching the Fort, the landing place struck me as being rather poor for such a fort, and I could see no proper entrance. The walls on this side, (towards the city,) were too much damaged, but the little old wooden wharf, with its outer end resting on an old sunken steamer, was altogether out of character. A few colored soldiers were at work on the wharf when we landed, and on asking them where the entrance was, they pointed to a hole in the wall, which we found to be a kind of tunnel about 2½ feet high, about the same in width, and about 100 feet in length. I thought there must be some other entrance, and not wishing to crawl in through a hole backed out, and looked for the grand sally port, which I had expected to find, but it was *non est*, and we had to crawl through. There was no garrison in the Fort, all was solitude and silence, the terreplein dug into holes, and plowed into furrows, and nearly covered with pools of stagnant water. An old bursted Columbiad lay near the center, and 15-inch round, and 300 lb. rifle shot scattered about plentifully. The inner wall which was once so grand, with its tiers, arches and abutments, was nowhere visible, but in its place a circular bank of sand, brick, stone, and other debris sloping inward, and supported at irregular intervals by the rude baskets filled with sand, called gabions, which were introduced to keep the bank from covering certain heavy timber fronts, pierced for musketry and facing the center of the Fort, showing that there were still cavities under that enormous bank where casemates had once been, and also showing the kind intentions of the garrison, in case

the Yankees should succeed in entering the work over the now sloping walls. The general effect must, I think, be much like standing within the crater of an extinct volcano. Ascending the inner slope by a rude pathway on the Morris Island side, the Fort appears like a circular bank of material which had been poured out where it now lies, without the slightest attempt at arrangement, and the pieces of brick, stone, and iron, of which it is composed, have been so worn by the constant punching, pushing, pounding, tumbling and abuse of all kind which they have received, that they appear more like potatoes and cobble stones than what they really are. The top of the Fort, (I cannot say the parapet, for there is no wall of any kind visible on that side,) is defended by four of the old-fashioned small 12-pounder Howitzers, (the shot guns of artillery,) for throwing canister with small charges of power. There are also some portable Chevaux de Frieze, which were kept inside the Fort during the day, and carried out at night; about half way down the outer slope, are trip wires stretched by means of stakes driven into the bank. I descended this bank to the water's edge, and found that nearly one-half the bank near the bottom is composed of expended shot and shell of all sizes, shapes and descriptions, and there I found the reason for the peculiar entrance to the Fort in the fact that the old entrance on the James Island side, was entirely obliterated, and the wharf badly torn up. The present entrance was evidently bored as a "military necessity." Passing around towards the channel, the walls on that side are protected by gabions and sand bags about ten feet thick, and are not much damaged except above the protection. I then returned inside, and attempted to explore the "rat holes," but having no light, I knocked my head, and began to sink into mud of very uncertain composition. I gave up the attempt, with the impression that these subterranean shelters were very strong, very extensive, and very dirty. And this is Sumter, the scene of the gallant defence by Major Anderson and his brave garrison, the spot where our Flag was first fired upon by traitors, who little knew what they were bringing upon their own heads by the act; the place most persistently attacked, and obstinately defended during this war; the place which has received more battering, and developed the resources of artillery to a greater extent, than any place on earth, and is now in ruins, as thorough as its resistance has been obstinate. But over all floats the Flag of the Free. It is "re-possession and re-occupied," and we will soon make it more impregnable than ever, and hold it as an effectual warning to traitors forever.

J. H. D.

### From the 8th Regiment.

8TH REGT., CONN. VOLS., 24TH CORPS.,  
Army of the James, Va., Feb. 20, 1865.

FRIEND MORRIS:—Again the Veteran Eighth is in line. During the two months since I have written, the old men have been returning from the hospitals—scarred, maimed, disabled in various ways, but eager to be if possible in the old organization—the new men have been drilling, how quickly they catch the *esprit de corps*, and now with pride we stand again in brigade;





2d Brig., 3d Div., 24th Corps. We have present nearly 300 men; our aggregate for duty is 250. We had hoped to have received more recruits; at least enough to make good the number of those who are compelled to leave the service on account of disability. But we see by the papers that the "quota is filled," and with the people at home that is the "end of the law" for patriotism. We beg leave to suggest that quotas in these days are not regiments; names on paper with no equivalent of men on the field will not strike the heavy blows now needed in finishing this Richmond campaign.

For ourselves, we do not complain of the substitutes received; in the Eighth, we are proud to say, veteran, volunteer, drafted men, substitute, all stand upon equal footing, and by wholesome discipline—some require lead and saltpetre—all can be made good soldiers. It is not the *kind* of men but the *want* of men of which we speak. The noble cause indeed *deserves* and will honor the best men in all the land; but even such men as the brokers actually *send*, with all the temptation to desertion which high bounties present, do become, we are happy to say, what many of them would no where else become, true men, patriot soldiers, Christian heroes.

The Chaplain was in Conn. during most of the month of Jan., but through the agency of the Christian Commission God began to move upon the hearts of some of the regiment and He has been carrying on His work since. Profane lips have become praying lips; reading has taken the place of gambling; Christians rejoice, and new voices tell of the love of Jesus. During the absence of the Chaplain also, the men of the regiment erected a chapel, (the canvass roofing being furnished by this same blessed agency, the Christian Commission,) and they warmly welcomed him to preach in the new house, on the very day of his return. Preaching under these circumstances was delightful, and so it continues to be. Men eager to listen; some ready to obey; Christians supporting, and God crowning the work. We have also our regimental Library, 80 vols., again with us; and we almost avariciously use both chapel and books because we must doubtless soon leave them, to advance upon the foe. For, sunny days are increasing, the ground is becoming settled for spring, Sherman is moving northward with the sun, and we must co-operate in favor of peace. The Eighth cannot promise what it could and did one year ago when it left Conn., with its new title "Veteran;" for it has less than half the number of effective men then possessed. However, the old spirit still lives, and with buoyant hopes the men are ready to share in the "closing campaign."

Since I last wrote, Lieut. Col. Smith, Lieut. Foss, Act. Adj. Capt. Roberts, Co. I, and Lieut. Vorra, Co. K, all having received severe wounds during the past year, have been honorably discharged. Lieut. Pelham, Co. G, has been dismissed the service. Dr. Bigelow has been mustered full Surgeon. George W. Farnham, lately Drum Major, is now 1st Lieut. Co. C, and Adjutant William M. Pratt has accepted the Majority. Col. Ward commands the Brigade. Our roster of line officers is much reduced, but one valuable addition is at hand. Roger M. Ford, who has

served from the outset of the war, first as a three months man, and then as an officer with two promotions in this regiment, but was wounded in June last before Petersburg, and very much to his disappointment, was discharged on account of disability, has recently re-enlisted as a private and returned to the regiment. You may well believe that he has been most cordially welcomed by all, and that a commission for his former position, Capt. Co. G, is forthcoming.

Yours, for Christ and the country.

CHAPLAIN.

### From the First Conn. Cavalry.

HEADQUARTERS, 1ST CONN. CAVALRY, }  
WHITE HOUSE, VA., March 21, 1865. }

We are back once more in the region of the Pamunkey, after a pilgrimage of three weeks from our old camp near Winchester. We had hardly got comfortably settled in winter quarters before the order came to break up, an order which had been vaguely prophesied for some time, but no one believed that General Sheridan would be cruel enough to turn us out into the cold, from our cozy, comely huts. We had made a very satisfactory camp after six weeks of busy work, and had attained a degree of comfort which would be quite surprising to our friends at home. We had, among other luxuries, a *chapel*, with log walls, five feet high, and covered with a fly 30 feet by 30, furnished by the Christian Commission. It was trimmed prettily with evergreens, was well lighted and warmed, and made every way a most delightful little place of worship. It was used also as a Reading Room, and was supplied with about twenty papers furnished by the Commission, and by kind friends at home. We enjoyed it only a fortnight, though, before we were obliged, on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 26, to hold a hurried closing service and bid it good bye. The next morning our Raid began, and the 1st and 3d Cavalry Divisions started under Gen. Sheridan, up the Valley, over the ground so often travelled by our columns since the war began. Nothing of unusual interest transpired till we reached Waynesboro, on the afternoon of March 2d, our Division being in the advance. General Custar finding the enemy posted behind rude defences, upon a commanding hill on the other side of the town, and with artillery that was being used with much effect, dismounted three regiments of the 1st Brig.,—the 1st Conn., with two others—and put them upon the rebel flank. The movement was a somewhat hazardous one, as the ground was in such a terrible condition for marching. When the bugle sounded the advance, our men started, wading through mud above their knees, some leaving their boots stuck fast and going forward in their stocking feet. A reverse would have been serious, from the extreme difficulty of getting away if overpowered, but General Custar makes no calculations for defeat, and he need not, with such troops as the 3d Division. The rebels finding themselves flanked broke at once—when they were charged with great enthusiasm, by the rest of the Division mounted. It would have done you good to see their utter rout. The result of the affair you know—1303 prisoners captured, 150 wagons, 800 horses and mules, 11 guns, and 18 flags—the whole accom-

plished with a loss on our side of nine, killed, wounded and missing. It was a pretty good day's work, when added to a march of 25 miles through a bitter rain storm, and over, or through, horrible roads.

The next day, March 3, our Division, again in the advance, entered Charlottesville without any opposition. I asked a rebel wounded soldier, why they did not fight. "Because," he said, "we've nothing to fight with." "Why did you not send for a force, as you knew for several days we were coming?" "Because we had no force to send for." It was a sign of the times, indicating the weakness of the confederacy, that they could muster no troops to send there for the protection of the city and of the important bridges at that point over the Lynchburg and Richmond Railroad. In front of the university of Va., we were met by a large delegation of citizens, who raised white handkerchiefs upon canes and sticks and crutches, to indicate their peaceable disposition. Provost Guards were at once stationed throughout the town to protect property. And, according to the concessions of Richmond papers, there was, every where, perfect discipline, without wanton destruction of any kind, except in a few isolated cases, where bad men disregarded orders and shamed themselves and the service. It is very frequently remarked that no other Raid during the war, has been characterized by so much order and discipline.

From Charlottesville, we marched on Monday morning, through the town, with bands playing, Gens. Sheridan and Custar at the head of the column, followed by a great array of rebel flags unfurled, for the benefit of our Charlottesville friends, who were doubtless lamenting our departure. From that point we marched very leisurely to this place via Lovingsston, Arrington, New Market, Scottsville, Columbia, Frederick's Hall, Mangobick, King William's C. H., and Ashland. At the last named place, we expected a hard fight with Longstreet's infantry, sent out from Richmond to meet us. While awaiting an attack, the 1st Conn. were deployed to the right of the town as skirmishers, and Lieut. Col. Whitaker went with Capt. Nevill's squadron—companies C, and K,—on a reconnoissance to develop if possible, the enemy's force. During a skirmish that ensued, three of our regiment were killed, Lieut. J. W. Clark, Sergt. Frank Newhall, and John Geiger—all valued soldiers, who fell doing their duty at the very extreme front of danger. We were especially saddened by the loss of Lieut. Clark, whose genial, pleasant nature had cheered for us many a dark experience of soldier life, and who will be greatly missed by all. It was at Ashland we lost, nearly a year ago, Capt. Warner, one of our best officers.

There was reason to expect that our passage of the Pamunkey at White House, would be resisted, but we found encamped on the other side, a Brigade of Infantry—the 3d Brig., 3d Div., 24th A. C.—commanded by Col. Roberts, who, with the assistance of several gunboats, had held the position till our arrival. We were delighted to find here the 21st Conn., among whom were many of our old friends. It is a rare luxury for us to get so near our Infantry boys from Conn., as we are here.





We brought in a vast number of contrabands, men and women, with children of every age. Rations were issued at one point to 3300, and it was found necessary at times to prevent them from joining the column, as food for such a number could not be obtained. Many that started, especially women with children, could not keep up with the rear guard, and were left behind to the mercy of the rebels. I saw one day a soldier who had taken compassion on a tired mother and volunteered to carry her infant. He was riding along with his little black responsibility carried tenderly in one arm, when the mother cruelly slipped off into the woods, leaving the poor man alone with the baby. He was puzzled to know what to do with it, especially when lunch time came, as it was rather young to appreciate hard tack, but he had not the heart to throw it away, and so put it in one of the wagons where, fed upon condensed milk, it has, I understand, been doing ever since, remarkably well.

I will not write any more in detail of the trip, as you already know through the papers, every particular of importance, and you have no room in your columns for mere repetition. It was sad to witness such terrible destruction of property all along the route, or it would have been sad but for the reflection that it was virtually so much towards the destruction of the confederacy. It would take at least six months to repair the Lynchburg Railroad, and the James River Canal, even if the materials and labor needed, were freely supplied. As it is, they never can be used again during the present war. Private property was no where harmed. The expedition has accomplished great good in enlightening the masses of the region through which we passed, as to Yankee character. They had been taught by lying leaders, that our army was coming to burn and butcher everything, everybody, and they were filled with surprise first, and then with profound gratitude that any of them should be spared. They seemed astonished to find us harmless and in some small degree humane, and even civilized. The raid must tell seriously in many ways, upon the wasting power of the Confederate States.

Our regiment was well commanded by Major L. P. Goodwin, in the absence of Col. Ives, who was, unfortunately for himself, and for us, at home on leave, when the movement was so suddenly started.

Lieut. Col. Whitaker, Chief of Staff to Gen. Custar, asked to be relieved of his duties in that relation, that he might be with the regiment, but his request was refused.

We are resting here a few days, to get a supply of rations, forage and fresh horses, in preparation for one more blow at the staggering rebellion.

H.

### From the 2d Conn. Light Battery.

BARANCAS, FLA., March 10th, 1865.

The battery received marching orders while encamped at Greenville, La., on the evening of the 19th of February. We broke camp at midnight and before daylight the next morning, were at Hicoek's Landing, on Lake Pontchartrain, where transportation was in readiness to convey us to Mobile Bay. There were transports there

for four batteries, and as we arrived first, we had the first choice of boats. There was but little choice, however, as none of the boats were large enough to carry the battery without dismounting the guns, ammunition chests, and the entire carriages, and stowing them away as compactly as possible. The labor of thus loading was hard and tedious, but the battery was on board before noon. The non-arrival of forage and ordnance stores, however, delayed our departure until after dark.

We arrived at Fort Morgan on the 22d, and were ordered to lay at anchor over night, without unloading. There was a strong east wind prevailing, and a heavy sea in the Gulf. On the morning of the 23d we received orders to unload our animals and await further orders. The storm continued until the night of the 25th, when the wind changed, and orders at once came to re-embark, and early the next morning we were on the way to Pensacola. The sea was still rough, but we made the trip without accident, and reached Barrancas about four P. M. on the 26th. During the night we unloaded, and the next morning went into park in a grove of pines near the old U. S. hospital grounds. The hospital buildings were destroyed by General Bragg, while he had possession of Fort Barrancas. In the cemetery near by, inclosed by a high brick wall, are the graves with neatly lettered head-boards, of the following Connecticut soldiers, formerly belonging to the 28th C. V. Regiment: Alex. Crouk-wright, Co. D, from New Milford; Erwin W. Curtis, Co. F, from Torrington; Stephen Banks, Co. C, from Reading; Wm. H. Totten, Co. A, from Stamford; and Myron H. Hubbard, Co. F.

The battery has been assigned to the third Brigade, second Division of the 13th Army Corps. This Division and all the troops here are under command of Major-Gen. Steele, who has recently assumed command, and has personally inspected and reviewed the troops. We are to march in the lightest marching order, being allowed only one blanket or overcoat, one extra pair of shoes and a change of underclothing. Camp and garrison equipage has also been reduced to the lowest limit, and we are daily expecting the final order to march. The battery is in good condition, and there are no names on the sick list.

George Hill, of Bridgeport, whom we left in the St. Louis hospital, at New Orleans, has recently died.

P. S.—We have just received marching orders, and are to leave at five o'clock in the morning, with three day's cooked rations.

The Commissioner to receive the votes of Connecticut soldiers arrived here to-day, just in time to receive their ballots. The result is unanimous in favor of the Union State ticket.

UNION.

### The 16th Regiment.

NEWBURN, N. C., March 20th, 1865.

§ Saturday morning, March 4th, the regiment received orders to pack up everything preparatory to leaving Roanoke Island, where we had been stationed nearly a year. The news spread quickly over the little island, and the camp was soon filled with men, women and children, white, cream-colored, copper-colored, and from that to

genuine, right-up-and-down black. Tables, windows, stoves and even houses were sold for a song, and at night we were aboard the steamer Hellen Getty, en route for Newbern, arriving here the morning of the 5th inst. While marching from the steamboat wharf to the barracks, we met Col. Burnham, who bade us good bye, and left for the front the day of our arrival. We soon had marching orders, and boxed up all of our superfluous blankets, &c., when the order was countermanded, and we have been quietly doing provost duty since. Cos. H, A, B, and C, are quartered at the Second District Provost Guard Station, on Craven street, while Co. I is at the First District Station, on Pollock street. Captain Barnum has his headquarters near the Second District Station, and we are all of us comfortably housed, and (I grieve to say it,) shabbily fed.

ROANOKE.

### From the First Artillery.

ORDNANCE OFFICE, SIEGE ARTILLERY, }  
Broadway Landing, Va., April 1, 1865. }

MR. EDITOR:—Thinking it might be of some benefit to the readers of your valuable paper, I take the liberty of sending the following particulars of the fight, on the morning of the 25th of March, 1865: About 5 A. M. the rebels massed their troops, (under the command of Maj. General Gordon,) in front of the 9th A. C. The 9th Corps supports Fort Steadman, Batteries 8, 9, 10, 12 and Haskell. This is the spot where they made the advance. The first intimation the garrison had of the movement was the shout of the sentinel, "the rebels are coming." At this time they were in possession of our picket line, and right under the guns of the Forts and batteries. The men turned out as fast as possible, but before they could get to the guns the enemy had possession of part of them.

The armament of the battery is as follows: Fort Steadman, 1 Battery of Light Artillery. Battery No. 12, 2 8-inch and 8 24-pounder Coehorn Mortars. Battery No. 10, 4 8-inch and 3 24-pounder Coehorn Mortars. Batteries No. 8 and 9, 5 24-pounder Coehorn Mortars. Fort Steadman is commanded by Maj. Randall, 14th N. J. Artillery, acting as infantry. Battery No. 12, 1st Lieut. Robert Lewis. Battery No. 10, Captain John M. Twiss. Batteries 8 and 9, 1st Lieut. Azro Drown, all of the 1st Conn. Artillery.

The enemy gained possession of Fort Steadman, Battery No. 12 and Battery No. 10. Battery No. 12 is garrisoned by Co. L, 1st Conn. Artillery; Battery 10, by Co. K, 1st Conn. Artillery, and Batteries No. 8 and 9 by detachments of Co. K. As the rebels swarmed over the parapet of Battery No. 10, 1st Lieut. John O'Dell, Co. K, shouted out, "Fall in to the guns, boys," when a rebel shot him dead. He was a brave young officer, and much respected by all. Capt. John M. Twiss, Co. K, was also slightly wounded, and nearly half of Co. K killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. Co. L, also lost heavily. The enemy made a spirited charge on Batteries 8 and 9, but Lieut. Drown used his mortars with such effect, that they had to retreat, losing heavily. At one time the rebels were within 200 yards of Battery No. 9, and 500 yards of Battery No. 8. Their loss at this point was very heavy, while our loss was slight.





About this time the 3d Division of the 9th Corps arrived, and charged the Batteries, and by the aid of Batteries 8 and 9, and Battery Haskell, regained them all without much loss. The enemy did not have time to spike, or otherwise harm any of the guns or mortars. The enemy now commenced retreating towards their own lines, but this was not so easy a matter for them, as some of our forces had got between them and their lines. Now commenced the real work of the fight. Our troops charged them and they broke and scattered like sheep. They finally succeeded in their attempt, but with only a remnant of their forces. We took 2800 prisoners and they left nearly 4000 dead and wounded on the ground. A heavy and continuous fire was kept up on their columns as they retreated, doing great execution.

Many instances of personal bravery and daring occurred, a few of which I will relate. Two men of Co. L, 1st Conn. Artillery, seeing that the guns of Battery Haskell were silent, took sole possession of the Battery, and commenced firing one of the guns. They kept up a fire on the rebels all through the action, firing in all, 125 shots. When it is considered that it takes six men to work a gun, the difficulty of this feat will be seen. Their names are, James Murphy and Wm. Huntington. Murphy's name was sent in to Siege Artillery Headquarters for promotion, by Gen. Meade. One or two of our men captured battle flags, one of which was presented to Brig.-Gen. H. L. Abbott, commanding Siege Artillery. A Capt. was attacked by six rebels and ordered to surrender, but, although the enemy outnumbered him six to one, he bravely kept his ground, and fought until he fell, pierced by six balls. I am sorry I cannot learn the name of this brave man. I cannot let this pass without recalling the name of Lieut. O'Dell. He was a young man, and noted for his bravery and good soldierly qualities, much loved and respected by all. He fell, bravely leading his men. He is sincerely mourned by all. May he rest in peace. His body has been sent to his friends.

Too much praise cannot be given to the brave men of Co's L and K, who, throughout the trying scenes, displayed the utmost coolness and undaunted bravery. When we remember the difficulties under which they labored, it is surprising that men could stand so bravely. It was so dark that a man could hardly distinguish friend from foe, and the enemy had nearly gained possession of the batteries before the men knew of the movement. At one time the rebels were firing part of the mortars in Battery No. 10, and our men firing the rest.

From later accounts, I learn that James Murphy has been wounded severely in the arm, since that long to be remembered day, the 25th of March. He is, however, doing well.

Subjoined is a list of casualties in the 1st Conn. Artillery, in that fight.

#### COMPANY K.

**KILLED.**—1st Lieut. John O'Dell; Corp. Patrick O'Brien; Privates Wm. Kaske, Chas. McPartlan.

**WOUNDED.**—Capt. J. M. Twiss; Privates Wm. Gallagher, Patrick Duff, P. J. Tracy.

**MISSING.**—1st Sergeants E. C. Clark, E. B. Bennett, Daul. Green; Corp'l's D. B. Traske, Thomas

Wall; Privates E. F. Blinn, Wm. Secary, Hugh Grugin, Henry Wells, C. S. Witter, D. M. Manning, E. A. Rice, John Hughes, Arthur McClusky, Patrick Mahon, James Galloway, John Crowley, Simon Holleran, — Edwards, — Bordin, — Noble, Orrin Robbins, Joseph Jones, H. L. Neitert, — Guildererone, — Wessels, — Muller, James Fanning, J. W. Dowd, Wm. Dunn, — Brand, Robert Way, Wm. Gibney, Thos. Montague, Wm. McKnight, — Mulholland, N. H. Newbery, — Goodrich, B. F. Chandler.

#### COMPANY L.

**KILLED.**—Privates Truman Foot, Ira Wakefield. **WOUNDED.**—Corp. James Thurston; Privates John Davis, John McGuire, Elbert N. Norton, Andrew L. Kitchen, James Comstock, James Murphy.

**MISSING.**—Corporal Aner W. Brown; Privates James Fielding, Wm. Brown, Hugh McEnery, Taber Green, Daul. Clifford, John Sheridan, — Perkins, Michael Flynn, David Flynn, Samuel P. Eldridge, Jacob Arlington, Chas. Ewer.

Everything is at present quiet, but it is the "calm before the storm." Not wishing to take up more room in your valuable paper, I will bid you good-bye for this time, and I remain,

Very Respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

W. F. SAGE, Ord. Office.

To Editor Conn. War Record.

## PERSONAL.

List of Appointments and Promotions in the Connecticut Volunteer Force, for the month of March, 1865.

#### 2d ARTILLERY.

1st Lieut. Theodore F. Vaill, to be Captain, vice Lewis, discharged.

1st Lieut. Michael Kelly to be Captain, vice Burnham, discharged.

1st Lieut. Henry S. McKinney, to be Captain, vice Shumway, discharged.

2d Lieut. Charles A. Reynolds, to be 1st Lieut., vice Marsh, promoted.

2d Lieut. John E. Sedgwick to be 1st Lieut., vice Camp, discharged.

2d Lieut. David C. Munson to be 1st Lieut., vice Berry, promoted.

2d Lieut. Orville B. Tiffany to be 1st Lieut., vice Vaill, promoted.

2d Lieut. Salmon A. Granger to be 1st Lieut., vice Burnham, promoted.

2d Lieut. William A. Hosford to be 1st Lieut., vice Fenn, promoted.

2d Lieut. Heman Ellis to be 1st Lieut., vice Hubbard, discharged.

2d Lieut. Henry R. Hoyt to be 1st Lieut., vice Cee, promoted.

2d Lieut. Homer W. Griswold to be 1st Lieut., vice Chapin, discharged.

All with rank from the 2d of March, 1865.

The following named officers having received appointment and promotion in the above list, have declined accepting commissions, and the appointments to be 1st Lieutenants in each case, has been revoked and commissions cancelled:

First Lieutenants Homer W. Griswold, Heman Ellis, Orville B. Tiffany, Chas. A. Reynolds, Henry R. Hoyt.

1st Lieut. Orlow J. Smith to be Captain, vice Gold, discharged.

1st Lieut. Henry Skinner to be Captain.

Sergt. Calvin L. Davis to be 2d Lieut., vice Granger, promoted.

All with rank from the 30th of March, 1865.

#### 6TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Joseph Miller to be Captain, vice Nichols, mustered out.

1st Lieut. Chas. J. Buckbee to be Captain, vice Grant, promoted.

1st Lieut. John B. Gilbert to be Captain, vice Stottlar, promoted.

1st Sergt. Alfred B. Beers to be Captain, vice Lewis, mustered out.

2d Lieut. James Whiteley to be 1st Lieut., vice Gilbert, promoted.

1st Sergt. Patrick Dillon to be 1st Lieut., vice Buckbee, promoted.

1st Sergt. John Betts to be 1st Lieut., vice Miller, promoted.

Corp. Walter Anderson to be 1st Lieut., vice Provost, discharged.

All with rank from the 3d of March, 1865.

Henry A. Hoyt of New Haven to be 1st Asst. Surgeon, with rank from the 23d of March, 1865, vice Buckley, mustered out of service.

#### 7TH REGIMENT.

Lieut. Col. Seager S. Atwell to be Colonel, with rank from the 4th of March, vice Hawley, promoted.

Sergt. Ira B. Smith to be Captain, vice Atwell, promoted.

1st Lieut. William Austin to be Captain, vice Mills, discharged.

1st Lieut. William H. Pierpont to be Captain, vice Townsend, mustered out.

2d Lieut. Andrew H. Kinney to be 1st Lieut. vice Wildman mustered out.

2d Lieut. Dennis O'Brien to be 1st Lieut. vice Pierpont, promoted.

Sergt. John G. Cox to be 1st Lieut. vice Hicks, mustered out.

1st Sergt. William H. Johnson to be 1st Lieut., vice Austin, promoted.

Sergt. William W. Newman to be 1st Lieut., vice Taintor, killed in action.

Sergt. Wilbur F. Goodyear to be 1st Lieut., vice Marble, mustered out.

Sergt. Leonidas Hitchcock to be 1st Lieut., vice Van Keuren, mustered out.

Sergt. Nicholas Van Deusen to be 2d Lieut., vice Kinney, promoted.

All with rank from the 10th of March, 1865.

Captain Jerome Tourtelotte to be Major, vice Sanford, mustered out.

1st Lieut. William E. Phillip to be Captain, vice Tourtelotte, promoted.

2d Lieut. Elmer C. Jordan to be Captain, vice Hill, commission revoked.

Lucas Sutliff of Southington, to be Captain, vice Young, commission vacated.

2d Lieut. William H. Haynes to be 1st Lieut., vice Parmelee, commission vacated.

Sergt. Charles M. Shaler to be 1st Lieut., vice Phillips, promoted.

Sergt. Maurice D. Parmelee to be 2d Lieut., vice Holden, promoted.

All with rank from the 21st of March, 1865.

#### 8TH REGIMENT.

2d Lieut. Henry P. Johnson, 15th C. V. to be 1st Lieut., 8th C. V., with rank from the 2d of March, 1865, vice 1st Lieut. and Adj't. Pratt, promoted.

#### 10TH REGIMENT.

2d Lieut. William A. Robbins to be 1st Lieut., vice Curtiss, commission revoked.

2d Lieut. Edward L. Smith to be 1st Lieut., vice Northrop, commission revoked.

Sergt. William G. Chapman to be 2d Lieut., vice Robbins, promoted.

Sergt. Thomas B. Fowler to be 2d Lieut., vice Smith, promoted.

All with rank from the 2d of March, 1865.

Capt. Frank Hawkins to be Major, vice Goodyear, promoted.

1st Lieut. Francis E. Burt to be Captain, vice Hawkins, promoted.

Both with rank from the 4th of March, 1865.

#### 11TH REGIMENT.

Capt. Henry J. McDonald to be Major, with rank from the 11th of March, 1865, vice Warren, promoted.

#### 12TH BATTALION.

John Brennan, of Hartford, to be Captain, with rank from the 4th of March, 1865, vice Berry, honorably discharged.

1st Asst. Surgeon James R. Cummings to be Surgeon, with rank from the 6th of March, 1865, vice Brownell, mustered out.

1st Lieut. and Adj't. John Mullen to be Captain, vice Brennan, mustered out.

2d Lieut. Augustin Gray to be 1st Lieut., to fill original vacancy in Battalion.

Sergt. Major Stephen Shipman to be 2d Lieut., vice Gray, promoted.

1st Sergt. Charles Kelly, to be 2d Lieut. vice Stalee, commission revoked.

1st Sergt. Christopher Goss to be 2d Lieut., vice Stoddard, com. revoked.

All with rank from the 13th of March, 1865.





## 17TH REGIMENT.

Private Rev. George Burnham (unassigned recruit,) to be Chaplain, with rank from the 7th of March, 1865, vice Hall, resigned.

## 20TH REGIMENT.

Capt. Ezra D. Dickerman to be Major, vice Pardee, discharged.

1st Lieut. John E. Royce to be Captain, vice Dickerman, promoted.

2d Lieut. Wm. H. H. Johnson to be 1st Lieut., vice Royce, promoted.

All with rank from the 23d of March, 1865.

COL. THOS. W. CAHILL, formerly of the 9th C. V., has received the following gratifying dispatches:

"STATE OF CONNECTICUT,"  
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,  
Norwich, Feb. 13th, 1865.

Col. THOMAS W. CAHILL, New Haven:

SIR—I congratulate you upon the receipt of the inclosed order, by which your record as a military officer is made honorable, as it should be. It now conforms to your official conduct. I doubt not you have received a copy direct from the War Department. Yours truly,

WM. A. BUCKINGHAM."

"WAR DEPARTMENT,"  
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,  
WASHINGTON, Feb. 9th, 1865.

Special Orders, No. 64.

## [EXTRACT.]

51. By direction of the President, so much of Special Orders, No. 397, Nov. 14th, 1864, from this office, as dishonorably discharged Colonel T. W. Cahill, 9th Conn. Vols., is hereby revoked, thus permitting him to stand out of service of the United States on the muster out, as made on the rolls of his command.

By order of the Secretary of War,

E. D. TOWNSEND,  
Assistant Adjutant General.

## Official:

Colonel T. W. CAHILL,  
thru' Governor of Connecticut.

The following statement of the New Haven Courier, as to the cause of the dishonor, we are reluctantly compelled to believe correct:

"When Col. Cahill arrived in New Haven from Sheridan's army, he was met at the depot by a deputation consisting of His Honor, Mayor Tyler, and some of the members of the Common Council, and while being solicited by our authorities to accept from them the usual complimentary ceremonies accorded to those who have faithfully served their country, he was interrupted in listening to what was being said, by a military person who said that Col. Sewall ordered him and his men to the Camp at Grapevine Point. The men had homes in New Haven, their hard fought battles were over, and most of them had already gone to see their friends. The Colonel saw fit to accept the urgent invitation of Mayor Tyler, out of respect to him and for his fellow-citizens of New Haven, and hence the red tape. Col. Sewall charged Colonel Cahill with disrespect to a staff officer."

COL. JOHN H. BURNHAM, of the 16th C. V., has been detailed as Chief Provost Marshal of the Newbern District. Whatever duty is assigned to Col. Burnham will be well done.

LIEUT. MARCUS L. PELHAM, of the 8th regiment, has been dishonorably dismissed.

COL. ALFRED P. ROCKWELL, 6th Connecticut Volunteers, has been honorably discharged after three years of active service.

CAPTAIN J. B. DENNIS, after three years of gallant service in the Seventh C. V., has been promoted to the position of United States Paymaster.

SERGT. ISAAC CHAMBERLAIN, of New Haven, has been promoted to be Sergt. Major of the 15th regiment.

1ST LIEUT. HARRY E. BLAKESLEE, has been promoted to be Captain of Co. K, 76th U. S. C. Infantry.

CAPT. THEODORE C. GLAZIER of this city, of the 45th colored regiment, has been promoted to be Major. A well earned promotion.

BRIG. GEN. H. W. BIRGE, of Norwich, is confirmed by the Senate as Brevet Major-Gen. of Vols. He is now in command of the troops at Savannah.

MR. WM. WHITTLESEY, son of Henry N. Whittlesey, Esq., after three years of faithful service in the 10th C. V., has been appointed to a position in the Quartermaster-General's Department, Washington, D. C.

JAMES E. FULLER of Norwich, is confirmed by the Senate as Captain and Assistant Quartermaster of Vols. Capt. Fuller served three years as a member of the 11th C. V., but was most of the time on Staff duty.

JAS. F. SIMPSON, of Waterbury, formerly of Co. C, 14th C. V., has received a Captain's commission in Hancock's First Corps. Capt. Simpson has two brothers, both of whom are in the United States service.

F. L. HIRCHCOCK, a Waterbury boy, is now Col. of the 25th U. S. Colored troops. Although but twenty-three years of age, he has risen by merit alone to his present position. He is a brother of the late Captain E. S. Hitchcock, of the 7th C. V.—*Waterbury American*.

CAPT. WM. G. DICKINSON of the 11th, made us a very pleasant call a few days since. He is in fair health, and, as always, redundant in cheerful and social spirit. We remember with great pleasure, calls from Lieut. Marshall of the 29th, Chaplain Smith, of the 8th and Chaplain Doolittle of the 15th.

SERGT. ROBERT LATTA, of the 15th C. V., who recently shot Geo. Brown, has been honorably acquitted. It is the verdict that every friend of Sergt. Latta confidently expected. The court say, "Private George Brown met his death at the hands of Sergt. Robert Latta, Co. C, 15th C. V., but that no blame attaches to Sergt. Latta." Gen. Palmer ordered him to be released from arrest, and returned to duty.

THOS. E. GRAVES, of Thompson, has three sons (all that he has,) in the army, all staff officers. One, Eugene E. Graves, has served nearly four years—first in the New York 7th, then as 1st Lieut. in the 13th C. V., whence he has been twice promoted, and was lately confirmed by the Senate as Major U. S. V. He is now, as he has been for over two years, aide-de-camp to Major-Gen. Weitzel, commanding the 25th Corps. Ano-

ther son, Capt. Thomas T. Graves, is also an aide to General Weitzel; while the third, Frank H. Graves, is 1st Lieut. and aide to Major General Paine, commanding the 3d Division 25th Army Corps. A noble family record, and one of which Mr. Graves may well be proud.—*Norwich Courier*.

ESSENCE OF MEANNESS.—The man who will take a newspaper for a length of time, and send it back "refused" and unpaid for, would swallow a bling dog's dinner, and then stone the dog for being blind.—*Exchange*.

## CASUALTIES.

HEADQUARTERS, 1ST CONN. ARTILLERY, }  
Broadway Landing, Va., March 23, 1865. }

GENERAL:—I have the honor to forward the following list of Casualties in this regiment, since my last report. In action before Petersburg, March 25th, 1865.

## Killed.

1st Lieut. John O'Dell.  
Co. K—Privates Wm. Kaske, Chas. McKantan.  
" L— " Herman Foote.  
" E— " James Smith.

## Wounded.

Captain John M. Twiss, slightly.  
Co. K—Patrick O'Brien, (since dead); Privates William Gallagher; Patrick Duff, (since dead); Patrick J. Tracy, slightly.  
Co. L—Privates Ira Wakefield, Andrew Kitchem, John McGuire, Elbert N. Norton, Thomas Fury, slightly.

I am, Gen., very respectfully,

Your ob't servant,

HENRY L. ABBOTT,  
Col. 1st Conn. Artillery,  
Bot. Brig. Gen. Vols. Com'dg.  
To Brig. Gen. H. J. Morse, Adj't. Gen., State Conn.

HEADQUARTERS 1ST CONN. ART., }  
Broadway Landing, Va., March 29, 1865. }

GENERAL:—I have the honor to report the following casualties in this regiment, since my last report.

## Killed.

Co. I—Private Levi Somers.

## Wounded.

Co. I—Privates R. B. Tucker, severely; Benjamin F. Reed, slightly.  
All at Battery 4, before Petersburg, March 28th, 1865, by the accidental explosion of a shell.

I am Gen. very respectfully,

Your ob't. Servant,

HENRY L. ABBOTT,  
Col. 1st Conn. Artillery,  
Bot. Brig.-Gen. Vols. Com'dg.  
Brig. Gen. H. J. Morse, Adj't. Gen. State-Conn.

HEADQUARTERS, 2D C. V. A., }  
March 30th, 1865. }

Nominal list of Casualties in the 2d Conn. Art'y, in the action of March 25th, 1865.

## Killed.

Sergt. Major E. Goodwin Osborne.

Co. B—Corp. John Best.

" G—Privates Sylvester Prout.

" I— " David Cramer, Thomas Wheeler.

## Wounded.

1st Lieut. and Adj't. Theodore F. Vaill, thigh severe.

Co. L—2d Lieut. Admatha Bates, foot, slight.

" A—Sergt. Wm. Smith, foot, slight; Corp. Horace N. Williams, face, severe.

Co. D—Sergt. David A. Bradley, thigh, severe; Privates George E. Atwood, ankle, slight; Harvey Bronson, shoulder, severe; Wm. A. Stoddard, leg, slight.

Co. G—Sergt. Charles R. Swift, shoulder, severe; Corps. William Clinton, leg, slight; leg, slight; Dwight C. Studley, both arms, severe.

Co. I—Private Henry C. Rogers, hand, severe.

Co. L—Corp. John Holt, mouth, slight.

Co. M—Privates Selah Wheeler, neck, severe; James Fay, thigh, severe.





**Capt. Wm. L. Spalding.**

Capt. Spalding, killed at New Market, Va., entered the service from Eastford, in this county, in August, 1862, as Second Lieut. of Co. D, Eighteenth Regiment. He was soon promoted to be First Lieut. in the same company, and after the disaster at Winchester, was commissioned as Captain of Co. B. Captain S. was the only son of Reuben Spalding, Eastford. At the time of his death, he was about twenty-seven years of age and unmarried. Early in life he determined on a liberal course of study, and followed out his plans with characteristic industry and self-reliance. He prepared for college at Wilbraham, Mass., and in 1860 graduated at Middletown, Conn., bearing off the highest honors of the institution. He afterwards studied law in this village, in the office of Judge Carpenter and E. L. Cundall, Esq.

Captain Spalding was a young man of great promise. Along with natural abilities of the first order, he possessed indomitable energy, perseverance and resolution. Difficulties and dangers that appalled others seldom daunted him. The same thoroughness and efficiency that had characterized him in his studies and in business, distinguished him also in the service. As Provost Marshal—a position he held for a long time after the battle of Gettysburg—he had, by the acknowledgment of all, but few superiors. He was clear sighted, firm, honest, and fearless. A stranger would perhaps pronounce him unsocial, but he impressed upon acquaintance, and when among equals his conversation sparkled with humor and wit. Religious principle governed his whole life. With a full knowledge of the dangers of war, he deliberately chose what he considered the path of duty, the end of which to him was death.

Thus in his country's cause has fallen another brave, reliable, Christian soldier. A regiment of noble men mourn his loss and will strive to avenge his death. But the bereaved mother and sisters who loved him so tenderly—God alone can assuage their grief.—*Windham Co. Transcript.*

**Sergt. Elliott Reynolds.**

CAMP 15TH CONN. VOLS., }  
Newbern, N. C., Nov. 21st, 1864.

At a meeting of Co. B, 15th Conn. Vols., held at their quarters, on the eve of Nov. 21st, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It having pleased Almighty God, in His All-Wise Providence, to remove by death our late esteemed friend and companion in arms, Sergeant ELLIOTT REYNOLDS, be it therefore

Resolved, That in the death of our late comrade, the Country has lost a patriotic and useful soldier, the Company a valuable member, one who was ever at his post, always ready to do his duty, who was beloved by all his comrades, and who has given his life for our Country's Flag, which he has nobly defended.

Resolved, That feeling in our own hearts the sorrow of the bereaved family, we hereby tender our heartfelt sympathy to the widowed mother, to whom the deceased was a filial reliance and an object of tenderest regard, and also the sorrowing sister and brothers, whose homes have been darkened by death.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and to the New Haven Journal and Courier for publication.

Serg't WILLIAM B. JOHNSON,  
Corp'l CHARLES D. BARNES,  
Private GEORGE W. STODDARD, } Committee.

**REGIMENTAL.**

THE FIRST HEAVY ARTILLERY, have shown splendid mettle and discipline in the recent victorious engagements. We print a second letter received just too late for insertion among the Army Correspondence:—

ORDNANCE OFFICE, SIEGE ARTILLERY, }  
Broadway Landing, Va., April 5th, 1865. }

Messrs. Editors:—Again I seat myself to write the most cheering news it has been my good fortune to hear. At last Petersburg and Richmond are ours. At last we can look forward to a speedy and honorable close of the War. Have we not cause to be devoutly thankful for the great victories achieved by the national forces? How many, many thousand hearts are beating for joy to see this happy moment. I will now give some particulars of the part taken by the 1st Conn. Artillery, during the late battle before Petersburg, as far as I can ascertain them. When the charge was made on the rebel works, Co's L, M, E, and I, or rather detachments from these Co's opened in the charge. As soon as they reached the forts they turned the enemy's guns and mortars on their retreating forces, and opened fire. These detachments were supplied before the charge, with Lanyards and Friction Primers, which proved to be a wise precaution. In less than five minutes from the time the enemy left their works, our boys had opened fire on them from the guns and mortars. The rebels charged one of the batteries taken by us, (Battery Mahone,) seven successive times, but were gallantly repulsed. At one time the battery was nearly re-captured, as the infantry support ran off, leaving the Battery wholly unsupported. Lieut. Rogers, of Co. K, had his blouse pierced by several bullets, but luckily escaped injury. He was said to be the first man in the battery after the rebels left it. The officers and men during the charge and the subsequent occupation of the rebel works, behaved admirably, and are deserving of the highest praise. The armaments of Batteries A, I, L, M and also those companies, are now at Broadway Landing, with 18 Coehorn Mortars captured at Petersburg. Co's K and E, are still at Petersburg garrisoning rebel works. Co. K is in the famous "Chesterfield Battery."

Everything is quiet along these lines. We expect good news from Grant and Sheridan momentarily.

For the information of the friends of the 1st Conn., I give the location of the companies. Co's A, B, I, L and M, at Broadway Landing, Va. Co's E and K, on the Petersburg Lines; Co's G, F, D and H, on the Bermuda Hundred Line, and Co. C on the "Army of the James" Line. The Regiment is in pretty good health, but a great many of the men are pretty well worn out, owing to the steady fighting.

Our losses during the late fights, have been slight. Hoping that this war may soon be brought to an honorable and speedy close, I remain, Very Respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

W. F. SAGE,

Ord. Office, Siege Art'y.

THE SECOND HEAVY ARTILLERY, has won added praise from all its superior officers. We await

cagely, the details from our correspondent. We shall long remember the pleasure experienced a few days since, in grasping the hand of their efficient veteran Chaplain, W. H. Phelps.

THE FIRST LIGHT BATTERY, is probably at or near Richmond. We have no specific news from them.

THE THIRD HEAVY BATTERY, was, at last intelligence, at City Point.

THE 5TH AND 20TH REGIMENTS were hotly engaged at the battle of Bentonville, and as a matter-of-course, won a splendid victory. Sherman's men fight to win. There is yet no detailed account of the engagement. The loss of the 20th is quite severe. Official lists are not yet received.

THE 6TH AND 7TH are with Gen. Terry at Goldsboro or beyond. They are in good trim, saucy, and confident of speedy triumph.

The death of Chaplain Eaton is sincerely mourned, by officers and men. No person ever gave himself more fully and freely than he for his country.

THE 8TH, 11TH AND 21ST REGIMENTS now in the 3d Division, 24th A. C., still remain North of the James, and are at or near Richmond.

THE 10TH REGIMENT, being in the 2d Division, 24th Corps is on the left, but there is yet no news that they have suffered in the great final fight.

THE 9TH BATTALION is of course, quietly at Savannah.

THE 12TH AND 13TH BATTALIONS and the 18TH Regt. are with Hancock in the Valley—not far now from Winchester. There is some skirmishing but will be no severe fight in that department.

THE 14TH REGIMENT has, with the veteran 2d Corps, taken a prominent part in the late advance. As usual, it has suffered loss of brave officers and men. The boys will now have time to tell their own story—their stern work is almost done.

THE FIFTEENTH has had a somewhat varied experience. At Kinston, they fought as long as men could fight against overwhelming forces. The losses in killed and wounded were severe. The greater part of the regiment was captured, sent to Richmond, immediately paroled, and are now enjoying their thirty days' furlough in the State. Many of the men had hoped to receive furloughs for the purpose of voting. The order to the front seemed decidedly to preclude that arrangement. As they were rather sullenly marching from the city some one is said to have called out, "Hallo, 15th, where are you going?" "Going," was the gruff reply—"going home, by way of Richmond, to vote."

A shrewd Yankee was that soldier, for on election day hundreds of the boys of the 15th, having come by way of Richmond, deposited their ballots in the boxes in their native towns.

We shall attempt no account of the battle and imprisonment, because we are promised for the May number a full account of the varied experience of the regiment.

The fragment of the regiment numbering less than three hundred men, are doing Provost duty at Kinston.

THE 16TH REGIMENT, has been transferred from Roanoke Island to Newbern. The regiment will probably be soon re-organized and ready for duty. Nearly all its members are now at liberty.

THE 17TH REGIMENT is still on the Florida coast. No news of importance from them.

ORGANIZATIONS not mentioned are represented in the Army Correspondence.





## EDITORIAL COLUMN.

## THE REBELLION IS CRUSHED!

"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel: for he hath visited and redeemed his people."

Fadeless honor and measureless gratitude to the heroic men who have achieved the stupendous triumph.

"Now cheer for the Past with its glory;

For the victorious Present hurrah;

And shout for the Starry-browed Future,

With Virtue and Freedom and Law.

North and South, East and West, all unfurling

One Banner alone on the Sod;

One voice from AMERICA Swelling,

IN WORSHIP OF LIBERTY'S GOD!"

We are glad to feel that the end of our WAR RECORD is near. We hope in a few more numbers to remedy some defects, supply deficiencies, and, as well as our circumstances and ability will permit, finish our self-imposed task. None can be more eager than we to see the last number issued.

The incompleteness of the present number is very unsatisfactory to us. We are compelled to go to press just after the grandest events of any age have transpired, and just before details have been officially and accurately promulgated.

## From the 11th Regiment.

Just received. Hurrah for our Veteran Volunteers.

11TH CONN. VETERAN VOLUNTEERS, }  
RICHMOND, VA., April 3, 1865. }

DEAR EDITOR:—The Eleventh has the good fortune to be in Richmond. We claim the honor of marching well, if we did not fight. At the break of day our pickets felt of the rebel line confronting us, and found the works there, but not the enemy. We now packed up and in expectation, and soon began the advance on the New Market Road. It was "on to Richmond," indeed, and on the double quick. The lions were out of the way; the dogs of war were there, but dumb. We are not in the habit of running in battle, but we now did our best and I think the first State Flag in Richmond was the "Qui Trans tulit Sustinet," of the Eleventh. This First (Brevet Brig. Gen. Ripley's) Brigade of Gen. Devan's Division, 24th Corps, was first in Richmond, and have been assigned to Provost duty.

Our reception was grander and more exultant than even Roman Emperor, leading back his victorious legions, with the spoils of conquest could ever know. We brought Government, Order and Heaven born Liberty. The slaves seemed to think that the day of jubilee had fully come. How they danced, shouted, waved their rag banners, shook our hands, bowed, scraped, laughed all over, and thanked God, too, for our coming. Many heroes have fought for this day and died without the sight. The heroes of this battle are those who broke the rebel lines yesterday, and forced her to send a telegram to Jeff. Davis, which cut short his devotions, and called him out of church to begin his flight. But by the fortunes of war we are permitted to see and feel the long expected day. It is a day never to be forgotten by us, till days shall be no more.

Our first work was to prevent pillage, and put out the rebel fires. They are a mean bird. Before they flew away, they fouled their own nest.

The regiment is scattered in all parts of the city. Headquarters are on the grass in Capitol Square.

Yours,

H. S. DeFOREST.

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We print several of the just laws concerning newspapers—and would respectfully request our subscribers to read them, as we shall act strictly in accordance with the enactment.

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2. If subscribers order their papers discontinued, publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered their papers discontinued.

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## SPECIAL NOTICE

## To Connecticut Army Officers.

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JAMES B. COIT, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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HARVEY MINER, having retired from the well known firm of MINER & STEVENS, New York, where he has been engaged for the last 20 years in the manufacturing and selling first-class Carriages, has located in Bridgeport, Conn., with the Messrs. TOMLINSON, formerly TOMLINSON WOOD, in the Carriage business, and having taken the store No. 620 Broadway, New York, for their Ware-room, where the public will find all kinds of Carriages from a light round Wagon to a first-class Coach, made of the best materials and workmanship and of the latest styles.

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OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

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NEW HAVEN, MAY, 1865.

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## Abraham Lincoln.

On Friday, April 14th, the same flag which four years before, was lowered, in gloom and defeat at Sumter—was elevated by the same hand to the very peak of the staff, and unrolled itself in proud and graceful beauty "on the winds that loved it well." It rose to the very peak on the ruins of Sumter—the shot-riven and shapeless fragments of the once massive fort, fitly symbolizing the atoms to which shall be crushed any power which lifts voice or hand against our American Republic.

All over the land, the beauteous and battle-hallowed banners, little and great, went to the very peak in exulting gladness, for the Republic that day, by the act at Sumter, typified her hard won and splendid triumph. But on Saturday, April 15th, the starry banners drooping, crept sadly half-way down the staff—for half the joy and half the value of the triumph seemed lost—

Abraham Lincoln lay dead!—Assassinated!!

We were stunned by sudden horror—then roused to fierce anger—then melted to tears in sincere grief, and are now settled into calm, abiding purpose to bring stern and just retribution upon the assassin, his accomplices in Washington and in Richmond, and upon the accursed institution which in the persons of rebel leaders, inaugurated four years of unparalleled crime by perjury and closed them with assassination.

Abraham Lincoln was of the people and lived for the people of the United States. He was plain, sagacious, practical, patient, faithful, honest, self-sacrificing, pure, paternal in gentleness, and firm as a rock for the right. History will name him the foremost man of this eventful age. None more truly and utterly than he, gave himself for his country. He will be loved and honored while time endures.

And now, in the presence of the martyred dead, who have fallen for us—of whom he is but the foremost—we—with "grim resolve," pledge anew, ourselves and all we have, for the faithful defense and perpetuity of our magnificent Republic.



Lieut. Stanton Allyn.

BY LEDYARD HILL.

The subject of this brief sketch was born in the northern part of the town of Groton, now Ledyard, in the year 1835. He came of Revolutionary stock, and inherited of right the love of liberty and equality. His father, the late Col. Roswell Allen, was a man of marked traits of character, and was widely known for his rare qualities of head and heart. Large intelligence, with great dignity of person, gave him a commanding position among men. The son inherited these characteristics to a large degree, and these qualities told early in life. Among all his comrades at school, he was without a peer; books were his constant companions and he carried the head of a man on his youthful shoulders.

Time passed on, he half resolved to adopt the law. I fancied I could see him not far in the future, wearing the highest judicial honors, not through *intrigue*, but from fitness in view of his mental composition—but he could not well be spared from the home circle.

During these passing years he was a close student of all the great questions that agitated the land, and when war broke upon the country he was prepared to defend it, and would have gladly joined the patriot legions of the Union, on the first call of the President, had not circumstances beyond his control, prevented. So soon as his deceased father's estate was settled, however, and the family business arranged, he promptly turned his face on the enemies of his country, never looking back, sealing his devotion to the cause he so much loved with his life.

Lieut. Allyn entered the service on the 22d of October, 1861. He rallied around him a number of his friends, who, moved by his

example, were willing to follow where he should lead.

They joined the 12th Regiment, then forming at Hartford, commanded by Col. Deming, and were assigned to Co. K,—on the final organization of this company, Allyn was honored with the post of Lieut., and received his commission from the Governor, bearing date the 4th of January, 1862, with rank from November 20th, 1861.

After spending some months in camp at Hartford, the regiment was ordered to the Gulf to reinforce the expedition under Gen. Butler, which had for its object the capture of New Orleans. Previous to the departure a few of the many friends of the Lieut. thought to present him with some mark of their esteem, and to this end dollar subscriptions were made for the procuration of a sword, sash, and belt, which was done and presented him in camp, eliciting a most feeling response.

In conjunction with a regiment from Maine, the 12th sailed on board the steamer "Fulton," in last of February, from the port of New York. It seems but as yesterday, that I stood face to face with this gallant man—his form so noble, and mien that of one who felt *true courage*, "not the brutal force of vulgar heroes, but the firm resolve of virtue and of reason." Little did I dream as I stood upon the deck of that noble ship—laden with such precious freight—holding in mine, the hand of that true Spartan soldier, and looking into that earnest, beaming face, which so spoke of sacrifice and duty—sacrifice to friends and duty to his country—that I should never more behold him here again—I could and would not think it then, I scarce can believe it now. Yet, alas! We knew that "death loves a shining mark," and should have been forewarned.

The good ship sped on over the seas, bearing the armed legions to that desolate island rendezvous in the Gulf.

As the hot days of April came, all was ready—the troops on transports, our Navy led the way—and such a way—through fire and smoke of fiercest battle and death, they went, hewing a path by forts, and over chains, and monsters of iron clad,—up to the very city itself. This glorious work of our gallant old Admiral finished the contest, and the troops on transports were now ordered up, and to the 12th Regiment belongs the honor of being the first regiment to occupy the city of New Orleans.

The movements in this department were of a minor character for some months, the chief object having been so suddenly and so com-





pletely accomplished that little remained but to occupy the State by the establishment of outposts.

The excessive heat of the following summer prostrated the troops and thinned their ranks more than a great battle. Roll-call and regimental drill and review was all the labor of those long summer days in that tropical climate.

With autumn came activity, and omitting the occasional alarms, and the adventures of scouting parties, we come to the first expedition of note in which the 12th Regiment bore an active and conspicuous part. The battle of "Georgia Landing," was of short duration, yet well contested; here the 12th faced the flying shot and shell with the courage of veterans; a single bayonet charge and the enemy fled, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands.

The next expedition was up the Teche—consisting of a brigade, composed as follows: the 75th, 160th N. Y., and 8th Vermont, together with the 12th Conn. They moved from "Camp Stevens," on the 11th of Jan., 1863, rendezvousing at Brashear City on Berwick Bay. Here they were joined by four Union Gun Boats, and commenced the ascent of the river Teche—having for their object the routing of a threatening column of the enemy, which lay up the river, and the capture of the rebel iron clad gun boat "Cotton," which for a long time had given occasional alarm to our camps and transports below. On the second day they came up with the enemy's skirmishers, who were speedily driven in. An engagement followed; batteries with difficulty maneuvered in that country, but finally secured position to do serious damage to the rebel gun boat, which slowly withdrew up the river firing vengeful shots behind her; darkness put an end to that day's struggle. On the 13th, our lines advanced under cover of a vigorous shelling of the enemy who slowly at first, then rapidly gave way, having lost the battle they set fire to their gunboat and beat a precipitate retreat. The object of the expedition being gained, our forces marched back, re-embarked, and returned to their camps victorious—though foot-sore and stiff from bivouacing and marching in water and through the cane brakes.

Preparations were going forward all this while with tremendous energy, for the re-opening of the Mississippi River. One expedition of no mean proportions was put on foot for this purpose and failed, but the government was not to be baffled at one failure. Again were mightier forces gathered and hurled against the armies of the enemy up to the very battlements of Vicksburg. At this time a co-operative movement in the Gulf Department commenced. Already had the soldiers of the North surrounded Vicksburg, and soon thereafter those in the Gulf had environed their next great stronghold, Port Hudson—six weeks wore by and as they flew they bore the hot breath of summer on—our gallant soldiers, though all unused, yet not only endured this

but the hotter breath of battle as well. Skirmishing and assault followed each other for awhile in rapid succession, yet without success. One of the most noted of these was that on Port Hudson on the night of the 10th of June, Gen. Banks in command. Orders were given towards midnight at certain points in the line to prepare for an assault. The 12th C. V. formed part of the assaulting column. Lieut. Allyn, (though wholly unfit for duty—having but ten days prior rejoined his command direct from the hospital at New Orleans, where he had been laying sick of a fever, the seeds of which had been sown in his system the previous season,) hearing of the combat at the front, hastened, half restored, to the field of battle, anxious to do his duty to his country and to point the way to the gallant men of his command. The hour of midnight had passed, all was ready. The placid moon-beams shone brightly and benignly on all the combatants. The carnival of death was soon to begin. Could it be that those long solid columns of stalwart men were about to battle with death on this calm and peaceful midsummer's night, with dreams of peace and home just now flitting across their brain? Yet, even so! The word of command is given, and the music of battle begins, 'mid the roar of cannon and peal of drum, are mingled the shouts of officers and the groans of the dying. On, the assaulting columns go, across one of the wildest and most rugged places the imagination can conceive—over fallen trees, through brush and briars, over stumps, across ravines with precipitous banks where many lose their guns—in the face of musket ball and cannon shot, they go, a few only reaching the last ravine, which is almost under the guns of the walls of Port Hudson. Here was Lieut. Allyn, calling to the now remnant of his command to come forward, he being the foremost man in that most desperate and signal assault; a few undaunted hearts reached him! The assault was a failure. The obstructions in the face of such a fire were too great. For Lieut. Allyn and his brave followers to retire, was certain death, indeed so near were they to the enemy, that a word spoken would discover them. Screening themselves from view they waited, not knowing what to do; fortunately, the storm that so often and so soon follows a battle, came; the clouds veiled the sky, and they retreated safely to their lines.

One correspondent, in speaking of this assault says: "The casualties of this night were greater in proportion to the number engaged than in any other single engagement during the entire siege." Gen. Banks soon after called for a thousand volunteers in his army, for a special assaulting column under Col. Burge. This was a kind of forlorn hope—they were to be supported by the entire army in the attack, and in view of the perils to this column Gen. Banks in an order declared that all officers who should survive, should be pro-

moted, and the soldiers recommended for commissions, and advanced in rank. Lieut. Allyn was one of the first to volunteer, followed by several of the men in his company. Here we have one of the highest tests of courage; his did not fail him. While the preparations were going forward for this last and final assault, Vicksburg fell and with it Port Hudson, thus saving to the country the gallant men who had welcomed for their country's sake this perilous duty; but I have yet to learn that Gen. Banks or the Department at Washington, have ever suitably honored these men.

The poor satisfaction of medals never gladdened their eyes even!

The great strain upon Lieut. Allyn's nerves during the progress of this siege, was too much for him to bear—entering upon the siege in a state of convalescence he was quite unfit for its trials. A few weeks more of exposure to the rains and scorching suns brought him low, a violent fever seized upon his system and shortly after swept him away. He died on the 28th of August, 1863, in camp at Brashear City, Louisiana, lamented and loved. His remains were afterwards removed to his home, and buried with honors.

This fearful conflict of arms has, in its progress of years, carried mourning and dismay into every village and nearly every household in the land, and in all the long sad "roll of honor," of our commonwealth, there are many names that shine conspicuously in her history, and will long be cherished by her children as of those who have performed eminent service to the State and country; and in this list of heroes the name of Lieut. STANTON ALLYN, will shine with a luster undimmed by that of any other. *Requiescat in pace.*

#### From the 21st Regiment.

CAMP 21ST CONN. VOLS., April 1st, 1865.

*Editor Conn. War Record:*

The occupation of Fort Harrison, or Fort Barnham as it was subsequently named, in honor of the gallant leader of the 2d Brigade, who there lost his life, was followed next day, Sept. 30th, by a desperate attempt on the part of the rebels to retake the position. For this purpose a division of fresh troops was ordered up from Lee's army at Petersburg, and scarcely had we completed a temporary breastwork, before the enemy charged upon us with the utmost fury, in three separate columns. One of them struck for the right of our Brigade line, and not being just then engaged, the 21st was enabled to pour a galling fire into their flank, and materially assisted in their terrible repulse with heavy loss, though our men only dropped their picks and spades, and grasped their muskets just as the enemy came in view. Shortly after, another column, consisting of a brigade, charged directly upon our own front. But we were ready for them, and no sooner were they within easy range, than they received a most withering fire, as from rank to rank, volley followed volley in quick succession. Still on came that gallant band, though many bit the dust at each discharge. Their pluck was





worthy of a better cause. And as they swept down the opposite slope on the double quick, till within fifty yards of our works, it looked for a moment as though they would surely reach us. But the most invincible courage could not stand such a fire as our brave boys poured into them. And the next tremendous volley caused them like a certain Dutchman well known to some of your readers, to "change their minds;" and more quickly than I can write it, a portion of the column faced about, and engaged in the "pursuit of happiness" at a much higher velocity than that illustrious seeker of the same, "Capt. Bob Shorty." The remainder of the column dropped to the ground and took shelter behind the bushes and anything they could find, unable to retreat or advance. Here and there a dirty handkerchief raised above the bushes, indicated the owner's desire to surrender. Then the order, "cease firing," was given, and the air resounded with "come in, Johnnies, come in," of which occasion a large number took advantage, and found refuge and safety behind the works of the *detested Yankees*. Our picket line was quickly re-established, and being sent out by the flank, completely surrounded those who had not already given themselves up, and gathered them in. Nearly two hundred were thus secured, while the ground in our front was thickly strewn with killed and wounded. It was a sad day's work for the Johnnies, and they evidently thought so, for they made no further attempt to drive us out. As we fought behind breastworks, our losses were comparatively light. Yet a number received honorable scars, though but one was mortally wounded. The regiment here, as everywhere, did honor to its native State. I think the men never fought with more enthusiasm. The remembrance of so many bloody fields where the enemy, protected by heavy works, had us almost at their mercy, was in every mind. And nobly did Connecticut's brave sons revenge themselves. Where all did their duty, 'tis hard to discriminate. Lieut. Wm. S. Hubbell, however, of North Stonington, and A. A. G. of the brigade, was here conspicuous for gallantry, and disregarding the numerous bits of cold lead flying about so freely, was so unfortunate as to run into one of them, which quickly put him "hors du combat." Although a very serious wound and one which laid him up for several months, he is now with us again, and rejoicing in the cognomen of Captain, which promotion has been most justly bestowed.

Our commanding officer, Lieut. Col. Brown, was frequently exposed during the action, on various parts of the line, in the discharge of his duties as Division Officer of the day, but escaped uninjured. Col. Brown was also in command of the Brigade a portion of the day, our Div. Commander, General Stannard, having been severely wounded.

The capture of Fort Burnham ended our summer work, and the hard service and continual exposure of the campaign was followed by a most unusual season of rest and quiet, refreshing alike to officers and men. Comfortable winter quarters were built, and although the picket and fatigue duty was sometimes rather severe, the men on the whole, seemed to enjoy themselves, and appeared bright and cheerful, while the camp rung

with jest and laughter. About the 28th of Oct. the regiment joined with the rest of the Corps in a movement upon the enemy at Fair Oaks, but was not actively engaged, though for some time under a severe artillery fire. After a few weeks, great preparations were made for the approaching Christmas and New Year. The camp was beautifully trimmed with evergreens, the entrance of each street being graced with green arches, the cedar boughs interspersed with red holly berries, arranged in fantastic forms, and each tent was adorned according to the taste of its occupants, some of them presenting a fit subject for the artist's pencil.

I wish I might here record the arrival of the Christmas turkeys so liberally contributed by our friends at home, for the benefit of their soldier friends, fathers and brothers in the field. We had been led to expect a perfect feast of good things. But to our great disappointment, and to the shame of whoever was the cause of it, they failed to reach us. We had received word that a large box had been forwarded expressly for the 21st, from Norwich. And our mouths were all made up for a good taste of mince pies, roast turkeys, &c., &c., and as the day approached, frequent were the inquiries if the box had come. But no box came, and we were compelled to put up with our usual allowance of salt pork and hard tack. And I deem this a fitting occasion to state for the information of our friends, that not one-fourth of the contributions for the regiment as a regiment, have ever been received. I am unable to state at present upon whom the blame should fall. But should the eye of any concerned chance to fall upon this account, it is hoped that they will be careful to conceal all evidence against them, for, should they ever be discovered, their reputation will most decidedly suffer in this regiment. But notwithstanding the loss of our Christmas dinner, the day, though wet and muddy, was given up to festivity. And when the chance is given, one need not fear that "the boys" will fail to make merry. The men were relieved from all duty not absolutely necessary, and "got upon their muscle," and a vast amount of laughter by their sack and hurdle races, greased poles, greased pigs, pursuit of wealth under difficulties, wrestling matches, &c., ending up with a mock dress parade. And Jack Falstaff's crew certainly never presented a more ludicrous appearance, than these Christmas votaries in their improvised rags and costumes, and Christy himself could not surpass the paper collars here displayed.

Mr. Editor, if you ever have occasion to get up a "rag-shag" procession in New Haven, don't fail to call upon the members of the 21st. Their ingenuity in the line of costumes, cannot be surpassed. The band, as it marched down the line, each member playing a different tune, and the base drummer occasionally mistaking (accidentally of course,) the unsuspecting pate of his file leader for the drum, and the huge appendage like a fish's tail protruding from under the coat tails of No. 1, by his side, wagging in unmistakable approval, afforded infinite amusement to the crowd of spectators, although fearfully suggestive of a place called Bedlam.

Altogether it was a day of merriment long to

be remembered. And if any one retired that night without sore sides and an extra pound or two of flesh, it was not from lack of fun. New Year passed in a similar manner, and then followed another quiet spell.

The fourth of January was solemnly marked, however, by the sudden death of Lieut. Fred. H. Buel, of Co. H, the result it was supposed, of a congestive chill. He had been complaining but a few hours. Bullets are not always the death-messenger of the soldier. And the death of this young officer was a warning to us all that we are not free from the destroyer, merely because we are not on the field of battle. 21st.

## Recollections of Army Life in the 27th Connecticut.

### V.

Let us now return to the little band of prisoners in that woody ravine. As soon as the surrender had been consummated the men threw away their guns, many of them with the cartridges, into a rivulet near the intrenchments, and some cut up their equipments determined to afford as little aid and comfort to the rebels as possible. Our newly made acquaintances exhibited a most remarkable penchant for cutlery and other conveniences Yankees are always supposed to have in their possession. One of the rebel skirmishers had hardly lowered his gun from an aim, when he walked up to one of our men and said, "Have you got a knife to sell?" "No," and somewhat abashed he went off to try his luck in a more promising field. We were now ordered to fall in, and a part were marched up the road to Gen. Lee's headquarters, where the rebels took away our knapsacks, rubber blankets, shelter tents, and canteens, and registered our names. Quite a crowd of butternuts assembled to view the "Yanks," and prosecute their schemes of trade. Among the crowd was a young man, a member of the 1st Richmond Howitzers, whose father was formerly a pastor in New Haven, and prominently connected with the Southern Aid Society. We advanced to greet our quondam friend. Drawing himself up to his full height he said with a manner characteristic of Southern rebels who have once lived at the North, "I don't wish to shake hands with you. I am surprised that a Christian man should come down and fight against the South." We replied that we regarded it a duty to fight against the South and crush rebellion. Our chivalric friend now retired awhile no doubt to recover from his "surprise," but soon unlimbered his battery and returned to the attack. Said he, "I wish to leave an idea with you and it is this: The South is determined on independence, or annihilation, rather than come back into the Union," a repetition of the old last ditch stories we have heard dinied in our ears ever since the war began. Then followed a disquisition on the superior type of rebel Christianity, and if we may judge by recent developments, it certainly is superior in everything that makes society hideous and savage. He repeated the old argument, worn threadbare in the service of copperheadism, that because the South are unanimous in the desire for independence, the North ought to respect that unanimity and let them alone. Several endeavored to interpose a few





words in reply. "I don't wish to hear anything from you. I am not talking to you," were the answers of rebel arrogance. Thus the conversation terminated, a good illustration of the madness and folly the doctrine of secession has induced in the minds of men otherwise intelligent.

While we were near headquarters a General of high rank rode up, unattended by his staff, and was received among his soldiers with a style of cheering or yelling peculiar to themselves. The rebel chief seemed lost in deep thought, scarcely noticing the squad of prisoners or the cheers of his men. The signs of care were strongly marked upon his iron countenance. Clad in simple garb, with no prominent badge of distinction, calm and determined in demeanor, stood before us the commander of the "Army of Northern Virginia," the military pillar of the rebellion. In personal appearance General Lee is no ordinary man. His qualities as a leader are strikingly apparent in that rough, war worn face, those keen, deep-set eyes, and compressed lips. The General hurriedly retires into his quarters, and our attention is attracted by a motley array of rebel soldiery marching up the road. Could we have forgotten the stern realities of our situation, we might well have regarded the display as a military burlesque. On a closer inspection we find the butternut phalanx to be composed of tall, lank specimens of "poor white trash," with hats slouched in the most approved style, and knapsacks of every conceivable variety. The officers were many of them equipped with swords of a most ancient description, which had already filled a term of service in the olden time. Here is a man with a very good blanket, and we soon see the letters U. S. displayed under the folds, while on another back is strapped an old piece of carpet. A more dirty, seedy, ill-favored, border ruffian, ignorant set of men we had never met before, and this is just the material for an efficient army, marshaled in defense of treason and slavery.

The preparations were now completed, and under a strong guard we start off for Spottsylvania Court House. The roads were full of Confederate wounded, moving to the rear. Our route crossed a section of the battle field, but all was now quiet, only splintered trees and lines of breastworks told of the fierce conflicts of the last few days. At dusk we entered the now historic town of Spottsylvania, and passed the night within the enclosure of the Court House. A portion of the regiment remained in the vicinity of the battle ground and did not reach the village until the following afternoon. On the morning of May 4th, we resumed our march for Guinea's Station, a small hamlet on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad, important as a depot of supplies for Lee's army. Here seemed to be the general rendezvous of prisoners, and fifteen hundred had already been assembled previous to our arrival. Near the station was the house where Stonewall Jackson lay wounded and afterwards died, an event which clothed the whole Confederacy in mourning. Our stay at Guinea's was prolonged until Thursday, May 7th, three days of misery, hardly paralleled in any of the experiences of the whole nine months campaign. Tuesday dawned upon us intensely hot. The broiling rays of the sun seemed to concentrate upon the

large, open lot occupied by the Union prisoners, unrelieved even by a solitary tree. Later in the day a terrific thunder shower burst upon us, passing at length into a settled storm, bitterly raw and cold, continuing all night and the next day with short intervals. The rain poured in torrents, flowing in streams across the lot. A ludicrous sight indeed were the nearly two thousand shelterless men, emphatically squatter sovereigns, scattered about over the field in speechless resignation, drenched through and through in the pelting storm.

Thus far, we had subsisted on the scanty remains of Uncle Sam's rations. "What a fall was there," when we descended from Joe Hooker's generous hospitality to the frugal fare doled out to us by the rebel commissary. A brief residence at one of Jeff's hotels is an infallible remedy for all who are disposed to grumble at army food. The order is given, fall in for rations. We had almost concluded that this order would never again greet our ears until we should once more stand under the flag of the Union. Immediately our thoughts recurred to Camp near Falmouth, and in imagination floated visions of beef, pork, hard tack, fresh bread; in fact Uncle Sam's army ration loomed up in bolder relief than ever before. In silent suspense we advance and receive—three pints of flour apiece. The inquiry arose, what shall we do with it? Our extremely limited culinary facilities soon settled that question. There was but one alternative, and the men immediately built little fires and were busily engaged in cooking up a bill of fare for the march to Richmond, said bill of fare consisting simply of flour and water mixed together and dried before the fire. A New England farmer would regard it a personal insult if one should offer such stuff to his hogs. Even a swill carrier would indignantly protest.

Many suggestive sights fed our curiosity. Processions of trains were constantly coming and going from the station, transporting supplies for Lee's army. Shabby army wagons, regular Noah's arks mounted on wheels, horses and mules reduced to mere skin and bone, everything fore-shadowed the ruin of the confederacy. Thursday morning, May 7th, we began the march for Richmond, escorted by the 12th South Carolina. The roads were in an awful condition, in consequence of recent rains. On the route we passed through Bowling Green, a few miles east of the railroad, and by evening reached Milford station. Just beyond the village we were obliged to wade the Mattapony river, and halted for the night in a forest near by. After a toilsome march we bivouacked on Friday evening, a short distance beyond Hanover Station. At this place each man received five medium sized crackers and an ounce of bacon. Our guards were very uncommunicative, but occasionally sung out, "git in yer groups of fours dar," or ventured an "I reckon," or a "right smart." May 9th, seemed to concentrate and intensify all previous discomforts. The day was exceedingly hot, and our route lay through a succession of vile swamps, skirting the Pamunky and Chickahominy rivers, and extending to within four or five miles of Richmond. Here the ground is somewhat higher, and pleasant village nestle among the trees, now just assuming the

verdure of Spring. As we passed one of these residences the proprietor, an old gentleman, and the women, turned out en masse to view the procession. No doubt we did present a rather sorry plight; at any rate these high-bred F. F. V's laughed exultingly, and were loud and profuse in their remarks complimentary to Yankees in general and us in particular. "Oh well, you have got to Richmond now," screeched out one of them with all the impotent ire she could muster. "Next time we are coming with guns," was the reply. "Yes, yes," chimed in the old man, "we saw a lot of you fellows last Summer over there," pointing with his cane in the direction of the Chickahominy swamps. Thus a running fire of words was kept up all along the line.

We could now see in the distance the spires of the rebel capital. Just outside the city, lines of earthworks, with here and there a frowning cannon, commanded the road. Our flattering reception thus far in the villages along the route from Guinea's Station led us to expect even greater demonstrations from the Richmond populace. As we entered the city it seemed as if all Richmond had turned out to view the Yankee parade. The streets in the suburbs were full of people, men, women and children, whites, negroes, mulattos, all in one confused crowd and swayed for the most part with clamorous exultation; while "her beauty and her chivalry," arm in arm, gloated over the scene with a kind of fiendish delight. One old woman, raising her arms in blank astonishment, screamed out, "Why, all Hooker's army is coming!" We thought to ourselves, she is about right; Hooker's army will be here one of these days, and with guns, too. "What have you come down here for?" demanded one whose very countenance flashed vengeance. "Oh, we are only Hooker's advance guard, come down to act as pall-bearers at Stonewall Jackson's funeral," some one quietly replied. In his rage he answered, "if you were not a prisoner, I'd shoot you down." "You've got to Richmond in a way you didn't expect." "See these Yanks; there's hardly an honest face among 'em all." "What a hang-dog look." These and many other expressions, of all degrees of refinement, were launched at us. It really seemed as if the chivalry had studied for this very occasion, some vocabulary of Billingsgate, and practiced it beforehand so as to get it off in the most approved style of grimace and tone. Although Richmond is the Sodom and Gomorrah of treason and the concentrated essence of rebel villainy and venom, we were not left entirely to this dark view of the picture. While we stood in the street, just before entering Jeff's hotel, a German woman, in the kindness, and I believe, loyalty of her heart, came hurriedly out from a neighboring house with a large loaf of cake and divided it up among the eager men. She then went back, but soon returned laden with a lot of bread, which she distributed in like manner. Several other instances of similar character occurred like flashes of golden sunlight in a dark and lowering sky.

Wearied by the day's march and its exciting scenes, and exhausted through want of food, we were now ushered into a tobacco factory belonging to Crew and Pemberton, and situated on Carey street, opposite the infamous Libby prison,





of which it is a counterpart. In this latter den were quartered the commissioned officers of the 27th, who had preceded the regiment a day or two by railroad. More than a thousand men were stowed away in Crew and Pemberton's factory, an average of nearly three hundred in each story. Two hundred and eighty-nine, including the larger part of the 27th, occupied the upper loft, and when all reclined upon the floor almost every square foot was covered. Many were so thoroughly exhausted as to be unable to drag themselves up stairs without assistance from their comrades. The next day was the Sabbath, just one week since we fell into rebel hands.

During this week we received as rations per man three pints of flour, five medium sized crackers, and an ounce or two of bacon. All day Sunday the men were clamorous for something to eat. The guards about the prison were under strict orders to prevent the people from selling anything to the prisoners, but notwithstanding this, some articles did pass the blockade. At evening, the rebels distributed to every four men what purported to be a four pound loaf of bread and a pound of pork. Less than three pounds of bread would be nearer the truth, making about ten or twelve ounces for each man, and this with three ounces of pork formed the daily ration for one person. As far as it went it was very good. Every morning the prison director with the rank of Major, and his clerk, a renegade New Yorker, precious scoundrels both of them, came into the prison to count us over and see if we were all there. If justice could take its course, these men and others, who have spent the last three years in slowly torturing to death Union prisoners, and have gloated over their hellish work with malicious pleasure, would be thrust into these infernal dens and blown to destruction amid their ruins, while civilization and christianity applauded with an emphatic amen.

Thus affairs continued for several days, the same dull routine of prison life, varied by nothing except the contraband reading of Richmond papers with accounts of Stonewall Jackson's funeral, at which there was great joy in Libby. At length, on Wednesday morning came the glad announcement that United States' transports were at City Point awaiting our arrival. The rebel officers administered to us the following paroling oath: "We, the undersigned, do solemnly swear and pledge our sacred word that we will not, during the existing hostilities between the United States and Confederate States of America, aid or abet the enemies of said Confederate States by arms or otherwise, until regularly and legally exchanged or otherwise released. So help me God. And we do acknowledge our names appended to the same as though signed by ourselves." At half-past three in the afternoon, with gladness indescribable, we left those prison walls to enter upon the march to City Point, a place about thirty-five miles from Richmond. Crossing the James River into Manchester, we took the turnpike road to Petersburg, under the escort chiefly of cavalry. The rebels hurried us forward for miles almost at double quick, without any halt. As Major Turner rode by, apparently somewhat under the influence of whiskey, the men called to him for a rest. He shouted out,

"there is no rest for the wicked," and passed on. The Petersburg road just beyond Manchester, is intersected by heavy lines of earthworks for the protection of the Capital in that direction. Branching off to the left is another road leading to "Drewry's Bluff Battery." The woody and swampy nature of the land for miles in front renders approach to these fortifications extremely difficult.

It was the purpose of our escort to continue the march all night, but a thunder storm of surpassing violence seriously interfered. A darkness, so intense that we could not see a foot before us, enveloped the road. Slowly through mud and rain, and darkness, we straggled along until near midnight. It was impossible to go further. Scattered along the roadside for miles were hundreds too much exhausted to keep up with the column, and finally we all dragged ourselves into the marshy woods, and lulled to sleep by the babbling brooks flowing around us in every direction, forgot a while the fatigue of the march. At an early hour the next day the weary column again moves on, each man sustaining his waning strength by frequent halts. Petersburg is passed and ten miles more of mud. At length the waters of the James River glimmer in the distance; the old flag, floating proudly at the masthead of the Union transports, beckons onward. The men attempt to cheer, but it dies on their lips; nature is too much exhausted to utter the feelings which swell all hearts. With renewed energy we press forward and soon enter the deserted village of City Point, whose shattered roofs told of a former bombardment. That march from Richmond to City Point stands almost unexampled in the whole experience of the 27th. Many were ready to drop on the ground from utter inability to go further. Behind them frowned the grim, historic walls of Libby. dreary months of incarceration moved by in slow procession, crowded full with the records of cruelty, and starvation, and disease; while forward to freedom and humanity, forward to generous care and protection, written on every fold of the old flag, fired them with new determination to toil on. Once more they stand on a Union deck, resolved to strike a heavier blow for country when again they advance to meet her barbarous foes. As soon as the men were aboard the transports a supply of food was distributed to meet their pressing wants. The steamers quietly dropped down the beautiful James River, bordered with high banks, rich in the fresh verdure of spring, with here and there a handsome villa peering above the trees. We anchored for the night at Harrison's Landing, an important point in the history of the Peninsular campaign. The next forenoon our transports steamed into Hampton Roads. Hampton, once the Summer resort of the Virginia chivalry, Newport News, the distant spires of Norfolk, the topmast of the Cumberland still pointing skyward, the little monitors and the Rip-raps, and that grand old sentinel, Fortress Monroe, all crowd on the view as we round to, at Old Point Comfort. A brief stop and we are off again for Annapolis, where we arrive on the morning of May 16th, and are quartered in barracks in the rear of the town. An ancient air surrounds everything in this relic of the early set-

tlers of Maryland. Here is the old Capitol building where Washington delivered his farewell address, and among the curiosities a rusty, ill-shaped cannon, brought over by Lord Baltimore, now lies in one of the halls after a long residence at the bottom of a neighboring stream. After three days of rest, we start for Alexandria by way of Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac, and on May 21st, are introduced within the narrow precincts of Convalescent Camp. WINTUNOR.

### Chaplain Eaton, of the Seventh.

Sweet be thy rest; life's battle fought,  
And though we weep thy loss,  
We know 'twas gain for thee to die,  
Thou soldier of the Cross!  
And so we calmly give thee up,  
To sleep, till Christ shall come  
With majesty and glory crowned,  
To take His children home.  
Earnest thy work while here on earth,  
Grand be thy praise in heav'n;  
While all eternity shall roll,  
To thee it shall be giv'n  
To see the wondrous things, that thou  
Didst love so well below,  
Which heart of man hath ne'er conceived,  
And none of earth can know.

But 'round the spot where thou art laid,  
Those stalwart men shall tread,  
And speak of him who rests beneath,  
Their best and bravest dead;  
And thou shalt live through coming years,  
Though silent thou shalt speak,  
Until those heads are silvered o'er,  
And cold each war-scarred cheek.

But in thy home is left a void,  
The future may not fill,  
The dear ones there shall weep in vain,  
Shall weep and miss thee still;  
And sadly gaze with tear-dimmed eyes  
Where stands a vacant chair;  
They'll see thee henceforth but in dreams,  
And in the hour of prayer.

O! thou the Christ who wiped the tears,  
And dost the mourners love,  
Guard thou that stricken household band,  
'Till all shall meet above;  
Be with them in this hour of grief,  
Be with to shield and bless,  
And guide them o'er life's lonely way,  
With love and tenderness.

F. ISABELLE WIXON.

New Haven.

### Presentation.

CAMP 7TH REGT. CONN. VOLS.,  
Wilmington, N. C., April 14, 1865.

EDITOR WAR RECORD:—Captain Wm. H. Pierpont, Co. D, 7th C. V., who has recently been appointed Assistant Commissary of Muster, for the District of Wilmington, N. C., was this day presented with a handsome sword, sash, belt and pair of shoulder straps, by the enlisted men of Co. D, 7th C. V., "as a slight testimonial of our respect, and appreciation of his rare qualities as an officer, soldier, and gentleman."

By inserting the above, you will confer a particular favor upon the regiment, and especially upon  
MEMBERS OF CO. D, 7TH C. V.

WM. A. DENSLOW of New Haven, formerly of the 7th regiment, has been promoted to a Lieut. Col.





## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

## From the First Artillery.

ORDNANCE OFFICE, SIEGE ARTILLERY, }  
Broadway Landing, Va., April 21, 1863. }

Messrs. EDITORS—SIRS:—Having very little to do at present, I will write you a short letter.

There is nothing of importance transpiring near here, except the loading of the siege train, which is going on as fast as possible. There are, of course, a great many rumors as to the probable destination of the Regiment. The prevailing one is, that we are going to Conn. to be disbanded, but it seems too good to be true. However, we all hope so, and I think our Regiment ought to be the first one discharged, as we were the first three years Regt. from the State. The country around here is infested by guerrillas, who rob and murder whenever they get a chance. There has been three men killed, two being shot, and one beaten to death, since the evacuation of Petersburg. One of the men was shot only night before last, only about half or three quarters of an hour after your correspondent passed over the spot, and who also heard the shot fired. It was a soldier who was murdered. He was robbed and partially stripped of his clothing, so that he could not be identified. His body was left lying in the road. If the authorities would only hang up a few of them, it would be a good warning to the rest.

Another incident which I saw at Headquarters a day or two ago, I will relate. There has been some six or eight men, residents of the country around here that have been drawing rations from our A. C. S., for the support of their destitute families. The other day, one of them came down as usual, having in his pocket a loaded revolver, which was taken from him and kept by our A. C. M. This shows what gratitude exists among these professed Union men. I wish I had the disposal of them, I would give them their rations in the shape of Minie balls.

The Regiment occupies the same position, but will probably move in the course of a week or two. If so, you shall be informed as soon as possible after the movement, and I remain,

Very Respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

WALTER F. SAGE.

## The 16th Regiment.

NEWBERN, N. C., April 22d, 1863.

Since writing my last letter, we have been moved from the Provost Guard Station house that we occupied for a time, and are now encamped on a lot on Middle st., near Johnston. The duty now assigned to the regiment is guarding stores, baggage, &c., at the Railroad Depot. Capts. Burke, Turner and 28 men, exchanged prisoners, captured with the regiment at Plymouth a year ago, arrived here lately, and are looking very well, considering the hardships they have undergone while in captivity.

Col. Frank Beach, the Col. of the regiment, is in town. Major Pasco is daily expected, as well as several of the line officers. The return of the men who were in at the taking of Plymouth is but slow, and it is evident that the mortality among them has been greater than was first sup-

posed. Many reach their homes only to die at last of fever or exhaustion, while others are so crippled from the effects of scurvy that they will never attempt to join the regiment.

Gen. Harland's Brigade Band is in town, as it was the last time we were in Newbern. Jack Bryan, the cornet player, is still with them, and by his inimitable playing sustains the reputation he has won, reflecting a brighter lustre upon the town of Waterbury than can be found upon any of her highest polished buttons.

The health of the regiment is fair, but we may soon expect fevers, &c., for the streets of the city are filthy in the extreme.

ROANOKE.

## From the 15th Regiment.

*The Advance—The Capture—The Parole—The Furlough.*

The Regiment left Newbern, N. C., on the 2d day of March, and went to Core Creek, distant about 18 miles, where we halted, for the purpose of organizing the Army, and also to have the railroad built to that point.

The army was designated as the "Army of the District of Beaufort," and at that time was under the command of Gen. Cox. The 15th C. V. formed a part, and a very large part of the 2d Division. The Division was commanded by Brig. Gen. Carter, and the Brigade by Col. Upham of the 15th C. V. The Regiment was divided into two battalions, Lieut. Col. Tolles commanding the 1st, and Major Osborn the 2d. Upon the 6th the advance guard of the army encountered the enemy's pickets, and drove them back to a place known as Wise's Forks, which is about three miles from South West Creek, our forces holding the Forks that night. The day following, the enemy were driven nearly to the Creek. A short time before sunset, Co's A and I of the 1st Bat. were ordered out as skirmishers, relieving a portion of the 132d New York Vols. The skirmish line was established, and advanced to within about four hundred yards of the enemy's line of works; but this was not done without a little skirmish, and a few shells from the enemy's battery. The skirmishers occupied a position immediately in front of the enemy's line of works, which were upon the bank of the Creek, and commanded the bridge across it—the line stretching for quite a distance on either side of the road. Co's D and C, were placed in rear of the skirmishers as their supports, and Co. F, was on the advance picket line, so the whole of 1st Bat. was in the advance. After dark all was quiet on the lines, but our men were busy digging rifle pits to shelter themselves from the fire of the enemy's skirmishers, so that in the morning they had very respectable breastworks to lie behind, and they afterwards proved to be of great service.

The enemy, too, were busy chopping down trees to strengthen their position. The 2d bat. were drawn up as a support to a Battery of the 3d N. Y. Artillery. Thus we passed the night, expecting that in the morning, with the first dawn of day the "ball" would begin in earnest. But to our surprise, "all was quiet," our orders being "not to fire unless the enemy tried to advance—simply hold your ground."

During the forenoon of this day, (the 8th,)

there was some artillery firing, and an occasional shot exchanged by the skirmishers. The skirmisher's reserves, Co's D and C, seemed to be objects of the enemy's particular solicitude, for they shelled us severely, evidently with the hope of driving us from our position. But we were put there to stay, and stay we would, as long as we could. About 11 o'clock in the forenoon, there was quite a sharp skirmish between a company of the 12th N. Y. Cav. and the enemy, off to our left, and then all was quiet for awhile.

The enemy were busy, however, for early in the afternoon, we found that they had got around our left and in our rear. The 27th Mass. was upon our left, and became engaged before we did. They were not able to stand long before such odds, and soon fell back beyond our battalion. Major Osborn immediately changed his front so as to face the enemy's advance, and at once became engaged. As the enemy worked around, our front was again changed, so that we were facing to what had been our rear. At this time, the contest raged fearfully, our men being determined to fight as long as possible. The musketry firing was very severe—terrible—I think I may safely say that we fought as bravely as troops ever fought, but overpowering numbers obliged us to fall back. This we were compelled to do in great confusion, as there were a number of loose horses running through the field—the battery horses cut loose, and the enemy shelling us severely. I might have stated that the enemy numbered eight to one. We took a direction to our right, in hopes we might escape being captured. The skirmishers held their line until the enemy were in the road upon the left of which one of our company was stationed. Lieut. Col. Tolles did not like to leave the line until ordered, but he did so in the hope that he might withdraw before we were entirely surrounded. It was too late, however, for the enemy had completely encircled us. Some were killed in the rifle pits on the skirmish line, by the enemy in the rear. We lost two officers before the line was abandoned, Capt. Bassett and Lieut. Bishop. Capt. Bassett died on the field near where he was wounded, but Lieut. Bishop lived several days after. After going about a quarter of a mile to our right, we were brought to a stand, having arrived at the edge of the circle. Almost the entire regiment was captured, and at once marched to Kingston, where we remained about an hour, when we were put upon the cars and taken to Goldsboro. While on the way to Kingston, one of the guard says to me, "You all didn't think we all had so many men here, did you?" Not feeling in a very amiable frame of mind, I made no reply. He continued, "We all had 15000 men here that were against you. We got here at two o'clock this morning." At Goldsboro, we were put in charge of the Senior Reserves of the State, Col. McCoy, commanding. They treated us very well, giving us the same ration they gave their own soldiers, one pound of corn meal, and one third of a pound of bacon per day.

Upon the 10th inst. all who were able to march were put on cars and taken to Weldon. The wounded were left in Goldsboro. We remained at Weldon until the morning of the 12th, when we were again put on cars and taken to Ridge-





way, from which place we marched to Wolf Trap, on the Richmond and Danville Railroad, a distance of nearly sixty miles, arriving there on the morning of the 15th inst. On the afternoon of the 16th, during a severe rain storm, we were marched over the rickety railroad to Clover Station, at which place we staid over night. The following morning the officers were put on the top of a train and taken to Richmond. The enlisted men had to march there. I think the distance was a little over one hundred miles. Upon the arrival of the officers at Libby prison, Capt. Hatch, the Inspector of Prisons, requested them to give up their green backs and coin of which an account would be kept, and when they left the prison it would be returned to them.

If, upon being searched, any was found, it would be confiscated. Those who gave up any received it again the morning they left. Officers and men were confined in separate rooms, but in the same building. The officers in charge of the prisons were very civil, as indeed were all with whom we came in contact. We were taken from prison on Sunday morning, the 26th, and put on board the Wm. Allison and another flag of truce boat, and taken down to James River to Cox's Landing, having been previously paroled.

Upon our arrival at Annapolis on the 27th, we were furloughed with but little delay, and permitted to go to our homes. B.

#### From the 20th Regiment.

CAMP 20TH CONN. VOL. INFANTRY,  
Goldsboro, March 30th, 1865.

Editor Conn. War Record:

You never said a truer thing, than, when, in the Feb. number of the RECORD, you remarked that "the 5th and 20th Regts. Conn. Vol. Infy. were too busy making history to find time to write." Others may speak in behalf of the brave 5th; we will try to speak for the 20th.

It is a fact, that we have all been so busy in marching and fighting and performing other duties, during the past year especially, that we have hardly found the opportunity to do the ordinary writing of the regiment, and to keep our immediate friends posted in regard to ourselves. Now for the space of one year, the 20th can hardly be said to have had any rest. It has been with them, well nigh one continual marching, guarding trains, throwing up defensive works, fighting, making corduroy roads, building bridges, and executing flank movements, by which the enemy were hunted out of their strongholds, and many valuable lives saved. And, when, for a time there has been a pause in the active campaign, there has been but little rest to either officers or men. For scarcely would the commanders of companies get their official business in regular shape, and the men secure a new supply of clothing, before the ever restless and earnest General Sherman would set the army in motion again bent on some ill to the sinking Southern Confederacy. And well has the army earned the name of Sherman's "Iron Clads," for it would seem as if none but iron men could endure the privations and hardships which this army has undergone.

#### THE REPUTATION OF THE TWENTIETH.

It has not been the fortune of the 20th to be mentioned in the papers so frequently as some of our Connecticut regiments. For the year and

a half just passed, we have been "way down in Dixie," and, during no small part of that time, cut off from all communication with the outside world. And, more than that, men who are the most earnest in doing their duty, are the least disposed to sound abroad their own praises. They "point to deeds."

But we claim to have as clear and good record as any of the brave and honored regiments of our State. We are proud to feel that we have never, by our bad conduct, in the face of the enemy, or on the march, or in the camp, disgraced the worthy name of the excellent Governor of our State; for we rejoice in the name of "Buckingham's Legion." And if we may take the word of our commanding Generals, the good Governor has no reason to blush on our account.

When the 20th A. C. was passing in review before Gen. Sherman, a short time previous to our leaving Savannah, the General took particular notice of the 20th C. V. He inquired of one of his attendants, what regiment that was; "20th Connecticut," was the answer. The General then responded in his peculiar, nervous style, "Good little regiment, good little regiment." "They are all good regiments," replied Gen. Williams, commander of the 20th Corps. "Good little regiment, good little regiment," the Gen. remarked again, and passed on. We naturally feel proud of such compliments. And we have received others also.

The guard at the Headquarters of the left wing is composed of men selected from the 20th C. V. They are praised by all, while Gen. Slocum says they are the best guard he has ever had. Then again, details for especial duty are often called from this same 20th C. V. These things indicate the estimation in which the regiment is held by our superiors. The officers and men, almost without exception, have shown themselves to be true and reliable men.

#### THE RECENT CAMPAIGN.

The campaign through which we have just passed, has been one eventful and fruitful of good results to the glorious cause of our country. We have endeavored to do our duty, and that is all we ask praise for. We think it may be said truly of the 20th, that they fight and endure the toils of army life, from a sense of duty, impelled by a strong realization of the vast importance of the interests which are imperilled by the rebellion, rather than from a desire for the applause of men. It is not uncommon to hear remarks of that character made by the officers and men of the regiment; and just here, doubtless, is the secret of our success. Conscience, determination, and love of principle are behind our bayonets.

We will not attempt a detailed account of our march through the Carolinas. Our position has been with the left wing of the army, and we have marched more than five hundred miles through the swamps and rivers, over the hills, and sandy plains, and dismal pine wastes of the Carolinas. We have done our part of road making, bridge building, foraging, cotton burning, guarding trains and marching in the night, through mud and while the heavens were wrathful with thunder and lightning. When it rains in this country, it makes a business of it; it simply pours, as if the fountain of the heavens were broken up; and

such is the character of the soil, that after one hour's rain, it becomes like a quagmire; or one vast quicksand, apparently without bottom. Then we have been compelled to ford many streams, and some of them when the water was so cold that it cut like a razor, and then again, for two or three days in succession, our march has been through pine forests which were on fire, sending up huge masses of thick, black smoke, which the winds would take and waft into our faces, covering us all with a thick coat of lamp black, so that we appeared like a vast army of chimney sweeps marching through the land. During this time also, we have known, like the apostle Paul, "both what it was to abound, and to be in need." Some of the time, the army would be abundantly supplied with food, while at other times, the men would not have more than one quarter rations. And as for clothing, some of them would have been almost destitute of it, if it had not been for the foragers; and when we reached our base, many of the soldiers were clad in the rebel gray instead of Federal Blue. The blue had failed them, and the hated gray was put on out of necessity.

You often have had your heart touched with sympathy while reading of the bare-footed soldiers of the Revolution. It was hard, indeed for them to be without covering for their feet. So it has been hard for our men to be without shoes. More than once have we beheld men walking over rough ways, and through the forests, where were sharp shrubs and angry briars entwined and tangled with strong vines, *without shoes*. The feet might bleed, but there was no help for it. Their shoes had been worn out, and no more could be obtained. Have you no tears of sympathy for the heroes of 1865, who fight to perpetuate that which their fathers fought to inaugurate—liberty and sound government? Honor the one—enwreath their memories with never fading laurels; but remember, also, the suffering braves of to-day.

While on our march, many rumors came to our ears concerning the designs of the enemy, and our Generals expected to meet with opposition at several points, but none of a very serious character was encountered till after we had crossed the Cape Fear River at Fayetteville. Up to that time, the enemy had made haste to get out of our way. But we had come to press them so closely that they were in danger of losing their train, and they began to hope that they might defeat our tired and hungry army. It was after this, that the 20th was once more brought face to face with their old opponents of the 20th of July, at Peach Tree Creek.

#### HEAVY SKIRMISHING.

On the 14th of March, our Brigade, and a portion of another was sent out on a reconnaissance. After marching three or four miles, we first met the enemy, and the Brigade was divided, General Cogswell taking charge of one portion and placing the other under command of Lieut. Col. Buckingham, of the 20th. The enemy were gradually crowded back till they entered some works which they had erected. For two or three hours, our forces, skilfully handled by Col. Buckingham, continued to skirmish with the foe, till the object of the reconnaissance had been attain-





ed, when they were withdrawn from the field. The 20th C. V. were in the advance, and the only casualties of the day were from our regiment. Lieut. Murry was severely wounded in the leg near the thigh, and one of the men received a flesh wound in the leg. Lieut. Murry was an officer respected by all, brave beyond question, and ever ready to perform duty. Our march back to camp that night, while darkness gathered around the tired men, was silent and sad. Late in the evening we reached our camp with tired bodies and empty stomachs. Our General expressed satisfaction with what we had done. But, on reaching camp, we learned that our progress had met with trouble. Six of those that went out in the morning were missing, and it was thought that one of the number was killed. One man came in with a sabre cut in the head, and another, a negro servant, with a serious wound in the abdomen.

Early the next morning, the whole left wing was set in motion over the same road which we had traversed the day before. We passed the place of the previous day's fighting, and encamped just beyond the abandoned works of the rebels, in the midst of a pouring rain. We had the opportunity of passing along that part of the enemy's lines which was in front of the 20th on the day previous. It was then evident, from the graves that were to be seen, that some of the foe had been compelled to bite the dust from our bullets.

#### ACTION OF MARCH SIXTEENTH.

The next day, the 16th, the army was again ordered forward. Soon we began to hear the reports of cannon, and it was evident that Kilpatrick, who was in the advance, was at work with the enemy. In a short time, coming up with the advance guard, we were found in line of battle directly under the eyes of Gens. Sherman, Slocum and Williams. The line soon advanced, and fighting began in good earnest. The 20th was again in the advance, but did not fail to do its duty. A movement of a portion of the 20th Corps, through a swamp, supposed by the enemy to be impassable to infantry, brought them on the flank of the enemy, who were speedily forced to abandon their first line of works, leaving in our possession three pieces of artillery, the most of their wounded, and many prisoners. During the day the foe were driven out of three lines of works, and at night we intrenched on the battle field, the 20th C. V. being still in the advance, and immediately in front of the enemy's works. There they remained all night in mud and water, which was continually increasing from a heavy rain. The enemies of the Republic had been defeated, but it had been attended with severe loss to us. Our Adjutant, C. M. Talcott, was wounded in the arm, as was also Lieut. Johnson, while Lieut. Barry, who was always brave and faithful, was mortally wounded in the breast. He died early on the morning of the 17th. Besides these, two were killed on the field, and one died after having been conveyed to the hospital, and thirteen others were wounded. It was a trying day for the regiment; but all did well, from the highest to the lowest.

The enemy having abandoned their strong line of works during the night, the following morning

our forces pursued them, seeing many evidences of precipitation in their flight. Ambulances and many wounded were abandoned by them. We found one ambulance left in the middle of the road, with a wounded man in it not yet dead. From the citizens and negroes, we ascertained that the enemy admitted a loss of between two and three thousand. Our entire loss was less than six hundred.

We made only a short march on the 17th, encamping for the night at an early hour. Early on the morning of the 18th, we took up our line of march for Goldsboro. The roads being exceedingly bad, our progress was slow, so that our march of that day did not come to an end till 5 o'clock A. M., of the 19th. After a halt of three hours for rest and breakfast, we were on the move again. It was a most beautiful Spring day, and on the march, we were cheered by the songs of birds, and evidences of bursting life in the shrubs and flowers beside the road. But soon we heard cannonading in the distance, and, when about two o'clock P. M., we were ordered to leave the train, which we had been guarding, and to hasten forward, old soldiers began to see the battle in the distance.

#### BATTLE OF BENTONVILLE.

Not far from 3 o'clock P. M., we found ourselves immediately in the presence of the enemy, who, having ascertained the number of our forces, passing that way, had massed 35 or 40,000 troops, with the determination to annihilate the whole left wing, and capture our artillery and train. Two Divisions of the 14th Corps were in the advance, and having encountered the enemy early in the morning, were unable to maintain their ground against the superior numbers of their assailants, and so had fallen back, during the day, losing three pieces of artillery. The rebels, flushed by the advantages gained by them in the early part of the day, were preparing to reap the full benefit of them, and make sure the defeat of the left wing of the Union Army. Just at this time the 3d Division of the 20th Corps, came to the rescue, and was immediately formed in line of battle. The enemy had their line of battle in a swamp of dense growth of underbrush, with large pine trees. Also in front of this line was a deep pool of water. The right of our line was held by a portion of the 14th Corps, and the 3d Brigade, 20th Corps, was sent to support the right, while the first and second Brigades were ordered to the left of our line. Our third Brigade had been told that there was a Brigade of the 14th Corps in their front, and the men commanded not to fire till ordered to do so. But it appears that this Brigade of the 14th A. C., having been roughly handled in the morning, had moved to the rear, leaving a wide gap in our line. The enemy had discovered that fact, and were executing a flank movement, which, if they had succeeded in accomplishing, would have proved disastrous to our arms. Somebody, high in authority, was at fault in not knowing of this break in our lines; but who it was it would not become the writer to intimate, even if he knew. It is sufficient to know, that such was the true state of the case, and that our fighting 3d Brigade arrived just in time to save the day. The first that our brave boys knew, while advancing

through thick bushes, and in the water nearly up to their waists, was a hot fire from the enemy. Yet, though taken by surprise, they *did* not fall back. Discovering the true situation of affairs, they returned the fire of the enemy, checked their advance, and after a very severe fight of one or two hours in duration, aided by an effective fire from our artillery, drove them back, thus saving the day, and a portion of the 14th Corps from capture, besides cutting off two regiments of the enemy, which were taken prisoners by our forces. The fight was a terrific one, the rebels confident of victory, fighting with great bravery, and our noble heroes resisting with the greatest firmness, the charges of the greatly superior numbers of the foe. Gen. Slocum, in complimenting the Brigade, declared that we saved the day. Prominent in that Brigade was the firm and true 20th C. V. It did not falter, but brave among the brave it fought to the end, and encamped at night, with the rest of the Brigade, on the bloody field, within fifty yards of the rebel lines.

Thus did the Sabbath day close to us, amid peal on peal of musketry, and the heavy booming of cannon, and scenes of carnage. We had saved the day, and defeated the enemy. But it had cost us much. Three from the 20th were killed on the field, thirty-five were wounded, and six or seven of them mortally. That was a sad night to our men. The stoutest could hardly refrain from weeping, as they placed their comrades in the honored grave or bore them to the rear wounded. Our Brigade lost 78 men in the battle, and the 20th lost 88 of that number. And thus again did the "Buckingham Legion," led by our efficient and courageous Lieut. Colonel, and other brave and true officers of the line, do honor to our native State, and to him, our wise and noble hearted Governor, after whom we were named, at the first. We shed a tear for our comrades, dead, or suffering from wounds, and extend our hearty sympathy to the bereaved ones at home, and then renew our vows to our country, girding on our armor for new conflicts, hoping still to do our duty to our country and our God, and thus help usher in the happy day, when the sunshine of peace shall gladden our land again.

#### MARCH TO GOLDSBORO.

On the night of the 19th, the enemy fell back a mile and a half, leaving his dead unburied, and our Brigade was ordered to the left of the line, where we threw up works. But it soon having been ascertained that the enemy had retreated again before us, we, having meantime been reinforced largely, were ordered on the march again, according to the General's original plan, for Goldsboro, and here we are now, so many of us as are left. When the regiment left Savannah, it numbered 306 men for duty. Out of that number we have lost, in various ways, 70 men. We have on our rolls now, not far from 560 men.

The regiment is now in command of Lieut. Col. Buckingham, Col. Ross and Major Pardee are both absent—the Col. being detached for recruiting purposes, at Hartford, and the Major being away from ill health.

With this, is sent a list of casualties of the regiment on this campaign. C. N. L.





# PERSONAL.

## List of Appointments and Promotions in the Connecticut Volunteer Force, for the month of April, 1865.

### 1ST ARTILLERY.

Major George Ager to be Lieut. Col., with rank from the 25th day of April, 1863, vice Trumbull, deceased.

For distinguished services in the recent battles before Petersburg and Richmond, Va., Captain Henry H. Pierce to be Major, with rank from the 25th of April, 1865, vice Ager, promoted.

### 5TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. James Butterfield to be Captain, vice Whitney, discharged.

1st Sergt. Enos A. Sage to be 1st Lieut., vice Henderson, killed in battle.

1st Sergt. Lowell M. Snow to be 1st Lieut., vice Wilson, discharged for disability.

Sergt. Major John H. Brewster to be 1st Lieut., vice Botsford, declined commission.

1st Sergt. Philander Alden to be 1st Lieut., vice Butterfield, promoted.

1st Sergt. George F. Solleck to be 1st Lieut., vice Redfield, commission revoked.

2d Asst. Surg. Andrew I. Gilson to be 1st Asst. Surgeon, vice Bissell, promoted.

All with rank from the 6th of April, 1865.

### 8TH REGIMENT.

Major Wm. M. Pratt to be Lieut. Col., with rank from the 20th day of April, vice Smith, honorably discharged.

Sergt. Major Joseph H. Jewett to be 1st Lieut., vice Weed, mustered out.

Sergt. William H. Peck to be 1st Lieut., vice Ives, discharged.

1st Sergt. David A. Baldwin to be 1st Lieut., vice Rathbun, discharged.

1st Sergt. Albert T. Booth to be 1st Lieut., vice Lane, commission revoked.

All with rank from the 1st of April, 1865.

### 9TH BATTALION.

1st Lieut. David C. Warner to be Captain, with rank from the 5th of April, 1865, vice Healy, promoted.

### 11TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Henry A. Eastman to be Captain, vice Dickinson, discharged.

2d Lieut. Royal V. Paine to be 1st Lieut., vice Metzger, resigned.

Corp. Chas. E. Dibble, 8th C. V., to be 2d Lieut., 11th C. V., vice Paine, promoted.

All with rank from the 6th of April, 1865.

### 12TH BATTALION.

Samuel H. Granniss of New Haven, to be 1st Lieut. and Adjutant, with rank from the 1st day of April, 1865, vice Peck, declined commission.

### 13TH BATTALION.

1st Lieut. Abner N. Sperry to be Captain, to fill an original vacancy in the Battalion.

2d Lieut. John W. Maddux to be 1st Lieut. to fill an original vacancy in the Battalion.

1st Sergt. Everett E. Dunbar to be 2d Lieut. vice Maddux, promoted.

All with rank from the 1st of April, 1865.

### 14TH BATTALION.

1st Lieut. and Adjutant William B. Hincks to be Major, with rank from the 1st of April, 1865, vice Broatch, discharged.

### 16TH REGIMENT.

Gurdon Robbins, Jr. of Essex, is hereby re-appointed 1st Lieut. and Quartermaster, with rank from the 10th of April, 1865.

ALFRED B. BEERS, son of Alfred Beers of this city, a member of the 6th C. V., has just been promoted from an Orderly Sergeant to the rank of Captain. Mr. Beers is a young man, not yet twenty years old; has already served one term, and re-enlisted. He was at the taking of Fort Fisher, and has been in a number of other battles. His promotion came to him unsolicited and unexpected, and it is all the more merited.

Capt. Beers has sent to his brother a piece of the mahogany carriage of the Armstrong gun,

presented to the rebels by the citizens of Liverpool, and taken by our forces of Fort Caswell.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

FIRST LIEUT. GURDON ROBBINS, JR., Quartermaster of the 16th Regiment, has been honorably discharged and re-commissioned.

MAJOR EDWARD B. WEELES, of the 1st Florida Cavalry, formerly of Colchester, is honorably mentioned by Gen. Newton, for "fighting desperately" at St. Marks, Fla.

LIEUT. JAMES WYLLIS DIXON, of Hartford, is honorably mentioned by Gen. Wright for gallantry, at the battle of Petersburg, on Saturday and Sunday, March 25th and 26th.

MAJOR-GEN. MOWER, of New London, caused a national salute to be fired in the streets of Cheshire, S. C., on the 4th of March, using for that purpose two Blakeley guns which had been given to the enemy.—*Norwich Courier.*

GEO. N. MALLORY, formerly a Lieut. in the 10th C. V., recently enlisted as a private for the 5th C. V., and on coming into the Conscript Camp was detailed for duty as a clerk at Captain Merrill's headquarters. He has received a commission as a Captain in the 5th C. V.

CAPT. WM. G. DICKINSON, of the 11th C. V., has been honorably discharged from the service. Capt. D. has been a prompt, faithful and efficient officer. He served nearly his first three years in the ranks, rising steadily by decided merit to his position as Captain.

# CASUALTIES.

CASUALTIES IN THE 10TH REGT. CONN. VOLS., FROM THE 30TH OF MARCH, 1865, TO THE 10TH OF APRIL, 1865, DURING ENGAGEMENTS AT HATCHER'S RUN, FORT GREGG AND APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, VA.

Lieut. Col. E. D. S. Goodyear, right shoulder. COMPANY A.  
Sergt. Charles W. Granniss, right hand; Corps. Henry C. Smith, left knee; Virgil E. Hitchcock, chest, badly; Privates, Charles A. Jones, right leg; John Wilson, right hand; Jas. Rafferty, chest, mortally; Matthew McCone, back, mortally.

Killed: Captain George H. Brown. Corp'l. John L. Dutton, right shoulder; Uriah A. Hanover, left hand; Henry B. Hailing, neck; Privates, Thomas Woods, right arm; Teriace Camille, right hand; Carrier Robbins, right thigh.

COMPANY C.  
Captain James H. Linsley, right thigh; 2d Lieut. Edward L. Smith, face and right arm; 1st Sergeant, Charles L. Taylor, scrotum; Corporals, John L. Dow, right arm; Francis Hedman, abdomen, mortally; Privates, Adam Wolf, not known; Peter Sundalias, chest; James Williams, not known; Thomas O'Connor, head; Thomas McCaw, foot, arm and back; Jacob Manders, face; Geo. Brown, left, contusion; Geo. Brown, 2d, right shoulder; James Gilmore, mouth; Fred. Balm, right thigh; Thomas Flynn, right knee; Alphons Schaefer, chest.

COMPANY D.  
1st Lieut. Julius Neidhart, left thigh amputated; 2d Lieut. Andrew F. Jones, right thigh; Corporal John Egan, right hand; Privates, George W. Newell, breast contused; Jules Lasalles, right shoulder; Adolphe Lefebre, not known; Joseph Lee, not known; Fred. Dandit, abdomen and left leg. Killed: Privates James Scheen, H. L. V. Marrel. Missing.—Private James Patterson.

COMPANY E.  
Privates, John Klein, not known; Jas. Keeney, right leg; Angus McLawren, not known; William O'Neil, mouth; Frank Gibbons, right arm; William Noonan, not known; John Martin, not known. Killed: Sergeants, James I. Oswald, John A. Buell.

### COMPANY F.

Sergt. Daniel Sullivan, right arm; Corp. Hugh Doyle, scalp; Privates Samuel Bartlett, right hand; William Gough, left thigh; John Riger, right leg; John Murphy, thigh; John Smith, chest; William Wilson, neck; Edward McCormick, chest, mortally; Manuel Silver, arm, mortally.

### COMPANY G.

Captain Brainerd Smith, abdomen, mortally; 2d Lieut. Frank G. Otis, right arm; Sergeant Owen H. Stevens, right arm and leg; Corporals, John Haglie, left arm; Charles E. Northrop, right shoulder; Privates, William E. Brown, left arm; Thomas Flannagan, right leg; Edmund Hontford, not known; Barney Jennings, left foot; Edward McCabe, right shoulder; Patrick Morran, right leg; John McKeesus, right leg; Henry Pendon, thigh, flesh; John C. Palmer, right thigh; George Potter, right thigh; Thomas Scofield, chest. Killed: Corp. Chas. S. Beers; Private, James Kuncley.

### COMPANY H.

1st Sergt. David F. Chadayne, head; Corporals, Edward Welsh, chest; Samuel Bennett, hip; Privates, James Smith, right knee; John Shay, chest; John Foley, right arm; David Conklin, hip; Isaac Walling, head. Missing, Wm. Jackson.

### COMPANY I.

Sergeant John Brennan, left leg; Corporals, Terrence O'Brien, right leg; Francis Consuean, neck; William Mander, right leg; Privates, William H. Ferris, abdomen; Adolph Mellsing, arm. Killed: Private Charles Myer.

### COMPANY K.

1st Lieut. Walter P. Hovey, leg contused; Sergts. H. Ratzung, chest; George Thompson, leg; John Henruber, right leg; Corporal J. H. Palmer, head; Privates, F. M. Smith, mortally; Peter Riley, left hand; Thomas Kerrigan, right leg; John Plunkott, right shoulder; P. Kennedy, right leg.

### RECAPITULATION.

Killed—Officers,	1
" Enlisted Men,	7
Wounded—Officers,	8
" Enlisted Men,	89
Missing—Officers,	0
" Enlisted Men,	2

E. S. GREELEY,  
Colonel Commanding Regiment.

LIST OF CASUALTIES IN 20TH C. V. I., FROM JANUARY 16TH, 1865, TO MARCH 24TH, 1865.

### COMPANY A.

Private Anthony Burk, March 13th, missing, supposed captured while foraging.  
Private John Purcell, March 16th, wounded badly left leg, Minie ball.  
Private John McLaughlin, March 16th, wounded badly left leg.  
Sergt. John H. Platt, March 19th, wounded right arm.  
Private Jehial Benham, March 19th, wounded right leg.  
Private Frederick Hoadley, March 19th, wounded in neck.  
Corp. Harry Brooks, March 19th, wounded slightly in thumb.  
Private Jesse Rice, March 19th, wounded badly in the arm.

### COMPANY B.

Private Enoch P. Studley, March 16th, missing, supposed captured while foraging.  
2d Lieut. William H. H. Johnson, March 16th, wounded in arm badly.  
Private Frederick Hubbell, March 16th, missing, supposed captured while foraging.  
Sergt. Seymour M. Smith, March 16, killed in action, shot in the head.  
Private Chas. E. Byington, March 16, killed in action, shot in the head.  
Private Frederick H. Smith, March 16, wounded severely in the face.  
Private Jesse Moore, March 16th, wounded slightly in the breast.  
Corp. Hiland M. Rogers, March 19, wounded in the thigh.  
Private James E. Buckley, March 19, wounded slightly in foot.  
Private Selden Johnson, March 16, wounded mortally in the side.

### COMPANY C.

Private John Burns, March 16, wounded severely in right shoulder, (since dead.)





Private Levi Purple, March 16, wounded slightly in leg below the knee.

Corp. Abner C. Smith, March 19, wounded severely in leg, (since dead.)

Corp. Myron Purdy, March 19, wounded severely in leg.

Private Edward F. Fox, March 19, wounded severely in left shoulder.

Private Stephen A. Goodrich, March 19, wounded slightly in right arm.

Private Wm. W. Stebbins, March 19, wounded in chin.

Private Nicholas Ryan, March 19, missing, supposed captured in action.

Private Wm. E. Latham, March 24, missing, captured while foraging.

#### COMPANY D.

Private Patrick Scanlan, March 3, disease, died at Div. Hospital.

Private Morris Bailey, March 14, wounded slightly in leg.

Private John Gosman, March 16, killed, shot in the leg, died soon after.

Sergt. P. Henry Goodrich, March 19, wounded in the foot severely.

Corp. Richard E. May, March 19, wounded in head slightly.

Private John M. Ellsworth, March 19, wounded in leg, flesh wound.

Private George Fletcher, March 19, wounded in finger and shoulder, slight.

Private Patrick Calton, March 24, missing, captured while foraging.

#### COMPANY E.

1st Sergt. Edwin N. Stannard, March 19, wounded mortally in right breast.

Corp. Elliott W. Nettleton, March 19, killed, shot in the head, in action.

Corp. Elathan Atwood, March 19th, wounded through lower jaw, severely.

Corp. Mervin H. Perkins, March 19, wounded in right hand, severely.

Private James E. Alling, March 19, wounded in foot, slightly.

Private Samuel M. Bailey, March 19, wounded in both knees, slightly.

Private Eli Thorp, March 19, wounded mortally in the back.

#### COMPANY F.

1st Lieut. Wellington Barry, March 16, mortally wounded in the breast.

Private John Brame, March 16, wounded in thigh and lungs, severely.

Sergt. Charles Shepherd, March 19, wounded in right hip and back.

Private John Coreoran, March 19, missing, supposed captured in action.

#### COMPANY G.

Private Patrick Dillon, March 16, wounded in leg, slightly.

Private Wm. McMahon, March 16, wounded in breast, severely.

Private Chas. O'Connell, March 16, wounded in leg, slightly.

Private George Sheldon, March 19, wounded in breast, severely.

Private Charles Lamue, March 14, missing, supposed captured while foraging.

#### COMPANY H.

Private Josiah Brandebury, Feb. 14, missing while on the march, supposed captured.

Private David Jones, March 14, missing, supposed captured foraging.

Musician Wm. S. Ward, March 14, missing, supposed captured foraging.

Private Edwin L. Downs, March 16, wounded, bruised in the leg, slightly.

Private Henry Rose, March 19, wounded in arm, severely.

#### COMPANY I.

Private Howard B. Dorman, March 16, wounded in the toe, severely.

Private Peter McCanngah, March 16, wounded, shot in toe, severely.

Private Edward Young, March 19, killed in action.

1st Sergt. A. C. Austin, March 19, wounded in nose and eye, severely.

Corp. Herman A. Weeks, March 19, wounded in hand, severely.

Private Wm. E. Bailey, March 26, missing, captured while foraging.

#### COMPANY K.

1st Lieut. Edward J. Murray, March 14, wounded in left thigh, severely.

Private John Scott, March 14, wounded, sabre cut in head.

Private James Downing, March 14, missing, supposed captured while foraging.

Private Lewis Curtiss, March 14, missing, supposed captured while foraging.

Private James Hughes, March 19, killed in action.

Private James Kelly, March 19, wounded, flesh wound in the leg.

Private Henry Young, March 19, wounded, arm shattered by musket ball.

Private Peter Duffy, March 24, missing, captured while foraging.

Staff—Adjt. C. Myron Talcott, March 16, wounded in the arm.

#### RECAPITULATION.

Com. Officers wounded, . . . . .	4
Enlisted men killed, . . . . .	6
Wounded, . . . . .	45
Missing, . . . . .	15
Died of disease, . . . . .	1
Total, . . . . .	71

#### Gilbert Miles Stocking.

Died, at Jefferson Barracks Hospital, Mo., Jan. 24th, 1865, Gilbert Miles Stocking, Private in Co. B, 20th Regiment Conn. Vols., aged 26 years, one month, and two days.

Such is the brief announcement, which adds another worthy name to the long catalogue of our country's honored dead. Let us look, for a moment, at the record of his faithful and honorable career.

The subject of our sketch was a native of Waterbury in this State, where he was born Dec. 22d, 1838. In 1857, he entered Yale College as a member of the class of 1861, and graduated at the expiration of the course, standing sixth in rank in a class numbering ninety-seven. As a scholar he was distinguished for great accuracy and thoroughness, with a mind admirably fitted for investigation in any department of knowledge to which he directed his attention. He possessed excellent abilities as a writer, receiving the second prize in his division, and was very well acquainted with general literature. After graduation he engaged in teaching during little more than two years at Lyme and Greenwich, Conn., and at the Hopkins Grammar School in New Haven. Here his duties terminated in Dec. 1863, and at this point begins that part of his history, which more immediately concerns our present purpose.

As we have already stated, he immediately commenced teaching on leaving College, but he felt a constantly growing desire to enter the army, and was only discouraged from following this inclination by the fear that his constitution, never the strongest, could not endure the hardships incident to army life. Alas! that fear proved too well founded. Naturally of a very retiring disposition, he seldom expressed his feelings fully even to his most intimate friends, and yet as we look back to our intercourse with him during the last few months of 1863, and at what has since transpired, it is easy to see that he was earnestly debating in his mind the question of his individual duty in relation to the present struggle. With the end of December of that year his duties at the Hopkins Grammar School closed, and he immediately offered himself as a volunteer, and was accepted, and in Jan. 1864 joined Co. B, 20th Conn. Vols., at that time in the Department of the Cumberland, engaged in guarding the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad. During the winter he acted as clerk in the Quartermas-

ter's Department, but in the following Spring, when Sherman's legions entered upon that unsurpassed march from Chattanooga to Atlanta and through Georgia and the Carolinas, he took the field with his regiment and participated in the brilliant operations of Gen. Hooker's command, which resulted in the triumphant entry of the 20th Army Corps into Atlanta, on the 2d of Sept. last. In all the hardships of this campaign, he bore a faithful, uncomplaining part, notwithstanding his health was gradually failing, before the exhausting effect of severe and continuous service. For a time he was detailed as clerk at Brigade Headquarters, and on this account might rightfully have claimed exemption from the ordinary work of the private soldier; but no, strong in spirit and conscientiously zealous to do even more than what mere routine required of him, he also voluntarily took his turn at duty in the trenches and on the picket line. Sustained by an unflagging purpose not to go to the rear so long as he could possibly remain at his post in the front, he at length passed the limit of physical endurance and was obliged to go into hospital. When Gen. Sherman evacuated Atlanta, to enter upon his march through Georgia, Stocking was sent Northward with the rest of the sick, and for want of accommodations at Chattanooga, remained for two stormy days with little or no shelter from the inclemency of the weather. As soon as possible he was removed, by way of Nashville and Louisville, to Jefferson Barracks Hospital, a few miles below St. Louis. Here under the influence of quiet and care, he seemed to be slowly recovering in strength, and yet it was evident that many months would elapse before he could return to active duty. Accordingly his discharge papers were made out, and in a day or two he was expecting to return to home and friends, but alone, in the still hour of the night, on the 24th of January, 1865, calmly and quietly as in every act of life, he passed away in death. His remains were brought to his home in Waterbury, and now repose in the beautiful Riverside Cemetery.

Such is an imperfect sketch of this short life, a life brief in years, unpretending in experience, and with no brilliancy of rank to shed upon it a transient lustre, or write its name in the public gaze. A long and useful career could not add to the completeness and symmetry of this simple record; the modest, unselfish scholar and Christian patriot, ambitious of no distinction but that which rectitude and unflinching faithfulness could give in the humblest sphere; laying aside the congenial pursuits of a well cultivated mind to enter the ranks of his country's defenders in the heroic position of a private soldier, and at last, after a year of faithful service in the stirring scenes of an arduous campaign, yielding up life itself as the price of his devotion.

We cannot close this sketch without alluding to the true Christian character which he ever maintained. He was always a consistent and unobtrusive example of Christian principles, but when he entered the army, his character as a Christian man assumed a more positive and aggressive form, finding expression in active efforts for the moral and religious improvement of his fellow soldiers in camp and hospital.

This death adds another voice to the multitude





of those who, in the silent eloquence of death for country appeal from a thousand battlefields and hospitals, solemnly demanding of our rulers and of every citizen the utmost vigilance and effort that this expense of life and blood be not neutralized by a false and compromising settlement of the present struggle.

W. D. S.

### Private James Dennis.

CAMP OF DETACHMENT, 17TH REG. C. V.,  
Picolata, Fla., March 16th, 1865.

At a meeting held by the members of Co. K, 17th Regt. Conn. Vols., the following Resolutions on the death of Private James Dennis, of Co. K, was submitted and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, In the dispensation of an overruling Providence, we are called upon to mourn the loss of a most cherished member, a sincere friend, and a faithful companion, Private James Dennis.

WHEREAS, We feel called upon to give an expression of our deep sorrow at this affliction, and of our sympathy for his widowed mother, and his loving brothers and sisters, upon whom this sad blow must fall.

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to this painful visitation, recognizing therein the chastening hand of the All-wise, we are yet forced to realize amid the gloom that has fallen alike upon all, that not only has the service lost in the death of Private James Dennis, a true and faithful soldier, but socially his Company and the wide circle of his friends in the Regiment that have known his genial presence, have suffered an loss which words cannot express or time replace.

Resolved, That in his uniform cheerfulness of disposition, in prompt and uncomplaining performance of every duty, his sympathy for the afflicted, and sufferings of others, ever ready to assist them in time of need, he has shown us an example worthy of emulation and which will always lend a bright charm to his memory.

Resolved, In this deep affliction, we extend our most heartfelt sympathies to his widowed mother, his sorrowing brothers and sisters, and the relatives of deceased, with the hope that they may find a consolation that he died in the service of his adopted country, in trying once more to restore the Flag under whose protecting folds, so many of his countrymen have found a welcome. He who had suffered here, has entered into his rest where sickness and death are felt and known no more. We would also add—far away from his home, laid upon his bed of sickness with no dear mother's hand to press his fevered brow, or tender sisters or loving brothers to watch at his bedside when his spirit took its flight to the God that gave it—still his companions feel a consolation in knowing he was tenderly cared for in his last moments upon earth, hoping against hope, that he might still be spared and restored to health, and at the expiration of the few more months of our term of service be able to return home to his family and friends, but God's ways are not our ways, and we bow in humble submission to Him who doeth all things for the best.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to the mother of deceased; also the Bridgeport Farmer, Bridgeport Standard, and CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

Sergt. JOHN H. PORTER.

" CORNELIUS C. WILSON.

" PATRICK WADE.

Corp. TIMOTHY C. SPENCER.

" WILLIAM MORRIS.

Private RICHARD MCGEE.

" DANIEL HUNT.

1st Sergt. MORRIS JONES, Chairman.

Sergt. THEODORE NELSON, Sec'y.

### Lieut. Col. Albert H. Wilcoxson.

St. AUGUSTINE, FLA., March 19th, 1865.

While we bow in humble submission to the blow which our Heavenly Father, in his all-wise Providence, has seen fit to inflict, and acknowledge the wisdom of Him who chastens His people in mercy, not in anger, we cannot but express the anguish we feel on an occasion which deprives us of an earthly friend—one whom we have learned to love and revere, to whom we have looked for counsel, encouragement, and direction; who has guided us with wisdom and judgment, and ever been a cherished, sympathizing friend. Such was he, whose loss we are now called to mourn—

LIEUT. COL. ALBERT H. WILCOXSON.

In the flush and pride of manhood, while his life was being devoted to the holy cause of Liberty, and the maintenance of his country's honor against intestine foes, impelled by no ambition but the promotion of his country's welfare, and the advancement of his fellow man in all that tends to enlighten and elevate with the noble band of heroes who have sealed their devotion to the cause of civil liberty in their blood, he has sunk to rest, to sleep till the last trumpet shall call him to the mansions of his Father.

To give faint expression to the loss which we, the Officers of the 17th Regiment Conn. Infantry, feel that our Regiment has sustained, and to give to her whose heart-broken grief no human aid can serve to assuage, such assurance as words may convey of the sorrow which fills our hearts, we would adopt the following resolutions:

Resolved, That in the death of our late Commander, Lieut. Col. Albert H. Wilcoxson, we recognize the loss of one who had endeared himself to us by his many virtues, his correct discipline, his bravery as a soldier, and his fidelity to the cause of his country and his God.

Resolved, That we tender to the afflicted partner of the deceased, our heartfelt condolence, and warmest sympathies, commending her to the care of Him who alone can comfort in the lonely hour of sorrow and distress, and give strength to support the fainting heart.

Resolved, That the colors of the Regiment be draped in mourning, and that the officers wear the usual badge for thirty days; also, that a copy of these Resolutions be forwarded to the widow of the deceased, and to the Norwalk, Conn. Gazette, and the CONN. WAR RECORD, for publication.

Henry Allen, Major.

Sabin Stocking, Surgeon.

Elijah Gregory, Asst. Surgeon.

John S. Ward, Quartermaster.

Enos Kellogg, Capt. Co. H.

William L. Hubbell, Capt. Co. D.

James H. Ayres, Capt. Co. A.

James S. Hubbell, Capt. Co. E.

John Harvey, 1st Lieut. Co. B.

Albert W. Peck, 1st Lieut. Co. D.

George C. Peck, 1st Lieut. Co. I.

Joseph E. Morehouse, 1st Lieut. Co. I.

Henry McDonough, 1st Lieut. Co. E.

Thomas B. Cave, 1st Lieut. Co. H.

Henry North, 1st Lieut. Co. A.

William L. Daniels, 1st Lieut. Co. C.

Charles Smith, Jr., 1st Lieut. Co. G.

George W. Sharr, 2d Lieut. Co. F.

Charles E. Doty, 2d Lieut. Co. B.

Morris Jones, 2d Lieut. Co. K.

George C. Lees, 2d Lieut. Co. E.

Horace Whitney, 2d Lieut. Co. H.

Henry E. Williams, 2d Lieut. Co. C.

Garrett D. Bowne, 2d Lieut. Co. D.

Edgar S. Wilcoxson, 2d Lieut. Co. I.

Thomas B. Weed, 2d Lieut. Co. A.

## REGIMENTAL.

THE 2D ARTILLERY has added new lustre to their bright record. The record of the fierce assault and terrible pursuit which culminated in the capture of Lee's Army has not been surpassed in the world's history.

Full details have nowhere yet appeared. Many will be astonished when the complete history of those grand and awful days is known.

THE 1ST LIGHT BATTERY sends us yet no communication.

THE 2d LIGHT BATTERY was actively and honorably engaged in the successful attack on Fort Blakely. Fortunately but one man, John S. Mills, of East Bridgeport, was killed. A very interesting letter reached us just as we go to press, too late, we sincerely regret, for insertion in the present number.

THE 3D HEAVY BATTERY remains in quiet and good discipline.

THE 5TH AND 20TH INFANTRY are rejoicing in the surrender of Johnston and the probable end of their long and toilsome but magnificent campaigns. We print an excellent communication, with list of casualties, from the 20th, and hope soon for a similar record from the 5th.

THE 6TH AND 7TH INFANTRY are with our gallant Gen. Terry, rejoicing and resting, not far from Raleigh.

THE 8TH, 11TH AND 21ST INFANTRY are at Richmond.

THE 10TH INFANTRY participated in the fierce assault of April 2d, on Fort Gregg—one of the strongest forts along that frowning line. The charge was gallant and most persistent. Final victory was won by hand to hand fight with bayonet and clubbed muskets. Col. Greeley writes that the men fought twenty-three minutes on the parapet, an almost unparalleled stubbornness both of assault and resistance.

The casualties were upwards of one hundred, and will be found under that head.

Chaplain Trumbull writes to the New Haven Courier thus:

"The blue flag of Connecticut was the first on the parapet of the fort. Nothing very strange in that! The Tenth Conn. maintained its former good name, in the assault and hand to hand struggle, losing well nigh one-half of all it sent in, but never lowering its flag for an instant, or giving back an inch once gained. Col. Greeley being at the North, Lieut. Col. E. D. S. Goodyear—well known as from North Haven—was in command. Cheering the men by encouraging words and courageous bearing, he bravely led them across the plain in the face of the deadly fire of grape, cannister and musketry, until he was struck in the face and knocked down by a glancing bullet. Rallying again, he once more pressed forward, but the second time he fell, wounded severely by a shot through the shoulder, and during the remainder of the engagement he lay near the ditch watching with closest interest the progress of the fight, and feeling just pride in his brave boys who were doing their work so nobly. Capt. J. H. Linsley, of Northford, was wounded as twice before, having a ball in his hip, and narrow escapes from three bullets which passed through his clothing. Capt. Brainard Smith, of Milford, was shot through the body, and died on his way to hospital. Coming out as a private, Capt. S. had worked his way up to the command of a company, and was a gallant officer





of character and promise. Lieut. Walter P. Hovey, of North Haven, was hit in the leg by a grape shot. Lieut. Julius Midhart, of New Haven, lost his left leg. Lieut. Edward L. Smith, of Branford, received three wounds, one in the head, and two in the left arm. Other officers who escaped injury, were not less exposed or courageous than those whose wounds testify to their valor.

"Neither were officers the only brave ones. There were many enlisted men whose deeds were worthy of special mention and praise. Young George Phillips, a New Haven boy, will answer for an example. He is but nineteen now yet he has been nearly three years in service. He was twice taken out of the army by his father on the score of his age, but the third time he managed to stay in. He was made a corporal and put on the color guard. When just before the assault on Fort Gregg, the sergeant bearing the State flag fell out exhausted, Corp. Phillips took the colors and pressed forward in the advance. Into the ditch, through the water, up the steep bank, on to the top of the parapet he made his way, and there he stood a target for rebel bullets, holding up the flag and counting his life as nothing in its defense. The new flag, never before in a fight, had twenty-six bullet holes in it, and three more were in its staff. Young Phillips was made a Sergeant before he left the field that day. Has he not won his chevrons fairly? When questioned about it, and praised for his gallantry by Lt. Col. Goodyear, who was witness to his bravery, he said, dryly, 'I worried 'em with the flag! I'd shake it in their faces, and then when they'd grab at it, Parmalee would shoot 'em.' Joseph E. Parmalee was another color corporal, a brave boy from Guilford. He stood defending the colors, and Phillips says he saw him shoot five rebels through the head, as rapidly as he could load and fire again. He was finally wounded, but not dangerously. Phillips was hit with a brick, missiles of that kind being freely used in the latter part of the struggle. His escape from bullets was wonderful."

THE 12TH INFANTRY, are at Washington, as will be seen by reference to our correspondence. The 13th and 15th will doubtless soon be transferred from the Valley of the Shenandoah to some other point.

THE 14TH INFANTRY were at latest dates, at Burksville. We await full intelligence from them with impatience.

THE 15TH INFANTRY are divided between Connecticut, Parole Camp, and Kinston, N. C. The fragment at Kinston are doing patrol duty.

THE 29TH INFANTRY, was among the first to enter Richmond. They claim to be the first Infantry regiment.

The First Cavalry rested a few days after the capture of Lee, but were soon again on the move. We have not since heard from them.

### Pæfetiæ.

A HIGHLAND CABINETMAKER.—A young Highlander was apprenticed to a cabinetmaker in Glasgow, and, as a first job, had a chest of veneered drawers to clean and polish. After a sufficient time had elapsed for doing the work assigned him, the foreman inquired whether he was ready with the dressers yet! "Och no; it's a tough job. I've almost taken the skin off my ain two hands before I'll get it off the drawers." "What?" replied the startled director of plane and chisel, "you are not taking the veneering off, you block-head?" "What I'll do then? I could not surely put a polish on before I'll teuk the bark off!"

Why should a spider be a good correspondent? Because he drops a line by every post.

## EDITORIAL COLUMN.

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."—ABRAHAM LINCOLN, at Gettysburg, November 19th, 1863.

### A Conclusion Jumped at.

From our remark in the April number, that we should soon finish up our Record—some of our local papers have assumed that the present will be the last number issued.

We thank them sincerely for the kind and complimentary words they have spoken. We have not done all that we would but we have done the best that, with the means at our command, we could; and we are much encouraged to feel that our efforts are appreciated.

But we were not quite ready for an obituary. Our subscribers have paid for some numbers yet and these at least they will have, and perhaps two or three more. We propose to review the history of every regiment, and make its record complete. There are also many items, incidents, and brief biographies, without which the War Record would not be satisfactory to all.

We propose to collect our materials, and as soon as we can, bring our Record to a close.

### Peace.

PEACE IS HERE. We have longed for it, fought for it, and grandly won it. Yet we can hardly realize that the war is ended. But recruiting is stopped, bounties for enlistment are no longer offered; discharges are freely granted,—manufacture of guns and materials of war checked,—the purchase of supplies greatly diminished, and the reduction of the navy ordered. All of the old levy of 300,000 men will be mustered out during the summer, and we may fairly expect nearly all of the volunteer infantry will also, within a year, be discharged from service. A force of cavalry may be longer needed for patrol duty, and to extinguish guerrillas.

Business will run anew in the channels of peace. Industry, economy, and enterprise are the qualities now needed to organize and ensure the prosperity of our dear and splendid nation. Let us bend to our work with patriotic and faithful energy.

### Laws of Newspapers

We print several of the just laws concerning newspapers—and would respectfully request our subscribers to read them, as we shall act strictly in accordance with the enactment.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order their papers discontinued, publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered their papers discontinued.
4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and papers are sent to the former direction, they are responsible.

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Hon. Horace Greeley,  
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OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

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## Justice to the Veterans.

The volunteers of the second levy of 500,000 men—being the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th 18th, 19th, (now the 2d Artillery,) 20th, and 21st regiments, appeal to the Legislature for an equalization of bounties. Their case demands consideration. They enlisted for three years, nobly, faithfully and in most cases uncomplainingly have they borne hardship and battle. They have had no opportunity to re-enlist for "large bounties," while they received bounties not near so large as did the volunteers for nine months service.

They desire the Legislature to vote them a sum which shall make their wages proportionate to their services. They ask not as beggars, but as brave and manly soldiers who have deserved well of their country and done honor to their State. They ask only what they deem fair and just. We trust that their rightful claim will not be overlooked, but will be promptly and fully satisfied.

## The Veteran Flags.

Hon. Henry B. Harrison of New Haven, proposed in the House of Representatives a resolution directing that the battle-torn and battle-hallowed flags of our brave regiments, be most sacredly and tenderly preserved and used only on public occasions of great solemnity or importance.

It was passed unanimously and heartily. The representatives of the people sincerely feel that these war-scarred banners are priceless proofs of past and pledges of future valor and fidelity to the Republic.

## The Veteran and his Rifle.

The veteran's rifle is his companion—his trusty friend—almost as his right hand—a part of his being. The veteran and his rifle might not be separated. The Government should permit each to take home his own. It could devise no expression of high appreciation so appropriate and so gratifying to the gallant soldier. It is the cheapest method of storage and repair. It is the easiest and best mode of distribution for the future, because the Government, in any sudden peril, will be sure to find veteran and rifle—still inseparable and just where both are most needed for the defense of the nation.

## Twenty-Fifth Regiment Conn. Vols.

The Twenty-Fifth Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, was recruited wholly from the Counties of Hartford and Tolland, during the fall of 1862. Several companies forming the nucleus of the battalion, reported at Camp Halleck, Hartford, early in September, 1862, but its organization as a regiment dates from the 11th of the ensuing November, at which time it was formally accepted and mustered into the service of the United States.

The following list shows the roster of its officers as it then stood, together with the changes which occurred during its term of service:

### FIELD AND STAFF.

George P. Bissell, Colonel.  
Daniel H. Stevens, Lieut. Colonel, resigned.  
Mason C. Weld, Captain, (Co. A.) promoted to be Lieut. Colonel.  
Moses E. St. John, Major, resigned.  
Thomas McManus, Adjutant; promoted Major.  
Henry C. Ward, 1st Sergt. (Co. A.); promoted Adjutant.  
John S. Ives, Quartermaster.  
Alden Skinner, Surgeon; died in hospital, Baton Rouge.  
William B. Woods, 1st Asst. Surgeon; promoted Surgeon.  
W. Horatio Goddard, 2d Asst. Surgeon; died in hospital in New York.  
George A. Oviatt, Chaplain; resigned.

### COMPANY A.

Mason C. Weld, Captain; promoted Lieut. Col.  
Chas. L. Norton, 1st Lieut., promoted Captain.  
Leander Waterman, 2d Lieut.; promoted 1st Lieut.  
Daniel P. Dewey, Sergt., promoted 2d Lieut.; killed April 14th, 1863.  
Leander Waterman, 1st Lieut.; promoted Captain Co. E.  
William H. Parmelee, Sergt.; promoted 1st Lieut.  
George W. Hugg, Sergt.; promoted 2d Lieut.; (prisoner of war in Texas.)

### COMPANY B.

Arthur T. Hinckley, Captain.  
Henry A. Darling, 1st Lieut.  
Daniel B. Marshall, 2d Lieut.; resigned.  
William B. Oliver, Sergt.; promoted 2d Lieut.; killed April 14th, 1863.  
Frederick W. White, Sergt.; promoted 2d Lt.

### COMPANY C.

Samuel S. Hayden, Captain; killed April 14th, 1863.  
Horace B. Olmsted, 1st Lieut.; resigned.  
Richard W. Roberts, 2d Lieut.; promoted Captain.  
Alfred W. Converse, Sergt.; promoted 1st Lt.

Benjamin F. Turner, Sergt. (Co. G.); promoted 2d Lieut.

### COMPANY D.

George H. Foskett, Captain.  
Oscar W. Sanford, 1st Lieut.  
George Brennan, 2d Lieut.

### COMPANY E.

Newton P. Johnson, Captain; died in hospital, New Orleans.  
Almon C. Banning, 1st Lieut.; wounded and resigned.  
Edward Pinneo, 2d Lieut.; resigned.  
Leander Waterman, 1st Lieut. (Co. A.) promoted Captain.

Robert E. Duncan, Sergt.; promoted 1st Lieut.

### COMPANY F.

George H. Wapheys, Captain.  
Henry Kimball, 1st Lieut.; resigned.  
Henry H. Goodell, 2d Lieut.; promoted to 1st Lieut.

### COMPANY G.

Charles H. Talcott, Captain.  
Hezekiah Bissell, 1st Lieut.  
Charles Avery, 2d Lieut.; (prisoner of war in Texas.)

### COMPANY H.

William H. Abbey, Captain.  
Dwight M. Ensworth, 1st Lieut.  
Benoni E. Buck, 2d Lieut.; resigned.  
Charles Clapp, Sergt.; promoted 2d Lieut., died in hospital, Baton Rouge.  
John M. Brown, Corp. (Co. G.); promoted 2d Lieut.

### COMPANY I.

Burritt Darrow, Captain; resigned.  
Hiram M. Harkness, 1st Lieut.; promoted Captain.  
Isaac W. Beach, 2d Lieut.; promoted 1st Lieut.  
William E. Simmonds, Sergt. Major; promoted 2d Lieut.

### COMPANY K.

William F. Silloway, Captain.  
Henry A. Kippen, 1st Lieut.  
Seneca L. Gorham, 2d Lieut.

### NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

William E. Simmonds, Sergt. Major; promoted 2d Lieut. Co. I.  
Thomas L. Porter, Q. M. Sergt.  
James H. Corrin, Com. Sergt.; transferred to Corps d'Afrique.  
William McGill, Hospital Steward.  
Charles Ulrich, Sergt. Major.  
Edward Hills, Com. Sergt.

On the 14th of November, the Regiment sailed from Hartford, and the following day encamped on the Centreville Race Course, Long Island, laying out their camp and holding dress parade the same evening, after making the distance from





Williamsburg in heavy marching order, a performance by no means discreditable to raw recruits.

Being assigned to what was then known as the "Banks Expedition," it remained in camp awaiting transportation for several weeks, temporarily brigaded with the 23d, 24th, 26th and 28th Conn. Col. Bissell being in command of the post.

On the 29th of November, five companies, under Colonel Bissell, embarked in the "Mary A. Boardman," and after a long and tempestuous voyage, touching at Tortugas, and Ship Island, arrived safely at their destination; disembarked at Baton Rouge, on the 17th of December, and participated in the capture of that place. The enemy evacuated the town under the fire of our gun-boats.

In the early part of December, four more companies, Lieut. Col. Stevens commanding, sailed on the "Empire City," and landing at Carrollton, La., there went into camp. Through some misunderstanding at headquarters, they were not permitted to join the rest of the regiment at Baton Rouge.

The remaining company, together with a few stragglers, under Major St. John, reported at the Park Barracks, N. Y., by order Col. Almy, and finally embarked the 18th of December, on the "Merrimac." After a week's delay at Hilton Head, occasioned by the breaking of machinery, it reached Carrollton, where, with the few companies already arrived, it proceeded up the river, rejoining the headquarters the 10th of Jan., 1863.

During the two following months, the regiment remained in camp at Baton Rouge, but they were not months of idleness. Picket and outpost duty, systematic drilling and work on the defences of the place fully occupying the time. That portion of the field-works known as "Fort Paine," was constructed by it, as also several bridges. With battalion drill twice a day, and brigade drill once a week, the 25th soon acquired a proficiency which earned for it the reputation of being the best of the new regiments, and caused it fairly to compete with some of the veterans. For cleanliness of camp and excellent order, it was particularly noted, so much so, that it was the special subject of compliment by the Medical Department, and Gen. Grover himself took occasion to remark that "there was not another camp so well arranged in the whole Department of the Gulf."

The 25th was at first brigaded under Colonel (now Brig.-Gen.) Halbert E. Paine, 4th Wisconsin, but subsequently became a part of the 3d Brigade, 4th Division, consisting of the 13th Conn., 26th Mass., 25th Conn., and 159th N. Y., commanded by Col. (now Brig.-Gen.) Henry W. Birge, of the 13th Conn.

With the 10th of March, the field service of the regiment commenced. Colonel Bissell being ordered to proceed with his regiment, two companies of cavalry, and one section of artillery, to the Bayou Monte Sayno, a narrow stream, six miles from Baton Rouge, hold both its banks, as well as two roads a mile apart, and cover the construction of a bridge preparatory to the general advance. This was happily accomplished with the loss of but one killed, Rockwell, of Co. I.

On the 13th began the advance of what is

known as the first Port Hudson Expedition. Skirmishing slowly up to within a short distance of the enemy's works, lying on our arms the night of the 14th, while our gun-boats went by, watching the blazing hull of the ill-fated "Mississippi," as she floated slowly down the stream, and on the 15th falling back to our old position on the Bayou Monte Sayno. Bivouacuing for a few days on the banks of the Mississippi, the regiment returned to Baton Rouge.

Towards the close of March, Grover's Division left Baton Rouge, landing at Donaldsonville. Thence by a three day's march down the west bank of the La Fourche to Thibodaux, and thence by rail to Bayou Boeuf. There they went into camp for a few days, being the last time the 25th enjoyed the luxury of tents during the remainder of its term of service. Soon marching down to Brashear City, on the 11th they embarked on the "St. Marys." Sailing up through Berwick Bay and Grand Lake to a point near its junction with the Bayou Teche, a landing was effected early on the morning of the 15th of April. The enemy offering but a slight resistance with a few pieces of light artillery.

After some skirmishing through the woods the rebels fell back across the Teche, setting fire to the bridge over which they passed, but by the strenuous exertions of the slaves on the adjacent plantations, and the rapid advance of the Union force, two of these were saved, and the Division crossing, bivouacued for the night in line of battle. Before day-break, the morning of the 14th, the march was renewed, five companies of the 25th leading the advance as skirmishers. About sunrise the enemy was first desecured, a few shots from a wood on the right of the skirmish line giving notice of their proximity. As the firing became more rapid, the skirmishers gradually swung round, fronting the woods, the rest of the regiment advancing to their support. Then the 26th Me. was ordered up, and soon the whole Brigade was warmly engaged. It was the first time the 25th had been under fire, but it betrayed no signs of faltering; the men stood up to their work like veterans, incited by the noble example of their Col., who utterly regardless of his own safety, passed from end to end of the line, encouraging and inciting them to deeds of bravery. Suddenly the enemy made a determined push for the two guns brought into action on the right. Pushing forward a heavy column of Texans under cover of some thick brush, they suddenly appeared on our flank. The guns at once limbered up and went to the rear under a cross-fire of the severest kind, and the 25th, with five companies, still in skirmish line, was ordered to draw off, and unmask the 91st N. Y. in line of battle behind them, and re-form in full line of battle—a formation which, as it led as skirmishers it had not yet assumed. This being done, the enemy were soon forced to abandon the open field and take to the cover of the woods, and the 25th closing up its shattered columns, moved to the support of the 13th Conn. which, while this was going on, on the right, had pushed forward on the left, driving the rebels from their position and capturing a caisson and battery flag. The woods were soon cleared, the enemy retreating under cover of the fire of the gun-boat "Diana." But the rapid advance of the

Union forces under Gen. Weitzel on the other side of the Teche soon compelled them to blow up their gun-boats, abandon their position and commence a rapid retreat.

Thus ended the battle of Irish Bend. The 25th lost severely, as record of their killed and wounded shows. Some of its bravest officers were placed *hors du combat*.

#### Killed.

Capt. Samuel S. Hayden, (C.); 2d Lieut. Daniel P. Dewey, (A.); Privates Abner S. Brooks, (D.); Edward P. Prindle, (E.); Samuel A. Lawton, (E.); Jonas G. Holden, (F.); Henry D. Wright, (I.)

#### Wounded.

Captains, George H. Foskitt, (D.); Hiram W. Harkness, (I.); 1st Lieuts. Leander Waterman, (A.); Almon C. Banning, (E.); 2d Lieut. Wm. Oliver, (B.); (died of wounds received.)

Co. A—1st Sergt. Geo. H. Goodwin; Corps. Geo. H. Forbes, Wm. B. Keyes; Privates John D. Harger, Chas. Arnold, Samuel L. Otis, Ira A. Baldwin.

Co. B—Corps. Henry A. Spaulding, William G. Bruce; Privates — Brown, Wm. F. DeWolf, — Stevens, Aralzia Westland, William Wait, Wm. A. Waters.

Co. C—Corp. Benj. F. Wilcox; Privates Oliver Giddings, Martin Haley, John N. Clemens, John Terhoon, James L. Hodge, Thomas C. Hancock, — Button, Leonard Schaffer.

Co. D—1st Sergt. Ephraim K. Taft; Corporals Alonzo L. Howard, Albro Wiess; Privates John R. Aldrich, John Gray, Joseph Allen, Wm. G. Faulkner, James H. Adams, Abraham Stone, Francis Allen, Alfred Close, Zebulon Gray, Daniel Webster, James D. Fenton, Pennel Eddy, I. A. Frink.

Co. E—Privates Alfred A. Phelps, William Wilson, Alexander Patterson, Leverett Emmons, Wm. Muher, Chas. E. Twining, Francis Messenger, Nelson W. Pierce, John McCauley.

Co. F—Sergt. Chas. D. Grover, (died of wounds); Corps. Arthur A. Hyde, John Thompson.

Co. G—Privates Charles F. Bissell, (died.) Wm. House, William Moffitt, Orrin G. Hollister.

Co. H—Corps. Justus R. Stevens, John H. Hunt, (died.) Privates — Walker, Geo. B. Clark, Truman Foot, Nichols W. Cutter.

Co. I—Sergt. Geo. H. Grant; Corp. Charles S. Cook; Private D. Lewis.

Co. K—Isaac G. Hartson, Richard E. Rose, Geo. D. Buck, L. E. Webster, Wm. E. Morgan.

#### Prisoners.

Co. A—Francis W. Munn, John Holt.

Co. B—Sergt. Henry W. Coye.

Co. C—Sergt. George H. Snow; Private John Sarsfield.

Co. D—Privates Dwight S. Leonard, T. P. Fenton, Leander Duncan.

Co. H—Private William Daley.

On the 15th, the different divisions of the army having united, the pursuit was commenced. With the details of this toilsome march, the public are already sufficiently well acquainted. Briefly, however, may it be reviewed as embodying a portion of the history of the twenty-fifth. Following up the retreating foe to New Iberia on the Teche, near which extensive salt works were destroyed; thence to the Bayou Vermillion, where the rebels made a brief stand, securing the crossing of their





panic-stricken columns and then burning the bridge; thence through Opelousas, the rebel capital, to Barres Landing where a halt was made for a few days while the cotton, sugar and molasses were gathered in from the adjacent district, and secured for the service of Government. Here, also, the twenty-fifth, for the first and only time during its term of service, was paid off. More than \$19,000 were expressed home by the men of the regiment as the result of their six month's earnings.

From Barres Landing the march was continued through Washington, generally in a line parallel to that of the Atchafalaya, upon Alexandria on the Red River. When within ten or eleven miles of the town, news having been received of its capture the day previous, by our naval forces, the army advanced no farther. Thence turning in an easterly direction, it partially retraced its steps, striking the Atchafalaya at Semmesport, May 19th.

On the 21st of May, Grover's Division embarking in transports, descended the Mississippi, and effecting a landing at Bayou Sara, immediately pushed forward to some distance on the Port Hudson road, the twenty-fifth being employed till morning, unloading the transports of ammunition and supplies.

On the 22d, moving through St. Francisville, after a short march the enemy's outposts were met at Thompson's Creek. The 25th were ordered to the front. Deploying as skirmishers, with four companies in reserve, it crossed the stream, and forcing the enemy from their position bivouaced for the night on the open plain, covering the head of the column. The next morning the march was resumed, the 25th still leading the advance as skirmishers over about as difficult ground as skirmishers ever trod. Climbing up through the ravines, dragging its way through cane and brake, torn by briar and bramble, wet to the skin by the dripping foliage, for it had rained heavily the preceding night, the miseries of that morning may be better imagined than described. After a few miles march, the advanced cavalry of Gen. Augur's Division, which had ascended the river from Baton Rouge, was met, and a junction of the Union forces effected, thus completely surrounding Port Hudson and effectually precluding either relief from being carried within, or the enemy escaping without.

Sunday, the 24th, the general advance commenced. On every side our forces pushed steadily forward, through the dense forests, forcing back the enemy at all points, and capturing the advanced outposts and redoubts outside the main line of his defences. The next morning the rebels having made a sudden attack on the centre of our lines, driving the regiment there stationed, in considerable confusion from its position, the 25th was ordered up to clear the woods. This it did after a brief but sharp engagement, repulsing the attack, and chasing the enemy through the entire piece of woods into his rifle pits on the other side. For its excellent conduct on this occasion, the regiment received the thanks of Col. Birge.

On the 27th, the 3d Brigade of Grover's Div. was ordered to the right, to support Gen. Weitzel. On reaching the ground, the 159th N. Y. and 25th, Major Burt, of the former regiment commanding, were ordered to carry a redoubt on the north-east

angle of the enemy's works. Advancing under a severe cross-fire through a ravine waist-deep in water, forcing its way over a most difficult abatis, the column halted at the foot of the slope leading up to the redoubt. This it carried, capturing the outposts and rifle pits, together with their occupants. But beyond, and between the column and the redoubt lay an impenetrable ravine, forming a natural ditch. After twice vainly essaying to cross in the face of a tremendous fire, the attempt was abandoned, and the two regiments lay on the position they had carried, till ten P. M., when they were withdrawn under cover of darkness. Bivouacing for the night in the edge of the woods, in the morning the enemy having got the range opened upon the 25th a severe fire, killing and wounding several. The regiment was then withdrawn and rejoined the Brigade. The men were thoroughly exhausted, having eaten nothing for forty hours. They had been since the 24th constantly under fire, and now, for the first time in six days, were able to remove their belts. In this affair, the 25th suffered a loss of five killed, and twenty-two wounded.

#### Killed.

Sergt. Robert Buckley, Co. K.; Corp. Ira B. Addis, Co. C; Privates Erskine Wallace, Co. F; Archibald Wilson, Co. A; William Porter, Co. C.

#### Wounded.

1st Lieuts. A. W. Converse, Co. C; D. W. Ensworth, Co. C.

Co. A—Private William H. Smith.

Co. C— " James Dixon.

Co. D—Privates Joseph R. Washburn, Jeremiah Guinney, Henry McKinney.

Co. E—Sergeant M. H. Carrier; Corp. Julius Weed; Privates Edward Sperry, S. T. Cook, Geo. Taylor, John Sydenham, Pat. Farley, P. McAuliffe.

Co. F—Corps. Harlow Spencer, Wallace S. Talcott, (since died of wounds.)

Co. H—Privates T. Foote, Norman Whitman.

Co. I—Corp. Orrin Tuttle.

Co. K—Private John Porter.

May we not in passing, be permitted to speak of the brave Robert Buckley, Sergt. Co. K, who fell while rescuing the colors of a sister State. At the time when both regiments were driven back under that most destructive fire that swept the ravine, the standard bearer of the 159th N. Y., was killed, and the colors left upon the field. Buckley hearing of it, without a word, sprang forward again into the deadly storm of missiles, and picking up the flag brought it safely in, but turning to take up his gun which he had laid down, received the fatal ball in his breast. With but a groan, his spirit passed away. Noble, generous, and brave, his death cast a deep gloom over the regiment. As a soldier he lived, and as a true soldier he fell.

"Like the day-star in the wave,

Sinks the hero in his grave,

'Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears."

From the 28th of May till the 4th of June, the regiment was stationed on the right of our line, employed in the usual routine of siege service, furnishing heavy working parties for the trenches, and attending in rifle pits with the 159th N. Y., three days and nights at a time. So worn down and enfeebled by disease and hard labor had it become, that on one occasion during that memora-

ble siege, the morning report showed but 96 effective men, and six officers for duty. At this time, too, the Surgeon was detached to take charge of the Linwood Hospital, and for some time the regiment was left without medical attendance of its own, the Asst. Surgeon having been ordered to the Hospital at Baton Rouge.

On the 14th of June, a final assault was made on the enemy's works from all the lines of approach. In this assault the 25th participated, being ordered from the right wing to the support of the column, charging from the centre of our lines. Though placed on the reserve, it was soon called into action, and shared in the horrors of that day. Its own loss, however, was but slight, none being killed, and but seventeen being wounded.

#### Wounded.

2d Lieuts. George Brennan, Co. D; W. E. Simonds, Co. I.

Co. B—Private William Taylor.

Co. C—Privates Wellington Jackson, John Cahill, George Nelson, William Hardie.

Co. D—John Holthausen, Madison Willis, Brown Marble.

Co. E—Corp. Alex. Patterson, Private J. E. Goodrich.

Co. G—Sergt. Nathan Willey; Corp. Charles Barber.

Co. H—James A. Richardson.

Co. I—Philo Stevens.

Co. K—Sergt. George E. Terry.

Soon after the unsuccessful assault of the 14th, Gen. Banks issued an order, calling for a thousand volunteers to storm the enemy's works. From the 25th there volunteered, Capt. Chas. L. Norton, Co. A, (Col. Birge's staff;) Adjutant H. C. Ward; 1st Lieut. H. H. Goodell, Co. F; Sergt. Major Chas. F. Ulrick; Private Saml. Schlesinger, Co. F; John Williams Co. H; Eli Hull, Co. B. Fortunately the services of the "stormers" were not put in requisition, for on the 8th of July Fort Hudson surrendered.

On the 11th, Grover's Division was ordered to Donaldsonville, where the rebels, under Green, had been hotly pressing the little garrison of "Fort Butler." After two or three days of heavy skirmishing, in which the 25th was not engaged, the enemy abandoning the place, retreating to Brashear City and thence crossing over to Franklin.

With this ends the active service of the 25th. It remained at Donaldsonville, Col. Bissell being in command of the Brigade, till the 29th of July, when it was ordered to Carrollton. The convalescents slowly rejoined from the different hospitals, and on the 8th of Aug. it embarked on the "Thomas R. Scott," arriving safely at Hartford the 17th of Aug. On the 26th, it was paid off and mustered out of the service.

We have now briefly traced the career of the 25th from its organization, Nov., 1862, to its disbanding, Aug., 1863. Few regiments, if any, during the same period, can show as bright a record. Leaving Hartford with 811 men, it returned with a few over 500, and but twenty-three out of its original thirty-nine officers. Four times did it stand in the fore front of battle; twice was it assigned the post of honor; for more than two months it picketed the outposts, and in the Teche campaign marched over 500 miles.





In concluding our history of the regiment, we would fain offer a feeble tribute to the memory of its illustrious dead. We would speak of the Christian Hayden, who endured faithful to the end; of the impetuous Oliver, binding a handkerchief about his wound, and refusing to leave the bloody field; of the gentle Dewey, whose notes of music are ever singing in our ears; of the brave Buckley, whose heroic soul outstepped the bounds of prudence. Would that our words of sympathy and regard were at all adequate to our feelings, but alas! they are broken vessels; they hold not the depths of our wishes. Their memory is blessed. Their rest is sweet.

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest?"

By fairy hands their knell is rung;  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honor comes a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

### Recollections of Army Life in the 27th Connecticut.

#### VI.

While the paroled prisoners of the 27th are enjoying as best they can, the illness and discontent of Convalescent Camp, let us return in thought to the wilds of Chancellorsville, and from those scenes of the third of May, follow the little band which still remains at the front to bear our flag to victory on the heights of Gettysburg. Eight companies were captured on that memorable May morning, but D and F having been detached for picket and skirmish duty elsewhere, escaped this unexpected misfortune, and fell back with the main army, when Gen. Hooker retired to his new line of battle. It will be remembered that when the regiment went down to the picket line that Sabbath morning, the colors remained behind by order of Gen. Brooke. Although the rifle pits were now entirely deserted, the color guard, having no orders to leave, maintained their position until ten A. M., much of the time under a severe shelling. At that hour they were ordered back, and soon after rejoined the remnants of the command.

The conflict of the morning terminated at 11 o'clock, and, with the exception of a feeble demonstration by Jackson's forces in the afternoon, the remainder of the day passed in comparative quiet. Meanwhile Hooker had contracted his lines, and the army was now massed within a nearly equilateral triangle, its base resting upon the Rappahannock. The 11th and 12th Corps occupied the side facing Fredericksburg. On the side looking toward the Rapidan were the 1st, 3d, and 5th, while our 2d Corps was formed in four compact lines at the angle, which was open ground about a two-story white house, on the Ely's Ford road, near its junction with that to United States Ford. This was a strong position, favorable for artillery, and justly regarded as the most important in the whole line. The 27th held a position to the left of the white house, where Gen. Hooker now had his headquarters. Such continued to be the situation of the army during

the succeeding two days. The enemy seemed disinclined to venture a general attack, but occasionally shelled our intrenchments as if to reassure themselves that Hooker was still there. Affairs could not remain long in this doubtful state. The golden opportunity to crush the rebels when the thunder of Sedgwick's cannon, advancing from Fredericksburg, filled the breezes with the murmuring notes of success, had passed, and now every hour of delay added to the swelling torrent of the Rappahannock, threatening to sweep away the feeble threads which connected the army with its supplies.

Monday evening, May 4th, Gen. Hooker held a council of war, which decided that it was best to withdraw the army the following night. Accordingly, eight o'clock, Tuesday evening, was the hour fixed upon, but the troops did not begin to move until after midnight, in consequence of a heavy storm, which carried away some of the bridges. The 27th remained under arms all night, in the rain, with orders to be ready to start at any moment. At length, at four in the morning of May 6th, the regiment fell back with the rest of the Brigade, re-crossed at United States Ford, and after a march of twelve hours, arrived at the old camp near Falmouth. The 64th N. Y. were found quietly ensconced in the few huts, which the scavengers of Falmouth had left standing, and demurred somewhat at leaving their grateful shelter, but finally recognized the prior claim of the 27th. After a few days the regiment changed its camp to a more healthy location two miles further back from the river. The losses of Hooker's campaign had reduced our numbers from nearly four hundred men to one hundred and sixty, embracing D and F, and small squads of other companies, the whole under command of the senior officer, Captain Joseph R. Bradley, of Company F. Dress parades took place as usual, and duty at the old picket line on the Rappahannock was resumed, bearing very heavily upon our diminished ranks. Occasionally the rebel pickets shouted across the river to know where the 27th Connecticut had gone, and in the same breath gave the answer, "to picket around Richmond." On the 13th of May, several of our wounded men came over from Fredericksburg, having been nine days in the rebel hospitals.

After the battle of Chancellorsville, Gen. D. N. Couch, the Corps Commander, was relieved at his own request, and our Division General, W. S. Hancock, justly characterized as the very impersonation of war, succeeded to the command, which he has continued to hold until within a few months. As soon as possible after the return of our commissioned officers from Richmond, a part were exchanged, and Lieut. Col. Merwin, Maj. Coburn, and Lieuts. Frank Chapman, Eudiet, Rice, Muhler and Cross rejoined the regiment on the 11th of June. The Lieut. Col. took command of the battalion, now consisting of three companies, an additional one having been formed from the remnants of the captured companies, and placed under command of Captain Jedediah Chapman.

#### GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN.

The result of the battle of Chancellorsville determined General Lee to carry out his cherished

plan of invading the North. Hooker's position in front of Fredericksburg being unfavorable for attack, the rebel chief early in June began a series of movements with the view of drawing him away from the river. Leaving Hill's Corps in the works at Fredericksburg to keep up appearances, he concentrated Ewell's, Longstreet's and Hood's forces at Culpepper Court House, near the upper waters of the Rappahannock, and about the middle of June pushed forward rapidly into the Shenandoah Valley, and either captured or defeated the feeble Union force opposing his march. Meanwhile, Hooker's watchful eye was upon him, and the Sixth Corps crossed the river just below Fredericksburg to determine the strength and intentions of the rebels. A few days later, several Army Corps broke camp and started off in the direction of Warrenton, for the purpose of watching the movements of the enemy, and covering the approaches to Washington, while on the 9th, the cavalry inflicted a severe blow upon Jeb. Stuart's troops, who were gathering in strong force at Kelly's Ford, twenty-five miles above Falmouth, intending to sweep with destruction the fertile fields of Pennsylvania.

The 2d Corps was the last to leave the line of the Rappahannock. On the 8th of June, the 27th Conn. received orders to be ready to march at any time, with three day's rations, and continued in this waiting posture until the 14th inst., when the final orders came, and at three P. M., the regiment with the rest of the Brigade acting as rear guard to the Corps, moved up the river to Bank's Ford, relieved our pickets, reconnoitered the enemy and retired toward Stafford Court House. This little hamlet was left behind in flames. For several days, the Corps followed the roads near the Potomac, passing through Dumfries, Occoquan and Fairfax Station, and arrived at Centreville on the 19th. The route now turned still farther to the left, crossing the old Bull Run battle field, which had witnessed the decision of two campaigns. Time had not effaced the evidences of those disastrous days. Silently the troops moved over the field, and the thoughts of many a one among the older regiments and of some in our own, hurried back to those scenes with impressive distinctness, as the bleached bones of the fallen, or the rubbish of battle lay scattered along the roadside. After a severe march of twenty miles, in the rain, the regiment arrived at ten in the evening of June 20th, at Thoroughfare Gap, a wide gorge in the Blue Ridge. The intensely exhausting march from Falmouth, made the four days of comparative rest at the Gap exceedingly welcome. Here the troops were occupied in picketing the pass in order to prevent the enemy from crossing the mountains. Meanwhile to the north, Stuart and Pleasanton were once more on the charge at Aldie, Upperville and Middleburg, and their muffled cannonade echoed among these hills and pleasant valleys, surely not unused to the sound, repeating itself again and again, as if from as many different directions.

June 25th, the regiment fell in at an early hour, ready to fight, or march, as circumstances might require, for the rebels were approaching with malicious intent to capture the Corps' beef cattle, and sharp picket firing indicated the possible necessity of adopting the former alternative. But





after remaining a while in line of battle, with no serious demonstration on the part of the enemy, the Corps advanced on the road to the Potomac, and at midnight of the 25th crossed at Edward's Ferry. The next three days were passed in continuous marching up the Valley of the Monocacy River, through many quiet Maryland villages, among them Poolesville, Frederick City, Liberty, Johnsville and Uniontown.

Thus far the army had been manoeuvred so as to cover Washington and Baltimore, and now as the rebel plans became more apparent, General Meade, who had recently superseded Gen. Hooker, directed a concentration of his forces in the vicinity of Gettysburg. The 1st Corps held the advance, followed by the 11th, and on Wednesday morning, July 1st, drove the enemy's skirmishers through the town. Gen. Reynolds in command of the Corps, without hesitation, moved forward to the attack, and met death while bravely posting his troops on the heights beyond. The rebels fell back slowly in order to give time for Ewell's men to come to their aid, and this being accomplished, they were more than a match for the combined 1st and 11th, with whose now united columns rests the decision of the day. At three in the afternoon, the enemy thus re-enforced, took the offensive and compelled Gen. Howard, now in command, to withdraw his troops to the south of the town, and the close of the day left him securely intrenched on Cemetery Hill.

While these scenes were taking place around Gettysburg, the 27th Connecticut, with its Corps, leisurely moved up to Taneytown, just below the Pennsylvania State line. Here the troops rested a few hours, unconscious that the first of a trio of glorious battle days was already in progress. But soon the ominous notes of Howard's and Ewell's cannon strike on the ear, and add new emphasis to the call from the front for re-enforcements. Preceded by Gen. Hancock, the Corps advanced rapidly to within three miles of Gettysburg, and were occupied until midnight in throwing up intrenchments. At early dawn, July 2d, the Brigades moved forward to take the place assigned them in the line of battle. Already the fitful fire of opposing pickets and skirmishers can be heard in the distance, with the occasional boom of heavy ordnance. The shock of battle, which is to determine the fate of the rebel invasion, will at farthest be postponed but a few hours. Just before arriving into position, and while the troops were resting under arms, the commander of our Brigade assembled the officers and briefly reminded them of the desperate character of the emergency, and urged the importance and necessity of devoting every energy to ensure the successful issue of the conflict.

In order to understand the various positions of the 27th during the action, let us briefly sketch the line of battle as adopted by Gen. Hancock, and along which the several Corps were arranged, as they arrived on the field. Three important roads, the Emmetsburg, Taneytown, and Baltimore Turnpike, converge in Gettysburg from the south. At their junction just below the town is the natural key of the position, the now historic Cemetery Hill. This elevation forms the northern end of a ridge prolonged about four miles almost exactly due south, near to and parallel

with the Taneytown road, gradually diminishing in altitude until it almost loses itself in the surrounding level, then rises again into the forest-crowned Little Round Top, or Weed's Hill, and terminates in the yet higher ascent of rocky Round Top itself. Beginning on the left at Round Top, the Union line extends northward in nearly a straight course along Cemetery Ridge, and at Cemetery Hill bends back to the east in the general form of a half circle, with a radius of three fourths of a mile, Culp's Hill and several minor eminences lying in the circumference; and the extreme right, crossing Rock Creek, which flows at the base of these heights, rests upon the woody summit of Wolf's Hill. The rebel forces occupied a series of heights corresponding to these, with an intervening belt of comparatively level and open country from one to two miles in width.

The forenoon of Thursday, July 2d, passed with no demonstration on either side. The hostile forces are rapidly marshaling on the opposite ridges. In the Union line the 12th Corps holds the eminences near Rock Creek, on the right; next is the 1st on Culp's Hill, then the 11th at the centre on Cemetery Hill, while along Cemetery Ridge are successively drawn up the 2d, 3d, and 5th, with the 6th in reserve near the Taneytown road. The 27th Connecticut was stationed about a mile and a half south of Cemetery Hill, in the line occupied by our 2d Corps on the left centre. Here the regiment remained nearly all day in quiet preparation for the conflict, which threatened at any moment to mar that peaceful landscape of thrifty farm houses, and waving harvests.

Early in the afternoon, the 3d Corps, on the left of the 2d, advanced down the western slope of Cemetery Ridge, through woods and an extensive wheatfield, almost to the Emmetsburg road, which winds through the narrow valley, separating the hostile forces. Just beyond, Longstreet is forming his brigades, and at four o'clock, preceded by a brief cannonade, their gray ranks sweep out from woods and ravines, and once more is heard that strange, wild yell as they throw themselves forward upon the thin line of the 3d Corps. But before the storm of grape and canister from Cemetery Ridge, they quickly fall back to organize anew their broken columns. Meanwhile re-enforcements from the 5th and 2d Corps moved rapidly to the scene of action. Once more in still heavier masses the enemy advance to the charge. The 27th, with the rest of the 1st Division, are hurried forward through fields and by-roads, to support the faltering line. As the regiment enters the wheat-field, already referred to, the broken remains of the 3d Corps, are slowly retiring to the rear. A few steps more bring the men under the full sweep of the enemy's fire. Lieut. Col. Merwin falls while leading the command with his accustomed bravery. Under Major Coburn, the line still presses forward at double quick, through the wheat-field and woods beyond, driving the rebels a quarter of a mile across a ravine, which on the further side rises into a precipitous ledge. The men with much difficulty clambered up the rocky steep, but as they appeared upon the crest of the hill, the enemy drawn up in readiness just beyond,

within pistol range, opened upon them a withering fire. The contest at this point continued for some minutes. Planting the colors upon the top, the men loaded their pieces under shelter of the brow of the hill, then rising up delivered their fire. Taking advantage of the exposed position of the right flank of our brigade, the enemy advanced a body of troops in that direction, and Gen. Brooke at length ordered our shattered line to fall back.

Thus with varying success the battle raged from four P. M. until dark. Now the feeble line of the 3d Corps trembles before the fierce onset of the foe and retires, contesting the ground inch by inch; but the irresistible onslaught of re-enforcements soon turns the tide. Again the rebels push back the Union troops almost to the original lines on Cemetery Ridge, and again are themselves repulsed before the concentrated fire of our artillery aiding the charge of a brigade of infantry.

The conflict on the left wing terminated at dark, leaving the enemy in possession of the wheat-field. No attack had yet been made upon other parts of the line, but as the day closed a division, deploying from the edge of the town, made a brief and desperate, but fruitless assault upon the batteries posted on Cemetery Hill. And still further to the right, the enemy, observing that the larger part of the forces on Culp's Hill, had been drawn off to meet pressing emergencies elsewhere, crossed Rock Creek and, charging up the woody slope, secured a lodgment for the night in the unoccupied portion of the works. Such was the general result of the day's fighting.

The 27th went into action with seventy-five men, all that could be mustered for duty after an active service of not quite nine months. At the camps of paroled prisoners, the Richmond voyagers of our regiment, though not permitted to rejoin the command, yet in thought followed their comrades through all the vicissitudes of march and battle, which attended them. At five P. M. that little band of seventy-five men formed for the charge at the edge of the wheat-field. At dark thirty-eight were numbered among the casualties, ten killed, among them Lieut. Col. Merwin, and Capt. Jedediah Chapman; twenty-three wounded and five missing. One of the latter, when Lee's army retreated, was marched by his captors from Gettysburg to Staunton, Va., one hundred and eighty miles, and thence transported by railroad to Richmond. After a six weeks experience on Belle Island, he was paroled and returned home so emaciated and worn down by hardship as to be almost beyond recognition even by members of his own company.

At the close of the action in front of the left wing, the 27th was assigned a new position in the line of battle, about midway on the ridge between Cemetery Hill and Round Top. The regiment remained in this vicinity until the 2d Corps started in pursuit of Lee's army, three days later. Early the next morning, July 3d, the men were roused from sleep by a furious cannonade from batteries posted on Power's Hill, about half a mile to the rear. These dogs of war were paying their morning compliments to the rebels, who still occupied the works on the extreme right, which they had captured the pre-





vious evening. For an hour this thunder-toned reveille awoke the resting armies to the still fiercer drama of the last battle day. The infantry followed up this fiery prelude with a vigorous attack upon the rebel vantage ground, the importance of which seemed fully appreciated by both sides. The struggle continued with unabated resolution until nine o'clock, when the Union forces succeeded in dispossessing the enemy of this to them valuable point d'appui for future operations.

With the exception of a severe artillery fire, to which Gen. Meade's headquarters were subjected, the enemy attempted nothing further during the remainder of the forenoon. The 27th was busily engaged in throwing up intrenchments, gathering for this purpose rails and stones from neighboring fences, and in the absence of picks and shovels, using their bayonets and tin plates to heap up the earth. In his morning rounds Gen. Hancock visited the Brigade, and as he stood near by, conversing with our acting Brigadier, Col. Brooke, the latter called the General's attention to the little remnant of the 27th, alluding in strong terms of commendation to the conduct of the regiment in the action of the preceding afternoon. Turning to the men, Gen. Hancock said, "stand well to your duty now, and in a few days you will carry with you to your homes, all the honors of this the greatest battle ever fought upon the continent."

From eleven o'clock until one, only stifled mutterings of the impatient storm disturbed the quiet which reigned along the lines. The rebels were silently maturing their plans for the last grand charge, upon which they staked the fate of the invasion. Those were hours of indescribable suspense to the defenders of the Union, whether or no the sun would set upon a foe elated with victory and pressing onward to new conquests, or sullenly retiring in defeat. At one o'clock the combat began. From every commanding eminence in their concave line, the rebel artillery, numbering more than a hundred guns, opened a terrific cannonade, probably unsurpassed in violence during the whole war. For more than an hour this wild storm of shot and shell raged over the Union line from Round Top to Rock Creek. The infantry are partially sheltered behind intrenchments, while the cannoniers stand at their posts, replying occasionally to the bombardment, but reserving their fire for more decisive work, when the rebel forces advance to the assault. At length the cannonade slackens, to give way to the next act in the drama, the crisis of the tragedy. In full view two heavy lines of troops, the flower of the rebel army, with skirmishers in front, deploy from the woods and ridges beyond the Emmetsburg road. With the steadiness of hardened veterans they move forward to the attack. From Cemetery Ridge thousands of Union troops are watching their progress, for the assault is directed upon the left centre. On arriving at the road, the enemy opened a heavy musketry fire, and dashed rapidly forward across the level plain. The very moment they emerged from behind Seminary heights, the Union artillery met them with shell and solid shot, but now as they approach within easy range, their ranks are mercilessly raked with a

tempest of canister. Cemetery Hill is wreathed with flame from guns of thickly massed infantry, and the fringe of fire courses along the crest of the Ridge for two miles, as far as the rebel attack extended. Though temporarily checked, one division still marches on with desperate energy up to the very works. Only a weak line bars their progress, but reinforcements quickly arrive at the critical point, around which the contending hosts now struggle in one of the most hotly contested encounters of the battle. For a time the rebels bravely maintained their position, but clouds of missiles from Cemetery Hill tore into their ranks, while infantry crowd them vigorously in front and flank. At length, leaving the ground thickly strewn with killed and wounded, and multitudes as prisoners in the hands of the conquerors, the broken remnants roll back in wild confusion and disappear behind the hills from which they had sallied forth.

This last charge of the rebels took place just to the right of the position held by the 27th, which we have already referred to as being halfway between Round Top and Cemetery Hill. From the relation of the ground to the surrounding high land, the location of our brigade was regarded as one of the weakest in the line, and Gen. Hancock expressed the opinion that here the enemy would make his attack. Fortunately it proved otherwise, although for a time such a movement seemed imminent. Near the close of the action, a division massed in column advanced directly upon our front, but the reserve artillery quickly drove them back before they came within musketry range. The favorable termination of what was felt to be the last assault the rebels would make, produced a profound feeling of satisfaction. But one of the saddest of duties remained to be performed, to bury the dead, and gather the wounded into the hospitals. This work occupied the men during July 4th. On that day, Lee's army withdrew from this scene of inglorious defeat, and retired in a south-westerly direction.

In the afternoon of July 5th, the war-worn 27th with the 2d Corps, left those battle-scarred heights, the theatre of a costly but substantial triumph, which marks the turning point in the fortunes of the rebellion. For the next few days the march was directed toward the Potomac, following at first the Taneytown road. But slow progress was made in consequence of frequent rains and the thoroughly exhausted condition of the troops. The state of popular feeling along the route was in striking contrast with the dejected aspect of every countenance, when the army was on its way to Gettysburg. Now Frederick City put on its most smiling face. Flags were flung to the breeze, and the people gave an enthusiastic welcome to the regiments as they passed through in pursuit of Lee's army. Crossing the Blue Ridge and Antietam battle field July 10th, the 27th was once more in the vicinity of the enemy, who had retreated down the western slope of the mountains and were now in position at Williamsport on the Potomac, preparing to cross into Virginia. The sound of cannon in that direction informed us that they were but a short distance to the front, and while on the field of Antietam the brigade formed in line of battle as a precaution-

ary measure. The next day the rebel cavalry attacked the skirmish line, but quickly fell back before a severe shelling. In anticipation of further fighting, the men spent two nights and one day in building an elaborate line of intrenchments, but it proved to be labor lost, as the rebels retired on the night of the 14th to the south bank of the river. Immediately on ascertaining this fact, the 27th, with the brigade, was ordered down to Falling Waters, a short distance below Williamsport, and arrived there just in time to witness the capture of the enemy's rear guard, more than a thousand strong.

The invasion was now at an end, and as the last rebel left the soil of Maryland, the campaign of the 27th drew near to its close. Leaving Falling Waters, the regiment accompanied the 2d Corps down the Potomac to Harper's Ferry and went into camp at Pleasant Valley, about two miles distant. On the morning of July 18th, the 27th ceased its connection with the Army of the Potomac. In announcing this event, Col. Brooke, our Brigade Commander, issued the following general order:

HEADQUARTERS 4TH BRIG. 1ST DIV. 2D CORPS.,  
Camp in Pleasant Valley, Md., July 17, 1863. }

[General Order No. 9.]

The term of service of the 27th Conn. Vols. having nearly expired, it has been relieved from further duty, and ordered to report to its place of enrollment.

The Colonel commanding the brigade desires, in parting with the officers and men of the 27th Conn. to convey to them his sincere feelings of regret at losing their services; while he at the same time thanks them for the obedience and faithfulness which has been a marked feature of the regiment.

Knowing it intimately for so many months of active and arduous service—having been an eye-witness of its many deeds of gallantry, and of the noble devotion displayed by it on many a memorable day, during the time in which he has had the honor to command its services—he feels it a duty he owes—not only to the living heroes, but to the memory of those who have fallen in the field in battling in our righteous cause—to bear testimony to the valor and gallantry it has always displayed.

Side by side with the veterans of the Army of the Potomac, it has fought, and by the gallantry of its conduct, won for itself an enviable name and reputation; and which may well, in after years, cause all who belong to it to feel a pardonable pride in having it to say that they served with the 27th Connecticut.

By order COL. BROOKE  
CHAS. P. HATCH, Lieut. A. A. G.

With glad hearts the men formed in line at an early hour, and took the cars for Baltimore, after a parting salute to the Brigade, as it marched by on its way into Virginia. On the 20th the detachments of paroled men from Annapolis and Camp Convalescent arrived at Baltimore, and the whole regiment, now mustering about half the original number, started by railroad for New Haven. Once more we are entertained at the "Volunteer Refreshment Saloon," in Philadelphia, and, after a night's bivouac at the Battery in New York, arrived at the "place of enrollment" on the 22d





of July, 1863, exactly nine months from the date of departure for the field. We shall not attempt to describe the hearty enthusiasm and deep feeling of the reception which followed. That "glorious welcome home" will long be remembered by the soldiers of the 27th.

One of the most interesting features of the occasion was the reading of the following poem:

#### A Tribute of Welcome to the 27th C. V.

We'll fling to the breeze, our banner bright,  
America's emblem, of freedom and right,  
And rallying round the standard true,  
Shout a joyous welcome, brave patriots, to you.

Ye went forth from us, a loyal band,  
Firm on the side of right, to stand;  
Ye return, with hearts still brave and true,  
Then our warmest greeting, we give to you.

Ye return—but our tears will fall as ye come,  
For the mournful notes of the muffled drum,  
Are borne on the breeze over mountain and wave,  
As it beats the dirge, by your comrades' grave.

With the color "forward," ye marched proudly on,  
And your colors bright, to the front were borne—  
When the smoke of the battle had cleared away,  
Side by side with the "Veterans," your brave boys lay.

Through the summer's heat, and winter's cold,  
At your post ye stood, fearless and bold,  
And when on the field, 'mid the conflict dire,  
Ye did not "quail at the enemy's fire."

Oh! the road to Richmond hath altars bright,  
Where a "captive band," ye camped at night,  
And "Libby's" grim walls a record bears,  
Of the patriot's song, and the hero's prayers.

Now the toil is over, the march is done,  
And the wreath of laurel—ye've bravely won—  
We offer to you, and our welcome it breathes,  
For our prayers were twined, with its glossy leaves.

But ye're not here, and we'll look in vain,  
For the smiles that will greet us never again,  
And the quivering lips, and tearful eye,  
Mutely ask you, where ALL our treasures lie?

Some sleep where Virginia's waters flow,  
Murmuring their requiem soft and low,  
Others with fairest flowers, were drest,  
And close by the old homes laid to rest.

When the angel of Peace, with brooding wing,  
Shall fly o'er our land, and its anthem sing,  
With trembling fingers the strings she'll sweep,  
As she nears the spot, where our loved ones sleep.

Then a costly crown will our country wear,  
And bright the gems that shall sparkle there,  
She shall sit a Queen, peerless and free,  
And the graves of her heroes her glory be!

Still firmly stand, in God your trust,  
Till the rebel horde shall bite the dust;  
And the North and South, encircled be,  
With the bands of truth, and Liberty.

Fight on, till our starry flag of blue,  
Each glistening fold, to its purpose true,  
Shall wave, from wild Atlantic's roar,  
To the golden strands of Pacific's shore.

MINTA.

The regiment was mustered out of service July 27th, and with this act closed the eventful campaign of the 27th Connecticut Volunteers. During this brief campaign of nine months, the regiment performed marches in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, amounting to no less than five hundred miles, and participated in three of the great battles of the war, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, losing in killed and wounded in the first about one-third, and in the last, one-half, of those present in action. Many of our number, on their return re-enlisted in other organizations, and are still in the field, defending the same principles, which secured their active support in the disastrous days of 1862.

Below we give a classified statement of casualties, compiled from official records, premising that the original number of men in the regiment was eight hundred and twenty-nine.

WINTHROP.

#### Tabular Statement of Casualties during the Nine Months' Campaign of the 27th Regiment, C. V.

	KILLED.			WOUNDED.			DIED.		TAKEN PRISONER.			DISCHARGED.
	Fredericksburg.	Chancellorsville.	Gettysburg.	Fredericksburg.	Chancellorsville.	Gettysburg.	Of Disease.	Of Wounds.	Fredericksburg.	Chancellorsville.	Gettysburg.	
Field & Staff.												
Co. A.	2		1	5		1	5	1		4		8
Co. B.				7		1	3	4		38	1	7
Co. C.	1	1	1	10	1	1	3	3		27	1	9
Co. D.	2		5	11		10	3	4		2	1	7
Co. E.	4	1		4	3	1	1	1	1	29		5
Co. F.	1		2	17	1	6	1	2		6		5
Co. G.				3		3	1			25		
Co. H.	4	1	1	8	2		2		1	30	1	12
Co. I.	1			13	1		3	2		38	1	1
Co. K.	2			6			1			44		9
Total.	17	3	10	84	8	23	22	17	2	280	5	63

Killed, 30; wounded, 115. Total killed and wounded, 145. Deaths from wounds, 17. Total deaths by battle, 47. Deaths from disease, 22. Total deaths by battle and disease, 69. Taken prisoners, 287. Total casualties, 454. Discharged for disability, 63.

COL. JOHN E. WARD, late of the gallant 8th Infantry, has been appointed Executive Secretary of the Governor. His numerous friends find him to be still the same generous, frank and accomplished gentleman.

SERGT. MAJOR, W. H. ROOF, of the 12th Battalion, has been promoted to be 2d Lieut. It is very gratifying to record the advancement of a worthy soldier who is advanced steadily by his own unaided merit.

## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

### From the First Artillery.

ORDNANCE OFFICE, SIEGE ARTILLERY, }  
Fort Darling, James River, Va., May 7, 1865. }

MR. EDITOR:—I have not much news to write, but I may possibly interest some one. The Headquarters of the regiment are at this place. This is one of the most beautiful places it has been my fortune to encamp on since I've been in the service. It is on a high bluff, from which can be seen Richmond, and a most beautiful stretch of country. The James River can be seen winding along for miles. The fort and quarters are surrounded by shade trees of many different kinds; in fact, it is a grove. Under the trees are placed seats where one can take comfort in this warm weather. The quarters are the best we ever had, large and commodious. The river is plowed by steamboats every hour of the day. Thousands of visitors pass up and down the river. Every boat is crowded with ladies, gentlemen and soldiers.

I have to record a very painful accident which occurred on the river. Q. M. Sergt. Frank Smith, of Co. C, of this regiment, being out in a small boat, tried to run the boat near a propeller, for the purpose of getting towed down.

From some cause or other, the tug-boat struck him and knocked him overboard. He was a good swimmer, but while trying to take off his blouse, he was seen to go down and did not come up again. It is supposed he got his arms caught in the sleeves in such a manner that he could not free himself. At last accounts his body had not been found. There were one or two persons in the boat with him, but they could render him no assistance, as their boat was struck by the wheel of the propeller, and they had to look out for their own lives. He was a man universally loved, and was about to be promoted. His loss is mourned throughout the regiment.

The companies of this regiment are disposed as follows: Co. A, is doing patrol duty on the Richmond and Petersburg turnpike; Co. C, is still at Fort Brady; Cos. G and D are at depot Semmes, about two miles down the river; Cos. L, E, I, are at "Graveyard Bend," about three or four miles down the river; Co. F, is at Redoubt "Dutton," on the Bermuda Hundred Line; while Cos. B, H, K, and M, are at Headquarters. The general health of the regiment is good.

Hoping that we may all be in good old Conn. before many weeks, I close,

Very Respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

WALTER F. SAGE.

### From the 2d Conn. Heavy Artillery.

CAMP OF 2D CONN. VOL. HEAVY ARTILLERY, }  
Near Manchester, Va., May 21st, 1865. }

Editor Conn. War Record:

SIR:—I believe that you have published no account of the movements of this regiment since the battle of Hatcher's Run. We lay quietly in camp on the Petersburg lines near Fort Wadsworth, until the 25th of March, when the roar of musketry and artillery in the direction of Fort Steadman roused us from our morning slumbers, and sent us at about seven o'clock to the support





of the 9th Corps at that point. Before we arrived, however, our lost ground had been regained and the long column of gray-backed prisoners was filing off over the hill to the rear of the 1st Div. 9th Corps Headquarters. After about three hours waiting for further demonstrations on the part of the enemy, we returned to the parade in front of Brig. Headquarters, and lay for an hour there. By that time it had been decided upon to drive in the enemy's pickets, and establish our line farther to the front. We were immediately marched to the front of Fort Fisher, the largest work on the Petersburg line, and about a mile west of our camp, and there formed near the right of the line of attack composed of the 1st and 2d Divisions of our corps, except such parts as were on picket, or in support of batteries. We had about one hundred men on picket that day in front of the camp. The attack was made at half-past four P. M., and little trouble was experienced in accomplishing our object. The rebel picket line was captured almost entire, and our own line was established a long distance in advance of its original position. The detail on picket had its share in the work and success of the day, occupying the rebel pits that night, and capturing more than their numbers in prisoners. The regiment was relieved at midnight and returned to camp. Our loss during the engagement, was five killed and sixteen wounded. The former including our Sergeant-Major, E. Goodwin Osborn, shot through the heart, and the latter Adjutant Vail, and Lieut. Bates. From this time till the ever memorable 2d of April, we were continually on the alert, and under orders to be ready for instant work. On the night of April 1st, we were informed that the attack was to be made in the morning, and the plan was developed to us. At ten o'clock that night our batteries opened along the whole line, and their thunder was deafening. At 12 o'clock we fell in and moved out upon the Brigade Parade. Three quarters of an hour later, and our whole Division having arrived, our silent column was gliding through the darkness over knolls and across ravines, towards the point of attack, an eighth of a mile to the left of the scene of our last week's conflict. Here we were formed in the front line on the extreme right of the corps, our Brigade being in two lines, the remainder of the corps being in three, with the Second Division in the center, the First in echelon on its right, and the Third in the same position on its left. Four o'clock and the signal gun from the fort near by, warned us to be ready for the advance. Half-past four and the signal flashed and thundered again, and "up," and "forward" was the word. In the hazy darkness of the morning the vast black mass moved forward slowly and steadily. The rebel pickets who had been firing desultory shots all night, seemed to suspect some mischief just at that moment, though they could not see us, and the rattle and flashes of their muskets was incessant. Here and there a man dropped from the ranks with a smothered groan, or hobbled back with a mangled limb. Still the mass swept on down upon the fires of our own pickets, over their breast-work, and then up goes the Yankee shout from fifteen thousand throats. Still moving steadily, squarely forward, firing not a shot, the shout goes up, almost deafening the roar of the rebel artillery just opening. Down

the slope, through the swamp, the 1st Brigade on our left, breaks and scatters to the rear like sheep; we rush in to fill up the gap they leave, then "forward," the Colonel shouts, and faster, faster, up the hill, men with axes cutting away the rebel abattis, we pour over the enemy's breast-works and the victory is ours! Here is a temporary pause, and attempted reorganization of our broken ranks; the routed foe is making for Petersburg to the right, and across the fields toward the South Side Railroad to the front and left. Part of the regiment had become detached from the colors and main portion, and was following up the enemy along the breast-work to the right. Col. Hubbard, with the rest, pursued them directly to the front as far as the railroad, cut the telegraph, tore up a few rails, and returned to the breast-work. At half-past eight the regiment was for the most part, once more assembled. Our losses, owing to the suddenness of the attack, and inaccuracy of the enemy's fire, proved to be but seven or eight wounded, including Lieut. Colonel Skinner. At ten o'clock we were marched, (the Brigade,) down to the support of the 9th Corps, and there sent out across the plain in front of our own works, which was continually being sprinkled with the bullets of rebel sharp-shooters, and placed in the ditch of the captured fort "Mahone." We lay in this ditch during the remainder of the day and all that night, standing, many of us, in mud knee deep; crammed in, and mingled indiscriminately with the men and officers of the 9th Corps and keeping our heads very near to earth to avoid the Minies, which whistled over them incessantly. At 4 o'clock in the morning, the firing suddenly ceased, and our regiment was deployed as skirmishers, to ascertain the cause. The rebel batteries and pits remained silent and our line moved over them—on down the Jerusalem Road toward the doomed city, and entered it at the head of the 9th Corps. Col. Hubbard at once became Provost Marshal of the place; our Conn. men guarded and patrolled the streets, and our flag floated at Headquarters at the Court House until 9 o'clock A. M., when we were relieved and marched out of the city to our old camp, at the south of it.

BLUE.

#### From the 1st Conn. Light Battery.

NEAR CITY POINT, VA., May 10th, 1865.

On the afternoon of April 2d, the Army of the James received orders to attack the enemy's lines near Fort Buchanan, in front of Richmond, at daybreak the following morning. This movement was designed to co-operate with a similar one on the part of the Army of the Potomac at Petersburg.

Early in the evening, however, the plan of attack was given up, as it had been discovered that the enemy were intending to abandon the defences of Richmond early the next morning.

Before daylight we were startled by the sight of immense fires, and the sounds of repeated and heavy explosions, caused, as we soon learned, by the burning and blowing up of the rebel iron clads and other gun boats on the James near Richmond. The troops were at once under arms—the Batteries all hitched up and ready for a start. At daylight we advanced through and over the enemy's works, "On to Richmond."

We met with no opposition, and the head of the column entered the city early in the forenoon, amid the burning of buildings, the explosion of shells at the arsenal, which was on fire, and the shouts of welcome that arose from the excited people who awaited our approach.

On the 2d of April, a day long to be remembered by us, we had the proud satisfaction of entering, as conquerors, that famous city that has for so long a time defied the strength of our forces.

Our entrance and march through the city was a perfect ovation.

The streets were thronged with citizens, black and white, who shouted, cheered, laughed and danced with joy at our appearance.

The Battery remained in the city ten days, and was then ordered to Petersburg.

Our camp was about two miles from the latter place. Here we remained until May 2d, when we again moved to the vicinity of City Point, where we are at present very pleasantly encamped on the James.

The Artillery Brigade of the 25th Corps is all here, and the anxious inquiry now is—"When shall we be mustered out?"

Report says that all the Volunteer Batteries will soon be discharged, and as the Light Artillery is the most expensive arm of the service, as well as the least needed at present, the report will probably prove correct. T.

#### From the 2d Conn. Light Battery.

BLAKELY, ALA., April 10th, 1865.

The record of the Battery for the past month, has not been less eventful than glorious. On the 11th ult., we left Barancas, and marched to Pensacola, where we remained until the 20th. The force which left Pensacola on the morning of the 20th, numbered upwards of fifteen thousand, consisting of parts of six regiments of cavalry, nine regiments of white troops, six regiments of colored troops, the 2d and 15th Mass. Batteries and our own Battery. Our route lay over a section of country where it was predicted by rebels we could never move artillery nor baggage trains, but we did move them in spite of swamps and quicksands. Our march was necessarily slow, as we had to ford a good portion of the way, but we averaged nine miles per day during the twelve days we were marching from Pensacola to this place.

As we approached Pine Barren Creek, on the 24th, some of the rebel pickets were seen to fall back. We had to halt to allow the creek to be bridged, when we crossed over and bivouacked for the night; we were off the next morning by daylight, and by nine A. M. our cavalry had come upon the rebel outposts to whom they gave chase, capturing five, and immediately dashed forward until they encountered the main body of rebels—a brigade under command of Brig. Gen. Clanton. The cavalry at once charged, closely followed by sections of the three batteries. Gen. Clanton was wounded and taken prisoner, and the rebel force was routed and dispersed, upwards of one hundred and thirty prisoners were taken by the cavalry but the main body of the rebels hastily retreated across the Escambia River, destroying the bridge after them.





Pollard was still five miles distant, but we could not cross the river with artillery without having to wait for the bridge to be rebuilt. The railroad bridge was yet standing, and on the next morning a brigade crossed it and marched to Pollard, which they found to be evacuated on their arrival. The telegraph operator there was captured, the railroad destroyed for several miles, and such rebel stores as had been abandoned in their hasty exit.

The defences and defenders of Pollard having been disposed of, our column turned westward and passed around the head of Perdido River, until we struck the stage road leading to Blakely. Forage and rations were becoming scarce, and only half rations were issued, the balance to be made up by foraging. Cattle, sheep, pigs and poultry contributed to the deficiency. In the vicinity of Stockton quite a quantity of corn was secured which we sadly needed for our horses. Our horses stood the march very well, and it is worthy of remark that our battery generally had the advance given us, as we did not hinder the column by allowing our pieces to get mired. We lost but one horse on the entire march.

On the morning of the 2d inst. our advance column drove in the rebel skirmishers at Blakely, and followed them until within six or seven hundred yards of their fortifications. From that time until yesterday, when a grand charge was made, capturing all their works, we have been gradually approaching their lines by daily advancing ours. Three of the guns of our own battery were placed in embasures prepared for them in our front line of rifle pits at different points, and we have shelled them extensively and, according to the story of the prisoners, we damaged them not a little. At 5 P. M. yesterday we were ordered to cease firing as a charge would be made along the entire line. The line was three miles in extent, and the rebels had three batteries behind well constructed earthworks. At the appointed time the 96th Illinois led the advance from the centre, closely pressed by the other regiments of the second brigade. Steadily they charged forward over felled trees and bursting torpedoes, on up the hill in the face of volleys of musketry and double rounds of canister, until they reach the fort, which is instantly black with men, and as the old flag is waved to and fro the air is rent with cheers. The charge was made along the entire line, and past it to the river. The three gunboats there at once surrendered to the infantry. There was no escape for them up the Teresas River, as we held it above our line, and they could not get out at its mouth, as the torpedoes which the rebels had planted to keep back our monitors had been taken up and put down there to prevent their escape to Mobile.

The loss of the battery is one man, who was killed by a torpedo, after the surrender of the fort, and while in the act of returning to our rifle pits after assisting in bringing off some wounded men. His name was John S. Mills. He was one of the old members of the battery, and resided in Bridgeport, where he leaves a family.

We are again under marching orders, and expect to be off in the course of the day. We do not know our destination, but it is probably to some point in the rear of Mobile, perhaps to join Thomas.

UNION.

### From the First Artillery.

ORDNANCE OFFICE, SIEGE ARTILLERY, }  
Ft. Darling, Drury's Bluff, Va., May 14, 1865. }

MR. JOHN M. MORRIS:

DEAR SIR:—There is very little going on at present. The Battalion has to "Drill" now and then, and "Dress Parade" nearly every night.

It is most beautiful weather. We can get strawberries quite easily, they being brought into camp every day, and fine ones too.

Your correspondent took a ride along the lines between this place and "Depot Semmes," (some three miles down the river,) the other day, and was surprised at the great strength of the works. In that distance there were mounted some ten or fifteen guns of the heaviest calibre, and two 10-inch seacoast mortars. The most of the guns were Columbiads, although there were some 8 and 10-inch rifled guns. Among the number, I saw only one, a 11-inch Columbiad, which was spiked. Some of them have been dismounted by our boys, and shipped away. The traverses and bomb-proofs were splendid ones, some of them, bomb-proofs, being at least 25 feet under ground, where no shell could reach. The guns were mounted on centre pintle and front pintle barbette carriages, and were manned by the C. S. Marine Corps. There is no continuous line of works, the Batteries not being connected with each other except in a few instances, where there is a small rifle pit running from one to another, so the rear was left almost wholly unprotected.

I here visited a house of some interest, it being the one where General Benjamin F. Butler had his Headquarters during the famous battle of Drury's Bluff, in May, 1864. The house was pierced in many places by Minies. It is a fine, large mansion, pleasantly situated in a grove of fine trees, some 25 or 30 yards from the Richmond and Petersburg Turnpike. There is a family residing in it now.

We all feel anxious to get home, now that the war is ended, but there does not seem to be much prospect of it just now. We think that, being the first Regiment in the field for "Three Years," from Conn., we are fully entitled to be the first to be discharged. Hoping we may soon be welcomed to old Conn., I remain,

Very Respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

W. F. SAGE.

### The 11th Regiment.

RICHMOND, VA., April 2d, 1865.

EDITOR WAR RECORD:—

We are encamped just in the edge of the city. Nearly all of the regiments are disposed of in like manner. We find it much pleasanter than the heart of the city, and were glad to make the change.

Yesterday our regiment assembled at the Baptist Church, and listened to a solemn and impressive discourse by our worthy Chaplain, in commemoration of our "Late Chief Magistrate." He spoke of the early life of President Lincoln; of his upward course until he occupied the chair of State; of his many virtues—his unselfish devotion to his country, to liberty and the true interests of humanity, which had endeared him to the

American people up to the time when he fell by the hand of an assassin. This act he spoke of as characteristic of the Southern people, referring to the time when Charles Sumner was assaulted in the U. S. Senate, and also of the attempt to burn New York and Philadelphia, as an instigation of the same source.

We have recently visited Hollywood Cemetery. The northern part has been used as a burial place for Southern soldiers, who have died in the Richmond Hospitals. We saw among them a few graves of the 21st Mass. The southern part has been used for many years as a city yard, and contains many fine monuments, among them we noticed that of James Monroe, ex-President of the U. S.; that of Gen. Stuart, of cavalry renown, and Gen. Hart, who fell at Sharpsburg.

We hope soon to have an opportunity to visit Oakwood, a Cemetery on the other side of the river, where repose the remains of our brave soldiers, who have died in the Richmond Prisons. More anon, if welcome.

Yours truly,

G. BRONSON.

### From the 12th Regiment.

HEADQUARTERS, 12TH CONN. VET. INFANTRY, }  
Summit Point, Va., April 19th, 1865. }

I am reminded, as will all the readers of the Record be, as they note the date of my letter, that it is the fourth anniversary of the first contribution of the blood of New England to the cause of the Union, and the perpetuation of Free Government in these days so ponderous in events, and that it is also our great day of mourning for the illustrious man, the earnest patriot, the honored Chief Magistrate of our nation, so foully murdered by rebel instigation. The scene of to-day in our camps, is but a tithe of the mourning which the nation has put on; and in the great river of tears which heartfelt sorrow for the untimely end of our great and good President, causes to flow, is but a drop. As I write, minute guns are being fired, our Bands discourse solemn music, our colors are draped, and all the outward manifestations of respect that can be, are being paid to his memory.

The stirring events which have become history, since my last, argue a speedy return of our soldiers to their homes and friends, and of course create bright anticipations among us. After four years of absence, exposed to every imaginable danger, with but few of the amenities of civilized life to their lot, do not wonder that our brave boys long for peace, and a return to home. That magic word—to write it, even, causes a flood of tender memories and not infrequently a moistening of the eyes, or a thickening of the utterance, to speak. May we not hope that our good Governor will exert himself to obtain the return first, of those who first volunteered, and for the sake of country, were also first to reenlist? Bounties, be it recollected, were not with such, the great inducement. But until the time has fully arrived, that our services can be dispensed with, no one of this command, that I know, wishes to go. Having been in so long—having been "in at the death," also, of this accursed rebellion, we modestly claim to see it thoroughly "buried," and then "go marching home."





Previous to the surrender of Lee, and anticipating a possible attempt by him to march into the Shenandoah Valley, an expedition was organized by Maj.-Gen. Hancock to check the Rebel Chief, and the same rendezvoused at Winchester.

Our Battalion formed a part of it, and moved out of our comfortable winter quarters, where we had sojourned since last Christmas, and in a weary march joined the main army at Winchester, April 4th. After remaining there a few days, with the glorious news from Gen. Grant, and our gallant "Phil. Sheridan," came orders to retrace our steps, and once more we are encamped at Summit Point.

Our campaign has been uneventful thus far, and "no enemy is reported in front." We are the subjects of endless Drills, Reviews, and Inspections," and revel in the luxuries of shelter tents and camp fare. Our average sick has been about five excused each day—none with serious complaints. The "excused from duty," to-day, were two! out of a "total present for duty" of three hundred and thirty odd.

There have been quite a number of changes in the command since March 1st, as follows:

Sergt. Major Stephen Shipman promoted 2d Lieut. of Co. B.

1st Sergt. Chas. Kelly, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. D.

1st Sergt. Christopher Goss, to be 2d Lieut. of Co. E.

1st Lieut. and Adjt. John Mullen, to be Captain of Co. C.

Asst. Surgeon J. R. Cumming, to be Surgeon, with rank as Major.

Private William H. Root to be Sergt. Major.

Sergt. Emerson D. Babcock to be 1st Sergeant Co. A.

Sergt. Benj. F. Pratt to be 1st Sergt. Co. D.

Corporal Fernando Thayer to be Sergt. Co. D.

Private Alfred Perkins to be Corporal Co. D.

Corporal Albert H. Holt, to be Sergeant Co. A. Lieut. Col. Lewis, who has been quite a long time absent, sick in Connecticut, has rejoined us, and appears quite restored in health. He is now in command, and relieves our late commander, Major Clark, from the onerous duties of that position. Major Clark is a very able officer, and would grace the "Eagles" of a Coloneley.

I omitted to mention above, that Captain John Brennan has joined the Battalion as Captain of Co. E. He is a thorough soldier, and a good officer; besides passing as a competent "Knight of the trencher."

And now, somewhat questioning that this may not be in a measure a "Valedictory," the whirligig of time is so hastening our work of pacification and triumph to a speedy termination of the war, it seems not out of place to record our measure of thanksgiving to Almighty God, for the wonderful issues out of which our country is so grandly and gloriously emerging, and that so many homes will soon be made glad with the return of their braves. And in all, and through all, the long black night of horror and suffering, which at times has seemed never to have an ending, the bone and sinew and wealth of loyal Connecticut, have been lavished without stint. Glorious indeed is her "Record." Honorable wholly are her scars. True to her historic loyalty, to Free Institutions and Human Liberty, she has offered a glorious sacrifice of martyrs and heroes to the right.

Thank God for our preserved country; thank God for loyal Connecticut; thank God, too, that

great as has been the cost of the "Constitution as it now is," it is worth the cost and far more, in that upon this battle field, has it been forever decided that all human beings—irrespective of race or color—were created to be free. The down-trodden and oppressed of all the nations will revive their hopes. And the Flag of the Great Republic henceforth is to be to human rights everywhere, the synonym for protection.

Verily, these are the hours "that prophets and kings desired to see, but died without the sight." Who is now ashamed to be called "an American citizen?"

BRIGHTWOOD, D. C., April 23d, 1865.

The ink was hardly dry upon the last sentence when orders came to move. And on Friday morning, at the small hour of 2 o'clock, we embarked on the cars for Washington, where we arrived at 7 P. M. same evening.

Our camp is now at Brightwood, near Fort Stevens, about five miles from Penn. Avenue, Washington, following 7th street directly to our Camp.

We are, therefore, "out of the Valley, and into the world" again, and for the lack of matter to make further readable or interesting communication, I close the sheet. W. H. R.

The address of the Command is now—

12th Conn. Vet. Infantry,

Washington, D. C.

2d Brig., Dwight's Division.

## PERSONAL.

List of Appointments and Promotions in the Connecticut Volunteer Force, for the month of May, 1865.

### 1ST ARTILLERY.

Captain Charles O. Brigham to be Major, vice Cook, discharged.

Captain Samuel P. Hatfield to be Major, vice Brooker, discharged.

Both with rank from the 15th of May, 1865.

1st Lieut. Cornelius Gillette to be Captain, vice Pierce, promoted.

1st Lieut. Frank D. Bangs to be Captain, vice Hatfield, promoted.

2d Lt. Martin L. Church to be 1st Lt., vice Owens, mustered out.

2d Lieut. John E. Tarbell to be 1st Lieut., vice Brown, mustered out.

2d Lieut. Azro Drown to be 1st Lieut., vice Jackson, mustered out.

2d Lieut. Hobart W. Denning to be 1st Lieut., vice Knox, mustered out.

2d Lieut. Wells W. Reed to be 1st Lieut., vice Pratt, mustered out.

2d Lieut. Charles W. Filer to be 1st Lieut., vice Odell, killed in action.

2d Lieut. William Atwood to be 1st Lieut., vice Truesdell, discharged.

All with rank from the 15th of May, 1865.

### 10TH REGIMENT.

Captain Francis G. Hickerson to be Major, vice Hawkins, declined.

1st Lieut. William A. Robbins to be Adjutant, vice Turnbull, declined.

### 11TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Henry A. Walker to be Captain, vice Lewis, mustered out.

1st Lieut. Ebenezer H. Foote to be Captain, vice Randall, mustered out.

2d Lieut. Robert Thomson to be 1st Lieut., vice Eastman, promoted.

2d Lieut. Charles E. Dibble to be 1st Lieut. and Adjt., vice Randall, mustered out.

2d Lieut. John Dupires to be 1st Lieut., vice Walker, promoted.

2d Lieut. Charles W. Winter to be 1st Lieut., vice Cady, mustered out.

Sergt. Maj. Kenyon to be 2d Lieut. vice Dibble, promoted.

Sergt. Peter W. Ambler to be 2d Lieut., vice Thompson, promoted.

Sergt. Albert Austin, 8th C. V., to be 2d Lieut. 11th C. V., vice Dupires, promoted.

Sergt. Chas. Adams 11th C. V., to be 2d Lieut., vice Winters, promoted.

All with rank from the 4th of May, 1865.

### 12TH BATTALION.

Sergt. Major Wm. H. Root to be 1st Lieut., with rank from the 15th of May, 1865, vice White, commission revoked.

### 13TH BATTALION.

2d Lieut. Wm. B. Tooker to be 1st Lieut., with rank from the 15th of May, 1865, vice Sterry, promoted.

### 17TH REGIMENT.

Major Henry Allen to be Lieut. Col. with rank from the 4th day of May, 1865, vice Wilcoxson, deceased.

### 20TH REGIMENT.

2d Lieut. Cecil A. Burleigh to be Captain, vice Doolittle, discharged.

Sergt. Oliver T. Doolittle to be 1st Lieut., vice Doolittle, discharged.

Sergt. Major Robt C. Usher to be 1st Lieut., vice Jepson, discharged.

Sergt. Robert E. Prior to be 1st Lieut., vice Barry, died of wounds.

Q. M. Sergt. Henry D. Stanley to be 2d Lieut., vice Burleigh, promoted.

Conn. Sergt. Charles E. Kellogg to be 2d Lieut., vice Clark, resigned.

Hospital Steward John H. Nolan, to 2d Lieut., vice Fenton, discharged.

Prin. musician John L. North to be 2d Lieut., vice Buckingham, promoted.

Sergt. William H. Corwin to be 2d Lieut., vice Barry, promoted.

1st Sergt. James M. Standish to be 2d Lieut., vice Johnson, promoted.

Private Watson C. Hitchcock to be 2d Lieut., vice Boardman, promoted.

Private George E. Tucker, to be 2d Lieut., vice Boardman, promoted.

All with rank from the 4th of May, 1865.

## CASUALTIES.

### Myron D. Webster.

Myron D. Webster, son of Stephen P. Webster of North Woodstock, Conn., died at Hampton Hospital, Fortress Monroe, Va., Oct. 1st, 1864, aged 25 years. He enlisted on the 29th of Nov., 1861, in the 11th Regt. Conn. Vols. His health failing, he in January obtained an honorable discharge and returned. He remained at home until the September following, when his health was so thoroughly recovered that he enlisted again in Co. D, 21st Regt. C. V. When he had been absent about the same length of time as before, he was taken seriously ill near Fredericksburg, but Providence so ordered that he gradually recovered, and at length became apparently stronger than ever. He was afterward in two engagements of considerable importance, the first on May 16th, 1864, before Petersburg, near Fort Darling. The second at Cold Harbor, when a spent ball grazed his head, but doing no injury.

After lying a long time in the trenches before Petersburg, he became so worn and feeble that he was detailed to do Provost duty, until he was so ill as to be removed to the Hospital, where, after a short illness with the chronic diarrhoea he died. After long effort his friends obtained his remains.

His funeral was attended at West Woodstock on Monday, Nov. 14th, in the Baptist Church. The sermon was delivered by the pastor, Rev. W. A. Worthington from Ps. 127th, 2d, "For so he giveth his beloved sleep," followed by addresses from Rev. Messrs. Pratt and Hyde.

Mr. Webster was an amiable, intelligent, pious young man. He made a public profession of religion, and united with the Baptist Church, at W. Woodstock, when but twelve years of age. Since that period until his death, he has been an exemplary christian, and a much esteemed member of the church. He was ever ready to bear his part in the cause of Christ at home, and his letters from the army breathed the spirit of true loyalty to his Heavenly Master.

Of his patriotism, we cannot speak in too high terms of commendation. *He has done what he could.* And now he is "not dead but sleepeth." He shall rise again in full immortal prime, and bloom to fade no more.

Com.





## Connecticut Soldiers who have Died in Richmond.

A List of the Names of Prisoners from the State of Connecticut who Died in the C. S. Military Prison Hospital, at Richmond, Virginia, from March 1st, 1863, to June 7th, 1864. (Furnished by CHARLES J. TENNANT, Asst. Surg. 21st Conn. Vols., Medical Purveyor of the Army of the James.)

NAMES.	AGE.	OCCUPATION.	REGIMENT.	COMPANY.	DIED.
Abbott, W.	20	Farmer.	6th.	I.	Nov. 20th, 1863.
Anstin, F.	18	"	14th.	C.	April 8th, 1864.
Avery, Charles	22	"	21st.	II.	May 22d, "
Adolph, P.	24	Sailor.	11th.	K.	" 19th, "
Bartlett, Charles	42	Farmer.	18th.	K.	Feb. 20th, "
Bradley, A. C.	26	Machinist.	1st.	A.	" 27th, "
Cockraft, A.	40	Weaver.	6th.	K.	Jan. 21st, "
Churchill, F.	22	Farmer.	7th.	D.	March 27, "
Carter, I. W.	22	"	7th.	A.	April 2d, "
Cutler, A. H.	30	"	21st.	K.	May 26th, "
Deary, P.	21	Machinist.	6th.	I.	Nov. 18th, 1863.
Donnan, O.	23	Laborer.	14th.	E.	" 29th, "
Foster, William	18	Sailor.	14th.	K.	March 10th, 1864.
Goodwin, D.	20	Farmer.	14th.	I.	Nov. 8th, 1863.
Glines, C.	20	Mechanic.	7th.	K.	Feb. 27th, 1864.
Gregg, R.	37	Painter.	14th.	K.	" 11th, "
Grover, G. F.	18	Sailor.	11th.	K.	June 7th, "
Hill, S.	38	Marble-Cutter.	7th.	B.	Sept. 10th, 1863.
Hay, H.	25	Moulder.	14th.	K.	March 2d, 1864.
Haber, John	42	Farmer.	14th.	D.	March 17, "
Hubbard, L.	15	"	14th.	A.	April 16th, "
Hyde, G. F.	21	"	21st.	K.	June 6th, "
Killeullen, T.	25	Fireman.	27th.	B.	Sept. 10th, 1863.
Ketterer, George	33	Farmer.	6th.	II.	Dec. 28th, "
Moonyan, I. K.	23	Spinner.	14th.	D.	Jan. 28th, 1864.
McNeil, Owen	23	Printer.	11th.	K.	May 20th, "
Mulkey, W. L.	31	Sailor.	21st.	C.	" 27th, "
Nelson, H.	26	"	14th.	K.	Feb. 25th, "
Pritchett, O. C.	25	Carpenter.	14th.	A.	Sept. 12th, "
Rumple, Thomas	40	Farmer.	14th.	A.	Nov. 24th, "
Ramsdell, I. H.	46	Blacksmith.	14th.	A.	Feb. 14th, "
Sirr, William	30	Farmer.	6th.	C.	Jan. 19th, "
Sumner, J.	22	"	7th.	K.	Feb. 13th, "
Shepard, A.	60	"	6th.	C.	" 27th, "
Schröder, H.	22	Writer.	14th.	F.	March 23d, "
Smith, John	21	Farmer.	14th.	C.	April 8th, "
Seraw, A.	55	Laborer.	14th.	H.	March 4th, "
Seigle, Charles	26	Clerk.	14th.	F.	April 11th, "
Stiles, J. B.	23	Farmer.	11th.	D.	May 21st, "
Stone, G. F.	27	Cutter.	5th Signal Corps.		Nov. 22d, 1863.
Thayer, F. M.	34	Farmer.	14th.	I.	Feb. 23d, 1864.
Twiss, John	29	Tailor.	11th.	E.	June 6th, "
Valentine, S.	22	Farmer.	7th.	I.	March 29, "
Walker, H. M.	28	Silver-Plater.	7th.	A.	Sept. 12th, 1863.
West, Franklin	19	Farmer.	14th.	B.	Jan. 19th, 1864.
Weeks, P.	45	"	7th.	K.	Feb. 23d, "
Wall, E. L.	20	Teacher.	7th.	B.	April 16th, "
Welch, P.	30	Laborer.	14th.	I.	Feb. 20th, "

## Corporal Lee.

Color Corporal Charles E. Lee, Co. B, 16th C. V., was born at Guilford, Ct., January 31st, 1844. He was the youngest of three brothers, each of whom entered the army during the summer of '62.

His father, Mr. James E. Lee, is still living, and resides at Guilford. His mother, Mrs. Ruth Merwin Lee, a most excellent christian lady, died while he was a mere boy, leaving him to the prayerful care of his bereaved father and sisters. Her dying wish was faithfully remembered, and the motherless boy was "trained up," even in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord." At the age of eighteen he experienced a change of heart, and from that time to the end of his brief but beautiful life, he maintained an earnest christian character.

He enlisted as a private in Co. B, of the 16th C. V., Aug. 11, 1862. Soon afterwards, he united with the Congregational Church in his native town, under circumstances of a very impressive, and touching character.

Besides himself, there were four others, young men, who had just entered the army, who joined the church at the same time. It was their wish, before leaving home with all its happy associations, and entering upon the duties and hardships of the "service," to consecrate themselves to God at His altar, in the presence of His people. A Sabbath was designated for their admission to the church. To God

they solemnly gave their souls; to their country their youthful lives, and from the sanctuary went boldly forth in defense of our righteous laws, and insulted flag.

Three of the five have gone to their bright and eternal reward.

Corporal Lee possessed many fine, soldierly qualities, and rapidly gained warm and ardent friends among his companions. Obedient, brave, and faithful in the performance of all duties; cheerful, buoyant, and hopeful in all circumstances, however depressing, he won the confidence and esteem of his superiors, the respect and love of his equals.

During the autumn of '63, he was promoted and appointed a member of the Color Guard.

He participated in several engagements with honor, and at the siege of Plymouth, N. C., where he was captured by the rebels, he fought with great bravery and determination.

His prison life was one of intense suffering and misery. Often without food days at a time; suffering from cold and heat, sick and destitute, he endured all with remarkable patience, willing even to give up his life, if by so doing he might aid in subduing the rebellion, and do his part towards preserving his Government.

Some extracts from a diary which he kept, while a prisoner, may not be inappropriate at this place.

Sunday, May 8, he writes: "After breakfast, sat

down to read my Testament. Oh! how my thoughts reverted to 'Home, Sweet Home,' and the loved ones there. It is only in reading my Testament and in prayer that I can find consolation."

May 9. "Our rations to-day are reduced, the whole being only enough for a very scanty meal. In the evening sung together till 9 o'clock."

June 5—Sunday. "Spent the day principally in reading my Testament. For rations, some bread, so sour that we could not eat it."

July 4. "To-day is the Anniversary of our National Independence, and instead of celebrating it in old Connecticut, as I have been wont to do, I am held in the most disgusting captivity; yet I am perfectly willing to suffer it all, if I am thereby doing anything towards saving our glorious Union."

July 10. "Another beautiful Sabbath has been spent in this miserable place, by about 30,000 human beings, with no religious exercises whatever, except what each may have held alone with his Maker."

Aug. 11. "Two years ago to-day, I enlisted in the glorious cause of Freedom, and though I am now suffering so much for my country, I still rejoice that I enlisted when and where I did."

Aug. 13. "This morning I read the account of Paul's preaching and suffering. Oh that I had more of his Christian fortitude. God help me to grow strong in the faith."

Sept. 10. "Left Camp Sumter to-day. Thank God!"

Oct. 3d. "I have been sick for a long time, and have suffered very much. I realize to-night more than ever before, that my life is in the hands of God. I hope and trust that I am ready, so that when the summons shall come, I can go and be at rest with my Savior."

Oct. 8th, he arrived at Florence, S. C. I saw him soon after he reached the hospital. He was suffering very much from an acute attack of the scurvy. I tried to aid him, yet could do but little. He was one of my dearest earthly friends, and I was very happy as I saw him gradually improving. As soon as he could walk about a little, he was discharged from the hospital, and sent into the stockade, where he remained until a short time before his release.

At the close of the year, reviewing his sad experience during the months of imprisonment that had passed, he writes as follows: "Again, I am called to bid adieu to the passing year, but under very different circumstances from any in which I have ever been. During the year '64, I have passed eight months in the most degrading imprisonment. In that time our inhuman captors have not furnished shelter of any kind, and we have repeatedly been for two and three days at a time without a morsel of food, and even that we have received, would at home have been generally thought unfit for swine. We have not had a particle of meat for forty-two days, and but little molasses, or anything to take the place of it. Our rations chiefly consist of about a pint and a half of coarse corn meal, and half a teaspoonful of salt daily. Now and then we receive a few beans, or sweet potatoes. Many a night have I lain awake because I was so hungry that I could not sleep.

Many a day and week have I suffered severely from scurvy and dysentery, occasioned by a lack of proper fare. Many cold nights have I sat almost frozen over a few smoking embers, where there were hundreds of cords of wood within a stones throw.

Although I have suffered so much, I still have great reason to be thankful to the Giver of all good, and I trust that I appreciate the many blessings which He has, and is now bestowing upon me. Good night Old Year! God grant that the close of the next may find me in better circumstances."

To me the confidence and child-like trust in God, which are plainly visible in these few extracts that I have made, are unmistakable evidence of a genuine piety and patriotism. As a Christian, Corporal Lee lived near his Divine Master and Guide; as a patriot, he walked blameless. He was paroled and arrived at Washington the 2d of March. He was then so feeble that it was impossible for him to stand alone. On the 4th he rallied somewhat, and walked





out for a short time in the hospital yard. From that time he rapidly failed, and died on the 5th, lying on a bundle of straw. It is not known that even a comrade was with him at the time of his death, though we have the brightest evidence that his Savior, whom he had loved so well, was there to comfort and bless.

He was buried at the "Soldiers' Burial Place," in the city. When his brother arrived there to remove his remains North, he found that some kind ladies had planted beautiful flowers on his grave, which were then in bloom.

This little act of kindness and esteem, has elicited from his bereaved relatives many an earnest wish for the happiness of those distant strangers, who befriended him while in sickness, and paid so touching a tribute of respect to his memory.

In our regiment we keenly mourn his early death. While with us he was zealously engaged in every good work which occupied our time and attention, and was particularly active in the cause of Temperance among us. We warmly sympathize with the sorrowing friends, and fondly cherish the memory of our dear departed comrade.

ONE WHO KNEW AND LOVED HIM.

NEWBURN, N. C., May 15, 1865.

## REGIMENTAL.

### WHEN WILL OUR BOYS COME HOME?

The military authorities seem to have decided to muster out by Corps and Divisions in the order of numbers. This is as fair as any plan, and certainly precludes State or Regimental jealousy.

The army corps have, in several instances, been consolidated so that our army now consists of sixteen Corps, numbered as follows: 2d, 5th, 6th, 9th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, and 25th. By remembering these our readers will be able to judge when in the progress of mustering out, the several Connecticut regiments are likely to be reached. We will notice them in the probable order of muster out.

#### THE SECOND CORPS.

The 14th regiment, a part of this grand old Corps, was reviewed with the Army of the Potomac, and at this writing, is daily expected home.

#### THE SIXTH CORPS.

In this Corps, formerly commanded by General Sedgwick of Cornwall, Conn., and now by General Wright of Clinton, Conn., has marched and fought the 2d Artillery. They are now on their way to Washington, and ere this is printed will be ready for muster out, and will probably be mustered out by the middle of the month.

#### THE 19TH CORPS.

To it belong the 5th Battalion at Savannah, the 12th Battalion now are on the road thither, the 13th at Augusta, Ga.

These come next in order among Connecticut regiments, but as they are nearly all re-enlisted veterans, they will doubtless be longer held in service.

#### THE 20TH CORPS.

In it are the "marching 5th," and the many 20th regiments. They participated in the grand review of Sherman's Army, and are encamped near Washington. The 20th will doubtless be mustered out within a week or two.

#### THE 24TH CORPS.

In this Corps are the 6th, 8th, 10th, 11th and 21st regiments and 1st Heavy Artillery. The 6th and 9th are in the neighborhood of Raleigh—the 8th, 10th and 11th at or near Richmond. The 21st is posted by companies on plantations in the vicinity of Charlottesville, Va. The 1st Artillery is at and near Fort Darling.

The 15th and 16th regiments are now regarded as a part of the 23d Corps, and are at Kinston and Newbern respectively. The indications are, that

these regiments, together with those in the 24th Corps, will be kept on provost duty for the present.

The 1st Light Battery, the 25th Corps, will be soon mustered out. The 29th and 50th (colored,) are in the 25th Corps, and will doubtless serve out their time. Of the 2d Battery at Mobile, we can now say nothing. The Third Heavy Battery will doubtless serve out its year.

The First Cavalry was reviewed with the Army of the Potomac but nothing definite is yet said concerning their muster out.

The 17th can not be expected home until the expiration of its three years.

The 18th belongs to the Division of West Virginia, and was ordered some time since to turn over all surplus equipage to the proper officers preparatory to a muster out, but no further orders have yet been received.

So then the only Connecticut regiments that can be expected home during the present month are the 14th, 18th, 20th, 2d Artillery, and perhaps the 1st Cavalry.

We sincerely wish that others may be immediately mustered out.

The time of the 15th, 16th, 17th, 20th, and 21st, will expire during the summer.

The re-enlisted veterans of the 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th, will doubtless be held through the summer. How it may be with the First Artillery, we are unable to judge.

## EDITORIAL COLUMN.

### Our Flag.

Our flag on the land, and our flag on the ocean,

An angel of peace whosoever it goes;

Nobly sustained by Columbia's devotion,

The angel of death it shall be to our foes!

True to its native sky

Still shall our eagle fly,

Casting his sentinel glances afar;

Though bearing the olive branch,

Still in his talons staunch

Grasping the thunders of wars.

### To the Friends of the Brave.

We are collecting and systematizing our material for the closing numbers of the WAR RECORD. We hope thus to make the RECORD by its closing numbers, a reasonably complete history of the services of Connecticut in the war for Freedom and the Union, and by a copious index, published with the last number, convenient for reading and reference.

We desire ITEMS, INCIDENTS and BRIEF OBITUARIES from all parts of the State. We would thank any one of our readers to call our attention to any person or matter which he deems worthy of particular notice.

### A Bureau of Employment.

The boys are coming home. The sooner they get to work the better for themselves and the nation. Let offices be opened at once, where names of employers and employees, with all important details, may from day to day be recorded, and these records be judiciously systematized. This will guide seekers both of help and of employment immediately in the right direction.

For Connecticut the best suggestion we have seen is that the Soldiers' Home for which a considerable sum has been already raised, be immediately incorporated, and that preliminary to and in connection with it a bureau of employment be instituted. We commend the suggestion to the immediate attention of our patriotic readers, and particularly to the generous donors and guardians of the fund for the establishment of "the Soldiers' Home."

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OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

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MORRIS & BENHAM, Publishers.

NEW HAVEN, JULY, 1865.

VOL. II. NO. XII.  
\$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

## To all our Friends.

The present is the last number of the Second Volume of the WAR RECORD. We shall issue an extra number containing concluding matters, with a carefully prepared index to all the back numbers of the RECORD. This number—indispensable for the completeness of the work, and for reference—we shall send to our subscribers at the regular price for single numbers, FIFTEEN CENTS.

Deference to our generous patrons and justice to ourselves require a brief statement of reasons for a termination so abrupt.

## THE WAR RECORD HAS NOT PAID EXPENSES.

The large outlay necessarily incident to starting the enterprise nearly consumed the estimated profits of the first year—an increase of 50 per cent. on the cost of labor, and more than 200 per cent. on paper quite swallowed up those of the 2d year, while two thousand (2000) non-paying subscribers refused to permit the receipts to equal the expenditures.

We cannot longer afford to lose money—therefore we cease to publish the WAR RECORD.

There were grave mistakes in the early management of the enterprise, which in the end wrought much damage, and for which the present publishers are in no manner responsible.

We will, however, blame nobody for our ill success, except it be, perhaps, our delinquent subscribers.

Our historical work is by no means satisfactorily completed. But after mature consideration, we have decided, though with hesitancy and deep regret, not to venture more than one number of a Third Volume.

The two volumes which the present number concludes, preserve much valuable material for a future historian—yet they are defective. No one can be more keenly conscious of these deficiencies than is the editor—and for his vindication, we put on record two facts—that he was continually cramped for means to procure that which might have given accuracy and literary finish to every part of each successive number—and that the necessity of supporting himself and his family from other sources, has prevented him, especially during the past year, from devoting his entire or even his best energies to the WAR RECORD.

We propose, if we receive sufficient encouragement, to publish in one handsome illustrated volume, a history of Connecticut during the civil war.

The publication of the WAR RECORD has given us experience in this very matter—wide acquaintance with the gallant soldiers of Connecticut, as well as the home affairs of the State, and furnished us with large stores of material. We are now, therefore—the war being at an end—and the whole subject before us, particularly well prepared to publish an impartial, systematic, compact and complete history.

We have had a very large circulation. We have had noble friends and liberal patrons, in different parts of the State. We tender them heartfelt thanks, and shall always watch for and welcome any opportunity to reciprocate, however humbly, their disinterested favors.

With this brief statement, we leave our case to the considerate judgment of our kind readers—and with regret, not unminged with relief—we cease to be,

MORRIS & BENHAM,  
Publishers of the Conn. War Record.

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## Brig.-Gen. E. W. Whittaker.

The name of this gallant officer has, during the late war, become familiar to those who have watched with interest the career in the field of the sons of Connecticut. Few, however, are acquainted with his personal history, or know the manner in which a Windham County farmer's son, the boy teacher of a district school, who never dreamed of a military career, rose in four years of war, without influence of wealth or political power, from the position of a private to that of a Brigadier-General. To supply this information, in as concise a manner as possible, this sketch is designed.

Edward W. Whittaker was born in Killingly, Windham County, Conn., June 15th, 1841, his father, George Whittaker, being at the time a farmer in that town. When Edward had reached the seventh year of his age, his father removed to Ashford, in the same county, where the family still reside. Here was the home of Lyon, and here

" \* \* \* \* Where Nature's heart  
Beats strong among the hills,"

Our hero drew in the inspirations of patriotism and indulged in the rugged labor and hard play of a country lad, developing the iron constitution and hardihood of which he was to have so much need.

Residing here until his sixteenth year, he received an ordinary common school education. He then taught one term at the Liberty Hill District School in Lebanon.

In April, 1861, the first call for troops found Whittaker in Hartford, where he at once (on the 18th inst.) enlisted with his brother Daniel,

and Edwin M. Lyon, a cousin of Gen. Lyon, also of Ashford, in the first company raised in this State. Of this company Joseph R. Hawley, editor of the Hartford Press, (now a Brig. Gen.) was elected Captain, Edward was made a Corporal and as such served with his company in the 1st Conn. Regiment during the three months campaign, participating in the battle of Bull Run, being mustered out August 1st.

August 13th, he enlisted for three years in a squadron of Connecticut Cavalry, raised in Hartford, by Capt. W. H. Mallory, and was at once made a Sergeant. The squadron was assigned to the 2d New York, (Harris' Light Cavalry,) commanded first by Col. J. M. Davis, later by the dashing Kilpatrick.

With this regiment he passed through all their famous engagements and raids in Virginia in 1862 and '63, including Kilpatrick's raid, (in connection with the Stoneman raid in May, 1863,) to and around Richmond to Yorktown, and then back again, with less than 1000 men. Nov. 2d, 1862, Whittaker was commissioned a 2d Lieutenant and soon detailed as Acting Adjutant. June 9th, 1863, for gallantry at Brandy Station, Va., he was made 1st Lieut. At Aldie, Va., June 17th, his brother, Lieut. Daniel Whittaker, a true soldier and christian, was killed while leading a charge. Edward had the same day been detailed on Gen. Kilpatrick's staff, but obtained leave to take home his brother's body, which he did, returning at the opening of the battle of Gettysburg, in which he participated. On the staff of Kilpatrick, there is fighting and hard work to be done, and our hero bore himself right gallantly during the constant cavalry fighting which followed the return of the Army to Virginia, and which only ceased when winter set in. Nov. 9th, 1863, he received a commission as Captain of his Co. (D.) of the Connecticut Squadron, in the 2d N. Y., but did not get mustered as such.

During the winter of 1863-64, the newly fitted up regiment of 1st Conn. Cavalry joined Kilpatrick's command, and (after a fruitless attempt to have the Conn. Squadron in the 2d N. Y. which he had re-enlisted as veterans, transferred to it,) he accepted a commission as Captain of Co. E, in this regiment May 1st, 1864. Just previous to this he went with Kilpatrick in his last great raid, (April, 1864,) into the very fortifications of Richmond.

The opening of Grant's campaign of 1864, found our hero on the staff of Gen. Wilson, commanding the 3d Cavalry Division, under whom he fought the whole campaign at the





Wilderness, May 5th to 7th, with Sheridan, in his ride round Lee's Army to White House, at Yellow Tavern (where Jeb. Stuart was killed,) and in the hot fight at Ashland, on the 1st of June.

June 29th, Wilson went on his hazardous raid from in front of Petersburg to our extreme left, to destroy the Southside Railroad, which, successfully accomplished, he found himself surrounded by rebel cavalry, and sent Captain Whittaker with 40 men to cut his way through to Gen. Meade and report "the situation." This almost impossible task Capt. W. accomplished with a loss of all but 15 of his men, and received the warmest thanks of General Meade, who at once forwarded relief to Wilson.

Such services marked the man, and, July 10th, he was sent to Washington by General Grant, and was assigned by the Secretary of War, to command the Cavalry in the defenses,—with whom he fought Early and Harry Gilmore, July 17th. Sept. 14th, 1864, he was commissioned Major of his regiment, "for distinguished services."

October 1st, he was ordered west as chief of Gen. Wilson's staff, and as such served in Alabama, Georgia, and Tennessee, during Hood's campaign in Sherman's rear. In November he applied to return to his regiment, of which he assumed command at Martinsburg, Va., Nov. 19th, passing the remainder of the winter in the Shenandoah Valley. Jan. 17th, Lieut. Col. Brayton Ives having been made Colonel, Whittaker was promoted to the Lieut. Colonelcy of the regiment. Feb. 5th he was detailed in command of 300 picked men, on the arduous duty of chasing that "will o' the wisp," Harry Gilmore and his gang. After the extraordinary ride of 142 miles in 48 hours, over mountains and swollen rivers, he surprised Gilmore's camp, and captured the dashing leader. On the 13th of the same month he was detailed as Assistant Inspector General of the division, on the staff of Gen. Custar, commanding. With this General he remained till the close of active service. At Waynesboro, Va., March 2d, he led three regiments in a charge on the enemy's flanks, resulting in the defeat of Early.

In Sheridan's grandest raid, Feb. 28th to Mar. 19th, from the Shenandoah Valley down to near Lynchburg, and then around Richmond to Grant's lines, with his entire command, Whittaker was constantly in the saddle, constantly fighting, and ever winning laurels. At Ashland, March 19th, he led his regiment against Pickett's division, and engaged them three miles from Richmond. With his command he was next engaged in a charge upon Gen. Early and escort of 240 men, routing and capturing nearly all of them, the bibulous old General escaping with a single orderly. In Sheridan's last advance, that compelled Lee's surrender, Col. W. was engaged at Dinwiddie C. H. March 29th, Five Forks, April 1st, Sailor's Creek, April 6th, and Appomattox Station, April 8th.

A record of services such as we have enumerated could not be passed by, hence, on recommendation of Gens. Custar and Sheridan, Lieut. Col. Whittaker was brevetted a Brigadier General, to date March 13th, 1865, "for gallantry at Five Forks and Appomattox Station."

Since his last promotion he has been and is still serving as Chief of Staff and Inspector General to Maj.-Gen. H. E. Davies, (a former officer of the old Harris Light,) commanding the Cavalry Corps, and has been engaged in reorganizing the cavalry, mustering out, consolidating, etc. The General's headquarters are at Washington, where, now that the soldier's hardest work is done, he was recently married to Miss Theodora Davis, a fair daughter of that city.

We recollect reading somewhere in Ruskin, that the most eloquent narrations are often those that simply state facts without note or comment. On this theory we can safely rest the record of the life of Connecticut's greatest cavalryman,—only expressing the hope, that his native state, while she duly honors her martyred dead, will not forget her living heroes.

H. P. G.

#### Capt. U. N. Parmelee.

The 1st Conn. Cavalry lost one of its most valued officers, when CAPT. U. N. PARMELEE fell at Five Forks, Va., April 1st, 1865.

He was a native of Guilford, Conn., where he resided from his birth, Aug. 24, 1841, till he left home at the age of eighteen, to enter College at New Haven.

All who knew him in early years and up to the beginning of his military career, speak of him as having developed steadily, the qualities of mind and heart which afterwards won for him such admiration and love. Every one thought him destined, by native talent and large acquirements, to fill an important place in life, wherever his sphere of work might be.

Rev. George I. Wood, of Guilford, writes of him: "I have known him well for several years, as Pastor of the church with which he was connected, and have watched with no common interest, the development of his growth into manhood. In the year 1859, he came out from the world, alone, and stood up for Jesus, with a deliberation and strength of purpose that gave promise of a faithful and fearless service in his cause. At the age of eighteen, with no reliance, except what he felt upon God and his own indomitable energy, he became a member of Yale College, and pursued his cause cheerfully and successfully, until he recognized a higher call to more immediate service in his country's cause. With a breadth of vision, an intelligence and maturity of mind uncommon in one of his years, he saw how much was at stake, and willingly resigned his whole earthly interest to join in the struggle for his Government and the rights of man. Of lofty aims, of singular purity of character, disinterested, self-reliant and fearless, he was one of the noblest of nature's noblemen."

I extract also, a few sentences from a letter written by Rev. H. H. Murray, who was a college mate of the deceased. He says of him: "I always regarded him as the most promising of all my friends of his age. His scholarship was good; his reading had been varied and extensive; his memory tenacious, his understanding clear; his mind was of a high order. His candor and love of truth were remarkable; I do not think he *could* equivocate. Of all the men with whom I have met, whether young or old, I know of none who love their country more appreciatively or intelligently than did Parmelee. 'What is knowledge worth to me,' he would often say, 'without a country?' 'Better die with it than survive its loss.' His subsequent deeds attest the sincerity of his words."

At the beginning of the Junior year, he left College and volunteered as a private in the Harris Guards, a New York regiment, as he preferred cavalry, and Conn. had no organization then in that branch of the service. He threw himself with his usual ardor into his new life, and was not long in securing the respect of all with whom he became acquainted.

In order to show how he stood with his superior officers at this time, I copy a few words written of him by Gen. John C. Caldwell, commanding 1st Division, 2d A. C., Jan. 18, 1864: "Corporal U. N. Parmelee, 6th N. Y. Cavalry, has been my orderly since the summer of 1862. He was with me at the battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and Bristoe Station. His bravery and gallantry are worthy of the highest praise; I have never seen a braver soldier."

The following is an extract from Gen. Caldwell's official report of the battle of Chancellorsville:

"I cannot close my report without at least a passing notice of my orderly, Corporal U. N. Parmelee, Co. D, 6th N. Y. Cavalry. When a new regiment, (148th N. Y.), broke under the first deadly fire, he rendered efficient and timely service in rallying the men and urging them on. I think him worthy of promotion, both for his gallantry and other high qualities."

These strong recommendations coming to the knowledge of Gov. Buckingham, Parmelee was commissioned in the spring of '65, as 2d Lieut. in the 1st Conn. Cavalry, and was assigned for duty to Co. H. He was with the regiment from that time, almost constantly, in all its hard work, during the busiest cavalry year of the war, till his decease, fully sustaining all the while, the high character as a soldier and a man, which he brought with him when he joined us.

In the severe fight at Ashland, June 1, '64, when the regiment were attacked in rear and on both flanks, by a superior force of rebel cavalry, no officer did more by his influence over the men, and especially by his personal example to hold the enemy and save our whole





Brigade from utter rout. At one stage of the fight he charged forward with a handful of men beyond our extreme advance, to capture a flag of the enemy, and the prize was just within his grasp when his horse was killed and he was obliged reluctantly to retire. For gallantry in this battle he was promoted from 2d Lieut. of Co. II, to Captain of Co. I. With this larger sphere for the exercise of his talents and virtues, he grew in the esteem not alone of his company, who loved him for the faithful care he took of them always, but of the regiment.

In Oct., 1864, his squadron, while on picket, were surrounded by a brigade of rebels and compelled to surrender. The Captain was treated shamefully, robbed of money, clothing, and even of personal effects of no use to his captors—forced to march bare-foot over a stony road for many miles, but succeeded in two days by his adroitness and pluck, in effecting an escape, and rejoined the regiment, to enter more heartily into the work than ever.

The zeal with which he performed all his duties did not arise from any relish for them. He used often to express his strong aversion to the routine of military life, while admitting its necessity and submitting to it with cheerfulness. Most who witnessed the impetuous ardor of his courage in time of engagement, thought him in his favorite element; and few even of the comrades who admired his daring, knew what it cost him to be so brave. He had an instinctive dread of battle—as perhaps the bravest of men generally have—but when the bugle said “forward,” he was at his post, doing his duty, with his whole soul. The motto of his life seemed to be in the army as everywhere, “whatsoever ye do, do it *heartily* as to the Lord.” He remained in the service as he entered originally, from a conviction of duty. In one of his very last letters from Whitehouse, before the cavalry started on the final campaign, he writes, “I long for home, and shall resign the very moment when I can do so honorably, which I conceive to be when the hard fighting is over.”

He was not a man who left his religion behind, when he started for the army. Few officers had so intelligent, earnest a sympathy with their Chaplain as he had. In the constant hurry of cavalry work, there was little opportunity for any considerable demonstrativeness in the way of religious work, but he proved himself to those who knew him best, an honest, manly Christian; and his friends have the sweet assurance that he passed quickly from the bloody battle to his heavenly reward.

I will not trespass further on your room, to speak more particularly of his general character as we knew him—of his cheerful, buoyant spirit, never ruffled by peril or hardship, his quiet, genial, never-failing humor, his unselfish generosity, his bearing as a gentleman, his warm sympathies as a friend. But I must add

a page from a letter received from Col. Brayton Ives, commanding the 1st Conn. Cavalry, giving particulars of his death. He writes:

“Capt. Parmelee was killed about noon, on the first of April, at the battle of Five Forks. The 1st Conn. held the extreme right of Custer's Division. We were advancing dismounted and in single line, slowly driving the enemy before us. We halted for a few moments at a ravine, in a narrow belt of woods, just in front of which lay a broad open field, and beyond that a large peach orchard, with its trees in full bloom. Every thing was quiet, not a shot had been fired for some time. The silence seemed to me suspicious, for I knew the enemy could not be far from us. We had not lain still more than five minutes when one of Custer's staff rode up in front of the 3d N. J., which was on the left of the 1st Conn. and called out, ‘there's a rebel battery over in that orchard, entirely unsupported.’ The Jersey men gave a shout and dashed ahead pell-mell. My lads wished to follow, but I ordered them to halt, for I knew there was mischief brewing. But officers and men entreated me by looks and words to allow them to go forward, and I think I was decided by Captain Parmelee. I sat on my horse near him, and I never shall forget his eagerness to advance, nor the appealing look he gave me. Unable to resist longer, I cried ‘forward,’ and with a yell, the 1st Conn. charged ‘on the run.’ But no sooner had we reached the outer edge of the woods than that peaceful looking peach orchard assumed a different character. The bright pink blossoms were blown into the air by bullets, shells, canister and grape-shot. Every man who had gone into the open field was shot down. Fortunately another staff officer rode up with an order for the line to retire. Just at this moment, a shell struck Capt. Parmelee in the breast, killing him instantly. His body was carried to the rear and laid under a tree, till after the battle, when the men buried it, placing a wreath of flowers upon the grave, and marking the spot with a head-board, upon which was written the name and rank of the deceased. Without injustice to any of the faithful officers who followed me through that severe closing campaign, and without undue laudation of the dead, I can say that I regarded Capt. Parmelee as the most valuable line officer in my regiment. You know he came to us last year almost a total stranger, bringing simply a commission won by gallant conduct in action. But months ago, he proved his right to further promotion, and if at the close of a fight a man could say he had been with Capt. Parmelee, all knew he had seen the thickest of the engagement. But I valued him not simply for his daring. I recognized in him a degree of principle, and a high-toned, honorable ambition such as I attributed to no other officer in the regiment. In short, it was only another instance of the preference of death for a shining mark. We all loved him, and our hearts

were sad that pleasant Sunday morning, as we marched past his grave in pursuit of the flying enemy. I wish his friends to know that my words of esteem represent the feelings of all the officers of the regiment.”

Such is the testimony of our Commanding Officer. We feel that since the war began, no costlier offering has been laid upon the nation's altar, than the precious life of our comrade, Capt. U. N. Parmelee. II.

### H. Whitney Chatfield.

HEADQUARTERS 17TH REGT. CONN. VOLS. }  
St. Augustine, Fla., Feb. 13th, 1865. }

Again we are called upon to lament a comrade's death. Our brother, Lieut. H. WHITNEY CHATFIELD, is no more. It has pleased the Almighty to remove from our midst, and take unto himself a beloved companion, thereby overwhelming us with grief and sorrow. While we bow in submission to the all-wise ruler of the universe, whose consoling influence is ever outstretched, we have still another consolation in knowing that our brave comrade fell with his face to the foe, with sword unsheathed, bravely contending with our common enemy, for the right, and his country's honor.

Thus has he fallen! in the very blossom and spring-tide of life, far away from kindness and home, gone from his old associates in arms, sacrificing his young life upon the altar of his country's greatness. Well may we say—

Oh gallant soldier! brave companion of our love;  
Who, dying here, survivest in bliss above!  
A happy life thou gain'st no more to know  
The toils and changes of our world below.

It cannot but serve to alleviate the intense grief of his relatives and friends, in their house of mourning, when they feel they are not alone in their lamentations—that those with whom he has been connected for the past three years in the many hardships and vicissitudes of war, gaining our loves and esteem by his affability of manner and integrity of character—maintaining that great essential virtue of a soldier, “courage.” Well do we deeply sympathize with the afflicted ones at home, in this, their great and irreparable loss.

To give such utterance to our loss in words, (though inadequate to express our sorrow,) we would adopt the following resolutions:

*Resolved*, That while we bow with humility to the blow, and exclaim, “Thy will be done,” we deeply mourn the loss of our comrade, whose bravery and talents are so much required in this hour of our country's need, and whose generous, cheerful and affable disposition endeared him to all.

*Resolved*, That we condole with the afflicted family of the deceased, committing them to the care of Him “who doeth all things well,” and who alone can comfort in so deep a sorrow.

*Resolved*, That copies of the above be furnished to his friends, and be forwarded to the Bridgeport Standard, Norwalk Gazette, and the CONN. WAR RECORD, for publication.

Henry Allen, Major.	Chas. Smith, Jr., 1st Lt.
Sabin Stocking, Surgeon.	Elijah Gregory, Assistant
Enos Kellogg, Capt.	Surgeon.
Wm. L. Hubbard, “	John S. Ward, Quart'mr.
James H. Ayres, “	Geo. W. Sparr, 2d Lieut.
James E. Hubbard, “	Chas. E. Dely.
John Harvey, 1st Lieut.	Thomas B. Weed, “
Albert W. Peck, “	Henry E. Williams, “
Jos. E. Morehouse, “	Garrett D. Bowne, “
Henry McDonough, “	George C. Lees, “
Thomas I. Cave, “	Horace Whitney, “
Henry North, “	Edgar S. Wilcoxson, “
Wm. L. Daniels, “	Morris Jones, “





## From the 22d Regiment.

The Twenty-Second Regiment Volunteer Militia, the first furnished by the State under the call of the President for nine months' troops, was recruited exclusively in Hartford County; and four companies, namely, Captain John G. Root's Company, (B), Captain Luther G. Riggs's Company, (C), Captain Charles C. Shultes's Company, (H), Captain Charles Whittlesey's Company, (I), were severally recruited in the city of Hartford.

Recruiting for this Regiment commenced on the twentieth of August; and just one month from that date, namely, on the twentieth day of September, the Regiment was mustered into the service of the United States, at Camp Halleck, Hartford, by Lieutenant Walter Well, 3d Artillery, U. S. A., to serve for the period of Nine Months, unless sooner discharged. The regiment was full a long time prior to the muster, and two companies, (Capt. John G. Root's and Capt. Luther G. Riggs's), reported at Camp on the second day of September.

The reverse our arms met with about this time, and the great excitement fomented by means of War Meetings, together with enormous Government, State, and private bounties offered, furnishing a solution to the problem of so universal and prompt a response to the call for "Three Hundred Thousand More." One instance of liberality, on the part of individuals, to help along enlistments, we may refer to, in the case of Charles F. Hillyer, Esq., President of the Charter Oak Bank, who gave nearly one thousand dollars in bounties to the enlisted men of a company being recruited by Lieutenants Glofcke and Riggs—which company subsequently took the name of the Hillyer Guards.

The organization of the regiment was as follows:

## FIELD AND STAFF:

Colonel—George S. Burnham.  
Lieutenant-Colonel—Ellsworth N. Phelps.  
Major—Herman Glofcke.  
Chaplain—Charles C. Adams.  
Adjutant—Charles A. Jewell.  
Quartermaster—Julius S. Gilman.  
Surgeon—Jonathan S. Curtis.  
Assistant Surgeon—Calvin Pease, Jr.

## LINE OFFICERS:

Company A.—Captain, Albert P. Armbonster; First Lieutenant, Allen D. French; Second Lieutenant, Thomas H. Thirkle.

Company B.—Captain, John G. Root; First Lieutenant, John K. Williams; Second Lieutenant, De Wille C. Skilton.

Company C.—Captain, Luther G. Riggs; First Lieutenant, Israel C. Boggs; Second Lieutenant, Horatio H. Pollard.

Company D.—Captain, E. Buell Root; First Lieutenant, Lester Whiton; Second Lieutenant, Frank McAuliffe.

Company E.—Captain, Frank Swan; First Lieutenant, Everett B. Presten; Second Lieutenant, Benjamin F. Reynolds.

Company F.—Captain, George Cleb; First Lieutenant, John W. Anderson; Second Lieutenant, Walter Luce.

Company G.—Captain, George W. Johnson; First Lieutenant, David P. Corbin; Second Lieutenant, Thomas F. McMaine.

Company H.—Captain, Charles C. Shultes; First Lieutenant, William H. Root; Second Lieutenant, Louis Springer.

Company I.—Captain, Charles Whittlesey; First Lieutenant, A. Clifford Griswold; Second Lieutenant, Lemuel H. Boondman.

Company K.—Captain, Benjamin T. Loomis; First Lieutenant, Eugene E. Sheldon; Second Lieutenant, Surandus Johnson.

Comparatively few of the officers knew the first order in the manual of arms, to say nothing of how they were to give instructions to the men they were to command. The raising of the regiment was an emergency—and the necessity for the men compelled the Government to allow them the choice of officers. Colonel Burnham, Captain E. B. Root, and Lieutenant Boggs, had previously served in the 1st Connecticut Regiment; Major Glofcke had been a Lieutenant in the 1st Artillery, and Captain Riggs, originally a private in the 1st Light Battery, held an appointment as additional A. D. C. to Major-General Hunter, and Acting Adjutant of the somewhat celebrated battalion of sable warriors, the *First Regiment South Carolina Volunteers*. With these exceptions, I believe, the officers were all fresh in the service, and as green as may be imagined.

The regiment left Hartford for the seat of war on one of the stormiest days of the season, October 2d. It embarked on the commodious steamer Granite State, and arrived at Pier No. 2, North River, about six o'clock the following morning. The regiment was received with an excellent breakfast at the then new barracks on the Battery, and afterwards took the ferry-boat Kill-Ver-Kull for Elizabeth City. At the latter place, it took the cars of the New Jersey Central Railroad, reaching Harrisburg at six o'clock Sunday morning—Baltimore at four o'clock the same afternoon—where supper and breakfast was served at the Union Relief Committee Rooms. We arrived in Washington about ten o'clock Sunday evening,—bivouacked on the flats near the station house, and the next morning marched to East Capitol Hill, where we found part of the Second Provisional Brigade, under Brig.-Gen. Silas Casey, who reviewed us on the day of our arrival.

The regiment remained on Capital Hill but two days, when the first "marching orders" were received, and we were ordered to advance into the enemy's country. Accordingly, about three o'clock in the afternoon, we for the first time broke camp, and got into line of battle, colors flying, drums beating, and accompanied with all the pageants and martial display imaginable. In this way we marched down Capitol Hill—through the long and monotonous Pennsylvania Avenue, past the White House, over to Georgetown, and up the narrow and mud-bidden canal-way to the famous Chain Bridge. Here we rested for orders, and at Major Doubleday's pleasure, were bidden to cross the "chain" connecting-link, and pillow our weary heads, and rest our tired legs a few brief hours on a side-hill under the imposing bar-bette guns of Fort Ethan Allen.

Next morning we advanced half a mile beyond Fort Ethan Allen, and encamped in a beautiful peach orchard. We were now part of the Provisional Brigade, (where we had no "provision" at all), and were bidden to establish one on our

own hook. The brigade comprised three regiments, all nine months' men—and Colonel Burnham being senior officer, assumed the temporary rank and title, with the brief authority and all the dignity supposed to appertain to an Acting Brigadier-General.

It was at this time our regiment performed its first picket duty, at Langley, on the Leesburg pike, a main road leading to Winchester and the famous "Geese Creek." Though full fifty miles from the most advanced of the enemy's pickets, and with our cavalry scouts and an advanced picket of our own in front, our first week of outpost or grand guard duty was fraught with more hair-breadth escapes—of miraculous prevention from death or captivity—a thousand times worse than death—in short, with more thrilling events than pervaded the entire calendar of the remaining period of our service.

I should have mentioned, at an earlier period, that there being some misunderstanding regarding the Surgeoncy of the regiment, Doctor William H. Tremaine, of Hartford, came on with the regiment, and remained with us, a faithful and acceptable physician, until the arrival of Doctor Curtis.

On the twenty-second of October the regiment marched to Miner's Hill, some three miles from Fort Ethan Allen and Chain Bridge, and six miles from Georgetown. We became a part of the Second (Brig.-Gen. Robert Condit) Brigade, in Abercrombie's Division, Defences of Washington.—Brigaded with us also was the 11th Rhode Island Volunteers, (nine months), the 40th Massachusetts Volunteers, and 141st New York Volunteers.—The regiment remained here until the twelfth day of February, drilling in Company and Battalion movements, and performing picket duty. During this time we were twice reviewed by General Condit, and once by the Division Commander, Brig.-Gen. J. J. Abercrombie.

On the sixteenth of December, the day before the battle of Fredericksburg, the regiment was in line of battle, under marching orders,—and a train on the Alexandria and Loudon Railroad was at Falls Church to carry us to the front. But after waiting two hours, the order was countermanded, and the First Brigade of the Division, (in which was the 27th Conn.) were ordered to advance in our stead.

On the night of the twenty-ninth of December, the brigade was called up, by the long roll, and marched eight miles over the worst road in that part of the country, mud a great part of the way ankle-deep, to Mill's Cross Roads, in order to intercept Stuart's cavalry. Here we remained twenty-four hours, when, hearing that famous raider had made a masterly retreat in an unexpected direction, we were escorted back to our winter quarters.

During the month of November, the Wooden-Nutmeg boys, in order to distance, and at the same time be a little more aristocratic than their conspeers of the Massachusetts, New York, and Rhode Island regiments, determined to live in wooden rather than their canvass houses. It was a good idea, for while it promised entirely, in its fulfillment, to keep out a deal of cold air, a mud-hatched log-cabin was likely to keep in an immeasurable amount of the warmer element. Be-





sides, all play and no work was likely to make many a poor dolt. So, with the permission of General Condin and General Abercrombie, the cabins were commenced on the tenth of November, the land requiring to be first cleared by cutting down the pines that cumbered it—the stumps to be pulled, and the roots dug up and carted away to one side. This enormous undertaking was accomplished in sixteen days—and on the seventeenth, a general, universal “moving” took place. Yes, in sixteen days, the ground was not only cleared, but the logs of which to construct the cabins were cut, and one hundred and thirteen cabins, ten by fourteen feet, were completed and occupied, all uniform in size and style, alike provided with doors and windows, mud-thatched, ventilated, and comfortably warmed by means of the convenient portable camp stove. And all this was accomplished with only the most indispensable of tools—the saw, axe, and hammer. Subsequently, all the streets of the new city (which was named “Camp Burnham,”) were corduroyed, and a large Chapel was commenced and partly completed.

On the 12th of February, (upon the arrival of the Pennsylvania Reserves on their return from Fredericksburg), we were ordered to Hunter's Chapel, near Fort Richardson, and about five miles from Long Bridge. Here we remained until the 15th of April, digging in trenches and rifle pits, and working on the groundworks of Forts Craig, McDowell, and McClellan. Our regiment broke ground for the latter fortification on the 30th of March. It is situated on Arlington Heights, and is the largest and most important on the line of the Washington Defenses. Its armament, when made up, will consist of some eighty pieces, and the fort commands Craig, Tillinghast, DeKalb, Corcoran, Bennet, and the four-gun battery at Aqueduct Bridge.

While at Hunter's Chapel, also, this regiment for a time guarded Long Bridge, until General Condin was relieved, and Colonel Porter took command of the brigade.

On the 15th of April, on a chilly and stormy day, long before sunrise, the regiment was called up, with orders to report immediately at Alexandria. We broke camp at 6½ o'clock, marched to Alexandria, at which place we took the transport Mary Washington for Fortress Monroe and Norfolk. At Norfolk we took cars for Suffolk, at which city we arrived on the morning of the 17th inst. We were now in General Getty's Division. At Suffolk, this regiment took part in several skirmishes, worked on Fort Connecticut and several sand batteries on the Nansemond—constructed some three miles of rifle pits, besides doing picket duty incessantly. It was here that the regiment experienced the most severe distress, and underwent the greatest privations. On the 3d of May, occurred the battle of the Nansemond. Captain Preston's company (E), and Captain Riggs's company (C), having the honor of supporting the Wisconsin battery, which did serious execution on the occasion.

On the 5th of May, the regiment returned to Norfolk, taking transports to Hampton Roads, and afterwards to West Point, where we formed a part of an expedition under General George H. Gordon. Here we remained until the 31st inst.,

working incessantly on rifle pits, breastworks, forts,—building military roads, constructing bomb-proofs and magazines—doing picket duty and drilling alternately. We were at this time only about twelve miles from Richmond, with less than eight thousand men and two batteries—on the identical ground where, only a year previously, the army of Fitz-John Porter was wiped out and swallowed up by an overpowering force sent down from the rebel Capitol. At last, General Dix began to realize that West Point was not just the place for a little handful of men, and accordingly, on the night of the 31st of May, a convoy of transports took the command silently on board, and steamed down to Yorktown, there to disembark the following morning.

Our first camping ground at Yorktown was on the memorable battle-field of the Revolution—the scene of Lord Cornwallis's surrender; and our last, beside the famous nine-gun battery constructed by the First Artillery for their siege guns, brought to bear upon Fort Yorktown, in McClellan's Peninsular Campaign. On the ninth of June our regiment formed part of a grand reconnaissance in force, and on the warmest day of the season, with packed knapsacks, marched twelve miles to Fort Magruder, (the scene of the terrible slaughter under General Hooker), near Williamsburg.

Two days afterwards we started up the Peninsula, marching the first day twenty miles, and bivouacking at night near Chickahominy Church. Advanced the next day to Dinwiddie Bridge, where the brigade headquarters was established “in the field,” and scouting parties penetrated the country in all directions.

On the night of the 14th, a member of Captain Riggs's company was shot, while the company was guarding the fork of the road near Barhamsville. This was the only man killed by the enemy during the entire term of service of the regiment.

The service of the regiment expiring on the 20th of June, at twelve o'clock on the night of the 17th, the regiment took up line of march in retreat, arriving at Williamsburg early next morning, and arriving at Yorktown the day following. Here the regiment was detained until the 26th, awaiting transports.

The regiment left Yorktown on Friday, June 26th, with seven hundred and eleven enlisted men and thirty-seven officers, for Baltimore, taking the steamer City of Albany. The regiment reached Baltimore Saturday morning, and were at Philadelphia the same night, where it met with a magnificent reception, refreshments being provided at the Soldiers' Home. Leaving Philadelphia at midnight, the regiment reached Jersey City Sunday morning, and remained in the depot till the boat arrived to carry them to Hartford. During their stay in Jersey City, the regiment was properly cared for under the direction of Col. J. H. Almy, Agent at New York for the State of Connecticut.

On the arrival of the regiment at Hartford, a crowd began to gather on the wharf at the foot of State street, and in a short time there was a perfect jam of humanity. Scores of women, anxious to behold their long-absent husbands, and children running about crying “Papa is coming!”

were scattered about into a pretty well confused mass. At the arrival of the boat a salute was fired—soon the regiment disembarked and formed in line—but such a line—for the “reception” had commenced—and such a reception—in every case varied, according to the temperament of the individual. The “so glad to see you,” with some, was only rendered complete by a protracted hug, and a not very brief kiss in others. Then the battalion was ordered to “shoulder arms,” “right face,” “forward march,” and was escorted through the principal streets of the town in the following order:

Governor's Guard Band.

Governor's Foot Guard.

Union Hose Company.

Colt's Armory Band.

Phoenix Steam Fire Engine Company.

Colonel Burnham and Staff.

Regimental Band.

Twenty-Second Regiment Connecticut Vols.

On State street, Messrs. P. Jewell & Son provided refreshments for the soldiers, and Ex-Mayor Seymour, of the Foot Guard, extended the same hospitality at the South Green.

All along the route of the procession flags were displayed, and there was a great deal of enthusiasm.

The Twenty-Second Regiment returned to Connecticut among the fortunate regiments of the war. It had never been in an engagement, but had always been ready and willing, and would, had an opportunity been presented done itself credit, as all Connecticut regiments have done when called upon. But obeying implicitly orders, fortune favored the corps whose history and services we have here briefly recounted, and kept it out of battle. But that fact renders its officers and its men none the less gallant—none the less courageous. R.

Lieutenant EDWIN J. MERRIAM, died at Chesapeake Hospital, near Fortress Monroe, October 5th, 1864. While leading his Company at Deep Bottom—a part of the strategy which secured our hold upon the Weldon Railroad—he was severely wounded below the knee. Rallying his men and bidding them stand together and fight for the old flag, he was left behind. He was too weak to allow the amputation of his limb, and consequently from first to last his sufferings were extreme. By his Surgeon and all who met him in the hospital, he was regarded as a marvel of patience and endurance. The same spirit of Divine Grace which made him in the camp and on the battle-field, a true, manly Christian, Patriot and Soldier, sustained him through indescribable sufferings; and without a murmur or a complaint he bowed himself to the Divine will.

He was a member of the First Congregational Church of Meriden, and right manfully has he sustained that profession and witnessed to the power of “the Faith once delivered to the Saints.”

A Christian Hero has fallen! God has honored us by calling us to make one of the noblest sacrifices of this war. His name will be fragrant in our memory; the cause will be dearer to our hearts for the love he bore it, and the consecration of life he gave to it.

His funeral was attended from the Center Congregational church, by the Rev. Hiram C. Hayden, the exercises being participated in by Rev. Jacob Eaton, Chaplain of his regiment, (the Seventh Conn. Vol. Infantry.) The Union Guard performed military escort, and buried the deceased with a soldier's honors. A large concourse of citizens followed the remains to the grave in the West Meriden Cemetery.—*Meriden Recorder.*





## OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

## From the First Artillery.

ORD. OFFICE, SIEGE ARTILLERY,  
Fort Darling, Drewry's Bluff, Va.,  
May 31st, 1865.

JOHN M. MORRIS, ESQ:

DEAR SIR:—Once more I communicate with you through the medium of the pen. The regiment is still in its old position, and no material changes have been made. I have to inform you of two quite severe accidents, however, to men of Co. M, of this regiment. While on detail on the 29th, private John Feeny was kicked in the face quite severely by one of the horses. It occurred in the following manner: the detail were at work drawing a heavy gun from one of the batteries near here, when the horses got stalled. Feeny struck one of the horses to make it pull, when it kicked him as above stated. His face was cut very badly, and his nose nearly cut off. I understand it is nothing dangerous, but very painful.

Private Jacob Dietrich, on the 30th, while on detail, had his leg broken by the whiplistree of the sling cart, which is a very large and heavy one. It broke, and one piece struck him on the thigh or leg. His leg will probably be saved.

We are having various kinds of weather, rain and sunshine nearly every day; quite warm in the day-time and the opposite in the night-time. We have had several severe thunder storms, one very heavy one. I think the North cannot produce such.

The all-important question now is, "when will the regiment be discharged?" which is very difficult to answer. The majority of the men are married, and of course are very anxious to get home to their families. Some dissatisfaction is felt as the men think that some officers are trying to keep the regiment in the field as long as possible.

There is very little sickness in the regiment I believe. The guns in the batteries near here are being loaded on vessels to be transported to Fort Monroe or Washington. I think the guns in this Fort will not be removed at present.

We are very pleasantly situated here—have a good library, under charge of the Chaplain, Mr. Jarvis, and have services in the chapel every Sabbath, which are generally well attended.

But one thing more before I close. Will you be kind enough to ask the friends of the soldier to send more Conn. papers to us? It is seldom we see one here, and believe me to be

Very Respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

W. F. SAGE.

## First Conn. Light Battery.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., July 1st, 1865.

Home at last! After nearly four years of service, during which time we have had defeats as well as victories to make up our record as a Battery, we are again permitted to return to civil life.

Our last battle with treason has been fought and the victory is ours. We have had the proud satisfaction of being among the first of the victorious troops to enter the rebel capital, and the

glad experience of being the first of the veteran soldiers of our State, to return to the peaceful pursuits of home.

On Sunday, the 11th day of June, the Battery was mustered out of the service of the United States at Richmond, Va., and on Monday morning started for Connecticut.

Our guns, horses, and all equipments pertaining to the Battery were turned over to the Government officers at Richmond, before starting for home.

On Wednesday morning we arrived in New Haven, where we were honored with a reception which showed us that, though years had passed since we marched through the streets of New Haven, on our way to the "wars," we were still remembered by the people of that noble city.

We heartily thank our friends for their kindness on this occasion. Among the memories of the past, this manifestation of their good will, and their appreciation of our services will be one of the brightest and most enduring.

In closing up the public record of this Battery, it would, perhaps, be well to notice the engagements in which it has borne an honorable part. They are as follows, viz:

James Island, S. C., June 3d, 4th, 15th, and 16th, 1862.

Willtown, S. C., July 10th, 1862.

James Island, S. C. July 16th, 1863.

John's Island, S. C., Feb. 16th, 1864.

Chester Station, Va., May 9th and 10th, 1864.

On Richmond Turnpike, May 12th, 1864.

Proctor's Creek, Va., May 14th and 15th, 1864.

Drury's Bluff, Va., May 16th, 1864.

Intrenchments at Bermuda Hundred, Va., May 17th to June 27th, 1864.

Weir Bottom Church, Va., June 16th, 1864.

Strawberry Plain, Va., July 26th, 1864.

Grover's House, Va., July 27th, 1864.

Four Miles Creek, Va., Aug. 14th, 1864.

Deep Bottom, Va., Aug. 25th, 1864.

Before Petersburg, Va., Aug. 27th to Sept. 25th, 1864.

Chapin's Bluff, Va., Oct. 7th, 1864.

Johnson's Farm, Va., Oct. 13th, 27th and 28th, 1864.

Intrenchments before Richmond, Oct. 1864 to April, 1865.

Of the two hundred and sixty-seven men who have been connected with this organization, only one officer and one man have been killed in action. One man died from wounds received in action.

Truly a remarkable record, when we consider the large number of battles in which the men have participated.

Many, however, have died of disease, and their bones repose in the soil of the Sunny South.

Although they were not permitted to fall in battle, their memories should be honored none the less, for the sacrifice they made for the Republic was as noble as that of the soldier who dies on the field of battle.

Let us then, who are spared to see the close of the great rebellion, and the return of peace, remember with grateful hearts those brave spirits who freely gave their precious lives for the cause of Freedom and humanity. T.

## From the 2d Conn. Light Battery.

MOBILE, ALA., May 15th, 1865.

The battle at Blakely, on the 9th ult., resulting in the capture of the enemy's works, appears to have been one of the last decisive battles of the war. In point of time it is the last, although it was fought on both sides without knowledge of the evacuation of Richmond, or of the fate of Lee's army. The surrender of Mobile followed immediately, and the federal troops entered the last chief seaport of the late rebel confederacy, escorted by the Mayor of the city, who came out to meet them. The following order explains itself:

General Field Orders, No. 32.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY AND DIV. WEST MISS.,  
Mobile, Ala., April 22, 1865.

The Major-General commanding thinks it proper to announce as the general results of the operations around this city: the capture of the enemy's works at Spanish Fort and Blakely; the surrender of Mobile; the capture of more than five thousand prisoners, twelve flags, nearly three hundred pieces of artillery, several thousand stand of small arms, and large stores of ammunition and other materials of war.

It is his province to report results; that of a higher authority to bestow appropriate commendations and rewards; but it is not improper to express his personal thanks to the officers and men of this army, for their zeal, energy and gallantry, and to the officers and men of the Navy, for the hearty and zealous co-operation in the work that has been accomplished. He begs that the Sabbath next ensuing the receipt of this order, may be made the occasion of thanksgiving for the past, and prayer for the future; and that all will unite with him in the earnest petition that God in His mercy will deal tenderly with the relatives and friends of our wounded comrades.

By order of

MAJ.-GEN. E. R. S. CANBY,

C. T. CHRISTENSEN,

Lieut. Col. and Asst. Adjt. Gen.

The 2d Division of the 13th Army Corps, to which the battery had been assigned, together with a Brigade of colored troops, left Blakely on transports, on the 20th ult., for Selma and Montgomery. On reaching Mobile, where we anchored for the night, we first heard the terrible news of the assassination of President Lincoln. His death caused the most profound sorrow in the army, where he was universally honored and beloved.

On the evening of the 21st ult., the fleet, consisting of sixteen vessels, left Mobile, and after proceeding a few miles up Mobile river, halted until daylight the next morning, when we again got under way and came to anchor for the night at the confluence of the Tombigbee and Alabama rivers. On the 25d we reached Choctaw Bluffs; on the 24th Claiborne; on the 25th Clifton; on 26th went to within six miles of Cahaba, and reached Selma on the afternoon of the 27th. During the passage the fleet was fired upon two or three times, by guerrillas, and one man was killed, belonging to an infantry regiment. It was ascertained that the leader of the guerrilla band lived in one of the most magnificent mansions on the Alabama river, and this was immediately burned by order of Maj.-Gen. Steele, who com-





manded the expedition. At every plantation we reached, the negroes were wild with delight, and danced for joy.

Our destination was supposed to be Montgomery, but on reaching Selma the 2d Division disembarked. Gen. Steele proceeded to Montgomery with a portion of the troops, leaving General Andrews in command at Selma. It is but justice to say that Gen. C. C. Andrews stands high in the estimation of every soldier composing the 2d Division of the 13th Army Corps. He was conspicuous for his gallantry at the battle of Blakely and followed the standard bearer of the 97th Illinois regiment, which was the first to plant the Stars and Stripes upon the rebel ramparts. His zeal and courage, and valor in the field are only equaled by his administrative abilities as a disciplinarian in camp.

Selma was captured by Wilson's cavalry, on the 2d of April, and the rebel government works there, which were very extensive, consisting of foundries, rolling mills, an arsenal, machine shop, &c., were totally destroyed.

During our stay at Selma, which was agreeable both as regards camp conveniences and the treatment shown us by the citizens, we saw daily hundreds of rebel soldiers paroled, and plodding towards their homes. They came freely into the camps of our soldiers, who received them in no spirit of exultation but rather of pity, and shared with them their last "hard tack." Without arms, without money, foot sore and weary they were winding their way homewards, never again to take up arms against the United States. We left Selma on the 12th inst., and reached Mobile the next afternoon where we disembarked and went into camp about three miles out of the city. We suppose we are "homeward bound," although Kirby Smith still holds out in Texas. The paymaster has just made his appearance; we have not seen him before for eight months.

UNION.

#### From the 2d Conn. Light Battery.

MOBILE, ALA., June 16th, 1865.

Since the date of my last letter to the WAR RECORD, the rebel army of trans-Mississippi has surrendered, and with it disappears the last vestige of armed resistance to the National Authority. We have been quietly and patiently waiting for a month for orders to muster us out of service. Orders preliminary thereto have been received, and just at the time we expected the order to be mustered out, we received instead an order to hold ourselves in readiness to embark at an hour's notice, with four day's cooked rations. Our destination was understood to be Galveston, Texas. The orders to be in readiness to embark embraced the entire 2d Division of the 13th Army Corps, and was received on the 12th inst. It is unnecessary to say that the receipt of this order produced a sensation in camp. It appeared to be in conflict with orders already promulgated, and inconsistent with the idea that peace had been virtually declared by the release of all deserters. Nevertheless, the order has been obeyed, and we hold ourselves in readiness to embark at the shortest notice, but not without some murmuring, which is a thing so unusual in the history of the battery as to deserve mention.

During the past month seven enlisted men have been discharged, four of which were absent sick in hospital and three were discharged here on the Surgeon's certificate of disability.

As this will probably be my last letter to the RECORD, it will not be improper to recapitulate some general facts. The whole number who have belonged to the battery from its first organization and muster to the present time, with the changes that have occurred, will appear from the following table:

Whole number of enlisted men,	221
" " Transferred,	6
" " Discharged,	36
" " Died,	19
" " Deserted,	19
	80

Present number of enlisted men, 141

Of this number, four are now absent sick in hospital, leaving the number present for duty 137, together with five commissioned officers, which makes the aggregate effective force present for duty 142 men.

It is a circumstance worthy of remark that we still have the identical harness with which we were furnished by the State, before leaving it for service; nor have we drawn even a new bridle. There are not many, if any batteries, which have traveled six thousand miles, that can show a better record in this respect, and the credit is due to our commanding officers who have taken good care of public property intrusted to them, and also in a good measure to the judgment and skill of our practical saddler, Daniel W. Hawley, who knows how to keep a harness in good condition, and who has always taken the article in time.

The guns with which we entered the service were the James rifle, and were effectively used at the battle of Gettysburg. On being assigned to this department, they were exchanged at Washington, D. C., for the three-inch ordnance rifled gun. Since we have been in service we have drawn 387 horses. On leaving Washington, we turned over to the Quartermaster's Department 87 horses; we have now on hand 95, making the number which have been killed, or died, or become unserviceable since we left Conn. 205.

Since the date of my last letter, Henry R. Chaffee has been promoted from 1st Sergt. to 2d Lieut. David B. Lockwood has been promoted to 1st Sergeant, and Henry I. Trowbridge to Corporal.

June 17th. The battery has been detached, it is reported, from the 2d Division of the 13th Army Corps, and will not, therefore, go to Texas. We have not yet received orders to that effect, but the expedition to Texas, so far as the battery is concerned, is abandoned.

We shall soon expect to be mustered out of service, and are anxious, now that the war is over, to return to the pursuits of peace. UNION.

#### From the 8th Regiment.

EIGHTH C. V., VET. INF., MANCHESTER, VA., }  
May 23d, 1865. }

FRIEND MORRIS:—Not from any disrespect to its all these months. But, yours is a WAR RECORD, and we, being very modest people and not very prominent actors in the last scene of the grand drama, have waived all claims in favor of others. As to

the fighting, we had our full share last year; and while we claim no superiority over any who have proved faithful during this righteous war, we nevertheless do not acknowledge a nobler record to any regiment in our country's service. In the earlier part of this twelve month's campaign against Richmond, our position was in the front, and *front* then meant fight or die, or both. At the end of this campaign it was our good fortune to reap the results of others' labors. While the two other Divisions of the 24th Corps moved around to the extreme left, and by co-operation with Sheridan on the 1st day of April, rolled back Lee's right, and initiated the grand series of victories, our third Division held the extreme right.

Nearly all of the month of March had been occupied with peculiar strategy. We had reviews and marches, striking tents and pitching camps, leaving the front and secretly returning again, until, if the enemy were as much confused as we were, they must have been completely nonplussed. In reality, they were so much puzzled that the departure of two-thirds of our troops was not perceived by them, until the "Hearts" confronted them at Five Forks, and the rebellion was sealed. During all that memorable Sunday, April 2d, we anxiously awaited orders, snatching brief intervals for divine services. Short also were the slumbers of that night; for long before daylight our already formed lines were intently watching the lurid light that preceded the terrific explosions of the rebel gunboats burning under Fort Drury. With eager steps the troops pressed forward that morning towards the evacuated, burning Richmond. The grand and awful scenes of that morning can never be described. It was ours to behold.

We do not lay any claim to the honor of first entering the late rebel Capital. Let others dispute about that if they will. But so long as horses can or ought to run seven miles quicker than men, let them have the distinguished (?) renown of charging without opposition, the vacated seat of a bogus confederacy. Furthermore, we are happy to say that our regiment has not at any time, been located in the city. Our men have been on duty there from the first, and continue to be; but we have been allowed to keep our camp at a respectable distance from the filth and vermin, vile liquor and vile women of that nest of treason. About two weeks we enjoyed the pleasant slopes of Fulton Hill, on the S. E. of Richmond, and since then have occupied the suburbs of Manchester, on the opposite side of the James. Since the passage of the Army of the Potomac and all of Sherman's men, Army of Georgia, and Army of Tennessee, through Richmond, on their way towards Washington, the people here have become satisfied that Uncle Samuel has a great many boys who can go hunting. The astonishment is, "where all yours come from?" and since the confederacy has found "the last ditch," in Jeff. Davis' petticoats, chivalry only dares to repeat contemptible copperhead hisses at actions of government and presence of troops.

Will you believe me when I say, we are now in the severest campaign of our whole service! It is terribly hard to do nothing. Besides home-sickness charges down upon us front, flank and rear. If you hear that the gallant Veteran Eighth has capitulated, you must not be greatly surprised. We can sustain the attack a little longer, but shall soon need a reinforcement of orders headed, Homeward, ho!

During these three months, since I wrote you before, some changes have occurred in our regiment. Major Pratt has become Lieut. Col.; Col. Ward has left the service; Capt. Coit has so far recovered from wounds as to favor us with a visit. Lieut. S. B. DeKay, late of Gen. Butler's staff, has reported to the regiment, and is Acting Adj. Lieut. Farn-





ham has left the service. Sergt.-Major J. P. Jewett and First Sergt. D. S. Baldwin, Co. I, A. T. Booth, Co. K, and Wm. E. Peck, Co. D, have been commissioned First Lieuts. Also Sergt. F. Austin, Co. F, and Chas. E. Dibble, Co. E, have been commissioned Lieuts. in the 11th Conn.

The health of our men has been very good, and the discipline of the regiment never better. In morals we are trying to practice patience, and hope to be ere long, not unworthy citizens of the government we have fought to sustain.

Yours, for the Cause, CHAPLAIN.

### From the 13th Battalion.

BARRACKS 13TH BATTALION, CONN. VET. VOLS., }  
Augusta, Ga., May 21st, 1865. }

Messrs. Editors:—Do your readers care to hear from the old 13th? It "still lives."

We arrived here on the 19th inst., after an overland march of eight days from Savannah. We stopped one day at Sister Ferry, on the Savannah River, and one day at Waynesboro, so that our journey of 140 miles, was performed in about six days. We arrived just too late to see Jeff. Davis, of whose capture we were informed by special messenger, on reaching a point 28 miles from Waynesboro. Seven regiments made this march, the 22d, 24th, and 28th Iowa, 128th, 131st and 136th N. Y. and the 13th Conn. The messenger who brought news of Davis' capture, also communicated orders from Gen. Molineux, Commander of the post of Augusta, to send forward with all practicable speed, three regiments to Augusta. The three N. Y. regiments were selected, and divesting themselves of knapsacks, they started on a forced march to take the cars at Waynesboro, 28 miles distant. But the 13th Conn., thanks to the schooling of Gen. Birge, are not in the habit of being outmarched or outfought. On the terrible 14th of June, 1863, at Port Hudson, when the regiment was assigned to the extreme rear as a reserve force, it worked its way steadily up to the very "forefront of the very hottest battle," past all the others, and there maintained itself from early morning till late at night.

So when the New York regiments threw aside their knapsacks and baggage for a rapid march to Waynesboro, the 13th boys showed them what they could do with all those heavy incumbrances weighing them down. Twice on the long march of 28 miles, we overtook their rear regiment, and requested them to get out of our way, and when we reached Waynesboro we were treading on their heels! Only two men of ours "gave out," and were put into ambulances on the march. At Waynesboro the New York boys took the cars, but we, being still tolerably fresh and vigorous, continued to "foot it." These New Yorkers are splendid soldiers, and their officers are men of character and ability, and no better regiments have been in the service.

We are finely quartered in the heart of this pretty town, and with the New York regiments are on provost duty, for which the experience of the battalion in New Orleans, Savannah, and Newbern, has admirably fitted it. We are, as you know, consolidated into five companies, with the following officers:

Lieut. Col. Horace B. Sprague.

Surgeon George Clary, (Senior Medical Officer of the Post.)

Assistant Surgeon L. W. Clarke

Co. A—Capt. W. E. Bradley, (now on court martial in Savannah.)

Co. B—Capt. Frank (now aid to Gen. Birge, at Savannah.)

Co. C—N. W. Perkins, (now Act. Asst. Inspector General.)

Co. D—Capt. Lewis Beckwith.

Co. E—Abner N. Sterry.

Co. A—1st Lieut. Wm. C. Gardner, (now Acting Adjt. of the Battalion.)

Co. B—1st Lieut. J. C. Kinney, (now acting signal officer at Mobile.)

Co. C—1st Lieut. George H. Pratt.

Co. E—1st Lieut. J. W. Maddox.

Co. A—2d Lieut. Wm. B. Tooker, (now acting Regimental Quartermaster.)

Co. B—2d Lieut. Samuel B. Taylor.

Co. C—2d Lieut. Everett C. Dunbar.

Co. D—2d Lieut. Charles H. Gaylord.

Co. E—2d Lieut. Herbert C. Baldwin.

In haste, truly yours,

### From the 17th Regiment.

St. AUGUSTINE, FLA., April 29th, 1865.

Editor Conn. War Record:

DEAR SIR:—On the 26th the news of the late victory achieved by our brave boys under Grant, reached us. The band was immediately ordered on the Plaza to play in honor of the occasion, while a salute of one hundred guns was fired from Fort Marion, from the heavy guns on the parapets. The firing of the heavy Columbiads caused a shaking in the old Fort, to such an extent, that some blocks of stone on the parapets were broken up, and pieces thrown some distance. The Fort is so old that it would not stand a severe bombardment and retain its present appearance, but like Sumter, would be a mass of ruins in a short time.

At 2 o'clock we paraded on the Plaza, and there the official report of General Grant was read to the regiment. At 5 o'clock the band again appeared on the Plaza and played until dark, when a grand illumination took place in various parts of the city. Guards patrolled the streets to keep order, and the next twenty-four hours were observed as a holiday by the regiment. Among the buildings illuminated were those of the Quartermaster, Convalescent Hospital, residence of the U. S. Marshal, Mr. Remington, Headquarters of the Christian Commission, and the residence of Rev. Mr. Brinkerhoff. The latter place being conspicuously located attracted the most attention; from the sea wall and the principal streets this building was plainly seen, and was indeed a splendid sight. It was highly spoken of and admired by all who saw it. The other buildings were beautifully illuminated, but this one excelled them all. Parties paraded the streets and sang patriotic songs, the Star Spangled Banner, America, and others, while cheer after cheer went up in front of residences where patriotism shone through the windows. Mr. Brinkerhoff was especially complimented by songs and cheers. Ladies assembled on the piazza of the Headquarters of the Christian Commission and sang national airs, which were received with great applause by the crowd standing under the mock-orange, date and magnolia trees in front. The day was with us as with you, one of rejoicing, and why should we not rejoice? The war is over; the sword will be returned to its scabbard—the booming of cannon will no more be heard at the doors of our cities south of the Potomac—the crack of the rifle will cease, and the life of our brother will not be taken because of rebellion, but all will be prosperous, and we shall have a peace which will be lasting, and a nation undivided.

But alas! our joy over the recent victories had been turned to sorrow and mourning, upon hearing the news on the morning of the 24th, of the assassination of President Lincoln. Only nine days ago the people were rejoicing with great joy and exultation, with hearts so full of gratitude to Almighty God for His great goodness, so recently manifested unto us, that it seemed impossible to express our gratitude to the extent which we desired. Flags never waved in the breeze with such gracefulness and glory as on that day. The clouds of war seemed to break, and the sunshine of peace and future prosperity beamed upon us and gladdened our hearts, filling them anew with patriotic fire and devotion to our country and its free institutions. All were impatient for the arrival of some transport that we might hear the full particulars of the surrender of Lee. Anxious eyes were looking seaward, when on the night of the 23d a schooner came in sight, and next morning crossed the bar, bearing the sad intelligence of the murder of our Chief Magistrate. What a contrast from nine days ago! All is quiet; every building seems a house of mourning. People assemble in groups and talk almost in a whisper. The good old flag, the ensign of our nationality, floats noiselessly in the breeze at half-mast, over the Fort, Hospital, and Plaza. Every one who has a spark of love for his country is a true mourner, and feels as if death had entered his own family circle. The tears are seen trickling down the cheeks of strong men in many instances, and the nation mourns the loss of a great and good man. Such a crime compels us to look back to the dark ages when such deeds were more common. But when a people like ours, educated to principles of human liberty, justice and religion, are compelled to record an act so atrocious, we stand aghast and wonder. What a name will be handed down to posterity, of these sympathizers and treasonable, outrageous, malicious gang of conspirators! President Lincoln is now dead! but he will ever live in the heart and memory of every true American, so long as the nation shall exist. When leaving his home for Washington, in 1861, he asked the people to pray for him; he felt that he must be governed by Divine injunction, and relied wholly upon a higher power for wisdom and aid. His last inaugural address, though brief, commended itself to the people for its firmness, truth and wisdom. It was characteristic of the man, showing his keen perception and appreciation of the issues before the American people, and his ability to cope with them. His very affecting address to his friends and fellow citizens, as he left Springfield, might here be repeated, showing how fully he realized the responsibility which rested upon him, but your readers have doubtless all read it, and I forbear.

Vegetables abound; peas are gone. There are indications of a heavy peach and orange crop here this season.

By courier from Jacksonville, on the 17th, Lieut. Colonel Wilcoxson's sword and belt were brought in, it having been sent in at that place by a flag of truce. The Lieut. Colonel's widow and Mrs. Enos Kellogg, left for the North on the 25th, in company with Lieut. Edgar S. Wilcoxson, who goes home on a furlough. COSMOPOLITE.





## From the 21st Regiment.

CAMP 21ST CONN. VOLS., }  
Columbia, Va., May 15th, 1865. }

## EDITOR WAR RECORD:—

The calm and quiet, and monotony of the past winter, has suddenly been broken by events the most stupendous, yet the most welcome. The end has come. The blood of our fallen heroes is avenged. And now the crimson current has ceased to flow. Peace with extended wings hovers over our land. May she never more depart from us.

Although our gallant little regiment has not been actively engaged in the closing battles of the past grand campaign, still it has performed the part assigned to it with its usual credit. And if we have lost the *glory* of losing half our number in late actions, we feel happy that those precious lives are spared to serve their country just as faithfully in some other manner.

Nothing of moment occurred to disturb the quiet of our camp life during the months of January and February. And we may well be thankful that we were not obliged to wade about through that notorious Virginia mud, which held full sway the greater part of the time. The 4th of March, however, found us breaking camp with the rest of our brigade. We, however, were going aboard transports, and the usual camp rumors were rife as to our probable destination, and about as far from the truth as usual. Fort Monroe, however, was our first stopping place, where we were joined by a small fleet of gunboats, and putting off again just at night of the 5th, our further progress was soon completely enveloped in darkness to those unacquainted with our orders. The next morning, however, revealed our destination. For we found ourselves well on our way up the Rappahannock River, and Fredericksburg could be our only attraction in that part of the country. And at that place we arrived on the morning of the 7th of March. And a familiar spot it was to us, the scene of our first battle, Dec. 13th, 1862. And as we wandered through those now silent streets, that fearful scene more than two years before, was brought vividly to mind, and one looked towards those neighboring heights almost with the expectation of seeing them bristling with men and cannon. The town is but one of many sad illustrations of the devastation of war. Scarcely a house there but bore some mark of shot or shell. The greatest destitution prevailed among the inhabitants. One could scarcely pass through the town without being surrounded by a crowd of hungry women and children, begging piteously for something to eat. But as our supplies had not come up, we could not help them.

The object of our expedition was to break up an extensive and illicit traffic going on across the lines. A large amount of supplies for the rebels was being continually smuggled across in exchange for tobacco. A large quantity of the latter article which had just come up from Richmond for the purpose of exchange, was captured and destroyed by our forces. We remained but one day, "having accomplished the object for which we went there," and then returned to Fort Monroe, carrying over five hundred boxes of tobacco, a number of confederate wagons and mules, and

about thirty rebel soldiers, surprised and captured in town. Among the latter was one of the most notorious scouts in the rebel service. We had come upon him entirely unawares.

After a short stay at the Fort, the Brigade was sent off on another expedition to White House, Va., to establish a base of supplies for Gen. Sheridan, who was then striking terror to the hearts of the inhabitants of Richmond and vicinity, by one of his most successful raids. Here the regiment remained in camp for several days, until joined by Sheridan's cavalry, when it marched with them across the country to Deep Bottom, where we first started. Here the Brigade remained until the memorable morning of April 3d, when it triumphantly marched into Richmond. Thus the 21st had the honor of being among the first troops to enter the rebel capital. But we cheerfully give the credit to those brave men, who, by their hard fighting at Petersburg, opened the door for us. We were content to be in Richmond; the goal of all our hopes and desires, and for which so much precious blood had been spilt. Its possession, however, scarcely seemed a reality. It was like a great and sudden joy, in which fact has overlapped imagination; for we had thought the only path to that goal would be drenched with blood. But although scores of black-mouthed cannon grimly peered over massive ramparts all along the road, yet they were silent. The hand to fire the match was wanting. The enemy had evidently fled in the greatest haste, as everything was left just as it stood. Guns all in position, magazines filled with ammunition, and a large number of tents gave the Quartermasters a grand opportunity of squaring some of their accounts.

Nothing of importance characterized our stay in Richmond, which was rather short. We were first encamped on a beautiful hill-side just on the outskirts of the city, and near the James river; and from which a fine view of Richmond, Manchester, and the surrounding country, might be obtained. Here it was that we received the news of the assassination of President Lincoln. It seemed so improbable, that at first we entirely discredited the report. But when the fact was fully substantiated, we were perfectly confounded. Men knew not what to say. But had they then been called into battle, the cry for quarter, I fear, would have been very poorly respected. In our sober reasoning, none of us believes that the Southern people had any hand in that dastardly act. But in the heat of the moment it was impossible not to associate the deed with those fighting against us, and for whose cause the blow was struck. And at first there seemed a hatred brooding in each man's heart which was fearful to behold, and which would have required but slight provocation to warm into a furious blaze. But happily, our glorious successes, the cessation of hostilities, and calm reflection, seem to have eradicated that feeling, and the guilt is very properly laid at the door where it belongs.

On the 28th of April, Col. Brown was ordered to proceed with his regiment and a squadron of cavalry, to Columbia, Va., a small village on the James River, fifty-six miles west of Richmond, to establish a military post, protect the inhabitants of the country during the inaction of the civil author-

ities, and to preserve quiet and order generally, especially among the negroes, who, under false notions of freedom, were leaving their plantations in large numbers, and rushing for Richmond, which they seemed to consider was to be the garden of Eden to them, where they would have no more work to do, but food, clothing and spending money would be freely given them out of the generous pockets of Uncle Sam. Well, we all know Uncle Sam to be a very generous old fellow, and that he is "rich enough to give us all a farm." But whether he *will* do it or not, is a question open to discussion. These misguided creatures, however, seemed to feel perfectly certain that he would do so, and all along the road to Columbia, we met them by dozens, "trab'ling to glory."

Our marching was done by easy stages, of 12 or 15 miles per day, so that with very little fatigue we reached Columbia on the 1st of May. And that is our present station. The regiment is somewhat divided, several companies being scattered about in different parts of the country, where troops are needed. Co's A, B, C, E, F, G, and I, are encamped in town. Co. D, Capt. A. M. Crane, is stationed at Palmyra, about fifteen miles north-west from here. Capt. Crane has been appointed Provost Marshal of the sub-district of Fluvanna Co. Co. H, Lieut. Glazier in command, is stationed at Breemo Bluff, about ten miles west from Columbia, on the James River. Co. K, Capt. Talcott, is at Goodland Court House, on the James River, about twenty miles distant, in the direction of Richmond. Capt. Talcott is also Provost Marshal of the sub district of Goodland Co. Col. Brown occupies one of the most pleasant locations in town, as his Headquarters, and from which one has a splendid view of the James River and surrounding country. His staff is composed of the following officers:

Capt. W. P. Long, 21st C. V., A. A. G.

Capt. Chas. Fenton, 21st C. V., A. C. S.

Lieut. Ransom Jackson, 1st C. V., A. A. G. M.

We have communication generally twice a week with Richmond, by way of the James River and Kanawha canal. One trip on a common canal boat requiring twenty-four hours. This mode of travel is extremely tedious to an enterprising Yankee. But as it is all we have, we are obliged to submit.

The Provost Marshal's office here is continually crowded with applicants for parole, the oath of allegiance, and provisions for destitute people. This Department is one of the most arduous in the service, and requires a vast amount of good nature. It is a perfect school for patience. We find the male population, in *profession* at least, heartily glad to get back once more under the care and protection of the old Government. And all respectable citizens are taking the oath of allegiance. A good many take the "oath with sugar in it" also, when it can be obtained. And it is wonderful what an amount of *sickness* prevails in the community, as soon as a new barrel of whiskey makes its appearance at the Commissary. It is really amusing to see with what a relish some devotee of the God "Spiritus Fumante," who has been deprived of his grog for so long, snacks his lips after "a drink," and declares he "haint tasted nothin' like that ere, for a twelve month."

The only opposition we find here is from the





women. They are still a little rebellious. But their spunk becomes them so well, that we don't oppose it. However, they are like poor debtors; all they require is a little more time.

Lieut. Jackson, our efficient Quartermaster, is running his department with most commendable ability, fully supplying our wants in the way of clothing, &c., while Capt. Fenton, our Commissary, is furnishing our stomach with the best that can be obtained. We are wholly dependent upon him for the principal articles of diet, for Gen. Sheridan swept the country clean. Mr. Editor—should you ever travel through this part of the country, you will not be obliged to ask twice if they remember Sheridan. Even the babes will tell you of him. A small supply of eggs, butter and milk can be obtained. As the season advances, however, early fruits and vegetables become quite plenty, so that we are even now feasting upon strawberries and cherries; and green peas have once or twice been served up at Headquarters.

Our friends at home, as well as we out here, I presume, are already counting the weeks, yes days, to elapse ere our term of service will expire. Here many are so positive as to predict that we shall be at home by the 4th of July. Well, we shall all be glad to celebrate that day with you, and it is possible we may; but the least sanguine among us, would not advise you to lay in a large supply of fire crackers for our use, as it might be powder wasted. You will probably have due warning before we do come, however.

But the time cannot fly too rapidly with us. We yearn for your friendly greeting. Our long deprivation of home ties, only makes them the more dear to our hearts. Welcome then, the day, when we may once more tread the soil of the noble "nutmeg State." 21st.

## OBITUARY.

### Lieut. F. W. H. Buell

Lieut. F. W. H. Buell, the subject of this brief sketch, was born in the town of Chatham, Conn., in the year 1810, and was the son of Hon. Wm. G. Buell, of that town. On the breaking out of the rebellion, he felt it his duty to aid in its suppression, and the spirit of true patriotism firing his breast—he, with several others of his young patriotic friends, offered themselves to their country, and in the month of August, 1862, enrolled their names as defenders of right, truth and liberty.

Lieut. Buell, was a young man of much promise and worth—highly esteemed by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance—of good personal appearance and noble bearing. On the 5th of September, he was mustered into the service of the United States, at Norwich, Ct., and soon after left for the seat of war—stopping a short time in Washington, Frederick City, Pleasant Valley and Harper's Ferry, thence marching down the valley to Fredericksburg. Lieut. Buell shared in all the toils and dangers of the camp, and field, until after the investment of Petersburg. The most severe engagements in which he participated, were at Drury's Bluff and Cold Harbor. At both of these places, Mr. Buell behaved with great bravery. On the 16th of May, at Drury's Bluff, he, with the regiment, fought with

great gallantry, in which we lost over one hundred men in killed and wounded. Lieut. Buell was never wounded in battle though his belt-plate was broken to pieces by a ball.

Lieut. Buell was married just before he left home, to Caroline Brown, daughter of Rev. Thos. G. Brown, of Chatham. He was an only son and greatly beloved by his parents and two sisters—and especially by his young wife. His sickness was of short duration, and terminated very suddenly on the 4th of January, 1865, at Chapin's Farm, Va., highly esteemed by his fellow officers and soldiers. His death was caused by congestive chills. Thus ended the warfare of this Christian soldier, and we trust he has entered into his rest in Heaven—this is the consolation of his friends. May we all die as well prepared.

B.

### Sergt. Charles. H. Clock.

Died, at the U. S. Hospital, Beverly, N. J., Sept. 11, 1864, from the effects of a wound received in a skirmish near Deep Bottom, on the 16th of August, Sergt. Charles H. Clock, Co. G, 10th Regt. C. V., aged 27 years.

Nearly three years previously, the deceased left his home in Darien, with the company and regiment to which he still belonged at the time of his death; and probably very few of our citizen soldiers have performed a more continuous or faithful service than he, during the war which has now saved the Republic. He bore a gallant part in nearly every important battle in which his regiment—so noted for its high character—was engaged, from that of Roanoke Island to those of the last summer before Richmond. At Kinston, N. C., he was wounded in the shoulder, and for a time disabled. For his meritorious conduct while on Morris Island, under the hot fire of the enemy's batteries, he received from Gen. Gilmore a medal and certificate of honor; and he was among the first to enter Fort Wagner. During the painful illness resulting from the wound which finally caused his death, he exhibited no less of Christian fortitude than he had previously shown of soldierly courage. For several years he had "professed a good profession" in the church of Christ, with which he united while living in New Haven; and the hope which he cherished did not disappoint him in the hour of his departure. His friends have the assurance that he has entered on that "rest" which remaineth for every true soldier of the Lord.

The funeral of Sergt. Clock was attended at the Congregational Church, Darien, on the 14th of September.

### Lieut. J. P. Henderson, 5th C. V.

It was my sad privilege to stand beside Lieut. Henderson, at the battle of Averysboro, March 16th, 1865, when he was mortally wounded, and to receive his dying message.

He fell where I am sure he would wish to fall—on the field of battle, gallantly leading his command against the enemies of his country.

His loss was deeply felt. He was beloved and respected for his noble soldierlike bearing and fidelity. He had recently been promoted from Orderly Sergeant to 1st Lieut., and recommended for Captain. His commission as Captain was afterwards received by the Colonel.

He was generous, brave and noble-hearted;

gallant and patriotic. When assured by me that his wound was mortal, and that he could not live but a few moments, he turned to me and said:—"Tell my mother I die like a soldier."

Except an occasional expression of pain, these were his last words.

I have served as private in the same company with him as corporal—messed with him, marched with him, and been intimate with him more or less since the beginning of the war. Our associations have always been of the pleasantest character. He had become endeared to me. I had learned to respect him and to love him, and now I am called to mourn him. His family's loss is my loss—our loss is our country's loss. He lived nobly—nobly has he died. His name is recorded on the roll of martyred heroes. His memory is engraved in the hearts of his companions-in-arms.

May He in whose hands are the destinies of individuals and of nations, grant His consolation and support to the afflicted family in this their bereavement. A. J. G.

### C. Wallace Woodford.

Died, at the home of his parents, in West Avon, Conn., Jan. 10th, 1865, C. Wallace Woodford, in consequence of barbarous treatment received at the hands of the rebels, while a prisoner.

Charles Wallace Woodford was born in Avon, Conn., April 16, 1842.

He was early instructed in the principles of virtue and piety, and at the age of sixteen united with the Congregational Church in his native town. He was of an amiable and gentle disposition, very quiet and unpretending, and affable in manners. At school he was a good scholar; at home truthful and obedient. His abilities were of a no mean order, and were quite frequently employed in the exalted work of advancing Christian truths and knowledge among his friends and associates. I remember once hearing him address some fellow soldiers on the subject of the love of Christ. His remarks on the occasion referred to, were peculiarly eloquent, spirited and to the point, and his whole noble soul, seemed to be entirely absorbed in the beautiful theme.

In the summer of '62, after a prayerful consideration of the undertaking, he felt that his country called him, and voluntarily enlisted on the 28th of July.

In the battle of Antietam, he was wounded by a fragment of shell, but recovering soon afterwards, he rejoined his regiment, and shared with his comrades, all the dangers and privations incident to a soldier's life.

With the brave, but unfortunate regiment, to which he belonged, he was taken prisoner, at the capture of Plymouth, N. C., by the rebels, April 20th, 1864, and was carried to Andersonville, Ga., where for several months he endured in common with thousands, the most painful destitution and want.

Under all these circumstances of indescribable suffering and misery, he was remarkably patient, cheerful and hopeful, thus exemplifying in his manly, christian life, the power of a genuine faith in God.

From the "slaughter-pen" at Andersonville, where from ten to twelve thousand of our brave boys perished, he was removed to Florence, S. C. Here, if possible, the sufferings of the prisoners





became more aggravated and intense than they had been at Andersonville. The autumn rains had set in, and the cold was frequently almost unendurable. The men generally were without comfortable clothing; and food, also, was frightfully scarce and very poor in quality.

Death was claiming its victims at the rate of from twenty-five to thirty per day.

Still hopeful he bore up nobly. His strength was from above. Being destitute of shoes, his feet were frozen and about the middle of November was admitted to the hospital at that place. But little could be done to alleviate his sufferings, and he lingered along in great pain and misery, until December, when he was paroled and sent through to our lines. He only lived eight days after reaching home.

During the last three or four days of his life he suffered very much, and though he earnestly desired to depart and be at rest, he was willing to wait for God's time to come.

His last thoughts and expressions were full of hope and trust in Christ. No clouds, no gloom and darkness came between him and that dear Savior whom he had served so faithfully. His death was calm and peaceful.

May God bless his grief-stricken relatives and friends, and give them grace to endure this great affliction with christian trust and submission.

#### ONE WHO KNEW AND LOVED HIM

##### Sergt. Hubbard.

Sergt. Hubbard of Co. B, 16th Conn. Vols. was born in Guilford, Conn., May 17, 1841.

His parents John and Charlotte Ross Hubbard, being earnest Christians, he received a thorough religious training, the influences of which was never lost upon his life. His boyhood was not unlike that of boys generally. He was remarkably active, and always entered with enthusiasm into the sports and playful pursuits of youth.

At school, by his frankness and generosity, he won the affection and esteem of his comrades. Until he was fifteen, his educational pursuits were greatly interrupted in winter, and in summer he did not attend school at all. In his fifteenth year, he attended the Guilford Institute, where he continued several months, making fine progress, and acquitting himself with honor.

At nineteen he taught successfully a district school.

From the first, he felt it his duty to go to the war, but was for several months dissuaded from doing so, by his friends and relatives, for whom he had the fondest attachment, but more especially because of his parents, who were rapidly becoming quite aged and feeble. At length, his sense of duty to his country, triumphed over his filial affections, and love for home and its dear associations, and he voluntarily entered his country's service, and went forth in her defence. He enlisted July 14th, 1862, as a private in Co. B, 16th Regiment, C. V. Except a few who joined the service with him from his own town, he entered the army a stranger, but by his manly qualities, his exemplary conduct, strict attention to duty and obedience to orders, soon won the esteem and affection of his fellow soldiers and superiors.

At Pleasant Valley, Md., he was promoted to be a Corporal in his company, and was ap-

pointed a member of the Color Guard, which dangerous but honorable and responsible position he held, in a manner highly creditable to himself, until a few weeks before his death, when he was promoted to be a Sergeant.

At the time he entered the army, he had never made a public profession of religion, but the following extracts from a letter written by himself to his mother, the June before he died, in reply to a letter which she had written to him on her fifty-sixth birthday, exhibit his true character, and leave no room to doubt respecting his piety. He says: "When I left home, I resolved to myself not to be led astray by the many temptations with which one is surrounded in the army, and I think thus far I have resisted them successfully. I have had great opportunity to read my Testament, and reflect on my youthful waywardness, and late perverseness, and now believe that I can live more in conformity to the law of God, and be happier in this world, and in the world to come."

He continues: "It is my greatest desire to be permitted to live to go home, that I may try and cancel in a degree, the deep debt of gratitude which I owe to all my friends, and to you in particular, the dearest and best of mothers. I long for the privilege of attending church, which the Sabbath at home afford. Give me the opportunity again, and I am sure I should not fail to improve it, and become a member of the church when I should prove myself worthy to be one." In answer to what his mother wrote concerning her rapidly declining years, he says: "Your last letter produced serious thoughts in my mind. Although nearly threescore years of your life have passed, and hoary hairs—the beauty of age—are thickly mingled with your once black locks, yet I am sure that these years have been well spent, and hope and pray that you may be spared yet many years to comfort your children, and that a numerous posterity may yet rise up around you to call you blessed." In the same letter he writes: "I often think of the letters received from home during Ellen's and John's—(his youngest brother and sister)—severe sickness, and too, at a time, when I was suffering from cold, hunger, fatigue and privations, and realizing the fact that I was separated from home and dear friends perhaps forever. Indeed those were dark days to me, fearing for the worst and hoping for the best, as with trembling hand and tearful eye, I broke open my letters from home, and eagerly perused their contents. Earnestly I prayed to God, if never before, that he would spare my dear brother and sister, and I believe my prayers were heard, and many more that have been sent up to the Healer and Answerer of prayer." Is not this the language of faith—of deep earnest piety? But I must hasten to draw this brief account of a brave and faithful soldier to a close.

In the months of Sept. and Oct., 1863, the diphtheria was raging to an alarming extent in our regiment. A few mornings previous to his death, Sergeant Hubbard, while in the performance of his duties, was suddenly attacked with this terrible disease. He was removed from duty, and medical attendance was immediately procured. He grew worse very rapidly, and was removed to the regimental hospital, where he re-

ceived the utmost care and attention. It soon became apparent that recovery was impossible. He lingered for three or four days in great suffering, and bravely nerved himself for the solemn hour of his departure.

Our Chaplain, a very godly man, was frequently at his bedside. A few hours before his death, the Chaplain asked him what word he had for the loved ones at home. He replied: "Tell them that I die happy." Not long afterwards, he passed to that glorious home prepared for the good, the holy and the pure. His remains were removed to his home in Guilford, Conn., for burial. In his early death our regiment has lost one of its best members; our country one of its bravest and most faithful defenders. To his friends the loss is irreparable, but we trust that divine grace has enabled them to bear patiently this severe affliction and trial. We all loved him, and feel deeply for the bereaved family. May God's blessing be with them.

#### ONE WHO KNEW AND LOVED HIM.

##### Alvin Kenney.

On Oct. 14th, 1864, Alvin Kenney, of Company F, 15th Regiment, Connecticut Volunteer Infantry, died in hospital at Newbern, N. C., of yellow fever, aged 46 years. He was born in Guilford, Vt., in the year 1818. He possessed a clear, vigorous, well informed mind, was animated and interesting in conversation, and had at his command a valuable fund of general information. His natural abilities were of a high order. His judgment was accurate, his perception quick, his imagination vivid, his powers of reason strong and tenacious, his language forcible and expressive. He was a good representative of the sturdy, resolute and loyal sons of the "Green Mountain State."

No one could be more patriotic and self-sacrificing in their devotion to the government than Alvin Kenney. He had a warm sympathy for the injured and oppressed everywhere, a kindness and benevolence of heart which led him to forego his own comfort and sacrifice his own temporal interest to relieve the distressed and restore the unfortunate. His benevolence of heart was enlisted in behalf of all classes, and was extended in noble magnanimity even to his enemies. I. E.

##### Eli D. Seeley.

Died at Knight Hospital, New Haven, Sergt. Eli D. Seeley, eldest son of Philander Seeley, of Newtown, Ct. Impelled by the purest patriotism, young Seeley was one of the first to respond to his country's call, and enlisted in the Wooster Guards of the 1st Regiment C. V., and was engaged in the battle of Bull Run. After his term of enlistment had expired, he again enlisted in Co. D, 7th Regiment C. V., under Capt. B. F. Skinner, was soon promoted to Sergeant, and had his life been spared would have attained a higher position. He was with the Regiment when it landed at Port Royal, at the bombardment of Fort Pulaski, the battle of James Island and Pocotaligo. Having contracted a disease called scrofulous consumption, he was sent to a hospital at St. Augustine, the 29th of April; on the 1st of July was transferred to New Haven, where he remained until his death. He was firm and decided in his resolve to do or die for his country, and never





wavered in his faith; he possessed a cultivated mind and affectionate disposition, and would generously share his last dollar with a less favored comrade. An extract of a letter written by him to one his friends says: "I for one, have volunteered in this great and glorious cause, to help crush rebellion, to redeem from traitors, that 'dear old flag,' under whose broad and starry folds I have lived and been protected from childhood, and to sustain the best government the sun ever shone upon." For some time he hoped to recover to live to see peace rightly restored. But after he found that God had ordered it otherwise, he was ready to meet his fate. A few moments before his death one of his friends, young Miller, called to see him, and said to his mother who was sitting by him, you may well be proud of such a son, for I do not think he has an enemy in the world; I know he has none in the Regiment. His younger brother, John D. Seeley, is a veteran soldier of the 8th Regiment. The motto of both these noble men has been, The Glorious Old Flag shall never be trampled 'neath the feet of traitors.

HIS FRIEND.

### James M. Keith.

ROANOKE ISLAND, N. C., Jan. 20th, 1865.

DEAR EDITOR:—Among the thousands who have died martyrs in their country's cause, in that horrible and inhuman slaughter-pen, Andersonville, Ga., there are few, if any, whose death will be more deeply lamented by a large circle of relatives and friends, than that of our beloved brother and fellow soldier, James M. Keith.

In the winter of 1851, he embraced religion, and united with the M. E. Church, in Manchester, Conn., since which time he has lived a consistent and devoted life, always taking an active part in everything connected with the interests of the Church of Christ. He had gathered around him a large circle of warm friends, who deeply mourn his loss. "But they sorrow not as those who have no hope. They know that their loss is his gain."

In the beginning of the war he felt the flame of pure patriotism within him, and joined a company which was then forming for three months service, but was afterwards broken up on account of some disagreement about the election of officers. His love of country and his earnest desire to aid in her defence, did not die out with the company. He felt that his country called for his services, and that she should have them. In the summer of '62, another company was being formed in his town, by Ethan E. Strong. James Keith's name was one of the first that was enrolled, and he became active in helping to fill the company with good and true men. He came out as corporal of this company, which was afterwards known as Company H, of the 16th Regiment Conn. Vols. A finer and more noble looking body of men probably never left the State than were those composing the 16th Regiment. When they left Hartford they were over one thousand strong. But alas, in a very few days after leaving their quiet homes they were put in the fierce and bloody battle of Antietam. Co. H, was the last upon that field. Its brave and gallant commander, Captain Barber, with many others, here heroically yielded up his life.

Corp. Keith came forth uninjured. Afterwards, while at Falmouth, Va., he was promoted to be sergeant. He was not one who sought promotion, but he would have continued to receive it in all probability if he had remained with the company. He was a pure patriot, and the eldest of five brothers, who have all been in the service of their country.

Two of them have fallen. His brother, Stillman H. Keith, was wounded on one of our transports while going from New Orleans to Alexandria, about the 22d of April, 1864, and died May 1st. He was declared by his Captain to be a good, brave, and faithful soldier, always ready for duty whatever the danger. Sergt. James Keith, was a man who had the respect and confidence of both officers and men. He was captured at Plymouth, N. C., April last, and was carried to Andersonville, Ga., where he suffered privations and exposures under which his constitution gave way and he died. But "although dead, he yet speaketh." For the life and words of our brother still live in the hearts of the boys. He was one of those who lived their religion in camp as well as at home. I found his assistance invaluable in my capacity as Chaplain of the Regiment.

We shall hear his voice no more chanting the praises of God, until we meet him in better land. The church has lost a noble and consistent christian, the army a good and faithful soldier; his wife a tender and affectionate husband. May she and all his friends find comfort in the thought that his life has been laid as a precious offering upon the altar of liberty, while his soul has been taken to the mansions of "everlasting rest."

CHARLES DIXON,

Chaplain 16th C. V.

### Geo. A. Winslow.

CAMP 13TH REGT. CONN. VOLS., }  
MARTINSBURG, VA., NOV. 30, 1864. }

MESSENGERS, EDITORS:—At a meeting called by the members of Co. K, 13th Regt. C. V. a committee was appointed to draft resolutions on the death of our brother soldier, who was killed at the battle of Cedar Creek, fought on the 19th of October last. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in his all-wise Providence, to remove by death our much loved Brother, Sergt. Geo. A. Winslow, who has been a member of Co. K, 13th Regt. C. V., since its first organization, therefore—

Resolved, That in the death of Sergt. George A. Winslow, we have lost a tried and faithful friend, the representative of a brave soldier, the country a true patriot and zealous defender.

Resolved, That while we deeply deplore our loss, our sympathies are especially extended to the afflicted friends of the deceased.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the relatives of the deceased, also copies to the Conn. War Record, New Haven Palladium and the New Haven Journal and Courier, for publication.

1st Sergeant Herbert C. Baldwin, Sergt. Bennett W. Pierce, Corp. Frank O. Bristol—Committee on behalf of the Company.

### Augustus Martensen.

Augustus Martensen was a native of the Duchy of Holstein in Northern Europe, where he was born of a good family, May 5th, 1821. His father was a military officer of high rank, and the son was trained to the same profession. He re-

ceived also a good education in other departments of knowledge, being master of several European languages. Having been connected with the revolutionary movements of 1848 in Germany, he removed to this country after their failure, and here settled in the village of Terryville, Plymouth, where he found employment as a mechanic. But the call to arms on the breaking out of the rebellion roused the spirit of a patriot soldier in Martensen, and he served the three months of the first Connecticut regiments, being the first man enlisted from the town of his residence. This short term was not enough, but after a short abode at home he enlisted once more in the Connecticut Battalion of the Harris Light Cavalry, a regiment chiefly raised in the State of New York. In this place he served so faithfully as to obtain a commission as Second Lieutenant, and in this capacity participated in the cavalry fight at Aldie, Va., in June, 1863, and fell mortally wounded. He died June 17th, at the house of a Connecticut woman, who ministered to him kindly in his last agonies. His remains were brought home, and interred with appropriate religious services in Terryville, on the 23d June, the same day on which the church with which his family worshipped received a new Pastor, Rev. Mr. Spencer.

Mr. Martensen left a widow and three young children to mourn his death.

### Sergt. H. D. Bishop.

Sergeant H. D. Bishop, of Plymouth, being released from a long imprisonment at Florence and Andersonville, was just able to reach his home, where he died Jan. 1st, 1865. Wallace, a younger brother, died in the army a year ago. They were devoted to the cause of Freedom, and their death is deeply regretted by all.

How varied is thy greeting, new born year,

From overflowing cups, some quaff their joy,  
Their homes are happy for the loved are near,  
And the dark angel comes not to destroy.  
Others are tasting of the bitter cup  
That Jesus drank in dark Gethsemane—  
Are bending 'neath the cross He carried up  
The agonizing hill of Calvary.

The cup of suffering and the cross of pain,  
The cry of Egypt goeth up to God,  
For the destroyer hovereth o'er the slain,  
And mourners follow where his feet have trod,  
And now behold a doubly bitter cup—  
Smitten again those hearts which lately bled,  
That other memory comes swelling up:  
Two sons; two brothers, numbered with the dead.

One in a Southern clime has found a grave,  
And whosoever be his resting place,  
Let us record a tribute to the brave  
Upon our hearts, which time cannot efface.  
The other taken on the field of strife,  
Has felt the power of Southern tyranny—  
Imprisoned, robbed of comfort and of life,  
They left him nothing but his misery.

Too late, alas! for him, deliverance came;  
Too many suffering days had been his lot,  
His life just burning with a flickering flame,  
Only sufficed to light him to the spot—  
That well beloved spot—his "dear old home;"  
What thronging memories crowd around his heart,  
What words of welcome from those dear lips come  
They little think that they so soon must part.

Little they think that on the year's first morn,  
His soul must answer to a deeper call  
Than ever rang from soldier's bugle horn;  
That last stern summons that must come to all.  
Down through the valley with his shadowy guide,  
He trod a darksome path that New Year's Day;  
Not dark to him, for Jesus walked beside,  
And took all terror of the vale away.

Many must fall, before the light of peace  
Shall dawn again on our beloved land;  
Many will live until the storm shall cease,  
And wave the olive branch with victory's hand.  
But let us not forget in future years,  
When blessings follow war's receding tread—  
Oh! let us not forget the mourners' tears,  
And let us not forget our Patriot Dead!

TERRYVILLE, JAN., 1865.





# THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

EXTRA NUMBER, WITH ANALYTICAL INDEX, PRICE 15 CENTS.

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## Our Analytical Index.

The protracted and wearisome labor of preparing a careful index to the War Record, has been doubly compensated by the real satisfaction derived from a consecutive review of the vast amount of valuable historical material, which we have been instrumental in preserving.

Our numbers may not, in the exciting days of actual war, have been so attractive as the swifter dailies, but they will increase in interest and value with advancing years, until we shall be glad and proud that Connecticut had her War Record.

## Major Edward F. Blake.

EDWARD FOSTER BLAKE, son of Eli Whitney Blake, was born November 25th, 1837, at New Haven, Conn.

In boyhood, not less than in manhood, he was a marked character, distinguished among his school companions for his energy, fearlessness, enterprise and perseverance, for his skill in everything, which boys ever undertake to do, from trout fishing to whittling jack-straws, and for a generous warmth of feeling, that made him friends everywhere. Not that he was one, either, whose friendship was at everybody's service, given without discrimination or difference. He had his close friends; he had his pleasant acquaintanceships; he had, also, those, whom the strong prejudices and quick judgments, which belong to an impulsive nature, made him dislike, and from whom he used no art to conceal it. Of enemies, however, he had none. Where he withheld his friendship, he never substituted ill-will for it, himself, nor gave occasion for such a feeling in others.

For hard study, he had little inclination. He was in his true element when,—the long afternoon over,—he escaped from the school-room, and led the way to the play-ground, where his strong arm and ringing voice made him the first in every game; or when, heading a merry party bound for West Rock or Saltonstall Lake, his was the mind and his the experience to which every proposition and every difficulty were referred for decision. There was no plant in the pastures, no tree in the woods, no bird, no snake, no fish, of which *Ed. Blake* did not

know the name and nature. If,—arrived at the Lake,—while the pic-nic dinner was engaging everybody's attention on the bank, an unlucky wind floated over the boat to the opposite shore, it was *Ed. Blake* that swam across to bring it back; if, when the time came to return, everybody else was too tired or too lazy to row, his arm was always ready for the pull; if, in the night walk back to town, a thunder-storm arose, with no shelter near, and the shivering boys huddled together in a fence-corner, till it passed by, it was his courage that laughed all fears away, and made a new frolic of the discomfort and the danger. He was one of the few, to whom Nature gives a rare executive ability, that makes them everywhere leaders in action; looked up to, trusted in, and followed, by a common consent. His strong spirit of sociality and good fellowship, supported by ready humor and animated conversation, made him the leader, also, in all the little Societies, which schoolboys, in a College town especially, love so well to maintain. Of these, one, formed when he was a boy of ten, was sustained, principally by his enthusiasm, among the same set who entered it as children, until years after the youngest of them had grown up and graduated from College;—until, indeed, by the death of Major Blake, it was felt that the centre of the circle was taken away, and the charm broken forever.

A talent for literary composition he had possessed from his earliest boyhood and, upon entering College, this soon gained him distinction there. While never a hard student, he had a strong taste for general and self-selected reading, inclining particularly to the *belles-lettres* in our literature. From these sources, his mind could rely on ready illustrations, when the moment called for them, and they were applied with a rare quickness and felicity of expression. His compositions in the Division-room—sometimes humorous, sometimes argumentative, always original—were among the few to which all gave their close attention. In his Senior year, he was chosen by his classmates as one of the five editors of the Yale Literary Magazine, where his essays amused and interested a larger circle; and an article contributed at a later period to the University Quarterly, under the title, "Shall I join a Boat Club?" was much applauded by the press at large, and that portion of it describing a boat race, as looked at and felt by one of the winning crew, extensively copied as a piece of graphic and brilliant composition.

The subject of Boating was one in which he

always felt and evinced a deep interest. In 1858, he was one of the University crew chosen to pull for Yale against Harvard, at the regatta proposed at Springfield; and, shortly after his graduation, he drew up and published a plan for systematizing and regulating boating among the students, which at once received the approbation of the College, and has ever since been closely and successfully followed.

Major Blake's religious character was first publicly declared by his uniting with the College church during his Senior year and in the course of the great "Revival" of 1858, but it had been formed and fixed, as all knew, who knew him, by a life-long spirit of honest conscientiousness and steadfast principle, upheld, as his years advanced, by a strengthened reverence for the doctrines of christianity, and a solid determination to do nothing which he believed that they condemned. There was nothing of gloom or asceticism in his religion. It did not lead him to seclude himself from the world, or from what is pleasant and gay in it, but rather by a bright and sunny example to show that a man, and a young man, may become a christian without ceasing to be himself, and that cheerfulness, vivacity, and buoyancy of spirit are graces to every character. For years, he taught a class of boys in one of the mission Sabbath Schools of New Haven,—a task far from congenial to his tastes, but most faithfully performed,—and his contributions to benevolent objects were always generous, though so quietly made that few, outside his own family, knew in what directions his charity went, and regularly continued, during all the engagements and vicissitudes of his military service, to the end of life.

In the Summer of 1858, Major Blake was graduated from Yale College, and for a time was undecided in what profession to engage. He had inherited a fine mechanical taste, and in that direction, his inventive mind, fully seconded by skill in executing his designs, might have promised him success. An exquisite model of old Fort Hale, long one of the landmarks of New Haven harbor, cut from a bit of ivory, at odd hours, with his penknife, might be mentioned out of innumerable other instances to attest this ingenuity, and his pencil was always ready to illustrate the comic side of any little thing that struck his fancy, with a humor and life that *Leech* himself might have envied. For one of his designs, an improvement in the form of a nut-cracker, a patent was obtained shortly before his death, and the contrivance has since been extensively sold.





During this time, he busied himself in pursuing his studies in the modern languages and in general literature, accepting for a year the position of Librarian of the Young Men's Institute in New Haven. In 1860, he made his choice between active business and professional life, and commenced the study of the Law in the Yale Law School. One with whom he was intimately associated, during this period, has often said since his death, "There seemed to be no fault in him."

In a few months, war broke out, and, though uncertain whether duty was to call him to the field; he almost immediately joined two organizations for military drill, a thing in which he had had no previous instruction, studying in connection with this the ordinary text books upon army tactics. With rare social qualities, and surrounded by a large family circle in which domestic attachments and sympathy were cherished with more than usual warmth, it cost him a hard struggle to decide upon entering army life, so many phases of which were repugnant to his tastes and feelings. He felt however that he could be useful in the field, and was not one to shut his eyes on anything that seemed to be his duty. From month to month, he grew more restless at remaining at home. "Who would believe," said he, one day in July, to a party of friends with whom he was out on one of the long camping-out expeditions he loved so well, (and of whom five out of seven have since served their country in the South,) "who would believe, fifty years hence, that we spent a month, roving in this way up the Connecticut River, when great armies were fighting for the life of our Government?" Soon after his return from this excursion, he tendered his services to the Governor, in the latter part of August, 1861. An early friend, writes to his father, his recollections of a conversation he had at this time with Major Blake, as they chanced to meet upon the street, one moonlight evening in September.

"Although perfectly cheerful, as he always was, he was less gay,—not in such exuberant spirits, as I had often seen him. He had evidently been thinking very seriously and deliberately. He told me that he had not yielded to a first impulse,—to any hasty enthusiasm—which might have prompted him to go at once into the army. He had preferred to wait, to satisfy himself that the war was what it seemed to him, 'one of the pivotal wars of the world'—(I remember his expression perfectly.) He had thought about it, he said, calmly, and was sure, now, that it was so,—a war of principles; a war on which the most immense results for the whole world depended. And he said that, with this conviction, he was resolved to go, as soon as he could, to have his share in it.

I wish that I could remember our talk, word for word. I can only recall its general tone, and his manner and expression, so serious, so unselfish, so good,—and that particular phrase 'one of the pivotal wars of the world.'"

Upon October 7th, 1861, he was appointed Adjutant of the Fifth Connecticut, then in the

field, near Darnestown, Md., and, though the commission came quite unexpectedly, within three days he had prepared his outfit and was off to join his regiment. His industry—always unflagging and systematic in whatever he once undertook to accomplish—had been so successful in the pursuit of his military studies, that he found himself able to discharge the duties of his new position, immediately on his arrival, to the acceptance of the regiment and his superior officers. He had to encounter at first a little natural coolness from those officers of his own rank in the command, passed over in filling the post of Adjutant, in favor of a civilian, but his attention to duty, and genial courtesy of manner soon melted this away, and made him the favorite in the army that he had been at home. The long Winter passed away in that series of marches and counter-marches which gave the regiment the name in the army of the "Foot Cavalry," but early in the Spring, Adjutant Blake was introduced to more active campaigning in the disastrous expedition under General Banks, up—and down—the Shenandoah Valley. A brother officer, writing of Major Blake, at this time, says:

"The foremost to be mounted in case of emergency, untiring upon long marches, and in detailing complete arrangements for the encampments, guards, pickets, &c., after the days' march was over; the general estimation of the officers placed him, early in his career, among the foremost as a cheerful, ready and brave soldier. We knew him, too, as an earnest, devoted christian, who would not countenance even the least appearance of those convivialities and pastimes, which men employed as time-killers and which he looked upon as wrong in their tendency."

The final engagement of the campaign occurred at Winchester, May 25th, 1862, when the Fifth with the Brigade in which they then were, were driven from that town, and made a forced march of forty-three miles, to the Potomac, which they reached at midnight. Adjutant Blake was honorably mentioned in the Colonel's official report of the action, as having rendered him efficient service in the field, and the next morning rose, as fresh as ever, after his long march, almost the whole of which he had made on foot with the men, with all his equipments on, and was at once busy in collecting the returns of casualties from company officers, for his report to the Adjutant General.

The army of Virginia under Major-General Pope was now organized, and the Fifth ordered to that department under the command of Brig. Gen. Crawford. Adjutant Blake's promptness and efficiency, now well known through hard experience, procured him the appointment of Acting Assistant Adjutant-General on General Crawford's staff, and, being detailed for that service, he was absent from his regiment for two months of the Summer. During this time, his good qualities as an officer so impressed General Crawford, that he offered to use his influence to procure him a commission in the

regular army, but received the unhesitating answer that nothing but the immediate exigencies of the country could retain him in the service, and that he could never think of the army as a profession for life. His love for outdoor life and for "roughing it" in the woods, cultivated since early boyhood by annual camping-out parties and long rowing excursions, lasting for weeks together, deprived army life to him of what often renders it especially repellent, because unaccustomed, to others, and excitement, novelty, and activity of work, always had charms for him; but the deprivation from general society, the exclusion of literary pleasures, and the vices of the camp were enough to make the service a burden, to be cheerfully borne so long as patriotism demanded it, but so long only.

While serving, thus, as a staff officer, Adjutant Blake received a commission as Major of his regiment, dating from June 12th, 1862, and was shortly afterwards ordered to Connecticut as bearer of dispatches to the Governor. It so happened that this brought him home on the day of the College Commencement, when classmates and friends were present in unusual numbers to join with his family in welcoming his return. It was a dark hour of the war, and his heart was full of thought and solicitude for the country: young men, he said, when his advice was asked in private conversation, and said, when called up for a speech on a more public occasion, of intelligence and education ought to join the army; they were needed and could do much. The next Sabbath he was at the communion table in the church where his family worshipped, with father and mother, brothers and sisters around him; by the next, he had returned to the field, led his men into action, and led them for the last time. Saturday, August 9th, 1862, was the battle of Cedar Mountain. In the heat of the action, a few men on the left of the Fifth faltered in the advance and sought shelter behind some rocks and bushes; Major Blake, ran up on foot, and, shouting "Never let it be said that Connecticut men wavered, to-day!" rallied them and led the way forward to the woods, in which the rest of the regiment were still gallantly fighting against great odds of numbers and position. The conflict, here, was short; the advance could not be maintained; and when the remnants of the command were swept back across the plain, with but three officers left, who were not either killed, wounded, or captured, Major Blake had just fallen, killed instantly by a rebel bullet, as he was waving his sword and encouraging his men to stand by their colors, which he had himself grasped, as they were falling before the storm.

So fell a noble, generous, unselfish spirit: far from his friends, his body sleeps in an unknown grave, but few are they who leave more to keep their memory green. More tears, than those of kindred, have been shed for him.

S. E. B.





### Chaplain Jacob Eaton.

Great perils in the life of a nation are like great dangers in the individual life, testing the nation or individual and showing to the world how much of real worth they have.

The great peril of the nation now happily past, has proved how much of real worth the American people possessed. Money has been poured out like water, and more freely still blood has flowed, and noble lives been given in a holy cause.

Among the latter stands prominently the name of Jacob Eaton, Chaplain of the 7th Regt. C. V. He was born in Mount Pleasant, Wayne Co., Penn., March 12th, 1833, the youngest of a large family, his father dying before his birth. Descended from New England stock, he inherited many of the traits of character peculiar to New England people. Having decided to enter the ministry, he entered Yale College, graduated in 1856, and soon commenced preaching. While thus engaged, he became acquainted with the widow of Hon. Julius B. Harrison, (who was for many years a prominent member of the Litchfield Co. Bar,) which acquaintance resulted in a happy marriage. In the spring of 1857, he was called to the charge of the Third Congregational Church, in Meriden, (Hanover Society.) This was his only settlement, and rare indeed are the cases of a more complete union between pastor and people. Bound together by ardent friendship, they labored zealously and successfully to build up the Redeemer's kingdom in the earth, and thus the time passed pleasantly along until the "war cloud" darkened the land. Being an anti-slavery man by religious conviction, he could not stand idly by while the Nation was struggling in a death grapple with "the sum of all villainies." His Society were unwilling to part with him; home and friends were dearly loved. But after the first Bull Run had shown the North that the contest would be long and desperate, he determined to wait no longer. He enlisted as a private in a company then forming in Meriden, which was assigned to the 8th Regiment, and soon left for the camp in Hartford. Here the writer first saw him under circumstances which will never be forgotten.

Capt. Russell, afterwards Col. of the 10th Regt. had invited all those who felt disposed, to meet in his tent, for religious services; it was a gloomy Sunday, Sept. 22d. The leaves were falling around us, and the summer flowers had faded, beautiful emblems of mortal life; around were gathered stalwart men from city, town and hamlet, ready to do and die for "native land." Each spoke or prayed as he felt disposed. The services were drawing to a close, when there stepped forth from the crowd a man, a stranger to almost every one, full six feet high, of wiry, muscular build, and commanding mien, and with an earnestness of manner that showed his whole soul was in the work, spoke of the great issues at stake; of the dangers that surrounded them, moral as well as physical; of the great Father's care that was over all, bidding them to trust Him as their Leader and Friend; and urged the soldiers to pattern after Cromwell's Army, showing them that in such a cause and animated by such a faith they would be invincible.

The meeting then broke up, when the writer

observed to Capt. Russell, "that man will make his mark if he lives." The Regiment soon left for the field, and its history is well known. Private Eaton carried his musket, shared in all its toils and hardships, and at length having honorably earned it, he was promoted to a Lieutenantcy. On the terrible field of Antietam, he was wounded by a musket ball which entered his body just above the hip, and which he carried for the rest of his life. Worn down by disease, fatigue and exposure, disabled by his wound, he at length resigned, giving as a reason, "that he would not draw pay from the Government when he could not earn it, and returned to his home in Hanover, resuming his pastoral labors. In the summer of '63 he was drafted by the U. S. Government and accepted; knowing his unfitness for the service, he procured as a substitute, a good soldier, not a "bounty jumper." To assist in quelling the riotous spirit which was abroad in the land during that summer, a number of the young men in Meriden, many of whom had been in the service in various regiments, organized Co. I, 2d Regt. C. M. Eaton was unanimously chosen Captain—he accepted, was duly commissioned as such, and held it until he again entered the service. He had always said that when he had fully recovered he should enlist again.

Accordingly in March, 1864, he enlisted as a private in the 7th Regt. His zeal in the cause was well known, his services were appreciated and he was elected Chaplain, and soon left for the front. But by severe labors, and the malaria of the Southern climate, was soon prostrated by fever and came home to recruit. His recovery was slow, but last November he returned to his post never again to leave it. He accompanied to Fort Fisher the regiment whose first Col., now Major-General Terry, succeeded when others had failed—thence to Wilmington where the scenes of sorrow and suffering, caused by the infernal treatment of prisoners by our enemies, aroused all his sympathies; he could not neglect them even to save himself; worn down by labor and anxiety, he easily yielded to another attack of fever; on the 13th of March, he was obliged to abandon his work; all that could be done was in vain, and on the 20th (just one week,) the great and noble heart of Jacob Eaton ceased to beat. He died as truly a martyr to the cause as though a rebel bullet had pierced his brain. Many a tear started and lip quivered when the news came home, "Chaplain Eaton is dead." In a quiet grave-yard, in the same town where the hero Sedgwick sleeps, his remains were deposited just one year from the day he preached his last farewell to his church, with the solemn Masonic rites due "a worthy Brother," and with military ceremonies.

Chaplain Eaton's preaching was not of that kind "that plays around the head but comes not near the heart." He sought to make the world wiser and better by his living in it. He cared little for forms and ceremonies. Religious without bigotry, he appealed directly to the consciences of men. But the crowning grace of his preaching was his consistent life; he advocated nothing he did not practice; when he said to men, "it is your duty to enlist," he enlisted; when he preached total abstinence he practiced it, and

was one of the first to enroll himself as a Son of Temperance in Meriden; every good cause found in him an earnest advocate and laborer; but he who lives by pandering to vile appetites and bad passions, found in him an uncompromising enemy. And yet he was not an austere or harsh man, his great heart overflowed with good will to all, and while he would destroy the sin he would save the sinner. He would have sooner gone to the stake than yielded his convictions of right and duty. Those who have lost friends in the service know well how sympathetic and tender were his words of consolation. Said a returned soldier a few days since, a member of the 7th, a German, "He was one good man; we all feel so bad when he die." He could not live to see the complete fruition of his labors, but in the "Better Land," he shall receive the full reward of all his toils, patience, hope, and unflinching fidelity; to us is left his bright example. Many of the sons of Conn. have left a glowing record of lives nobly spent, and cheerfully sacrificed at the call of duty, but among them all, none shall shine brighter for Christian principle and undying love of country, than that of Jacob Eaton.

We append resolutions adopted by Co. I, 2d Regt. C. M.

WHEREAS, Our late Captain, Rev. Jacob Eaton, has been called from his labors in the grand army of the Union to join the noble army of patriots and martyrs in the better land, who have given their lives for God and humanity. Therefore,

*Resolved*, That in the death of Captain Eaton, we mourn the loss of a personal friend, who has ever manifested a deep interest in our welfare both as soldiers and citizens, a pure patriot whose love for his native land never grew cold, whose faith in the final triumph of our cause never faltered—a Christian Minister who proved his faith by living in accordance with all he professed and taught. He pointed to us the path of duty and led the way, the uncompromising enemy of all forms of vice, oppression, and all that degrades mankind. He nobly espoused every good cause, and of him it can truly be said,

"The good he loved of every name,  
And prayed for all mankind."

*Resolved*, That we will cherish his memory and endeavor to imitate his virtues, and here, around his remains confined for the grave, we renew our vows of fidelity to the glorious cause in which he died, and swear by the God of our Fathers that now and evermore we will to the utmost of our power, by vote, voice and arms, preserve our native land as the abode of Union, Liberty and Law.

*Resolved*, That to the family now bereft of him who was their guide and stay, and to all the relatives of the departed, we tender our heartfelt sympathies in this hour of affliction. May the Arm of the Almighty encircle them, and His sustaining grace enable them to say "he doeth all things well," and when life's cares and toils are over, may they be re-united to their loved one, where sorrow and parting and death are unknown.

*Resolved*, That our Armory be dressed in mourning for the space of three months, and that a copy of these resolutions be signed by the officers and sent to the widow, and that they be published in the Meriden Recorder and Connecticut War Record.

E. W. BLISS, Captain.

W. W. LEE, 1st Lieutenant.

R. L. SMITH, 2d Lieutenant.

### Lieut. Henry B. Lee.

During the great struggle now happily closed, many instances have occurred, showing the devotion of whole families to the sacred cause of Union and Liberty. Such is the record of the





family which the above was the elder brother. In the quiet village of Pleasant Valley, near Winsted, lives the father on the old homestead, from which five sons went forth, all with one exception, have been in the army, he having been repeatedly rejected from the service. Lieut. H. B. Lee had been a citizen of Derby some few years, when the mad appeal to arms was made. An old associate of and soldier with Capt. E. S. Kellogg, (afterwards Col. of the 2d Artillery,) he was not unprepared for the contest. Well versed in military matters, and as Col. Russell said, "a thorough soldier," he did not wait for the promise of a commission before he enlisted, but shouldered his musket and took his chances, and was made a Sergeant in Co. F, 7th regt. He shared its fortunes at Tybee Island, James Island, Pocotaligo, Morris Island, and elsewhere. When the veterans were re-enlisting, his brother at home wrote him saying, "you ought not to re-enlist, your family need you at home, if more are needed from our circle let the Government give me a place;" "if I am disabled I can do a man's work in some place." His reply was, "I have re-enlisted; I will fight the enemies of my country while I live; I'll see the end of this or it shall see the end of me." He came home with the regiment on the only furlough he had during his term of service. After almost three years service as a Sergeant, he at length, (as Chaplain Eaton said,) too tardily received promotion and was made 2d Lieut. in Co. F, while many, his juniors in service, military skill and attainments, had been promoted over him. Yet he did not complain, for his pride was to do his duty.

When the master mind of the war made the move to get possession of the Weldon Railroad, a feint was made on the north bank of the James by that portion of the army to which the 7th was attached. On the 16th of August he fell at Deep Run into the enemy's hands, when mortally wounded, on the retreat, and was, so far as is known, buried by the enemy; this is all that is known. Lieut. Lee was a brave, faithful, uncomplaining soldier, an honest, conscientious, a devoted patriot, a kind, loving, tender husband and father. He left a family of four little ones, to fight for a land he loved, and institutions that he prized, and cheerfully gave his life for them; in the vigor of manhood, he died at 37.

"So sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest."

W. W. L.

#### Chas. A. Upson.

Though less than fourteen years of age he was eager to enter the service of his imperilled country, and was at last permitted to enlist in Co. C. 14th C. V. He bore himself bravely in the fierce battle of Antietam, three weeks after he left Connecticut, and in all the sanguinary engagements of the unflinching Fourteenth from that time to the battle of the Wilderness. He was there taken prisoner—suffered at Andersonville, then at Florence, where he died of starvation, Dec. 2d, 1864, after seven months painful imprisonment.

His last wishes and words were confided to a companion, who also died before he reached home, so that even the consolation of these last messages were denied to the grief stricken parents mourning for an only son.

One comfort is theirs. His record as a soldier of the great Republic—now triumphant—is clean and good.

He was brave, patient and faithful. He, though a boy, did a man's duty and did it well.

#### The Tribute Book.

This elegant book is a record of the unparalleled beneficence of the American people during four agonizing years of stupendous war. The splendid volume fits its matchless subject and by its rich and rare beauty, charms alike the artist and the patriot.

The style is luminous and graceful. The book itself of expensive material and faultless workmanship. The numerous illustrations designed by Darley, Nast, McLenan, and other eminent artists are full of character and meaning, exquisite in taste and admirably finished.

We welcome, more heartily than any work of the season, this judicious, adequate and beautiful digest of American munificence and unselfish patriotism.

The accomplished author and enterprising publishers deserve the emphatic plaudits and cordial patronage of all citizens of our great Republic. The price—Twenty Dollars—is very low for a work so expensive in preparation and execution.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY,

WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM,  
GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT.  
A Proclamation.

Whereas, The General Assembly at its recent session

Resolved, "That the heartfelt thanks and lasting gratitude of the people of this State are due, and are hereby tendered, to all Connecticut officers and soldiers of every rank and grade, who in the war of the rebellion have gallantly borne the flag and nobly sustained the honor of our State, and who, by long years of faithful service, and on many a hard-fought field, have aided in preserving to us our institutions, and in demonstrating to the world that no government is so strong as that which rests in the will of a free and enlightened people, and that no armies are so invincible as citizen soldiers battling for their own liberties and the rights of man."

"That this State will ever gratefully cherish and honor the memories of those victims of war and rebel barbarities, who went forth from us for our defense, but who come not back to participate in the blessings of that peace which, through their efforts and sacrifices, a just God has vouchsafed to us."

"That his Excellency the Governor be requested, by suitable proclamation, to publish the foregoing resolutions."

Therefore, I, William A. Buckingham, Governor of the State of Connecticut, in order to effect the object designed by the General Assembly, hereby issue this proclamation, and call upon the citizens of this Commonwealth, to manifest by expressions of gratitude, and by acts of kindness, both to the living and to the families of the honored dead, their high appreciation of the sacrifices made by each of the fifty-three thousand three hundred and thirty men, who from this State have entered the service of the nation during our recent struggle with rebellion; and to impress upon their children and children's children, the duty of holding such patriotic services in honor and perpetual remembrance, and thus prove the enduring gratitude of the Republic.

Given under my hand and the seal of the State, at the City of Hartford, this, the seventh [L. S.] day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.  
WM. A. BUCKINGHAM.

#### The Eleventh Regiment.

The Eleventh Regiment left Richmond on the 14th of July, en route for Christianburg. At 5 P. M. we left Burkville, marched five miles, and encamped for the night—started again at 4 A. M. next morning, arriving at Farmville about 10 A. M., where we halted, awaiting the arrival of our baggage, which we expected at 4 P. M., meanwhile we took possession of the delightful grove occupied by Gen. Lee, at the time of Sheridan's cavalry charge, and made the most of our time in letter writing and pleasant conversations. We also visited the house where Gen. Lee had his headquarters, and remembered with feelings of pleasure, that on those pleasant grounds, Gen. Lee met with reverses which proved to be the prelude to the great and decisive action, which broke the arm of the rebellion and crushed for ever the traitor's hope.

The railroad between Buckville and Lynchburg is in very bad repair. High Bridge, which, by the way, is a very long bridge, was destroyed to very little purpose, for to use the language of one of the citizens of Farmville, "The Yanks threw a pontoon bridge over in just twenty-seven minutes," which was a fact.

We left Lynchburg the 21st of July, at 7 A. M. arriving at this place at 6 P. M. Christianburg is a small village, with about fifty dwelling houses, three churches, six stores, a Female Institute, and a Court House, and is the county seat of Montgomery County.

Our camp is about half a mile from the village, on a hill, and is the highest point except one of the Alleghanies, and is 2,100 feet higher than Lynchburg, and 2,700 feet above the level of the sea, if we may rely upon what the citizens tell us. As regards health, and cheapness of living, this is by far the most desirable place we have seen.

Within half a mile of us on either side of the hill, the rivers flow in different directions. On the southern side, all the streams flow into the Roanoke, and thence into the Atlantic. On the other side they flow into the Kanawha, thence to the Ohio, onward to the Mississippi, and into the Gulf of Mexico. But I am writing what you already know, and will conclude my letter by telling you of our trip to the White Sulphur Springs, which are about six miles from here.

Dr. Satterlee, Chaplain DeForest, and myself, went on horseback, and though the roads were almost impassable, we were amply paid for our trouble. These springs are strongly impregnated with sulphur, and are the most celebrated of all the watering places of Virginia. The village numbers about forty houses, and all good ones. A branch railroad connects it with the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, which makes it of easy access from this place. A severe battle was fought here on the 27th of August, 1863, lasting four hours, in which the enemy lost 158 killed, and 163 prisoners; Union loss in killed and wounded was 43.

An order has just been received, making a further distribution of the companies remaining here. In compliance with this order, only about ten men will be left to guard the headquarters. This leaves Dr. Satterlee and myself but little local business; we will have to go occasionally to visit the companies of the regiment that are scattered in different counties; we do not, however, anticipate





much sickness, as this part of the country is so very healthy. At present we have only eight men unfit for duty, and only one of these seriously ill.

There is a great amount of suffering among the poor whites, and negroes. The former appear to have always been poor. Their houses are most miserable, and they are poor in every sense of the word. Of the latter class, thousands are roaming about the country, having neither work or inclination to work. We cannot see what is to become of them; but we pray that the giver of all good gifts may enlighten and protect them. We hope soon to greet you, and all our friends in the good old State of Connecticut.

Truly Yours,

G. BROXSON, H. S.

### Our Regiments.

The 8th and 11th regiments, and the 13th battalion are yet in the field—the 13th in the vicinity of Augusta, Ga. The 11th, scattered by companies, with headquarters at Christianburg, Va.—the 8th at Lynchburg, Va.

The boys are very indignant at detention in service. One can hardly wonder, but we hope that, for their own honor and that of the State, they will endure that which is much harder than actual campaigning—the monotony, restraint, and temptations of camp life in days of peace. Their record is up to this day, noble and spotless. Let it not be marred by desertion or misconduct of any sort.

All other Connecticut regiments have returned—have been received with greater or less display and festivity—mustered out, welcomed to the home firesides, and are rapidly and cheerfully resuming their old avocations or boldly embarking in new enterprises.

Many have squandered their earnings in noisy dissipation—but these, though they made day and night hideous, are comparatively few. The vast majority have saved their money or expended it judiciously, and, as they have been faithful soldiers, will now be honorable and faithful citizens.

### M. Storrs, M. D.

We were much gratified to receive some time since a card from our old and esteemed friend, the Surgeon of the 8th C. V., informing us that, as physician and surgeon, he could be found at 353 Main street, Hartford, Conn.

In his regiment he was diligent, quietly faithful, and very skillful. He was cool in peril, quick to see, steady and calm in doing the right thing.

For his eminent ability and integrity he was often summoned from his regiment, to positions of arduous duty and responsibility at corps and general hospitals. So manifest was his excellence that, when he was sent for a special purpose to Washington, Dr. McMellan, a surgeon of the regular army, in charge of the mammoth hospital near Fort Monroe, in endorsing his orders, added the statement that Dr. Storrs was "the most efficient surgeon ever on duty at this hospital."

We heartily wish the Dr. the extended patronage he deserves. Sick or well we shall not forget No. 353 Main street.

PEN PICTURES OF THE WAR, compiled and published by *Ledyard Bill*, New York.

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ispiece is a graphic and finished engraving of a fallen rider and wounded horse, surrounded by the wild and ghastly desolation of fierce war.

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### The United States College of Business and Finance, New Haven, Conn.

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The patriotic proprietors receive disabled soldiers at half tuition.

The U. S. College of business and finance, seems, in all respects, to be a model institution

## ANALYTICAL INDEX.

### ABBREVIATIONS.

Batt.—Battalion.

Inf.—Infantry.

Cav.—Cavalry.

H. Art.—Heavy Artillery.

H. Batt.—Heavy Battery.

Lt. Batt.—Light Battery.

A. G.—Adjutant-General.

A. A. G.—Assistant Adjutant-General.

Q. M.—Quartermaster.

A. Q. M.—Assistant Quartermaster.

C. S.—Commissary of Subsistence.

A. C. S.—Assistant C. S.

P.—Paymaster.

A. P.—Assistant Paymaster.

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